

## Our Young Folks.

THERE'S A DEAR LITTLE GIRL COMING HOME TO-DAY.

"Oh, what do you think the angels say?"  
Said the children up in Heaven;  
"There's a dear little girl coming home to-day,  
She's almost ready to fly away  
From the earth we used to live in;  
Let's go and open the gates of pearl,  
Open them wide for the new little girl,"  
Said the children up in Heaven.

"God wanted her here, where His little ones meet,"  
Said the children up in Heaven;  
"She shall play with us in the golden street!  
She had grown too fair, she had grown too sweet  
For the earth we used to live in;  
She needs the sunshine, this dear little girl,  
That gilds this side of the gates of pearl,"  
Said the children up in Heaven.

"So the King called down from the angels' home,"  
Said the children up in Heaven;  
"My little darling, arise and come  
To the place prepared in thy Father's home.  
To the home that my children live in;  
Let's go and watch at the gates of pearl,  
Ready to welcome the new little girl,"  
Said the children up in Heaven.

"Far down on the earth do you hear them weep?"  
Said the children up in Heaven;  
"For the dear little girl has gone to sleep!  
O'er the earth we used to live in;  
But we'll go and open the gates of pearl!  
Oh, why do they weep for their dear little girl?"  
Said the children up in Heaven.

"Fly with her quick, Oh, angels dear,"  
Said the children up in Heaven;  
"See—she is coming! Look there! Look there!  
At the jasper light on her sunny hair,  
Where the veiling clouds are riven!  
Ah—hush, ah—hush! all the swift wings furl!  
For the King himself at the gates of pearl  
Is taking her hand, dear, tired little girl,  
And leading her into Heaven."  
—Sabbath School Visitor.

### A FAITHFUL STUDENT.

It was in a plain, unpretentious little house in the gay city of Paris that Rosa Bonheur first opened her bright dark eyes. That was over seventy years ago, as the family register shows the important event occurred in 1822. Her father was an artist, and it may be said that she inherited her wonderful talent for picture-making. No doubt she did, for artists are born, not made, but her remarkable success did not come to her without constant, persevering labour.

The mother died when Rosa was quite a little girl, and she and her two brothers were sent to board with a good woman who tried faithfully to do her duty to the motherless little ones committed to her care. She sent them all to school, but Rosa did not take kindly to books, and insisted upon playing in the woods of the Bois de Boulogne and gathering the buttercups and marigolds which grew there in great abundance. After she had become famous she often talked of those two years in which "she never spent an hour of fine weather indoors." When her father brought home a new wife she was taken back to the little vine-covered cottage, and when it was discovered that she really disliked to be tied down to her books, she was told that she must learn a trade by which she could earn her own bread. Consequently she was apprenticed to a fashionable dressmaker, but she was so dissatisfied and unhappy, and cried so much for the sunshine and freedom to which she had been accustomed, that her father took her from the establishment, and sent her to a private school. Here she amused the other girls by drawing witty caricatures of the teachers and pasting them against the walls with paste made of chewed breadcrumbs. Although scarcely pleased with the subject of her sketches, the teachers were impressed with the force of her drawings, and preserved them in an album. At this time she was not what you might call a happy child. Her

father was not able to dress her as handsomely as some of the other girls, and even her wonderful success with the pencil did not in her mind make up for the difference that troubled her artistic eye. She loved beautiful things, and it hurt her sorely to eat from tin cup with an iron spoon while her companions were sipping with silver spoons from dainty silver or china mugs.

Realizing that he did not understand his sensitive little daughter, her father decided to leave her to her natural tendencies and watch what course she would pursue. It did not take him long to find out the wisdom of this decision, for as she went about her work of drawing from nature, copying and making models, he discovered that she possessed talent far beyond his own. She was happy, too, and sang like a bird while labouring with a will. After teaching her all he was able, her proud father sent her to the Louvre, and there she soon displayed her wonderful ability in copying the works of the old masters.

One day a grand-looking gentleman stopped before her easel and said kindly "Your copy, my child, is superb. Persevere and you will be a great artist." This remark sent her home as joyful as a queen, and strange as you may think it, her thoughts were not about her wonderful picture so much as about the silver mug and spoon she would buy so soon as the picture could be turned into money.

