

## None But Thee.

BY HORATIO C. BONAR.

I have no help but Thine; nor do I need  
Another arm save Thine to lean upon;  
It is enough, my Lord, enough, indeed;  
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

I have no wisdom, save in Thine, who is  
My wisdom and my teacher, both in one.  
No wisdom can I lack while Thou art wise  
No teaching do I crave save Thine alone.

Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness;  
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood;  
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace  
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord, my God!

I know that deadly evils compass me,  
Dark perils threaten; yet I would not fear,  
Nor poorly shrink, nor feebly turn to flee;  
Thou, O my Christ, art buckler, sword, and spear!

## Plain Talks to Young Men on Vital Issues.

PETER ANSLIE.

This is the age of liars. Business, political, social and church life is leavened by its influence. Our fashionable conventionalisms, adulterated articles of merchandise, false representations of values, reckless promises and suppression of truth—all of these forms of lying and numberless others, we meet with daily, and they prosper as luxuriant plants in a tropical climate. I think if some of the old patriarchs were living, they would feel that their unskillful attempt at lying were altogether overshadowed by even professed Christians.

There needs to be no argument to prove that lying is devilish, for God has spoken too plainly upon it, and in the first days of the church, with one stroke, he set forth his displeasure against it.

It was when Ananias and Sapphira sold some Jerusalem property, which doubtless brought more money than they expected, and they agreed to make false figures to the apostle, as so many other agents have done. But, by the Holy Spirit, the apostle tore away the mask, and said: "You have not lied unto men, but unto God." These words came like thunderbolts from passive clouds, and struck them dead (Acts v. 1-11). Men trembled then in terror, but their fear soon died away like echoes in the mountains, and it has proved no warning to this age, when many real estate agents have put their tongues on glib wheels which can make lies faster than mints can coin dollars.

If we look into the profits that have been secured from this extensive business of lying, and see its small revenue and often heavy defalcations, we must conclude that, after all, lying is a very foolish thing, and is not only destitute of virtue, but common sense. A man may gain a few dollars by it, but he will soon lose his reputation, for, as an Italian proverb goes, "a liar is sooner caught than a cripple," and no body will believe him when he does tell the truth. Not only is his reputation gone and his commercial standing undermined, but his soul is in danger, for God has said: "For what doth it profit a man, to gain the whole world, and forfeit his soul?" (Mark viii. 36).

Home is one of the sweetest words of Anglo-Saxon birth. I love it. It has sacred precincts, and has been chartered as the high-school of morals. Our fathers and mothers have been elected as teachers. We love them. We reverence their lessons, which we unwrap in after life as rose leaves stored in the folds of memory. It is too often, however, that thoughtless parents make their children proficient in lying by their own striking examples. A few days ago, a father bought a farm for forty dollars per acre, and told his family of the good bargain he had made. The next week a gentleman called on him to buy, and in the presence of his family, he told his buyer that only a week ago he gave fifty dollars per acre, and he would let him have it for the same. What a powerful lesson for those boys! Their blood was born to lie, for their father was a liar, and instead of checking the rill flowing mildly through the boy's heart, he feeds it from his own hand, and then is surprised that his children lie! It would be miraculous if they did not. Mothers who are the queens of our homes, and to whom I lift my hat with double pride, may ignorantly sow the seeds of falsehood, when, in giving a dose of medicine to their child, they say: "Here is something good for you." It is no sooner swallowed than the child kicks, coughs, spits, and cries out: "You said it was good." "So it is, good for your cold," replies the mother. I do not say that the parent intended to make a false impression, but the distinction may not be seen in the child's mind. Then the seed of falsehood has been sown; and in the parent's heart has been

shaken, and the child's love has been undermined. Throw out your signals. Danger ahead!

Lying in the commercial world is as common an article of merchandise as salt. Groceries are adulterated, and third-class grades are too often sold as first-class. In drygoods, half worsted may be sold as all wool, and, if you are not up with the fashions, last year's stock will be pushed off on you as "The Latest Style." Always open your eyes and hold your purse-strings tight when the salesman says: "I will let you have this for so much." Well might Scotland's poet exclaim:

"An honest man is the noblest work of God."

Lying is carried on to an enormous extent in every department of commercial trades, and it is not a stranger in the civil courts. The last report of our city grand jury has said: "It is a revelation to every grand juror, serving his first term, that lying is so free and unrestricted. This art has reached perfection with most of the persons who were sent to us as witnesses in the Sunday liquor and lottery cases." If the laws of Siam, which published the liar by sewing up his mouth, were on our statute-books, and enforced here, as there, no doubt many men would have sewed-up mouths, and much of our population would be dumb.

We will borrow a few dollars from a neighbor, buy a lot of merchandise, collect bills twice and three times, if we can. Of course, these things are all forgotten, for we have wonderfully short money memories!

Lying in the social life is thought to be only funny, and we pass it by with a careless laugh, when, in truth, our modern society is a devil of an institution. It is built upon deception; it lives in hypocrisy, and lies creep over and into it like poison vines over an arbor. We make a compound falsehood when we instruct the servant to say we are not in, when we are; and, to our visitors, that we are sorry they are going to leave, when their departure is a pleasure. The shams and flatteries, whose names are legion, that live about the court of fashion, like buzzards about a carcass, are odious.

