

## Our Young Folks.

### KISSED HIS MOTHER.

She sat on the porch in the sunshine;  
As I went down the street,—  
A woman whose hair was silver,  
But whose face was blossom-sweet,  
Making me think of a garden  
Where, in spite of frost and snow,  
Of bleak November weather,  
Late fragrant lilies grow.

I heard a footstep behind me,  
And a sound of a merry laugh,  
And I knew the heart it came from  
Would be like a comforting staff  
In the time and the hour of trouble,—  
Hopeful, and brave, and strong,  
One of the hearts to lean on  
When we think that things go wrong.

I turned at the click of the gate-latch,  
And met his manly look;  
A face like his gives me pleasure,  
Like the page of a pleasant book.  
It told of a steadfast purpose,  
Of a brave and daring will—  
A face with a promise in it  
That God grant the years fulfil.

He went up the pathway singing;  
I saw the woman's eyes  
Grow bright with a wordless welcome,  
As sunshine warms the skies.  
"Back again, sweetheart mother!"  
He cried, and bent to kiss  
The loving face that was lifted  
For what some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on;  
I hold that this is true;  
From lads in love with their mothers  
Our bravest heroes grew.  
Earth's grandest hearts have been loving  
hearts  
Since time and earth began,  
And the boy who kissed his mother  
Is every inch a man!

EBEN E. REXFORD.

### TOM AND THE TEN CENT PIECE.

There was a bright, new ten-cent piece on mamma's bureau close to the fluffy lamp mat. Mamma was making button-holes in Tom's new trousers. Tom was dusting the bureau, that is, he was making queer-looking T's on the woodwork with the tip of his forefinger before Nelly came with her dusting cloth. That was a most enticing ten-cent piece. It looked at Tom as if it wanted to belong to him. Tom made a fresh T and gave the little ten-cent piece a shove that sent it half-way under the fluffy mat. Then he made another and the ten-cent piece slipped completely out of sight.

"Tom," said mamma, without raising her eyes from her work, "there's ten cents on my bureau; I want you to give it to Jane to buy a loaf of bread for luncheon. Do you see it?"

"No, ma'am," answered Tom hesitatingly.

"It must be there. Look again," said mamma.

"I don't see it anywhere," Tom replied more decidedly.

"That is strange. I thought I put it there. Never mind, Nelly will find it."

Not long after this Tom was playing in the front yard with his friends, Ned and Raymond Green.

"I say, fellows, I'm awful hungry," said Ned. "If we only had a dime now! Stein's got some daisy chocolate eclairs in his window this morning."

"I haven't a cent," said Raymond.

"Neither have I," said Tom.

"I'm sure I haven't," said Ned.

"Let's look out in the street; people often drop money; maybe we'll find some."

"Wait for me, boys, I'm going in the house for a minute," said Tom.

Tom went slowly upstairs to mamma's room. Then he walked to her bureau. All the crooked T's had been brushed away with Nelly's dusting-cloth, and the ten-cent piece—no, it was still under the fluffy mat. Now it was in Tom's pocket.

"What do you want from my bureau?" inquired mamma.

"Nothing," answered Tom; "I only wanted a pin, and I've got it."

The three boys searched everywhere, up and down the pavement; they peered into cracks and corners, and kicked at stray leaves, but not a coin did they find. Ned and Raymond went on a little. Tom turned back, and then exclaimed: "I've got ten cents!"

"Where did you find it? You're the luckiest fellow! Ned and I walked all along that crossing without seeing it. It doesn't look as if it had been in the mud long, either."

"Of course not," said Tom, "I've wiped it off."

Did the boys enjoy their chocolate eclairs? Ned and Raymond said they were delicious; they just melted away in their mouths, and they did not see why Mr. Stein couldn't sell three for five cents instead of two. It was so hard to divide four things among three people. Tom hardly touched his, so the others had nearly two apiece, after all.

"What's the matter with you, Tom," asked his friends, "do you think they taste muddy?"

Tom reddened: "I don't feel good, boys. I'm going home."

Tom had commenced to think. He was counting up.

It was not pleasant to find himself a thief and a liar—a liar and a thief.

"I did not see that ten-cent piece on mamma's bureau when she asked me," said Tom.

"Yes you did," said Conscience, "you saw it under the mat where you put it. That T you made didn't stand for Truth, it meant Thief."

"O," said Tom, "well, I didn't tell the boys that I found it in the mud."

"But they thought you told them so. You made them understand you that way."

"Tom," asked mamma anxiously that night, as she waited for her little son to get into bed, "what's wrong about you? You don't seem like yourself at all."

