

## Our Young Folks.

### THE BOY WHO HELPS HIS MOTHER.

As I went down the street to-day  
I saw a little lad  
Whose face was just the kind of face  
To make a person glad.  
I saw him busily at work,  
While blithe as blackbird's song,  
His merry, mellow whistle rang  
The pleasant street along.

Just then a playmate came along,  
And leaned across the gate,  
A plan that promised lots of fun  
And frolic to relate.  
"The boys are waiting for us now,  
So hurry up," he cried.  
My little whistler shook his head,  
And "Can't come," he replied.

"Can't come? Why not, I'd like to know?  
What hinders?" asked the other.  
"Why, don't you see?" came the reply,  
"I'm busy helping mother.  
She's lots to do, and so I like  
To help her all I can;  
So I've no time for fun just now,"  
Said this dear little man.

"I like to hear you talk like that,"  
I told the little lad;  
"Help mother all you can, and make  
Her kind heart light and glad."  
It does me good to think of him,  
And know that there are others  
Who like this manly little boy  
Take hold and help their mothers.

### JENNY LIND.

Jenny Lind, the woman, was greater than Jenny Lind, the singer. "I would rather hear Jenny Lind talk than sing—wonderful as it is," wrote Mrs. Stanley, the wife of the Bishop of Norwich, in whose palace the great singer was a guest while in that city. The Bishop's son, subsequently Dean Stanley, who had no "ear for music," and on whom, therefore, her singing was wholly lost, wrote that she had "the manners of a princess with the simplicity of a child and the goodness of an angel." Her character showed itself, he added, "through a thousand traits of humility, gentleness, thoughtfulness, wisdom, piety."

She looked upon her natural faculty as a gift of God, and never sang without reflecting that it might be for the last time. "It has been continued to me from year to year for the good of others."

This feeling was no fine sentiment, but a religious principle. While she was the Bishop's guest she begged Mrs. Stanley to allow her to take three of the maids to a concert where she was to sing.

At a service in the cathedral she was moved to tears by the singing of the boy choristers, and had places reserved for them at her concert the next morning. When she came on the platform she greeted them with a smile of recognition, which the boys never forgot.

She gave to charitable objects thousands of pounds gained by her wonderful voice. While singing in Copenhagen such was the excitement that court and town begged her to give them one more day of song. A gentleman of musical culture had, with his wife, anxiously looked forward to her visit. When she came he was on a sick bed. Jenny Lind heard of his desire, and found time to go to his house and sing to him and his wife.

When she went to London, Mendelssohn asked her to sing to a friend of his, who had long lain upon a bed of sickness. She went and cheered him with songs, the remembrance of which are still cherished by the family.

Again and again, when the opportunity offered for such an act of kindness, she sang to invalids who could not be present at her concerts. The gift of God within her was a trust to be administered for the good of others.

### SMALL, SWEET COURTESIES.

It was only a glad good-morning, as she passed along the way,  
But it spread the morning glory over the livelong day.

The words of the little poem came forcibly to my mind one summer day, as I stood talking with a quaint Scotch neighbour over her bit of a garden. A blithe-faced young girl came tripping by, pausing to give with the morning greeting a smile as cheery as the sunshine. "Bless her bonny face," said the old Scotchwoman, looking fondly after her; "it's a gude sicht for sair e'en. It aye heartens me up for the day."

We have all known people whose coming into the room was like a burst of sunlight; there was something so cheering and inspiring in their very presence; others, too, we have known, whose faces were like a thunder cloud, full of smouldering gloom, lowering and dark with discontent and sullenness. We do not often stop to think how much of ourselves we carry in our faces and manners, or the subtle influence we exert on those around us. Even strangers, the people we pass on the street or meet in the cars, or transiently in places of business, are affected by our atmosphere as we by theirs, and "so the whole round earth is bound around by chains of sympathy"—a sympathy all the more pervading that it is often unconscious and unexpressed. A brief glance, a smile, a gesture will haunt the memory, and weave a subtle spell long after the one bestowing it has passed out of

our sight, perhaps out of our life; and the least touch upon the electric chain, by which we are all bound together in a common humanity, may have as far-reaching an influence as the tiny pebble that ripples the water into ever-increasing circles.

It is not always those most free from care and trouble who wear the sunniest face; often times it is "the serenity of conquered sorrow" which lights the eye and lends its sweetness to the patient mouth and the gentle speech, and it is such as these that most move our admiration and our sympathy. Our petty worries fade away under their bright smile, and we are ashamed to let discontent or ill-nature sway us.

