

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN

Lincoln and the Lad.

While officially resident in Washington during the Civil war, I once had occasion to call upon President Lincoln with the late Senator Henry Wilson upon an errand of a public nature in which we were mutually interested, writes ex-Governor Rice in his memorial volume. We were obliged to wait some time in the anteroom before we could be received, and when at length the door was opened to us, a small lad perhaps ten or twelve years old, who had been waiting for admission several days without success, slipped in between us and approached the President in advance. The latter gave the Senator and myself a cordial but brief salutation, and turning immediately to the lad, said "And who is the little boy?" The boy soon told his story, which was in substance that he had come to Washington seeking employment as a page in the House of Representatives, and he wished the President to give him such an appointment.

To this the President replied that such appointments were not at his disposal, and that application must be made to the door-keeper of the House at the Capitol. "But, sir," said the lad, still undaunted, "I am a good boy, and I have a letter from my mother, and one from the supervisors of my town, and one from my Sunday School teacher and they all told me that I could earn enough in one session of Congress to keep my mother and the rest of us comfortable all the remainder of the year."

The President took the lad's paper and ran his eye over them with that penetrating and absorbent look so familiar to all who knew him, and then took his pen and wrote upon the back of one of them: "If Capt. Goodnow can give a place to this good little boy, I shall be gratified," and signed it "A. Lincoln."

The boy's face became radiant with hope, and he walked out of the room with a step as light as though all the angels were whispering their congratulations.

Only after the lad had gone did the President seem to realize that a Senator and another person had been some time waiting to see him.

Think for a moment of the President of a great nation engaged in one of the most terrible wars ever waged among men, able so far to forget all as to give himself up for the time being to the errand of a little boy who had braved an interview uninvited, and of whom he knew nothing but that he had a story to tell of his widowed mother and of his ambition to serve her!—Selected.

Make Haste.

Some years ago, says Dr. Bonar, when traveling through Palestine, we were nearly benighted. We had left Hebron in the morning, and had come leisurely along passing through Bethlehem, and visiting the gardens of Solomon on the way. The sun began to get low ere we caught our first glimpse of Jerusalem, and on reaching the plain of Rephaim we had to increase our speed. In a little time the sun set, and we saw a man come out from the Jaffa gate and stand upon a hillock, shouting with all his might, as if forewarning of danger, and gesticulating wildly, as if to call our attention to what he was announcing.

"What is the man saying?" we asked our guide.

"He is shouting, 'Yella! Yella!'"

"What does that mean?"

"Come along! Come along!"

We now found we were about to be shut out, and this messenger had come out to warn us that the gate was about to be closed. We made haste, as we did not at all relish the thought of being kept all night outside the walls. We were just in time, no more. We entered, and the gate closed behind us. "The door was shut," Matt. 25:10.

The lesson we learned was, "Make haste!"—a lesson which some of us never forgot. So near being shut out of the earthly Jerusalem! What if it were to be not almost but altogether shut out of the Heavenly City! No time to lose. Too much lost already.

A few days after a similar incident occurred, which furnished another lesson. We had been wandering all the afternoon on the Mount of Olives, not heed-

ing the time. But at last we saw the sun going down. We hastened to the nearest gate, on the east side of the city. It was closed. There was no admittance. We hastened round the walls to the outer gates, which we knew to be kept open a little longer. When we reached it we found ourselves excluded. The gate was shut. We were told, however, that possibly the gatekeeper might relent and let us in. Alas the keys had gone to the governor.

What were we to do? It was suggested that a piece of silver might soften the guard's heart, and bring the keys back again. So we thrust a suitable coin in at the key hole and waited. In a few minutes the gate opened and we passed in. The bribe had prevailed. But our admission was against the law.

The lesson for us was, "Be in time." The gate stands open. The entrance is free. The way is plain. Lose not one moment. Upon one lost moment eternity hinges; and—

"It is no trifling to lose eternity."—Common People.

"Pay as You Go."