Before she had reached her seventeenth birthday, she had painted a goat so true to life that her father urged her to study animal life and give herself to the special work of painting animals. She had no money to buy models, so with a sandwich in her pocket she would start on long trips to the country where she could study animal life from the living models on the farm without costing her a cent. Another plan of study was to visit the slaughter pens on the outskirts of the city, where while her tender heart was throbbing with pity at sight of the suffering endured by the animals she loved, she might learn how to put that very suffering into the pictures she was painting. The butchers saw how she persevered in her loved work and how eager she was to perform it perfectly, and they made it a point to assist her in every way in their power.

On the roof of her father's house Rosa made a garden and filled it with honeysuckles, roses and nasturtiums, and here she kept a beautiful sheep, which served for a model.

When she was nineteen she sent two pictures—one of goats and sheep and the other of rabbits—to the Fine Arts Exhibition. Two years later she had finished twelve beautiful pictures, and before she was twenty-seven, her magnificent painting, "Cantal Oxen," took the gold medal, and all over the world the story of her wonderful success was freely discussed. But the fame she had so early achieved did not cause her to slacken her work or make her careless about the performance of it. She continued to labour on early and late, and only a very short time ago, when nearing her seventieth milestone, she said to a friend, "I have been a faithful student since I was ten years old." A faithful student, although as she often admitted, she felt the power within her for her lifework—a power to paint. Even with her artist-soul born in her, it required faithful work and faithful study to develop it and make her what she is—a queen among artists.

—B. V. C.

### HASSAN AND THE THREE YOUNG MEN.

The wise old Hassan sat in his door when three young men pressed eagerly by.

"Are ye following after anyone, my sons?" he said.

"I follow after Pleasure," said the oldest.

"And I after Riches," said the second. "Pleasure is only to be found with Riches."

"And you, my little one," he asked of the third.

"I follow after Duty," he modestly said.

And each went his way.

The aged Hassan in his journey came upon the three men.

"My son," he said to the eldest, "Methinks thou wert the youth who was following after Pleasure. Didst thou overtake her?"

"No father," answered the man. "Pleasure is but a phantom that flies as one approaches."

"Thou didst not follow the right way, my son."

"How didst thou fare?" he asked of the second.

"Pleasure is not with Riches," he answered.

"And thou?" continued Hassan, addressing the youngest.

"As I walked with Duty," he replied, "Pleasure walked ever by my side."

"It is always thus," said the old man. "Pleasure pursued is not overtaken. Only her shadow is caught by him who pursues. She herself goes hand in hand with Duty, and they who make Duty their companion have also the companionship of Pleasure."

### ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

A story is told of some workmen who were building the tower of a church in the city of London. There was some last work to be done on the spire, and but the one day in which to do it if the church was finished in the desired time. On the morning in question, one of the heavy fogs settled down, and the master workman was almost in despair. One of the men more thoughtful and more in sympathy with his master's anxiety than the rest, observed "If it is possible to climb to the top, it might be we would get beyond the fog and be able to work," and he volunteered to make the attempt, which was successful; and when at sunset the fog lifted from the city, the last beams of the sun shone upon a beautiful church finished from foundation to top of glittering spire, and the church had been completed in the given time.

The general lesson to the Christian to be learned from this story is so apparent that it scarcely needs to be drawn, but there are special lessons that enter into the everyday working life of the mother which may not be so close to the surface. How often we hear of "blue" Mondays, of days when in the familiar parlance of our childhood "we got out of the wrong side of the bed!" This state or condition of things does not belong only to the children of the household, for the mother is still a child of nature, and liable to like feelings with them; and it is no wonder that the fog of discontent settles more and more closely over the household, and things grow more and more criss-cross. Now is the time for mother to get above the fog into the clear light of God's sunshine.

If mothers of to-day took time as our mothers did for a morning prayer hour—in the words of Scripture "Enter into thy closet and shut thy door," though the time spent on the mountain-top with the Father beyond the clouds was but a few moments of time, perhaps we as did our mothers would come to our households with faces as the faces of angels, and mother's face with its blessed light would dissipate the fog, and content and sweet agreement one with another would take the place of discontent and disagreement.

Above the fog  
Shines bright the sun;  
The morning work  
If well begun,  
With light of heaven  
In mother's face,  
Will make the day  
So full of grace  
That eventide  
In sweet content  
Shall prove the day  
As one well spent.

—Alice Hamilton Rich.