"I want to thank you here and now for the good you did me years ago," said one woman to another recently, in the midst of a cosy talk. "I don't suppose you ever dreamed of it, but you were a living example to me when we boarded together. I had got into a bad habit of retiring into myself and giving short answers when I came home tired and out of tone, and I was very apt to be that way. I couldn't see why I should make myself agreeable when I didn't feel like it, and I was determined not to be drawn out of my shell. In fact I was fast becoming sour and crabbed when you came. Your bright way of speaking and your pleasant smile for all were a revelation to me. They made me ashamed of my selfishness, and I began to try and take an interest in other people. I soon found out that I felt the better for it, and it wasn't such a task to be agreeable. So you see what an influence you had without knowing it."

"I am so glad to have you tell me that," said the other with tears in her eyes. "That was such a hard trial time to me. I was under a terrible strain through my sister's long and painful sickness, and it was a constant effort for me to seem cheerful. I used often to feel afraid that I had been cross or impatient, or appeared indifferent to others. It is a relief to know that I did not make others unhappy through my distress and anxiety."

"We could have forgiven you if you had; but it was your brave cheerfulness that made me the more ashamed," returned her friend. "And I am sure that others felt the same."

### THE LITTLE PRINCESS.

The Princess Wilhelmina, of Holland, is a very natural and jolly girl. She is ten years old, and is a general favourite. An English gentleman, who was entertained at the palace, gives a very interesting account of the charming manner of this heiress to the crown of Holland. To begin with, Miss Wilhelmina has been so carefully trained that up to this time she has not thought of herself as superior in any sense to her companions. A good illustration of her social proclivities is thus given:—

The daughter of one of the upper servants was looking on at a fete given by Wilhelmina to her friends. The spectator's hair needed a little arranging, and Wilhelmina's quick eye took in the situation at once. Without waiting to call an attendant, the young princess whisked the child up to her private boudoir, and with her own hands braided the refractory hair and tied it with one of her prettiest ribbons. When she had finished she gave her companion the comb she had used, and then the children skipped downstairs as happy as children could possibly be.

"It was not quite proper for you to leave your guests," her governess told her.

"It was not proper for Sophia to look like a fright, so I fixed her up. Now she can enjoy herself; she never could have with that head," the child replied.

Wilhelmina likes to do things for herself, and rarely rebels at anything except being waited upon. She scorns to be constantly attended, and after she had learned to row and steer a boat she refused to be satisfied until she could manage her own boat on the ponds of Loo.

"Why do you wish to go alone?" she was asked.  
"Because I like to think things, and talk to myself, and make up stories and verses," she replied. "I can never do it when I am watched."

Wilhelmina is very enthusiastic about all kinds of outdoor sports. She can play ball as well as a boy, and never cries when she gets "a stinger," we are told. In the game of snowball she is considered a wonder. One day when she was out with her mother they came across a number of street children who were merrily pelting each other. The princess asked permission to join them, and the queen ordered the sleigh stopped and allowed the little girl to join the happy group. For a full half-hour Wilhelmina played, and when she re-entered the sleigh we are told that "the cheers of her delighted companions were good to hear."

Wilhelmina has a great aversion to conceited people, those who "put on airs," and is very sure to show her contempt if opportunity offers. She is a good student, and speaks and reads English and French. She has not yet been taught German.

It may be that one of these days we shall hear of Wilhelmina as a writer, for the little girl who loves to be alone, to think her own thoughts, to talk to herself and to make up stories and poems, will scarcely fail to produce something worth reading after awhile.

### PREVENTION IS BETTER

Than cure, and those who are subject to rheumatism can prevent attacks by keeping the blood pure and free from the acid which causes the disease. For this purpose Hood's Sarsaparilla is used by thousands with great success. It is the best blood purifier.

Constipation is caused by loss of the peristaltic action of the bowels. Hood's Pills restore this action and invigorate the liver.

## Sabbath School Teacher.

### INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

#### JEHOIAKIM'S WICKEDNESS.

(GOLDEN TEXT.—To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts.—Heb. iii. 15)

#### INTRODUCTORY.

The striking historical incident took place during the reign of Jehoiakim, king of Judah. Two years before this occurrence Nebuchadnezzar had besieged Jerusalem. He did not destroy the city, but took a large number of the people captive, among them Daniel, and carried them to Babylon. Jehoiakim now thought himself secure from invasion and was living wickedly. Jeremiah and other of the prophets had faithfully urged him to repent, and as faithfully warned him of the evil that would come upon him and the nation if he continued in his wicked ways. To these advices and warnings the king gave no heed, but showed his displeasure by restraining Jeremiah in the exercise of his divinely appointed mission. The prophet who could not go himself sent Baruch to read his message to the people assembled in the temple court. Afterwards at their request Baruch read the words of Jeremiah's prophecy to the princes, who were afraid of the consequences and told Baruch to conceal himself. Then they told the king what had taken place, and he in turn desired to hear the prophecy read.

