

## Our Young Folks.

### CONTENTMENT.

I'm glad I am a little girl,  
And have the afternoons for play;  
For, if I was a busy bee,  
I 'spose I'd have to work all day.  
And, if I was an owl, I'd be  
Araid to keep awake all night;  
And, if I was an elephant,  
How could I learn to be polite?  
And, if I was the Jersey calf,  
I might forget my name and age;  
And, if I was a little dog,  
I couldn't read the Children's Page.  
My sakes! When I begin to count,  
It makes my head go all awirl,  
There are so many reasons why  
I'm glad I am a little girl.  
—Anna M. Pratt, in *Youth's Companion*.

### THE POWER OF TRUTH.

How simply and beautifully has Abdool-Kadir, of Ghilan, impressed us with the love of truth in the story of his childhood.

After stating the vision which made him entreat of his mother to allow him to go to Bagdad and devote himself to God, he thus proceeds:

"I informed her of what I had seen, and she wept; then taking out eighty dinars, she told me that, as I had a brother, half of that was all my inheritance; she made me swear, when she gave it me, never to tell a lie, and afterwards bade me farewell, exclaiming, 'Go, my son, I consign thee to God; we shall not meet again till the day of judgment.' I went on well," he adds, "till I came near to Hamadam, when our Kaillah was plundered by sixty horsemen. One fellow asked me, 'what I had got?' 'Forty dinars,' said I, 'are sewn under my garments.' The fellow laughed, thinking, no doubt, I was joking with him. 'What have you got?' said another. I gave him the same answer.

"When they were dividing the spoil, I was called to an eminence where the chief stood. 'What property have you got, my little fellow?' said he. 'I have told two of your people already,' I replied, 'I have forty dinars sewed up carefully in my clothes.' He ordered them to be ripped open, and found my money.

"And how came you," said he, with surprise, "to declare so openly what has been so carefully hidden?" 'Because,' I replied, 'I will not be false to my mother, to whom I have promised that I will never tell a lie.' 'Child,' said the robber, 'hast thou such a sense of duty to thy mother at thy years, and am I insensible, at my age, of the duty I owe to my God? Give me thy hand, innocent boy,' he continued, 'that I may swear repentance upon it.' He did so. His followers were all alike struck with the scene. 'You have been our leader in guilt,' said they to their chief, 'be the same in the path of virtue,' and they instantly, at this order, made restitution of their spoil, and vowed repentance on my hand."—*History of Persia*.

### NOIREAU.

"Don't be uneasy, sir; you will not miss the train. I have taken passengers to the station for the last fifteen years, and have not once been too late—no, not once. It is always behindhand at least ten minutes."

On this particular day, however, we reached the station just in time to see it rushing off. How was I to dispose of the three hours before another train would be due? I inquired of the station master, who informed me that the only thing worth seeing in this neighborhood was the waterfall of Chaudron. He pointed out a little house with green blinds. "If you inquire there," he said, "old Simon, the guide, will take you there for a trifle."

I knocked at the door, which was opened by an old woman.

"Simon," she said, is in bed with an attack of rheumatism, but if you wish to see the Chaudron, Noireau can take you there." She hesitated. "I ought to tell you, however, that Noireau is not a man."

"What is he, then?" I inquired.

"He is our dog," she replied, "but he is quite accustomed to showing the way to strangers; besides it is cheaper for you. My husband charges three francs, and you can have Noireau for half the price."

"Very well; but where is this Noireau?"

"He is sunning himself in the garden. He has only just returned from taking a party of Englishmen to the Chaudron. Shall I call him? Noireau! Noireau!"

In a few minutes a small black-haired dog jumped in through the open window. He had a pair of bright, intelligent eyes, with which he measured me from head to foot, while the old woman explained that I was a traveller, who wished to be conducted to the Chaudron.

"But I must be back in time to take the four o'clock train," I explained.

"Oh, yes, I understand," said she. "Come Noireau! Allons!"

But Noireau stood looking at her and did not stir.

"Oh, how stupid I am," said she, "I have forgotten his sugar." She went to the cupboard and brought me four lumps of sugar. "Do you see, Noireau? I have given the gentleman your sugar. Now be off!"

He turned and went out of the door, while I followed. As we went through the village we met groups of children, who called "Noireau! Noireau!" They wished to play with him, but he looked at them disdainfully, as if he would say, "I have no time to play just now. I must attend to my duty."

"Let him alone," said one little boy. "Don't you see he is guiding the gentleman to the Chaudron? Bonjour, m'sieur!" taking off his hat to me.