Goodness answers to the theological virtue charity, and admits no excess but error. The desire of power in excess caused the angels to fall; the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall; but in charity there is no excess; neither can angel or man come in danger by it.

## Teacher and Scholar.

Aug. 20th, 1893. } PAUL BEFORE FELIX. { Acts xxiv. 10-25.  
GOLDEN TEXT.—Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong.—I Cor. xvi. 13.

Paul's speech on the stair leading to the castle only served to inflame the Jews again. The assertion of his Roman citizenship prevented the scourging by means of which the commander thought next to examine him. Another attempt was made to find out of what Paul was accused by bringing him before the Jewish council. But Paul's claim to be a Pharisee, and assertion of the necessary connection between his belief and Pharisaism, produced a division in the council, the Pharisees taking his part. The night following, the Lord strengthened him in a vision, in which Paul was assured that he would bear witness at Rome. A conspiracy to kill him was frustrated by Lysias sending him under a strong escort to Felix, the Roman Governor at Caesarea. Here Paul was kept till the high priest and other accusers came down, when his case was pled. A professional advocate conducted the case against Paul, preferring the three charges of sedition, being a ring-leader of the sect of the Nazarenes, and profaning the temple. These charges were confirmed by the other Jews. Paul's speech is directed against them.

1. Denial of charge of sedition. Paul commences with a courteous reference to Felix's long official experience in Jewish matters, which would better enable him to appreciate what the Apostle had to say. Felix had for about six years been procurator of Judea, and for some time previous had governed Samaria. Paul points out that the charges may easily be sifted, since they relate to his acts during the last twelve days. His purpose in coming up to Jerusalem was worship, not sedition. In the most explicit manner the charge is denied. Neither in temple, synagogue, nor throughout the city, was he found even engaging in religious discussion, much less stirring up a crowd. On any of these points he challenges proof.

2. Denial that Nazarenes are apostates from the Jewish religion. Paul acknowledges that he belongs to what his opponents call a sect (R. V.). But this is no crime. The Roman law allows every nation to worship its own deities, and he is worshipping the God of his fathers as truly as the sects of Pharisees and Sadducees. Nay more, he accepts the Old Testament Scriptures as truly as they. To him this sect represents the fulfillment of Judaism. Also he shares with the Jews present the hope founded on the word and promises of God, that there shall be a resurrection of all, which was a prevalent article of Jewish faith (ch. xxvi, 7). In view of that awful day Paul makes it his study, the great principle of his life, to preserve a blameless conscience towards God and man, a thing utterly remote from the factious sectarianism charged.

3. Denial of charge that he profaned the temple. The purpose for which he had come to Jerusalem, after years of absence, should preclude the thought that he would profane the temple. He was the bearer to his nation of alms, which he had collected in Macedonia and Achaia. This is the only reference in Acts to this important part of Paul's work. Rom. xv. 25, 26; I Cor. xvi. 1-4; II Cor. viii. 1-4. He was also there to make offerings in the temple (ch. xxi, 26), and which (R. V.) he was found purified (ch. xxi, 24) and so not profaning the temple, also neither gathering a crowd nor raising a stir. The Asiatic Jews, whom Paul refrained from charging with exciting the tumult, as he might have done, should be here, if there was any truth in this charge. He closes by challenging the Jews present, before whom he had already appeared (ch. xxiii, 1-9) to say whether in their council they had found any wrong-doing, unless, indeed, it were that utterance which made them as Pharisees espouse his cause for the moment.

4. The case deferred. Felix did not condemn Paul, knowing more exactly than the Jews had supposed the Christian faith. Its designation as the Way (ch. ix, 2; xix, 9, 23; comp. Jno. xiv, 6) perhaps indicates that what is most characteristic of the Gospel is the way of preaching it through a crucified Saviour. The case is postponed till further inquiry might be made of Lysias. Paul is kept a prisoner, but treated with indulgence, his friends being allowed to minister to his wants. Felix with his wife Drusilla, a younger daughter of Agrippa (ch. xii, 1) whom he had persuaded to desert her husband, sought an audience of Paul to hear of the Christian faith. Before this man, who "ruled with a mixture of cruelty, lust and servility," (Tacitus) Paul shows his faithful boldness by discoursing of righteousness and self-control in the light of a coming judgment, with such effect that Felix was terrified, and dismissed him with words which have become classic as the expression of a fatal procrastinating spirit.