"I'm all wrong, mamma," cried Tom, making a motion as if to throw himself into her lap, then drawing back. "No, no, don't touch me, don't kiss me. You couldn't if you knew."

Little by little mamma heard the whole shameful story of Tom's wrongdoing, then she held him in her arms, her eight-year old boy, and he could feel hot tears drop on his head.

"I'm sorry, Tom, so sorry, but I forgive you wholly. There is some one else you must tell, some one who is far more grieved than I am. Do you know who?"

"Yes," whispered Tom, and kneeling by his bedside alone in the moonlight, he made full confession to the One who is always ready to hear and to forgive, and before he closed his eyes for the night, the peace of God filled his repentant heart. Was that the end? Not quite. There was another test for Tom.

Ned, Raymond and Tom were joined by Walter Brown on their way to school Monday morning.

"What do you think, Walter?" asked Ned as they crossed the street, "Tom found a ten-cent piece here in the mud, Saturday."

Something came up in Tom's throat and almost choked him, but he managed to blurt out: "I didn't find that money. I put it there myself. I took it from mamma's bureau."

Did it ever take so long before to walk to school? There was nothing to talk about. Tom felt so ashamed, and yet so happy that he had told the truth this time. The other boys each thought to himself: "It must have been tremendously hard to have told that. I don't believe I could have done it. That Tom Martin's got real grit anyway. I'd trust him with a thousand dollars if I had it."—L. E. Day in the N. Y. Observer.

When sewing buttons on children's clothes, where there will be much strain on the button, the danger of tearing the cloth out will be greatly lessened by putting a small button under the larger outside button.

## Teacher and Scholar.

MARCH 5, 1893. } KEEPING THE SABBATH. { Neh. 13, 15-22.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.—Ex. 20: 8.

The reading of the law (last lesson) was followed by the observance of the feast of tabernacles. The people revived the original character of this by dwelling in booths which had not been done before since the days of Joshua. Later in the same month, followed a fast and repentance of the people, when, after recognizing that their servile position was the fruit of their wickedness, they entered into a solemn covenant to walk in God's law, observe his Sabbaths and maintain all the requisite offerings for the service of God's house. Nehemiah himself was the first to sign this. Provision was made for peopling Jerusalem by a selection of one-tenth of the people in addition to the rulers and those who willingly offered themselves. After this the dedication of the walls took place with imposing ceremonies. After continuing for twelve years governor of Jerusalem, Nehemiah returned for a time to Persia. His departure showed how readily yet the people turned to evil. They fell away grievously from the solemn covenant into which they had entered. On Nehemiah's return he found them so closely bound in forbidden connections with the people round that the High priest was allied to Tobiah and Sanballat, former chief enemies of the Jews, and had provided one of them with a residence even at the temple itself. The temple services had ceased, and the attendants had been compelled to go back to their fields to make a living. A natural accompaniment was neglect of the Sabbath.

I. The Sabbath Profaned.—Signs of Sabbath desecration met Nehemiah on every side. In the country, toilers pursued their ordinary employments. The gathered grapes were being trodden in the wine-presses, (large vats frequently cut in the solid rock). It was also a day for gathering in grain. Jerusalem was a scene of traffic. The produce of the surrounding region was brought in and exposed for sale. Supplies for the table were to be had fresh on the market. Merchantmen from Tyre also were there with their fish, and all manner of ware. Recognizing themselves no sanctity in the day, it was natural that they would take advantage of any laxity in insisting on its observance. Their conduct probably intensified the profanation, if it did not even lead the way. When they were allowed to act unchecked, the Jewish merchants, fearful that an advantage might be gained over them, would be eager to follow. But the desecration in Jerusalem was as truly due to those who bought as those who sold. Were there no purchasers there would be no sellers. If, as seems probable, the purchases were largely articles of food, each purchaser's personal transaction might appear a small matter, but it was an essential element in the Sabbath breaking.

