

Our Young Folks.

GROWN-UP LAND.

Good-morning, fair maid, with lashes brown,
Can you tell me the way to Womanhood Town?

Oh, this way and that way—never stop,
'Tis picking up stitches grandma will drop,
'Tis kissing the baby's troubles away,
'Tis learning that cross words never will pay,
'Tis helping mother, 'tis sewing up rents,
'Tis reading and playing, 'tis saving the pence,
'Tis loving and smiling, forgetting to frown;
Oh, that is the way to Womanhood Town.

Just wait, my brave lad—one moment, I pray;
Manhood Town lies where can you tell the way?

Oh, by toiling and trying we reach that land—
A bit with the head, a bit with the hand—
'Tis by climbing up the steep hill Work,
'Tis by keeping out of the wide street Shirk,
'Tis by always taking the weak one's part,
'Tis by giving mother a happy heart,
'Tis by keeping bad thoughts and actions down;
Oh, that is the way to Manhood Town.

And the lad and the maid ran hand-in hand
To their fair estate in the grown-up land.

TALE-BEARING.

Before repeating a bit of gossip it would be well to ask ourselves three questions: First, "Is it true?" second, "Is it kind?" third, "Is it necessary?" This practice would save us many bitter memories and regrets.

The pious Philip Neri was once visited by a lady who accused herself of slander. He bade her go to the market, buy a chicken just killed and still covered with feathers, and walk a certain distance, plucking the bird as she went.

The woman did as she was directed, and returned, anxious to know the meaning of the injunction.

"Retrace your steps," said Philip, "and gather up, one by one, all the feathers you have scattered."

"I cast the feathers carelessly away," said the woman, "and the wind carried them in all directions."

"Well, my child," replied Philip, "so it is with slanders. Like the feathers which the wind has scattered, they have been wafted in many directions. Call them back now, if you can."

THE CANDLE OF THE LORD.

Fred was taking off his shoe and stocking, getting ready to go to bed. His shoe was wet, and five little water-soaked toes with seams and wrinkles all over their pink faces looked at him accusingly. If they could have spoken they would have said: "You got us wet, you did. You told a lie; you said you did not step into the brook."

O! that beautiful brook, so near the school-house, with such lovely stepping-stones, such pretty little lucky bugs skipping about over the water, such charming mud in which to paddle! Why could it not run in some other part of the town, so little schoolboys would not be tempted?

Fred threw his shoe and stocking under the bed, said his prayers, without mentioning the lie, and went to bed.

"I know I told a lie about the brook, but I don't believe I will think of it," he said to himself; and while he was trying to give his whole mind to some other subject, he fell asleep. He dreamed that a beautiful angel stood by his bed, with a bright candle. He said: "This is the candle of the Lord. I have come to search out all the sins that little boys keep hid away in their hearts, and do not confess. This candle shines right upon them."

Then Fred's heart was all lighted up, and there was found the lie, unforgiven, unconfessed.

"This is very sad," said the angel. "The good Lord loves him, and is ready to forgive that sin if he will confess it. It grieves Him so much to have little Fred cover it up," and the candle shone very bright, and the sin looked very black.

"I hope," continued the angel, "that now this little boy knows he cannot hide this lie any longer, he will ask the Lord to forgive him."

Fred woke with a start, and knelt down and confessed his sin. He went in his nightgown to his mother's room, and as he clasped his arms around her neck, and told her all about it, he promised, with God's help, never to tell another lie.

AN EXAMPLE FOR BOYS.

Boys and girls who think they have few or no opportunities of "doing anything" or becoming "somebody," are often discouraged from putting forth any effort.

Yet it is from the rank of those whose opportunities are limited that the world's roll of great men and women is made up.

To the many previous examples of self-made men may be added that of Heinrich Schliemann, who died on December 26 at Naples. Schliemann was a poor boy, dependent upon his own exertions at the age of fourteen; yet he became one of the world's most famous archaeologists, travellers and linguists.

Schliemann's father was a poor clergyman, who died

while his son was very young, leaving him to the care of relatives, whose chief concern was to see that the boy should not be a burden to them.

From his fourteenth to his nineteenth year he worked in a grocery store and learned Latin. He went to Amsterdam at nineteen, and became a clerk in a mercantile house. To his native German and Latin he now added in his leisure time the English, French, Dutch, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese and Russian languages. He wasted no hours in idleness, one may be sure, and frittered away no precious moments in foolish occupations.