Then the lying about the church is growing too common. The seventh-day rheumatism and Sunday headaches are marvelously contagious and have swept like an epidemic over the church. If these excusing Christians don't want to come to church or serve Christ, be honest enough to say: "I did not want to"; for, otherwise, they are not lying unto men, but unto God. If Ananias and Sapphira could make us a visit and count all of their children and grandchildren, it would possibly be the largest family in the world. By this duplicity of life we become double compound multiplied liars, for God says: "If we say that we have fellowship with him, and walk in the darkness, we lie, and do not the truth," and then, "if we say that we have not sinned, we make him a liar, and his word is not in us" (1 John i. 6-10).

A little boy was whipped not for doing, but not doing, and so we can by the suppression of the truth, which is a very common phase of lying, bring ourselves into severe condemnation. There is an old German proverb which says: "It is silver to speak, but gold to keep silent." Duty may require absolute silence; but when we do speak let us speak the truth that the world may say of us, as the judge said of the Italian poet, Petrarch: "Your word is sufficient, for it is truth"; and thus we become the sons of the Prince of truth.

If one did but realize the consequences of lying, we would fight it with every weapon of the body and punish it more justly than other crimes. It is scandalously wicked and intensely devilish, for it is the devil's most distinguished characteristic. Its track is one of wreckage and woe. The father of lies first whispered into the ear of the immaculate daughter of God in Eden, and she believed it as truth, at which nature must have shivered and the heavens put on gloom. I think the winds grew sluggish amid their moanings and oceans rolled in fury and rivers burst through sandy soils and out down mountain sides. The beasts did fight and chew each other's flesh, while birds did what their beaks on bloody carcasses. The first yellow leaf had fallen. Order was turned into chaos and happiness into misery. The Eden home was full of thorns and briars, and angry clouds, amid lightning flashes, rolled across the once bright sky. Our parents were driven forth into the world of sorrows and the gate of Eden was locked. The world's orphanage had been inaugurated and the path of human pilgrimage was trod by billions. A broken-hearted man led forth his race to sin, to sorrow and to death. It was all for a lie. It was a lie from Joseph's brethren, that made the aged Jacob rend his clothes and weep in

deepest agony. It was a lie that made the Gibeonites hewers of wood and drawers of water. It was a lie that broke the sceptre of Israel, and divided God's chosen people. It was a lie that smote the prophet on the Bethel road, and wrote upon his tomb, "Because thou disobeyed God and believed a lie, God hath delivered thee to the lion." It was a lie that brought ruin to Nineveh, and made the Dead Sea sleep amid her desolate shores as a monument to the lying of Sodom and Gomorrah. The great rocks of Tyre and Sidon rise up in speechless rage against the lying that once covered her bleak brow. In short it was a lie that made the wake of human pilgrimage to reek in stench and death crowning its diabolical act by misconstruing the words of Jesus, so that what was spoken in loyalty to the highest truth was transformed into a treason worthy of death. Believe me—it was a lie that gave hell its existence and Satan a field in which to work! My dear young men, hold fast to the truth at all time. It is manly; it is wise; it will pay you; pardon me, it may be selfish, but pay your vows at its shrine, and it will honor you. Remember that God has said: "All liars shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone" (Rev. xxi. 8).

## Antisthenes and the Boastful Youth.

There is an old saying that we should not count our chickens before they are hatched, which is a very good old saying indeed, and one that has been said in many different ways. One of the most amusing ways of putting it was that of the Greek Antisthenes, who had been very much wearied by the boasting of a young acquaintance of his of how rich he would be when a cargo of salt fish he was expecting arrived from the Pontus. The youth kept on telling Antisthenes of the presents he would give him and the other attentions he would shower upon him, when the Greek seized an empty meal bag and led the braggart to a dealer in flour.

"Fill this to the brim," he said to the dealer.

The dealer did so, and Antisthenes, turning on his heel, started to leave the shop without paying for the flour.

"Here cried the dealer, 'my money! my money!'"

"Ah!" said Antisthenes, "I have none; but—er this young gentleman," pointing to the boastful youth, "will pay for it when his cargo of salt fish comes in."

The haste of the dealer to empty the flour back into the bin and hurl the empty bag at the retreating Antisthenes taught the young man the lesson the wit desired him to learn.

## The Forgiveness of Injuries.

If a man commits an offence against us, misrepresents us, insults us, injures us in anyway, what are we to do? Brood over it? That is what some Christian people nearly always do. It is wonderful what care they take to get all pain and suffering out of an offence they can. They might have brushed it away at once and have done with it; but no, the hasty, bitter word, the selfish act, they lay upon their memory; and they will not forget it, whatever else they forget. If a man injures you, do not brood over it. Nor must you talk about it to everybody you meet. What is your motive for speaking about the injury? Do you want to get your friends to take sides with you against the offender? You ought to want to make the offender himself to take sides with you against the offence. The more people know of the wrong, the more feeling you can create against the wrong-doer, the harder you make it for him to acknowledge his fault.—R. W. Dale in "Good Works."