II. Measures of Reform. Nehemiah commences by reproaching the nobles of Judah. They, as rulers, should be answerable for the conduct of the people. Moreover, they had solemnly covenanted to observe the Sabbath (10-31.). Besides they were probably deep in personal violation of the day, for the poorer classes would not be the leading purchasers of such articles as are mentioned. It is an evil thing they do, profaning the Sabbath day. A thing is profaned by being made common, treated as if it had no special sacredness. The profanation might consist in acts, which were lawful on other days, but done on the Sabbath, obliterated all distinction between it and the rest. The obligation of the Sabbath is universal and permanent, since it rests on the requirements of human nature and the original institution of God. The bodily and mental constitution is such that the daily repose in sleep needs to be supplimented by seasons of rest, whose recurrence every seven days is adequate and necessary for this end. Not less important is the Sabbath for the spiritual side of man's nature. This, if left to struggle, amid increasing manual and mental pursuits, with no special seasons for itself, would be apt to become dwarfed. Apart from such stated times, fellowship with others in worship could not be realized with much fullness. God's act in imparting a sacred character to the seventh day is thus founded on unchanging elements in man. It is no mere Jewish observance. The commandment in which it was given to Israel by its opening word "Remember," pointed back to a day blessed and set apart for a sacred use on the divine rest from the creative work. Nehemiah not only reproaches the nobles with disregarding the sacred character of the day, but also reminds them what evil like character brought upon their fathers. The disregard of the day was representative of that course of conduct, which had brought God's judgment on the nation. It was indeed one form of disobedience, on account of which the prophets had to warn of the captivity. Jer. xvii, 24-27. It had been a mark of their rebellion against God as early as the days in the wilderness. Ezk.

20 13. The rightful observance of the Sabbath is too closely connected with a healthy religious life, that defection against God seems to have had Sabbath breaking as one of its most constant accompaniments. But Nehemiah did not rest content with remonstrance. The large city gates, closed as it grew dark on the evening of the sixth day, he ordered to be kept shut till the Sabbath was over, and stationed some of his servants at the small wickets to see that those entering did not bring in any burdens. Thus shut out, the merchants once or twice encamped outside the city wall, and perhaps drew some of the people out to trade with them. This also Nehemiah stopped, threatening them with arrest. The Levites were then instructed to purify themselves, and take charge of the gates on the Sabbath. The prayer "remember me," so often on Nehemiah's lips after a hard fought battle, indicates the source of the strength in which he contended. Praying here also for recognition by God, he finds the foundation of his pleas in the greatness of God's mercy.

### A FLOWER-GARDEN.

A flower-garden is an ugly thing, even when best managed; it is an assembly of unfortunate beings, pampered and bloated above their natural size, stewed and heated into diseased growth; corrupted by evil communications into speckled and inharmonious colors; torn from the soil which they loved and of which they were the spirit and the glory, to glare away their term of tormented life among the mixed and incongruous essences of each other in earth that they know not, and in air that is poison to them.

The florist may delight in this; the true lover of flowers never will. He who has taken lessons from nature, who has observed the real purpose and operation of flowers; how they flush forth from the brightness of the earth's being, as the melody rises up from among the moved strings of the instrument; how the wildness of their pale colors passes over her, like the evidence of a various emotion; how the quick fire of their life and their delight grows along the green banks where the dew falls the thickets and the mists of incense pass slowly through the twilight of the leaves, and the intertwined roots make the earth tremble with strange toys at the feeling of their motion;—he who has watched this will never take away the beauty of their being to mix into mere-tricious glare, or to feed into an existence of disease. And the flower-garden is as ugly in effect as it is unnatural in feeling; it will never harmonise with anything, and if people will have it, should be kept out of sight till they get into it.

From "The Poetry of Architecture". By John Ruskin. Reprinted from London's Magazine for the first time in book form. George Allen.

### FAMILAR QUOTATIONS.

Some of the most familar of "familiar quotations" are not, strictly speaking, quotations at all. I have just been reminded of this by a correspondent, who wrote to me for information as to the source of the trite quotation "kept on the even tenor of his way," popularly ascribed to Gray. My correspondent having expressed his doubts whether Gray or anybody else ever wrote the words, I have had the matter looked up. The nearest that can be found to it appears to be the following extract from the nineteenth stanza of Gray's "Elegy":—

Along the cool sequestered vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.  
Doubtless this is the correct reading. But how is it that orators, preachers, journalists, and men in the street have so unanimously agreed to change "noiseless" for "even"?—Truth.

If a man meet with injustice, it is not required that he shall not be aroused to meet it; but if he is angry after he has had time to think upon it, that is sinful. The flame is not wrong but the coals are. — Beecher.

Aspiration, worthy ambition, desires for higher good for good ends,—all these indicate a soul that recognizes the beckoning hand of the good Father, who would call us homeward toward himself.—J. G. Holland.

Alas! if my best friend, who laid down his life for me, were to remember all the instances in which I have neglected him, and to plead them against me in judgment, where should I hide the guilty head in the day of recompense? I will pray, therefore, for blessings on my friends, even though they cease to be so, and upon my enemies, though they continue such. —Cowper.

### Build Up.

When the system is run down, a person becomes an easy prey to Consumption or Scrofula. Many valuable lives are saved by using Scott's Emulsion as soon as a decline in health is observed.