His command of the Russian language led to a lucrative appointment in St. Petersburg; and here he became wealthy, having gone into business for himself. He learned the Greek language, both ancient and modern, and later he added Arabic to his stock of tongues.

In the Greek language Schliemann read Homer, and resolved to test the truth of Homer's stories by digging upon the site of ancient Troy. His delvings into the buried past have brought to light a vast quantity of antiquities, and made the people of modern times more familiar with ancient civilization than they could possibly be from reading history alone.

Schliemann's researches brought for him the highest honours from scientific men throughout the world; and a large museum at Berlin attests to his own peculiar line of investigation.

A MOTHER'S ARGUMENT.

"The most-to-be-regretted act of my life," says a lieutenant commander in the navy, "was a letter which I wrote home to my mother when about seventeen years of age. She always addressed her letters to me as 'my dear boy.' I felt at that time I was a man, or very near it, and wrote saying that her constant addressing me as a 'boy' made me feel displeased. I received in reply a letter full of reproaches and tears. Among other things she said: 'You might grow to be as big as Goliath, as strong as Samson, and as wise as Solomon. You might become ruler of a nation, or emperor of many nations, and the world might revere you and fear you; but to your devoted mother you would always appear, in memory, in your innocent, unpretentious, unself-conceited, unpampered babyhood. In those days, when I washed and dressed and kissed and worshipped you, you were my idol. Nowadays you are becoming part of a gross world, by contact with it, and I cannot bow down to you and worship you. But if there is manhood and maternal love transmitted to you, you will understand that the highest compliment that mother love can pay you is to call you 'my dear boy.'"

WONDERFUL MEMORIES.

Among men noted for wonderful memories were Milton, who was said to be able to repeat Homer; Professor Lawson, who claimed that he could repeat in the original the whole of the Bible except a few verses; Lord Macaulay, who made the same boast about the "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Paradise Lost"; Dr. Leyden, a friend of Sir Walter Scott, could repeat an Act of Parliament on hearing it read but once; and a London reporter who took no notes, but could write out an unexpected debate verbatim. Henry Clay could not memorize a single stanza of a poem, but never forgot a name, face or an argument.

LITTLE MORNING GLORY.

Her name was Marion, but her father called her his little morning glory.

Some little girls are very cross early in the morning: they do not want to get up; they are late at breakfast, and they pout and look so unpleasant that no one is glad to see them.

But that was not the way with Marion. She loved to get up almost with the birds and the sun, and she came down stairs with such a sweet, smiling face that her father always called out: "Ah, here comes my little Morning Glory."

Once he had her picture taken with morning glories in her hand and on her dress; and he put the picture in a frame that had morning glories painted upon it.

Is it not nice to be like the beautiful flowers? I know another little girl who is called Heart's-ease, because she is such a comfort to everybody.

But there are some little folks who are very much like an ugly weed called a nettle. When you touch that weed it stings you, and makes your hand very sore. Do you like best the girls and boys who are like nettles, or those who are like sweet flowers?

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Gents.—My daughter was apparently at the point of death with that terrible disease diphtheria. All remedies had failed, but MINARD'S LINIMENT cured her; and I would earnestly recommend it to all who may be in need of a good family medicine.

JOHN D. BOUTILIER.
French Village.

Sabbath School Teacher.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

May 1,
1892.

THE PRAYER OF THE PENITENT.

Psm.li.:
1-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.—P'salm li. 10.

INTRODUCTORY.

The authorship of this striking penitential P'salm has never been successfully questioned. The general consent of Biblical scholars accords with the uniform belief of the Church that it was written by David, being a transcript from his own varied experience. He had sinned grievously; he had suffered for his sins, and had sincerely repented, making confession of his sins. The fifty-first P'salm lets us see into the depths of distress which his transgressions occasioned, and we also see the genuineness and sincerity of David's repentance, and the resolutions to live a holy and useful life which he formed.

