

Our Young Folks.

THE GOLDEN TEXT.

I like to think on the Lord's Day morn
Of the hosts of children far and wide,
Their faces fair and their brows unworn,
Who blithely sit at a mother's side,
Conning in tones so low and sweet,
Over and over with patient care,
Till by heart they know it, and can repeat
The Golden Text, be it praise or prayer.

For praise or prayer it is sure to be,
The beautiful verse, a polished gem,
Culled from the sacred treasury,
And fit for a royal diadem.
I like to think that the children dear
Will know that truth when their heads are gray:
That their hallowed praise their souls will cheer
Many a time on the pilgrim way.

I sometimes muse on the Lord's Day eve,
When the Golden Texts have all been said,
And my tender fancies I like to weave
Over many a small white bed;
The children sleep till to-morrow's morn,
Armed for whatever is coming next;
Their strength and courage alike unshorn,
And the sword they will carry, the Golden Text.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

Once there was a king who had a little boy, whom he loved very much, and so he took a great deal of pains to make him happy. He gave him beautiful rooms to live in, and pictures and toys and books without number. He gave him a graceful, gentle pony that he might ride just where he pleased and a row-boat on a lovely lake, and servants to wait on him wherever he went. He also provided teachers, who were to give him the knowledge of things that would make him good and great; but, for all this, the young prince was unhappy. He wore a frown wherever he went, and was always wishing for something he did not have. At length one day a magician came to the court. He saw the scowl on the boy's face, and said to the king: "I can make your son happy, and turn his frowns into smiles, but you must pay me a great price for telling him the secret." "All right," said the king; "whatever you ask I will give."

So the price was agreed upon and paid, and the magician took the boy into a private room. He wrote something with a white substance upon a piece of paper. Next he gave the boy a candle, and told him to light it and hold it under the paper, and then see what he could read. Then he went away. The boy did as he had been told, and the white letters turned into a beautiful blue. They formed these words: "Do a kindness to some one every day." The prince made use of the secret and became the happiest boy in the realm.

HOW ONE BOY FACED THE WORLD.

Miss Frances E. Willard tells the following story: About twelve years ago a soldier's widow, with one boy and one girl, lived in Chicago. The boy was less than ten years old—a handsome, dark-eyed, curly-haired, young fellow, richly endowed in heart and mind, and having a true, loyal love for his mother. They were very poor and the boy felt that he ought to work instead of going to public school; but his mother was a very intelligent woman and could not bear to have him do this. He thought a great deal upon the subject, and finally begged a penny from his sister, who was a few years older than himself. With this money he bought one copy of the daily paper at wholesale and sold it for two cents. He was then careful to pay back the money he borrowed (make a note of that, boys) and he now had one cent of his own. With that he bought another paper and sold it for two cents, and so on. He took up his position in front of the Sherman House, opposite the city hall. This was a favourite place with the newsboys and they fought the little fellow fiercely; but he stood his ground, won standing-room for himself, and went on selling papers.

He became one of the most successful newsboys in the city, and at the age of fourteen had laid up money enough, besides helping his mother, so that he could afford to take a course of study in stenography and typewriting. He began in a class of two hundred others. When he graduated from the course only six remained with him. There is something in this for you to think about. A great many start in the race, but few hold on to the end. They are like boys chasing a butterfly. Pretty flowers along the way attract them, and they hear a bird sing somewhere in the woods or they stop to skip pebbles in the river. It is only the few that go on—right straight on—who catch the butterfly we call "success."

Well, this boy became the best stenographer in Chicago. When he was only eighteen he was president of their society. He then went to a leading college and took the entire four years' course of preparation in two years, at the same time supporting himself and his mother by his stenography for the professors. He kept up his health by out-door exercise and riding the bicycle. He never tasted tea, coffee, or tobacco, or alcoholic drinks. His food was simple—mostly fish, vegetables, and fruit. He had a good conscience; there was no meanness about him.

When he was twenty years of age he became the private secretary of one of the greatest capitalists in America. Of course, he had a large salary. He was clear cut in every thing he did: there was no slackness in his work. The gen-

tleman who employed him used tobacco and drank wine; but his young private secretary, with quiet dignity, declined both cigars and claret, though offered him by his employer in his most gracious manner. It is to the credit of the great capitalist that, when his secretary told him he never used tobacco or liquor, he answered, "I honour you for it, young man."

The name of this remarkable Chicagoan is Jerome Raymond. He is now the private secretary of Bishop Thoburn, and is making a trip around the world. At the same time he is studying for his degree in the university, being permitted to substitute French and Sanskrit for some other studies that he would have taken if he were here.

He was my stenographer, on and off, two years; and I think most highly of him. It seemed to me I could not do a greater service than to tell you his simple story.