A minister in Messiah's Advocate gives the following incident, and counsel which is good, not only for young ministers, but for young Christians:—

On one occasion, while residing in Dansville, we had eaten everything in the house, and there was not a scrap on hand for dinner, neither had I any funds to purchase, and my rule was never to run in debt for food, raiment or fuel. This rule I have followed during all the years of my ministry, with unalterable determination, and I have never suffered above what I was able to bear. At one time, I remembered that I ordered some coal delivered, and went away from home to preach over Sunday and on returning I went to find the coal dealer, to pay him. He said: "You needn't pay it now, your credit is good."

"All right," said I, "I'll save my credit and pay my money." A business man stood by, and hearing what I said, spoke up, "You are right, Mr. Burr, save your credit and pay your money. If all would adopt that motto they would be better off." I would advise all young ministers to adopt the "pay as you go" policy; and if you have no means, then go without things, and I warrant that if you mean business on that line, the Lord will see that you are cared for. You may see times of distress, but if you wait earnestly on the Lord, He will not fail you. Your faith may be extremely tried, but what of that? In fact, it is a grand thought that the Lord has confidence enough in you to call you into hardships. It is needless to say that the Lord sent food, through a kind grocer whose heart He touched.

Business Honor.

"I chanced to be walking down Liberty street in New York," says an artist whom the Detroit Free Press quotes, "during that hard storm we had a few weeks ago. The wind struck a small newsboy about eight years old and scattered his papers right and left in the mud. As he picked up the few that were near him I heard him say, 'Dat busts me!'"

"For some foolish reason I laughed, probably at the odd speech.

"Turning on me, he asked savagely, 'Wot yer laffin' at?'"

"'Not at you, my boy,' I hastened to explain, and then to put myself right, I said, 'Here's half a dollar to start you in business again.'"

"He thanked me. 'You ain't such a bad guy,' he said, as he scooted in the direction of Park Row.

"This was not the last I saw of him. As I was hurrying to catch the ferry, I heard the patter of feet. He overtook me and asked breathlessly, 'Say, mister, do you go by dis way every night?'"

"'No,' I said, 'I don't live in New York. Why?'"

"'Cause,' he explained, 'I want ter give you a paper every night till I squares meself wid youse.'"

"Now is there a man," continued the artist, "who wouldn't like to help a boy of that sort, or who doesn't believe that with half a show he would develop into an honorable and successful business man?"—Youth's Companion.

It is not well for me to pray cream and five skim-milk.—Beecher.

"I Bit the Wax."

When holding a meeting in Colorado some years ago, a good Brother Crouch told me an incident in the life of his daughter that perfectly illustrated the principle of making a right confession, and that when we touch the cross, that is, get to the point of crucifixion, God will bless us. Some years previous, the servant girl was ironing clothes and was using a piece of smooth wax on the iron.

The little daughter would vex the girl by biting the wax, and then deny it. The godly father watched the performance from the chair where he was reading, and after awhile called his daughter to him, and began telling her a little Bible story that brought out the sin of telling lies.

The child applied the truth and whispered to her father, "I did bite the wax."

The father said, "I am not, the one to confess to, you must confess to the servant." That was too humbling for the child. By and by she went to her mother and said, "I did bite the wax." But her mother said, "you must confess to Minnie, to whom you told the story." The child was too proud for the while to humble herself to that degree. But before the day ended, her heart grew so heavy that she went to the girl and began to confess that she did bite the wax, and at once the great depth of her little heart was broken up with genuine repentance, and she sobbed aloud, confessing and asking pardon. Do you see? Her heart was not melted till she touched the point where the crucifixion came in. It is always so when we touch the cross, God touches us, and as soon as we make a right confession to God, the stream of forgiveness flows over us.—Living Words.

Thou Fool.

BY REV. C. E. CORNELL.

Jesus applied this stern appellation to the man who was wrapped up in earthly riches and had forgotten all about his soul. It can be applied in a strikingly pertinent sense to the man or woman who once knew the love of God and who have let business, a desire to get rich, or for any other reason permitted the grace of God to leak out of the soul. What a fool man is, to exchange righteousness and true holiness for the filthy rags of indifference, lukewarmness, worldliness, or riches! What hunger, what inexpressible anguish, what awful fear of the wrath of an offended and merciful God! What horrors of an eternal hell must come to the breast of a man who once knew the cleansing blood that washes whiter than snow, when he remembers his perfidy, his betrayal of Christ, his influence upon others, and what he might now be doing to spread the "good news" of salvation among men!

