

Have Pity Lord.

Have pity, Lord, upon the poor,
The poor who think themselves the rich,
Who only of this world are sure,
And know not of the treasury which
Thy children hold, who with thee stay
And share thy glory day by day.

Thy poor thou dost release from care
Of earthly things that come between
Man's heart and thine; thou callest where
Thy palace walls arise unseen—
Heirs to thy many mansions free;
Eternally at home with Thee.

Have pity, Lord, on hearts that lie
Wrapped in a selfish peace, asleep,
That will not wake at misery's cry
That shut that holy light away
And dream that their own night is day.

Thou art awake, thou slumberest not,
And all thy children wake with thee,
And work with thee, nor have a thought
That any peace or joy can be,
Except in keeping thee in sight—
The happy children of the light.

Have pity, Lord, on us, the blind,
Who lead thy groping souls astray;
On us, the proud, whose foolish mind
Will not believe in thee, the Way!
Pity us, humble us, till we,
As little children, follow thee!

Have pity, Lord, upon us all,
Us sinners, judging others' sins,
Scoffing at stumble while we fall!
O loving Lord, whoever wins
A place beside thee in thy heaven
Must win it as a soul forgiven.

LUCY LABOOR.

Scolding the Lord.

"Did anybody ever do that?" you ask. I fear that all of my readers have, though they did not realize what they were doing. Let me report a conversation that was reported to me, and you may find in it a sort of mirror that will show yourselves to yourselves.

Old Abram Adams and young Bani Barnes were working side by side. Abram was a patient, godly old man; Bani was an impatient fellow, and sometimes profane. The wood they were working in was hard. Abram realized that in this very hardness was its excellence and its fitness for the articles that they were manufacturing. But ever and anon his companion would exclaim: "Confound this stick; how tough it is." And then Father Adams would look up with wonder and sadness in his grey eyes, and say: "Stop! stop! Bani; you are scolding the Lord."

"What do you mean? I haven't even mentioned the Lord."
"Yes; but you complain of the stick which the Lord made. The stick can't help being tough. In trying your strength and your tools, as it does, it is only obeying its Maker; and you scold it because it is obedient. Is not that scolding Him whom it obeys? The stick ought to be praised for its toughness, since that proves its loyalty. If it had the power of becoming soft when you scolded it, and did so, it would be unfaithful to its Maker. It would be like the Christians who deny Christ in order to conciliate the world. Inanimate nature illustrates the martyr spirit. It is constant and unwavering in obedience to the divine will. It yields only when we compel it to. We may learn a valuable lesson from this tough wood. We need just such fibre in ourselves; just such firmness in our principles. When we have patiently worked ebony or lignum vitae into articles of utility, they will last, just because they were hard to make. If, however, we had used some soft and pithy material, our work would have been easy, but the result would have been a worthless toy, which the hand of a child could crush. No, no, Bani, the Lord deals with us wisely and in love. He made this wood tough because he wants to train us by developing the graces of patience and faith.

"And there is something else in this matter of fault finding that I want you to think of, Bani. If people who complain of things as they are could have their way, they would make them worse instead of better. When you said, 'Confound this stick!' you meant, 'I wish it was soft, so that it would work easy.' Suppose that the stick had been able to hear and respond. Suppose that it had said: 'Well, master, I yield to your will: I give up serving the Lord and obey you.' What you really wanted was that the stick should be soft while you were working it, and hard again as soon as your work on it was finished."

That is the way a great many people talk and act. They would like to have God stand by them and wait on them. They would like him to humor all their whims, to give them whatever they think they would like, and keep them from all that is disagreeable. For instance: They are glad when rain comes to water the earth, but they complain of the mud. Why can't God give us showers without such unpleasant concomitants? They rejoice in the sunshine that ripens the grain and peaches, but complain bitterly of

the heat which makes them pant and perspire. Why can't God so regulate matters that we can have cool summers and yet abundant harvests?

"Paul prayed to be delivered 'from unreasonable and wicked men.' People who think that they are pretty good are often very thoughtless, to say the least. They say a great many foolish things, and treat the Lord in a way that they themselves would call mean if anybody treated them so. They criticize him harshly and rashly to his face. A young man was visiting an art gallery with some friends. He was a tyro in art, and with the conceit of a little learning, he began to criticize a picture that was hanging in a prominent position, and was evidently highly appreciated by the managers of the exposition. He did not like the grouping, the coloring, the distribution of light and shade—indeed anything about it. He talked so loud that he attracted the attention of many outside of his own party. Among others, an elderly gentleman stopped to listen, but soon turned away with an expression of mingled pity and contempt. Seeing him, a friend of the young critic whispered: 'Hush, John, the artist is listening to you.' Then John realized how rude he had been. He could not apologize to the artist, for he did not know him even by sight. What could he do? He could only slip away as quietly as possible, and think what a fool he had been. But mark the sequel of the story:

That same artist, who had been so disgusted by the young man's ignorance and conceit, went out soon after, and seeing the sky overcast and a storm impending, said impatiently: "I declare this is too bad. Nothing but rain, rain, rain all the time." He did not realize that God, who is the Father of the rain, was close beside him and heard his thoughtless criticism; and that he was treating God just as the tyro in art had treated him. God knew a thousand times more about the weather than this artist. He had been taking care of the world for thousands of years, and had been successful on the whole, as everybody will admit. How utterly absurd, then, to complain of him, and how discourteous to do so to his face!

