

DISTANT VIEW OF CORINTH.

## CORINTH.

Seven limestone columns are all that remain of the city which the sage Feriander ruled under the name of Corinth, whose art treasures Mummius rifled, and whose streets echoed to the voice and footsteps of the Apostle of the Gentiles. These columns are of the Doric order, and are overlaid with a coat of stucco. They manifestly belonged to an ancient temple, but it is impossible to guess to whom the temple was dedicated. These seven columns are shown in our illustration. As we wander over the ridge of the isthmus on which these columns stand, we see how great an advantage Corinth had, "double seated Corinth," as Horace called her, in carrying on the commerce of the day. Without doubling the southern capes, one of which, ancient Sunium, now Colonna, was the scene of Falconer's "Shipwreck," the Greek mariners could start for Brindisium or Ephesus. In those days the southern voyage round the Peloponnesus was a very serious matter indeed. But the isthmus has very interesting associations. Even to-day it is overgrown with the ground-pine, out of which the wreaths were woven to deck the brows of Isthmian victors. Pindar sings of these games, and gives Neptune an exclusive share in their glory when he says,

"... he who wields the trident's might,  
His course to sea-beat Isthmus bent,  
And with his golden coursers' flight  
Hither great Aeacus he sent  
To view from Corinth's lofty brow  
His solemn festival below."

To Christians a great interest attaches to the Isthmian games, because St. Paul undoubtedly had them in mind when he wrote those magnificent words in which he compares the training and struggle of a Christian to the training and struggle of an athlete. That famous passage contains many technical terms of the ring, the track, and the training school, and shows at once the versatility and the tact of the great apostle. The Isthmian games were well known in Athens at the time of Solon. All Athenians who gained prizes at these games received a hundred drachmas from the public purse.

But the glory of Corinth since that time has utterly passed away. Now Corinth has scarcely a single object of antiquarian interest. It is a village of modern dwellings, duly whitewashed, and stands on the eastern shore of the isthmus. Then one must recollect that daily trains start from Corinth to Athens. O shades of the ancient Greeks, what a change does this imply! Then here are Greek newsboys who cry through the Corinthian station and sell Athenian dailies.

What a mighty mutation since the days when Delphi was an oracle, and Parnassus the abode of Apollo! From Corinth Parnassus is still seen, with its double-headed summit, though Sophocles could no longer see hovering there the nimbus of a present

deity. All that remains of the great port of Corinth is a ruin of broken moles, and disjected masonry. Yet here was the city where, in the pride of intellect and wealth, those contentious converts of St. Paul dwelt in their worldly exaltation and were inclined to look upon the Syrian Jew with his Greek sympathies as "a fool." The enchantment of Grecian scenery, the power of Greek poetry, the living force of Greek philosophy still keep their hold upon the memory and the homage of mankind. But the traveller over Greek ruins and the visitor of Greek harbors meets with nothing but desolation. One comfort is that the sky and the shore still retain their ancient glory. The cultivated wanderer can still restore in imagination the cities that have vanished, and the poetry and literature of these glorious places still survive as an imperishable and priceless legacy to the world of to-day.—*Churchman.*

## "A LITTLE FUN."

Mr. B—, the owner of large manufacturing in a Pennsylvania town, was lately showing a visitor over the works, and came at last to a building containing a gymnasium, reading rooms, baths, and a comfortable, large apartment, well lighted and warmed, and fitted up with different games, for the use of the workmen.

"How did you come to build this house?" asked the visitor. "It was not there five years ago."

"No," was the reply. "It all grew out of a 'spree' of one of the furnace-men. He was a honest, well-meaning fellow, whose only work was to shovel coal—hot, heavy work enough."

"One day Jem was missing. The next he was arrested in a drunken fight, and was sent to jail. When he came out, I sent for him. 'How did this happen?' I said. 'I dunno, sir,' he answered; 'I'm not a drinking man. But I got wake an' tired of the coal. I wanted a little fun. The room where I bunked was as hot as a furnace—so—I went on a spree. I was mighty tired of the coals, in year in an' year out. 'I sent Jem back to the coal,

and then put a few questions to myself."

"When I 'got wake an' tired' of the routine of work, I did not have to go to a stifling bunk to sleep, or to whiskey for relief."

"The writers, the painters, the composers of all ages had found a thousand ways to soothe or stimulate my overworked body and jaded brain; or I could afford to turn my back on work, and run away to a neighboring city, or to the woods and fields, for the 'little fun' which every man ought to have to keep his brain and body sound. Jem had none of these things."

"I thought I owed him something. I talked

to the other manufacturers, and this house is the result."

Christians in this country are beginning to perceive that their duty to their brother begins by helping him before he commits crime. How can we, at ease in our respectable lives, pray to God to lead us not into temptation, if we leave our weaker brother struggling with it face to face?