BAD COMPANY.

A young lady of sixteen, who had been piously brought up, was invited to a party at which certain persons of undisguised infidel sentiments were expected to be present. Her father objected to her going.

"I know, papa," she said, "that they speak against the Bible and against Jesus! but you can be quite sure they will do me no harm. I can't help that; but I shall not allow them to affect me in the least."

"My child," said her father, inventing an excuse for the sudden request, "my work can't be interrupted; I have need of a coal. Will you be kind enough to fetch me one?"

"Do you want a live coal, papa?"

"No, one that is dead—burned out."

The coal was brought. The young lady had brought it in her hand.

"Didn't it burn you my child?" asked the father.

"Why, no, papa. How could it—it's dead?"

"Of course it couldn't; but look at your hand, Florence."

"Oh, papa, how black my fingers are! I must go and wash them."

"Wait a moment, Flossie; here is a little lesson for you while you are washing them. It is this: 'Companionship with the wicked and worldly may not necessarily burn you and destroy you, but it will certainly soil you.' Remember all your lifetime what the apostle says: 'Evil communications corrupt good manners.'"

WORK AWAY.

Jim was a poor little newsboy. He wanted to buy a cake for his little sister because it was her birthday. But if he sold all his papers, he would not have any money to spare; his mother needed it, for she was poor.

"I wish I could raise three cents extra," he said to Will, his little comrade.

"Work away, then," answered Will, and ran off crying his papers.

Jim ran off shouting his also. He sold a good many of them; and when he was tired, Will's words, "Work away," would come back to him, and he would go on again.

It was beginning to grow dark when he went into a horse-car. All the people in it had papers or shook their heads at him except one young lady. She looked at the little boy and bought a paper of him. It cost one cent. She handed him a five-cent piece. Jim was going to give her the change when she smiled at him and said:—

"The rest is for you."

Then he ran to buy the little frosted cake for his sister. Kitty gave him some of it, and as they were eating it he said: "I wish that lady knew."

And then he thought how glad he was that he had "worked away" instead of giving up.

THE OWL.

"As wise as an owl," as "solemn as an owl," and as "blind as an owl," are expressions not inaptly applied to full-grown owls, but would certainly seem out of place as to the specimen now before us, which is an unfledged young owl. His eyes seemed bright enough to enable him to see; and although he has somewhat of a serious appearance, still he looks as if he might be ready for a game of play when he gets a little warmer clothing on. Owls, generally speaking, are not much sought after as pets, like many other birds. Their voices are not musical, and they do not seem to appreciate kindness bestowed on them, frequently snapping at the hand that proffers food, and sometimes inflicting an ugly wound. This may perhaps be their way of showing affection, but a very queer way if it is so. The birds sleep during the day, and travel around at night in search of their food—mice and other small living animals; small birds, also, if they find any indiscreet enough to be out in the dusk of the evening. Owls can scarcely see at all in the daylight, and thus Providence kindly enables them to use their eyes at night instead. Having performed their work at night, they pass the day in sleep or lazy stupor. One curious characteristic of the owl is his digestion. He eats his birds without taking off the feathers, and swallows his mice skin and all. After a little time, his stomach having separated the good meat from the feathers and skin and bones, he throws up these rolled together in a ball.

HEADACHE, dizziness, ringing noises in the ears, hawking and spitting are sure symptoms of catarrh. There is no case Nasal Calm will not cure if given a fair trial. Beware of imitations.

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Sabbath School Teacher.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

Oct. 25,
1891.

CHRIST COMFORTING HIS DISCIPLES.

{ John xiv.
1:3; 15:27.

GOLDEN TEXT.—I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter that He may abide with you forever. —John xiv. 16.

INTRODUCTORY.

After the Passover Feast had been observed, after the Lord's Supper had been instituted, and Judas Iscariot had gone forth to betray Jesus, while they were still in the Upper Room, He spoke these words of comfort to the disciples. These and the three following chapters contain the last words of instruction and comfort which Jesus addressed to His disciples. His suffering and death were near. They are therefore the last impressive and solemn counsels He gave them before He was betrayed into the hands of His enemies.