The more I think about it, the more I am amazed at the way we treat God.
How irreverent even Christians are. It is bad enough to criticize nature and Providence as we do—to talk as if we could govern the world a great deal better than our heavenly Father does. But it is even worse when those who claim to be our religious teachers treat the divine Word as skeptics and scoffers treat the government of the world. They take up the Old Testament, which Christ and his inspired apostles endorsed in its entirety as "the oracles of God," and they cut and carve it with their critical knives, as they would a Thanksgiving turkey. They arbitrarily cut the dark meat human, and the white meat divine. They say that the turkey did not grow as unsophisticated folks believe, but that a certain man or men found legs and wings, heart and gizzard, bill and spurs, comb and feathers scattered about, made nobody knows when, or by whom, and that they gathered these fragments together and constructed the turkey. They insist that by this dissection and theory of construction they do not depreciate the excellence of the turkey; that we ought to be thankful for it, and feed upon it just the same. But in doing so we must be scientific, and not cherish the old childish notion that God made the turkey with all its different parts—flesh, feathers and bones, some edible and some not—just as really and just as wisely as he made for us the most simple and homogeneous article of food. The fact that the turkey is composite in its structure does not make it less evidently divine, but even more so, than the bread fruit on the banana.

The higher critics admit that we common folks can not understand the data upon which they base their theories of inspiration. Only such esoteric adepts as they are can appreciate the mystery involved in Eloistic and Jehovistic documents in the Pentateuch and the peculiarities of the priests code and of the deuterio-Isaiah. If this is so, why do they trouble us about them? Let them organize an Inspiration Club and discuss in it their various theories of carving. I do not object personally, to Dr. Briggs treating his own copy of the Scriptures, that he has bought and paid for, as he pleases. He may cut out as many leaves as he has a mind to. He may change the order of the leaves, if he will. But when he comes and asks me to let him mutilate my own copy according to his theory, or that of his German masters, I say, "No." I prefer the authority of Christ to his. I will cherish my Old Testament and "search" it as Christ told me to, because it testifies of him; because in Moses and all the prophets there are statements con-

cerning him—statements which he not only inspired; books that we are to receive just as they were when he appealed to them and opened men's understandings that they might understand them.—S. Smith in Journal.

SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS Cures Headache and Dyspepsia.

Deal Kindly with the Boys.

Young hearts, to be influenced and guided by the prudence and wisdom of the aged, must be united to them by a tender sympathy. The aged person, whether parent or neighbor, who, as he has grown old, has also grown cynical, morose, and crabbed, can not influence young people. He can not get near enough to them. He cannot command their esteem and confidence. His carping and crabbedness repel them—make them feel that the further they can keep away from him the better. They do not want to be near him, much less like him.

And right here is a hint for fathers. If you would, as your boys grow up, retain your influence over them, and be able to direct and control them, then do not be harsh and crabbed. Cultivate and maintain a sunny disposition. Enter into their boyish sports. Encourage their sprightly, jolly dispositions. Make them feel that you enjoy their company. Be a "boy" with them. When it is time to play, play with them; and then, when it is time to work, they will the more cheerfully work with you. Praise their work whenever you can do so truthfully, and do not be everlasting nagging them and finding fault. Whether or not boys turn out to be good for anything depends very largely, as a rule, on the home treatment and training they receive. The boy who, every day of his life, has to brook censure, nagging, and scolding at home, walks under a weight which but few can carry up to manhood. Sooner or later such break down, and become either dotards or prodigals. Let fathers and mothers think of this, and deal kindly, firmly, encouragingly, hopefully with their boys.

USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY The Great Blood and Nerve Remedy.

Apathetic Incident.

In my journeys about the world, and my visits in many homes, I have oftentimes been pained by the utter disregard of the feelings of children manifested by their parents.

Loving parents, too, they all were, and devoted to the interests of their little ones. Unintentional oftentimes was this disregard, and un noticed also by them was the effect of their words and their manner. The disappointment of a child when some cherished plan was absolutely frustrated by an unfeeling "no" from the mother went to my very heart, and particularly when there was no good reason for denying the child. A philosophical writer about little children states that nine times out of ten mothers seem inclined without good reasons, to say "no" to the requests of their children to carry out plans for themselves which they have matured in their little minds.