## THE BOY WITH THE CHESTNUT HAIR.

Among the brilliant speakers at the late Christian Workers' Convention in Boston, was a lady connected for several years with rescue work in Chicago. She has met with many remarkable experiences. One incident told us as we sat together in our quiet home; I will give in her own language:

I came to my office one Saturday afternoon after three days' work outside the city, utterly exhausted and depressed in soul and body. Upon my desk was an accumulation of the three days' mail. My first thought was to look them over as the next day was the Sabbath and I could do nothing till Monday. But my weariness was so great that I opened the drawer of the desk and swept them all in, all but the last one. Something in the address attracted my attention. I opened it to find that it was from a poor mother in Cincinnati who was distressed about her boy who had run away from home. She was an utter stranger to me and only knew me as connected with the Mission. With all the heartache of a mother's love she pleaded with me to find her boy, who she supposed was in Chicago. She said: "My boy has

chestnut hair and blue eyes and is dressed in brown clothes. Oh, do find him!"

I smiled to myself and thought, "Poor mother! to suppose for a moment that I could search out an unknown, strange boy in this vast city." Something about the letter, so pathetic and so appealing, compelled my attention. I leaned upon my desk and cried out: "Oh, my God, Thou knowest where the boy with the chestnut hair and blue eyes is. Thou knowest I cannot find him, but if he is in this city, and if I can assist him and ease the aching heart of the mother and rescue the lost one, Oh, send him to me." Laying aside the letter I closed the desk and went home.

On Monday morning, strengthened and refreshed, I opened my desk and the pitiful appeal of the Ohio mother was before me. Again I uttered the prayer, "If the boy with the blue eyes and the brown clothes is in this city, Oh my God, send him to me." Then I resumed my work.

While thus engaged I heard a tap on the door behind me. Without turning, as callers were frequent, I said, "Come in." The knocks continued and mechanically I replied, "Come in." After a little I was conscious of someone standing beside my chair. Lifting my eyes from my writing I saw the lad with the chestnut hair, the blue eyes and the brown clothes and I knew that the petition to send the boy to me had been answered. I said, "Good morning," in a pleasant tone, and added, "What can I do for you?"

In a hesitating way he told me his story as given me by his mother.

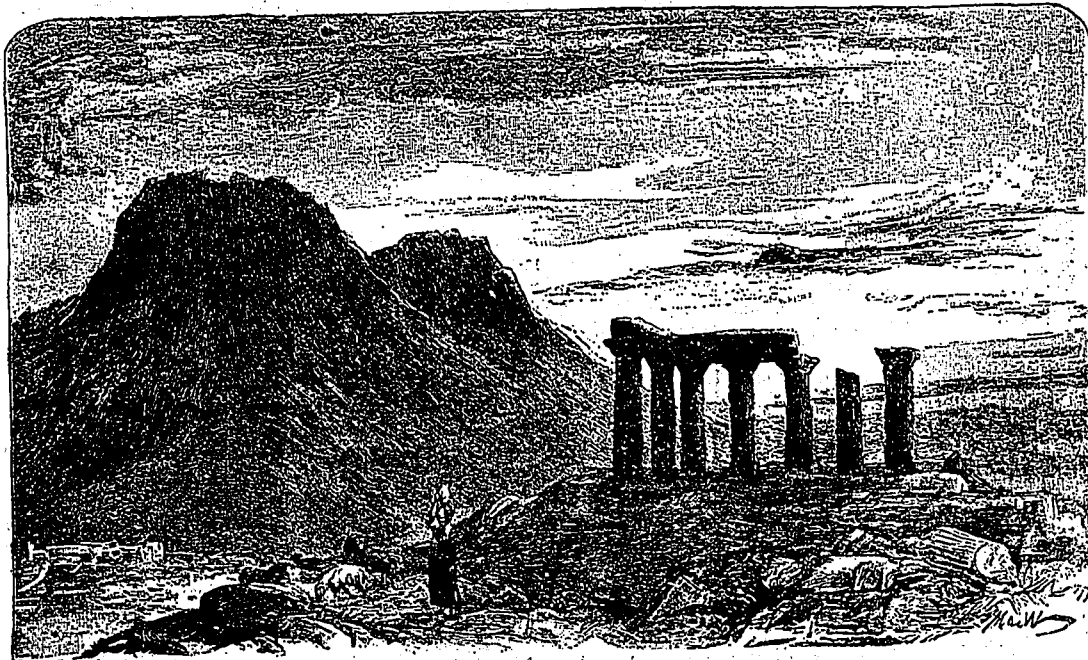
I replied, "Well, Charlie, I have just received a letter from your mother," and handed the missive to him.

Greatly surprised he began to read and I quietly resumed my writing. Soon I heard the great sobbing of the repentant boy. We sat down and I talked with him of mother and home, of God and duty. All that the homesick prodigal asked was for a chance to earn money enough to return. A place was found for him and soon, with a radiant face and truly penitent heart, he appeared with the railway ticket honestly earned on his way to the waiting mother.

In the meantime I had written her that her boy Charlie with the chestnut hair and the blue eyes and the brown clothes, had been found, not only by an earthly friend but by One who came to seek and to save the lost. A few days later I received a letter from mother and son expressing their gratitude and joy, not alone to me but to him who says, "Ask and ye shall receive," and who so wonderfully answers prayer.—*By Mrs. S. E. Bridgman, in Congregationalist.*

## WORTH TAKING.

The pledge of the band of mercy is worth pondering and taking—as it has been by eight hundred thousand members in America: "I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage." *Our Dumb Animals*, the organ of the "Massachusetts society for the prevention of cruelty to animals," is doing a noble work by cultivating sympathy, mercy and kindness for the suffering and abused brute creation.



TEMPLE RUINS OF CORINTH.