I. A Prayer for Forgiveness.—David sinned deeply and his guilt was aggravated. He did not sin in ignorance. His crime was all the worse from the high position he held. He had violated the law both divine and human, and because he was not called to account for his crime by his fellow-men, God sent His messenger, Nathan the prophet, with the words of stern and pointed rebuke: "Thou art the man!" In due time a sense of his great guilt is borne in upon his soul. Conviction is followed by repentance, and that begins here with a cry for mercy: "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy loving-kindness." There is a vivid recognition of God's infinite holiness and of his own vileness. There is no attempt at excusing his sin, no plea that he was tempted, he only pleads for mercy, a favour to which he has no claim, but while he feels the power of the divine holiness, the humble penitent at the same time remembers the merciful character of God. He pleads for mercy, not on the ground that he deserves it, but according to God's loving-kindness. It is this remarkable attribute of the divine nature that leads the sinner to hope. Among men the offender is despised, or at least pitied; but God treats the sinner mercifully; he is the object of His loving-kindness. It was the love of God for a lost and guilty world that impelled Him to send His Son to die for the sins of men. So the repentant sinner can humbly plead for mercy according to the loving-kindness of God. The sense of the divine goodness grows in the heart of the penitent, for he goes on to say: "According to the multitude of the tender mercies, blot out my transgressions." David was obviously impressed by the magnitude of his sins, but here at the same time he was able to set over against it the magnitude of God's tender mercies. It would be a grievous mistake to make little of sin—and many are disposed to do so—it is in reality great, yet God's mercy and compassion are greater. "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." The psalmist entreates that God in His mercy would blot out his transgressions. The blotting out of transgression means that it will no more be brought up against the transgressor who has sincerely repented of his iniquity. God can forgive sin, and this He does for Christ's sake, because He has made atonement for sin. Blotted out. David's penitential tears could not wash out the remembrance of his guilt. The memory of it would remain with him as long as he lived, but when he had experienced God's forgiveness it would never again be brought up as an accusation against him. It was blotted out. The contrite soul that desires forgiveness, seeks more than escape from punishment and the removal of the evil consequences of transgressions. Here the psalmist longs to be made pure. "Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin" is the earnest desire of his heart.

II. The Penitent's Confession.—While the penitent desires the blotting out of his sin, he is not insensible to its enormity. He felt that it was his duty, as it was for him a necessity, to make confession of his guilt. He says: "I acknowledge my transgressions; and my sin is ever before me." It is necessary for us to confess our sins to God if we are to obtain forgiveness. If we do not acknowledge our sins, they will hold possession of us. Confession is a necessary part of true repentance. From what follows it will be clearly seen that David understood clearly the real nature of sin. He says, speaking to God: "Against Thee only have I sinned." He had deeply wronged his fellow-men by his transgressions, but he had sinned against God. All evil that men commit against their fellow-men has its root in sin against God. It is God's holy law that is violated. Confession is made that God's righteous judgment may be vindicated. Whatever chastisement might be laid upon him for his transgressions, it was a just and righteous judgment of God. David in the words that follow refers to the sinfulness of inherited nature, not that he would shift the blame upon another or excuse his guilt, but as a part of his confession, which embraces the fact that he is a sinner and has come of a sinful race. If some pretend to deny human depravity, David did not. He had come to know God and to know himself better, for He says: "Thou desirest truth in the inward parts, and in the hidden part Thou shalt make me to know wisdom." True religion controls heart, soul and conscience. It was a part of ceremonial cleansing under the Mosaic law for the priest to use hyssop while pronouncing clean the leper or the person who had come in contact with a dead body. So the psalmist desires earnestly to be freed from the consequences and from the pollution of his sin. God can cleanse the sinner from his guilt, and then, like the snow, he will be pure throughout. "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanse us from all sin." He longs also for deliverance from the awful misery that oppresses the guilty soul. Now he prays that he may "hear the voice of joy and gladness." He sighs for the peace and the assurance that follow from a sense of forgiveness, and are evidences of its possession. The contrite psalmist desires restoration to moral, mental and spiritual vigour, which his sin had caused.

III. The Penitent's Prayer for Renewal of Heart and Life.—While earnestly desiring deliverance from the consequences of his guilt, the psalmist feels his deepest need to be spiritual restoration. He desires the purification of his inner life. He prays for a clean heart, a steadfast spirit and the restraining and sanctifying presence of God's Holy Spirit, that he may possess the joy of salvation and obey God's law with a cheerful and willing disposition. The forgiven sinner is unselfishly devoted to the service of God. Knowing the evil of sin he longs to save others from its grasp. David's sin had been notorious, its example had been injurious. Now he wants his repentance and forgiveness to be as widely known as his transgression, and that God's mercy as seen in his restoration might be an encouragement to others to forsake their sins and turn to God.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

Sin and misery are inseparably associated. The only escape from misery is by turning to God, who will have mercy on every one who truly seeks His face.

Confession of sin is a necessary part of true repentance.

The sincere penitent seeks purification from sin as well as forgiveness.

The pardoned sinner earnestly desires to be the means of saving others.