We believe if young mothers would stop to think on the subject, and honestly analyze their negatives, they would find them in many cases unnecessary, and would be convinced that without any harm being done, they might have acquiesced in the request and given the child the pleasure he or she anticipated.

I have noticed also with sorrow, and with great sympathy for the child, his quick glance toward visitors if he was corrected in their presence, or sent from the room, or the table, before them. If it is possible a child should not be reprimanded sharply, or corrected before others than the members of the family, and not before them, but by herself or himself, alone, whenever practicable. Froebel makes much of this idea, and illustrates well in one of his suggestive pictures, how much better it is for the mother, as she is dressing or assisting to dress a child in the morning to correct him, or inspire him to do what is right that day, or at night, as she sits by his bed for a few minutes, to tell him kindly in what ways he displeased her during the day and impress him to do better the next day.

Surely there is real philosophy in this. We recall to-day how, nearly twenty years ago, a little child who was punished for some wrong doing, looked up tearfully and pathetically into her mother's face, and said, "I'll never do so again, mamma," and then, with trembling lip added, "I do hope cousin B—did not hear me."

Her sensitive little heart acquiesced in the reproof and the punishment, but she felt keenly the mortification that a guest in the house might have heard the punishment.

Now, we argue that the mother did wrong in administering the punishment while the guest was in the house! The correction was doubtless necessary, but it was not necessary to subject that little child to keen mortification.

Then again, we have often noticed that parents like to joke a child about his nose being broken when the new baby comes, or taunt him by saying, "You can't be baby any more," or something to that effect, and enjoy seeing and hearing the protestations of the child, or his sad and disappointed look, as the new comer receives the caresses and endearing names which had heretofore been lavished on his predecessor. A mother told me yesterday the following pathetic incident, illustrating this statement. "When Harry was four years old," she said, "my little Mary came. Harry was devoted to her from the first. He loved to sit by her crib, to watch me when I bathed her, to enjoy her crowing and all her cunning ways."

"One morning when I had arranged for her bath and had gathered the clean clothing about me, I found the water in the bowl was scarcely warm enough, and as Harry had learned to turn the faucet, I said, handing him a large mug, 'Could you go to the bath-room, Harry, and bring me a mug of hot water?' He took the mug, delighted as usual to do an errand for his mamma and ran to the bath-room. "It happened that the water was very hot, and the dear little fellow, with both hands around the mug, to hold it steady, nearly scalded the tender skin on his hands, in bringing it to me.

"But he made no exclamation of pain until I took the mug from him, determined to bring me the water."

"I kissed him as I drew him toward me, and, putting my arm about him, said, 'Why, darling, mamma's so sorry!'"

He turned his face up toward me, and, with a beautiful smile shining through his tears, asked, 'Is that for me?' 'What? what do you mean I said.

"Why, did you mean 'darling' for me?" he said in a most pathetic voice, and then added, 'you know I've only been 'dear' since baby came.' "My heart came into my mouth," said the young mother, "and I was broken down completely. I had not realized until then that we had been using the most endearing terms to the baby, and depriving our little boy of what he had never thought he had either cherished or missed. It was a lesson I never forgot."

"O, young mothers do remember that your little ones have very sensitive hearts which are easily wounded!"

Remember, too, that although reproof and correctness are necessary, quiet ones are oftentimes most effective, and reproofs in public should be avoided. And do not speak lightly or flippantly to the little folks when the new baby comes, but still have endearing, tender words for all.—The Standard.

SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS Cures Headache and Dyspepsia.

HIS OPINION.—At a meeting of a mission band in one of our churches, to which some of the older people had been invited, a small boy put into one sentence a thought which some of us might do well to ponder. As he finished reading his little "article," written by himself and entitled "How the Bible Got Made," he said, "And it's my opinion that all the folks what has the Bible ought to give it to them what hasn't." How many of us who call ourselves disciples of Him who said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel," are of his opinion?—Selected.

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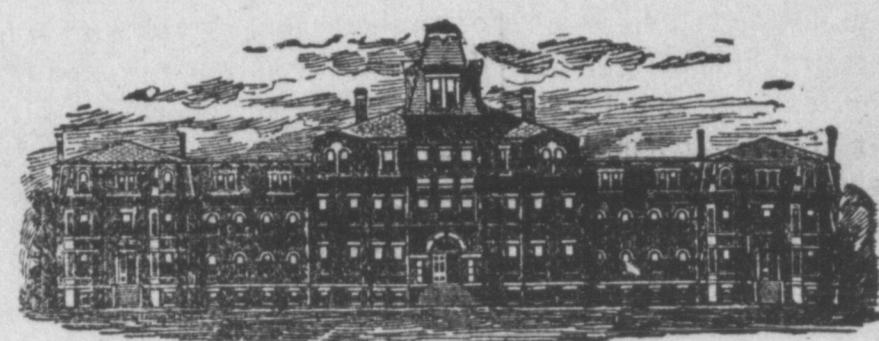
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