I felt almost ashamed, for it seemed as if the little animal had me entirely in his power. On we went over a very dusty road, Noireau running so quickly that I had hard work to keep up with him. In vain I cried, "Noireau! Noireau! Don't run so fast." At last I could stand it no longer, but took refuge under a tree, though not a very shady one, that stood in the way. This did not please my guide. He looked round angrily at me and began to bark. This was evidently not in the programme. I walked on, and he seemed satisfied with me. After a few moments we came to a charming shady spot, where a little path led through a thicket of woods. Along this path Noireau went, looking round occasionally to see that I did not lose my way. At last he came to a little brook, by the side of which was a rough bench. Here he laid himself down and waited for me. I began to understand his language. He seemed to say, "Here is a nice cool place and a comfortable bench. Sit down and rest; I will allow you to do so." I obeyed him—sat down on the bench and lighted a cigar. I was on the point of offering one to my companion, but it occurred to me that a lump of sugar would be more to his taste. He received it graciously, and laid himself down at my feet. He was evidently accustomed to take a rest at this place. In about ten minutes he awoke, stretched himself, and, glancing at me, began to walk slowly on through the most charming scenery of the canton. At last we came to where two paths met. He stood a moment as if thinking, then walked on to the left, where there was a very pretty view. Having stood a few minutes, till he thought I had admired it sufficiently, he turned again and took the path to the right. Very soon we heard the noise of the waterfall. Noireau commenced to bark and to jump, as if he would say, "Now we have arrived at our destination."

The Chaudron was indeed quite well worth seeing; but, after all, it did not interest me so much as my little companion. On each side of the waterfall was a little Swiss cottage, and two young girls—one a blonde and the other a brunette—stood ready to serve milk to customers. I rather admired the blonde girl with the pretty blue eyes, but Noireau's taste didn't seem to agree with mine. As I approached her he stood in the way and began to bark. I took the hint, and turned towards the other cottage, where I ordered a glass of milk from the brunette. Noireau followed her into the house. Looking through the window, I saw her giving him his saucer of milk before she had attended to me. It was plain he had been bribed. When he came out, I treated him to another lump of sugar, and when I had paid for my milk I walked on, taking the same path by which we had come. We approached the village, and the children again tried to entice Noireau to play with them. He growled at them angrily, as if he would say, "Don't you see I am busy? I must take this gentleman to the station."

We arrived in excellent time. I gave Noireau the two remaining lumps of sugar and then took leave of my pleasant little companion, who remained standing till I was fairly off.

## Teacher and Scholar.

July 23rd, 1893. PAUL AT CORINTH. Acts xviii. 1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.—The preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us who are saved, it is the power of God.—1 Cor. 1, 18.

A few converts were the tokens of Paul's brief stay in Athens. Thence he went to Corinth, about forty-five miles distant. It is situated in a commanding position on the isthmus which joins the Peloponnesus to the rest of Greece, having a harbour on each side, and for its citadel the summit of a lofty rock which rises about two thousand feet above the level of the sea. On account of its situation, it had been a place of great military strength, until ruined by struggles with Rome. Made a Roman colony by Julius Caesar, it became the commercial centre of the Roman world, and was now the capital of Achaea, and the residence of the proconsul. It had a considerable Jewish population. It was thus naturally fitted to be a most important centre, from which to extend the Gospel, which may partly explain Paul's lengthened stay at this time. At the same time it offered special obstacles to Christianity in the speculative tendencies of the intellectual class, and the refined sensuality of the people generally.

I. Mode of life. Paul found a home with fellow Asiatic Jews, Aquila and Priscilla (Rom. xvi. 3; 1 Cor. xvi. 19; 1 Tim. iv. 19). Aquila was born at Pontus, a residence of Jews (ch. ii. 9; 1 Pet. i. 1), the most easterly province of Asia Minor, on the southern shore of the Black Sea. He and his wife had come to Corinth on the banishment of Jews from Rome recently. This banishment is mentioned by Suetonius, who assigns as a cause, that they were constantly making disturbances, Christ being the instigator. He may in some inaccurate way have connected these with disputes about Christ. It is probable that Aquila and Priscilla were already won over to Christ, since no mention is made of their conversion, and later they appear as ripe Christians. Paul's residence with them was partly due to the fact that they were fellow craftsmen and thus afforded him an opportunity to support himself by working at his trade, which, like every Jewish youth, he had been taught. Tent-making was a common occupation in his native country. The material, called, from the province celicium, was a coarse hair supplied by the goats. As a preacher of the Gospel, Paul claimed the right to live of the Gospel (1 Cor. ix. 14,) and accepted contributions made for his support (Phil. iv. 16). But he also wrought with his hands, so as not to be burdensome to the Churches, and to have his motives as a minister of the Gospel above suspicion.