## Better Whistle than Whine.

As I was taking a walk early in December, I noticed two little boys on their way to school. The small one stumbled and fell; though he was not very much hurt, he began to whine in a babyish way, not a regular roaring boy-cry, as though he were half killed but a little cross whine. The older boy took his hand in a kind fatherly way and said:

"Oh, never mind, Jimmy; don't whine; it's a great deal better to whistle."

And he began, in the merriest way, a cheerful boy-whistle. Jimmy tried to join in the whistle.

"I can't whistle as nice as you Charlie," said he. "My lips won't pucker up good."

"Oh, that is because you have not got all the whine out yet," said Charlie. "But you try a minute and the whistle will drive the whine away."—Early Dero.

Making a noise in eating or drinking is vulgar.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S ASTIME

Edited by C. E. BLACK,  
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The Mystery Solved.—No. 25

No. 140.—(1) Violet. (2) Postmaster.

No. 141.—"Let love be without dissimulation."

No. 142.—"Abhor that which is evil."

No. 143.—Stanley. No. 144.—Kind.

No. 135.—N (large), Enlarge.

No. 146.—1, Mark. 2, W-hale. 3, P-ain.

No. 147.—Canton.

—[The Mystery, No. 23]—

No. 161.—PI PROVERB.  
Koop label four eye O.

No. 162.—ENIGMA.—

I'm always found in Canada,  
But never in the States,  
I'm never found in arguments  
And do detest debates.  
I am not in the Holidays  
But still in Christmas seen;  
The reason is I do frequent  
Where good things are, I've seen.  
I'm found in College, Church and School.

And also in the Chase.  
I fancy I've a sportive turn,  
I enter every race,  
I'm always in a picture taken,  
Yet never in a frame!  
I'm in a match, yet strange it is,  
I'm never in a game.  
I'm found in coach, but not in bed  
Now Puzzler solve this tangled thread.

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No. 162.—GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

In (the capital of England) there lived a gentle (Island in the Irish sea) called Mr. (Island in the English Channel) who had a son called (a river in Siberia). Amongst other pets he had a fine (Island in the Bahamas). One day the (Island in the Bahamas) jumped over the wall, so he called his sister (a sound in America) to run (a cape in Newfoundland). By the time they caught the (Island in the Bahama) it was time to go home to tea.

—[GYP.]—

No. 163.—BURIED NAMES.  
Oh, mamma, you are so kind,—  
Please, mamma, belt my dress.  
I want to know who races with you.  
Will you come to my party to day?  
Her mother made linen sheets for her.

—[GYP.]—

No. 164.—A PYRAMID.

Across: 1, a letter. 2, a kind of meat. 3, furnished with oars. 4, a certain kind of meal. 5, a holiday.

Down: 1, a letter. 2, an exclamation. 3, to row. 4, an Island. 5, Injuries. 6, to join. 7, an obstruction in a waterway. 8, a syllable applied to one of the tones. 9, a letter.

—[GYP.]—

—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—

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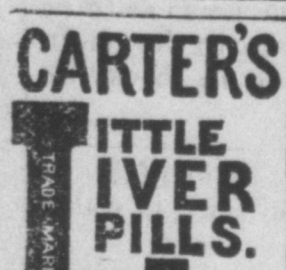
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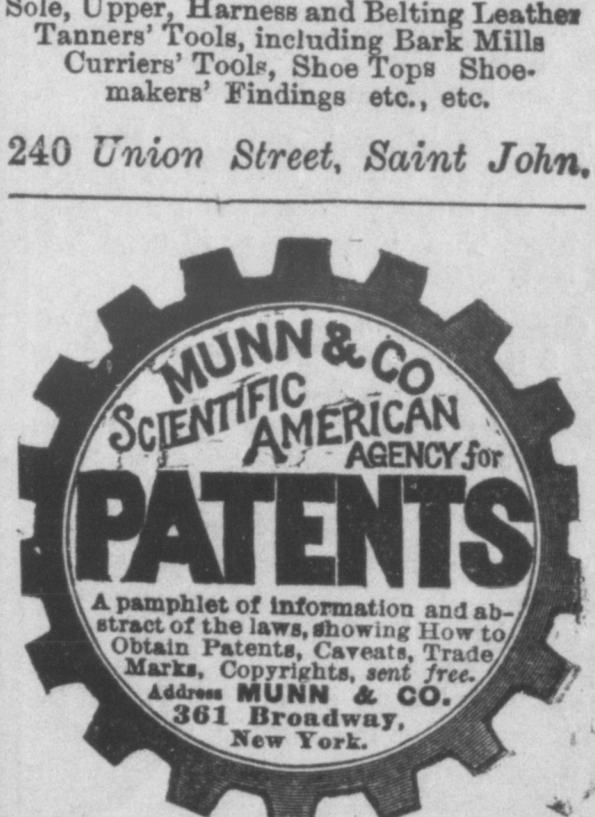
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