Philanthropy, almsgiving, paying the preacher or supporting the church will not heal the ulcerating sore of a backslider's heart. One humble, sincere repentance, with strong crying and tears, will bring the love of God again to the soul. This is where the shoe pinches. To acknowledge the sin, and come down from the pedestal of worldly ambition and pride, and promise God loving obedience and faithfulness in all the years to come, seemingly is a little more than a backslider wants to do.

My brother, you had better do anything rather than lose your soul. Loss of property, business prestige, popularity, or anything else that may seem dear, is not to be compared with the loss of the soul. Do not live longer under God's scathing epithet, "Thou Fool," but make haste to return to God, who will have mercy upon you and pardon all your sins for Christ's sake.—Boulton Christian.

Keeping at it.

In order to accomplish a hard task, we must keep at it diligently until it is done.

A well-known Sunday school worker tells a story of his own boyhood, which illustrates this point. He says that his father set him to work one day digging out stumps on the farm. He dug steadily until every one was out except one very large tough-looking stump, which he left untouched.

Presently the father came and looked over the field.

"A very good job you have made of it," he said, "But why did you leave that one stump there?"

"I suppose because it was so big father answered the boy.

"Willie," said his father (and when he said "Willie" like that, the boy knew that the stump was coming) "it does not take any different kind of digging to take out a big stump from what it does for a

little one; it only takes more of it."

So the boy had to go back to his task and keep at it until it was finished. There is no easy way of doing hard work. It is only by keeping at it, that we can accomplish the difficult tasks that set before us.—Sel.

How They do it in China.

A missionary, describing a day's journey in China, and a conversation on the way, said: When you meet a Chinaman he fires off a volley of questions, which, of course, you answer promptly: "How are you?" Have you had your breakfast?" "What are you doing?" "Where are you going?" "What are you going to do there?" and so on. "What country do you come from?" "England," "And how far is that?" "Ten thousand miles." This puzzles Mr. Chinaman for a time. Then he looks up again with a smile, and says, "Well, you must walk fast." Then he proceeds: "How old are you?" "Are you married?" "How old is your wife?" "Any children?" "Boys or girls?" He is glad if they are boys, but shakes his head if they are girls. This is the funny side of the conversation, but something else has to be done. At the right moment you will give him the gospel, and talk to him about Jesus. He will accept the book, and obtain help to read it. He will afterwards be found poring over some of the parables or miracles of our Lord. Thus he learns the Gospel.—Sel.

It is often in sorrow that our lives are taught their sweetest songs. There is a story of a German baron who stretched wires from tower to tower of his castle, to make a great Aeolian harp. Then he waited to hear the music from it. For a time the air was still and no sound was heard. The wires hung silent in the air. After a while came gentle breezes, and the harp sang softly. At length came the stern winter winds, strong and storm-like in their forces. Then the wires gave forth majestic music which was heard far and near. There are human lives that never, in the calm of quiet days, yield the music that is in them. When the breezes of common care sweep over them they give out soft murmurings of song. But it is only when the storm of adversity blows upon them that they answer in notes of noble victoriousness. It takes some trouble to bring out the best that is in them.—J. R. Miller.

Grace For Grace.

REV. J. R. MILLER, D. D.

The lesson "grace for grace" is that one grace is given for another. We cannot live to-day on the strength of yesterday's food—each day has a portion of its own. Yesterday's sunshine will not light the earth to-day, but there is other sunshine ready each new morning.

When you were in sorrow a while ago, God came to you and comforted you in wonderful ways—through His promises or through a human friend who brought you blessing, or through a book whose words were like a heavenly lamp pouring its light upon your darkness.

When a new sorrow comes, that old comfort cannot be used again; but you will have other comfort for your new sorrow, comfort in place of the comfort which is past. No grace received from God is ever the last. The time will never come to any child of God when a grace will fade out and no other be ready to take its place.—Sel.