II. Labours among the Jews. Following his ordinary plan, Paul discoursed from week to week to the Jews and Greek proselytes, who attended the synagogue, seeking to persuade them of the truth of the Gospel. For a time he was alone, probably depressed at the result of his work in Athens, anxious about his Thessalonian converts (1 Thess. iii. 1, 2, 5), and seemingly in bodily weakness (1 Cor. ii. 3). The arrival of Silas and Timothy to share his work (II. Cor. i. 19) bringing cheering tidings from Thessalonica, put new vigour into Paul's ministry. Under an intense divine impulse, from the constraint of the word (R. V. Comp. II. Cor. v. 14), he testified to Jews the Messiahship of Jesus, with a fresh outburst of missionary zeal. This intense earnestness stirred up such strong opposition among the Jews, that they blasphemed the apostle's message, and caused him solemnly to renounce them, by the act, so significant to a Jew, of shaking out his raiment, that not even a particle of dust should remain as a bond of union (Luke ix. 5; Neh. v. 13; ch. xiii. 51). He lays the responsibility of their fate upon themselves (Ezek. xxxiii. 5; Matt. xxviii. 24), and protesting his faithfulness turns to the Gentiles. This turning was simply from the Jews at Corinth, not the Jewish nation (ch. xiii. 46).

III. Labour among the Gentiles. A new place of public meeting, close by the synagogue, was found in the house of Justus, who, as a proselyte, might have more sympathy with the apostles than with the Jews. From this time their labours became more fruitful. Among the converts was Crispus, chief ruler of the synagogue, with his household. He was one of the few at Corinth, whom Paul himself baptized (1 Cor. i. 14). There were also many native Greek Corinthians. Possibly these successes so excited the unbelieving Jews, that Paul again had reason to fear being driven forth by violence. Jesus reassures him in a night vision, encouraging him to continue speaking, by the promise of His presence and defence against all injury, since there are still many in the city, whom in virtue of their election to eternal life, he designated His people (ch. xiii. 48). Thus encouraged, Paul continued to labour a year and a half. During this the Epistles to the Thessalonians were written.

### THE MAID'S EXAMPLE.

An eminent lawyer in Boston, forty years in his profession, once told me how a principle governing his life had been set into his mind.

While a student, he went to a meeting held in behalf of missions in that city. One speaker, a plain workingman, stated that then, in his family, was living "a great Sunday school and missionary girl." She came from New Hampshire; her wages were "nine shillings per week;" she had a class of street boys in the ——— Sunday school, who never missed her from her place, and she gave one dollar every month to missions. He said further: "She is the happiest, kindest, tidest girl I ever had in my kitchen." "I went home," said the now venerable lawyer, "with a stirred up heart by this narrative; 'Class of street boys; one dollar a month to missions; and happiest girl,' etc. The three things kept running through my mind. I was ashamed of myself. I'll have a place in Sunday school, was the first resolve. If she can give a dollar a month, I can and will come next, and as to the happiness, I'll see."

His resolves became acts. Teacher, superintendent, valuable helper in Sunday school conventions and councils, all these years have shown him to be.

His gifts to missions, and to all Christian work have been steadily growing, and might comparatively be called princely. In tens, hundreds, and thousands he has bestowed, at times, matching by his own the contributions of the entire church of which he is a member, and which is no mean New England church.

"In three directions," says an eminent German scholar, "we acknowledge impassable limits to natural science," naming as the last "that which leads from the physical phenomena in man to those of the soul." The instance we have told here, does better than the philosopher, for it plainly adds to his three, one more, and of far more real worth than all his—the measureless limits of a good example! Can we calculate the result of that lowly kitchen-girl's example upon and through even this one man? The Sunday school work it led him into, still keeps him busy: the steady forty years' giving, its effect upon himself, upon the church of which he is a member, and upon all who know him; the missionaries his gifts actually have supported; the converts led to Christ by them, and the other soul-harvests by those converts, and to be followed by successions of converts to the end of time; the Bible translated, printed, given to the heathen, into which work his contributions through these years have entered; the Sunday schools, and even theological schools which have grown up in these, his giving years—ah! where are the limits?

What that humble young Sunday school and missionary woman did, is just what in other forms any like her in spirit, in work, in sacrifice for Christ, can do.—Dr. Whiting, in *London Sunday School World*.