I. The Prophecy read to the King.—Before the king was informed of the contents of the prophet's roll, the princes, dreading the consequences to Jeremiah and Baruch, advised them to hide so that the king could not find them. The princes also were anxious to preserve the roll on which the prophecy was written, and with this in view they left it in the chamber of Elishama, the king's scribe. Then the princes, who felt that the king ought to know the prophet's words, went into the royal apartments and repeated the substance of what they had heard. This aroused Jehoiakim's curiosity and he sent Jehudi to bring the prophecy to him that he might hear the exact words. Jehudi obeyed and having brought the roll of parchment read the words to the king and the princes stood by hearing them a second time. There is a glimpse into the interior of the king's palace. It is in the winter time, the cold and rainy season, "and there was a fire on the hearth burning before him." The climate being mild the arrangements for heating even palaces were of the simplest kind. Houses were constructed without chimneys and in cold weather fire was placed in an earthen vessel. Jehudi began to read the prophet's roll, the king listened eagerly, and the princes looked on with anxious curiosity.

II. The Book Destroyed.—When Jehoiakim heard the words of the prophet he became very angry. He did not wait for the reading of the entire roll. It is understood that the king, not Jehudi, took the penknife and cut the roll into pieces and threw the fragments of the parchment into the fire, where they were speedily consumed. Jeremiah says that neither the king nor the attendants about him were afraid at what they had done. It was an amazing piece of folly and hardihood. The destruction of the writing containing God's message would not hinder that word from being fulfilled. It had been sent in mercy, to warn the king of his danger and pointing out to him how he could escape. He might be foolish enough to despise the warning, but he could not escape the consequences by throwing the parchment on which it was written into the fire. A threatened danger is never averted by shutting one's eyes. Three of the princes, however, Elnathan, Deliah and Gemariah remonstrated with the king against burning the prophetic roll, but he refused to listen to them. He was determined on his wicked course. After destroying the prophecy he wanted to get the prophets into his power. He may have intended to put them to death, or at all events he would put them in prison, so that they might be intimidated and prevented from exercising the prophetic office. Some who do not want to hear the truth imagine that it can be repressed by destroying Scripture and persecuting its upholders. This plan was tried at the Reformation. Bibles and the books of the Reformers were burned, and many of the Reformers were put to death in the vain hope that the Reformation could be suppressed. The very means employed for crushing it out were overruled for its advancement. The truth of God is invincible, and men cannot silence it by violent means. The prophets could not be found when the king's messengers went in search of them, "the Lord hid them."

III. The Book is Restored.—The roll had been destroyed, and the king's servants could not find the prophets, but God's message found Jeremiah. He was commanded to re-write the words that had been burned by the king. Words still more terrible in their import were added by God's command. It was to be conveyed to the king that he had committed a grievous offence in treating so despitely the message already sent. The certainty of Nebuchadnezzar's return could not be altered by the king's denial, it could only be by the king's repentance. Thus only could he save himself and his kingdom. In addition the ignominious death of Jehoiakim is again foretold. He should be without a successor from his own family to occupy the throne, and his own dead body "shall be cast out in the day to the heat, and in the night to the frost." Dread punishment is to be the portion of the wicked and impenitent king, and many others would be involved in his ruin, his own family and servants. They were to be punished for their own guilt. All this was foretold that they might be warned in time, that they might repent and forsake their evil ways; "but they hearkened not." They waited the result, and it came and the word of the Lord was fulfilled. It is to be noticed that God has preserved His Word all through the ages. Its preservation in ancient times is wonderful. Before the invention of printing it might be thought that it would be no difficult matter for its enemies to secure all existing copies and commit them to the flames or otherwise destroy them. Through all the calamities that befell the Jewish people, the Old Testament came unscathed. It was preserved unharmed. The New Testament likewise survived all the fierce assaults of persecution with which the early Church was visited. The sacred books were preserved. Thousands of the living epistles died for their Lord, but the Word of God remained, and all the efforts of its foes to destroy it were in vain. So now in our own day when men are seeking to discredit its authority and impair its usefulness He who has watched over it in the past will guard it still. It has come out of all past assaults with undimmed lustre and undiminished power. "The Word of the Lord endureth for ever."

#### PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

God's truth is not always agreeable to unrenowned human nature, but it is given us for our highest good.

We cannot kill truth by burning it. The pages of the book may be destroyed, but the truth remains the same. How powerless are they who imagine that the truth of God can be suppressed. It is mighty and shall prevail.

Those who fight against the truth of God only hurt themselves.

Both the promises and the warnings that God gives are true; both will be fulfilled.