I. Faith in Christ and Immortality.—The lesson begins with the exhortation, "Let not your heart be troubled." They had enjoyed a season of sweet communion with the Master. They had obtained a deeper insight into heavenly truth than they had ever before experienced, but they were overcome by anxiety and dread. They had learned that one of their number was to turn traitor and betray their Lord. Another was to deny Him. Their preconceived ideas of Christ's kingdom had been shattered. They knew that His and their enemies had become desperate and were determined to put Him to death. The separation was about to take place, and their hearts were overwhelmed with sadness. He guides their thoughts to the true source of comfort, faith in God and in His eternal Son. Whatever else may change, God and Christ remain unchanged and unchangeable. They are the unfailing source of comfort in trouble and distress. Another thought fitted to bring consolation to the troubled mind is the assurance of the heavenly inheritance for all God's redeemed. "In My Father's house are many mansions," Jesus declares. In the better land there is the everlasting home for all God's children. There is ample room for all, and there is provision made for the complete satisfaction of all the longings of the ransomed soul. "At God's right hand there are joys and pleasures for evermore." To this declaration Jesus adds a most important and significant statement, "If it were not so I would have told you." The force of this saying is sometimes overlooked. Mankind has cherished a belief in a future state. It is the longing of the universal human heart. This is no vain delusion, a fond dream. Had this universal belief in immortality been a mistake, then Christ would not have permitted mankind to cherish a thought, however pleasing, if it was only a delusion. Then there is the explicit teaching of the Old Testament and the general belief among the Jewish people that death does not end all. "I know that my brother will rise again at the resurrection at the last day," was the answer of the sisters of Bethany to the Lord's saying, "Thy brother shall rise again." Christ, who is the truth, will not permit us to believe an untruth. Christ's atoning death and entrance into heaven after His resurrection from the dead was the preparation of heaven as the home of all believers. His coming again is to consummate His work of redemption and receive His people to Himself. Meanwhile here on earth Christ has intimate communion with His people while He is in heaven. "Where I am there ye may be also."

II. The Promise of the Comforter.—Those who believe in Christ love Him, and as a result of their faith and love they obey Him. "If ye love Me ye will keep My commandments." In behalf of those who obey Christ He says: "I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter." The word here translated Comforter has no adequate English equivalent. It commonly signifies "one who is summoned to the side of another," to aid him in a court of justice, especially "the counsel for the defence." It is sometimes translated Advocate. The idea of pleading, arguing, convincing, instructing is prominent in every instance. This promised Comforter was to abide with them for ever. Christ in His bodily presence was to be withdrawn from the disciples, but the Holy Spirit was to be with them for ever, not to be withdrawn. He is the Spirit of truth, because truth is an inherent attribute of the Divine nature, and because it is the office of the Holy Spirit to convince men of the truth and bring home its saving power, and to lead them into all truth. The world is not in sympathy with the Spirit's teaching. It neither sees nor knows Him. Christ's disciples know Him for He dwelleth with them, because they have communion with the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. Then the Spirit dwells in them as the power that unfolds to them progressively the truth of God. Lest, however, the disciples should at that moment suppose that the Holy Spirit was to be a substitute for Christ's presence, he adds: "I will not leave you comfortless," literally orphans. "I will come to you." He did return to them after He rose from the grave, and He came to them after His ascension, as He does to His Church in every age, by His spiritual presence according to His promise, "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world." He would soon be hid from the world's sight, but not from that of His disciples. When He rose from the grave he appeared successively to the disciples, but not to the gaze of the world. So in every age His disciples are enabled spiritually to see Him. He is the never-living One, and because He lives His people live also. He is the source of their spiritual, their immortal life. When He is risen from the dead, when the Holy Spirit has come in pentecostal effusion, then the disciples shall know more of Christ than they have hitherto done, and shall realize the intimate union that subsists between the Father and the Son and His people. Christ then tells them how this union results in obedience and in a constantly deepening mutual love. Where this love exists there will be fuller and more glorious disclosures of the divine perfections.

III. The Revelation of Truth to the Believing Soul.—At this point in our Saviour's discourse Judas, one of the disciples, breaks in with a question. He seeks for more light. It is Jude, the author of the epistle in the New Testament, that bears his name, the brother of the Apostle James. He wants to know how it is that Christ will thus intimately reveal Himself to the disciples and not to the world. It is by the indwelling in the heart of Christ's truth that His people know Him. With those who receive and obey Christ's word the Three-One God will dwell. In this sense the world neither sees nor knows Him. Those who love not God do not receive His truth, therefore they are strangers to His presence. The truths thus communicated to them are the truths of God. Whoever therefore rejects them rejects the Father. Thus far Christ had taught His disciples, but soon the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, was to come, and continue the teaching of Christ's truth by making its meaning clear by His illuminating power, and bringing to their recollection the things that Christ had taught. And now the closing words of this discourse is a benediction. It is a final word of comfort to troubled souls. It is the peace of God, pure and abiding, that Christ bestows.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

Christ loves to comfort troubled hearts. He invites them to a fuller faith in the Father and in Himself.

In many unmistakable ways Jesus has taught the doctrine of a future life.

The presence of the Holy Spirit rests on Christ's own promise. And the Comforter abides with the children of God.

The love of Christ is the atmosphere in which we can have the fullest manifestation of His blessed presence.

In Christ only can the troubled soul find peace.