There are men who can not know of a need in all the world without its immediately taking the shape of a personal appeal to them. They must go and do this thing. There are such men who seem to have a sort of magnetic attraction for all wrongs and pains. All grievances and woes fly to them to be righted and consoled. They attract need. They cannot sleep at Troas but the soul of Macedonia finds them out and comes across and begs them: "Come and help us." We must all be thankful to know that there are such men among us, however little we may feel that we are such men ourselves; nay, however little we may want to be such men.—Bishop Brooks.

"Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure there is one rascal less in the world."

He'll Never Forget to Keep Me.

"The Best of All," No. 75.

(Zulu language.)

U Baba U pata bantwana ba ningi;  
Uya kohlwa ku ngi pata na?  
Wa ba pa u Jesu ku ba kulula,  
A ka yi ku kohlwa ku ngi pata.

CHORUS.

A ka yi ku kohlwa ku ngi pata,  
A ka yi ku kohlwa ku ngi pata;  
Wa ba pa u Jesu ku ba kulula,  
A ka yi ku kohlwa ku ngi pata.

U Baba U kumbula imizwilile,  
Uya bona nxa i wa;  
Abantwana bake aba i dhlula  
A ka yi ku kohlwa ku ngi pata.

Amazwi ka Jesu a mmandi,  
Uya toba kn ngi siza;  
U mama u nga kohlwa 'mtan ake,  
A ka yi ku kohlwa ku ngi pata.

Ngi ya ku hlala njalo,  
A ngi yi kwe saba ca;  
Uya ku si fishla kuye,  
A ka yi ku kohlwa ku ngi pata.

Bafo, M amkela u Jesu,  
O Wa ni fela nina;  
Penkuka kolwa M lalele,  
A ka yi ku kolwa ku ni pata.

A ka yi ku kolwa ku ni pata,  
A ka yi ku kolwa ku ni pata;  
Penduka kolwa M lalele,  
A ka yi ku kohlwa ku ni pata.

—Rev. I. F. Kierstead and Wife.

Advice For Boys.

A boy who is envious of the good fortune of others, and is dissatisfied because he, too, cannot have it makes all around him unhappy. He should not be envious of anything but the good traits of others and these he may possess if his desire for them is real. One restless, unhappy boy in a house, who is always bemoaning his own fate and envying others, will jar upon the good nature of a saint. He should not be vainglorious and assume airs for something which he supposes places him a little beyond his fellow creatures. If he cannot respect himself he cannot hope to exact it from others, but his self-esteem must be tempered with modesty. He may be conscious of his own achievements, but it will be more becoming in him to allow others to herald them.—Pilgrim.

A Very High Note.

The preacher's heart is the head-center of effective evangelism. It isn't so much what he says, nor how he says it, but does he feel it?

Does the message represent his own spiritual state? Is he downright sincere in making his appeals?

Many a preacher has struggled hard at this point, and all will appreciate the utterance of a famous pulpiteer in touching this case. He says:

"The evangelistic note is the highest note that has ever been raised, and it is the most difficult to sustain. There is nothing that chokes out my soul like that. I could be a literary preacher on half the struggle. I think I could be the president of a college and not half try; but, oh, the travail of soul in order to be just where the note will ring out clear, and every man shall hear it as a message from God."—Michigan Advocate.

The Outcast.

"The world still calls her lost. Oh, were it your loved one or mine, Would we say lost? Nay, help divine we'd e'en implore, And lead her up to heaven's door; And count it cheap, whatever the cost,— To lead to God what the world calls lost."—Selected.

Nothing humbles the soul like sacred and intimate communion with the Lord, yet there is sweet joy in feeling that He knows all, and notwithstanding loves us still.—J. Hudson Taylor.

The eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us; if all but myself were blind, I should want neither fine clothes, fine houses, nor fine furniture.—Franklin.

If you have parted with your sins don't hunt them up to say good-bye to them.—Sel.

Preach or perish; teach or tarnish; evangelize or fossilize.—Phillips Brooks.