

Our Young Folks.

A LITTLE SAMARITAN.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

On mighty London's crowded streets
The rain was falling fast,
And through each lane and thoroughfare
Cold swept the wintry blast.

Slow omnibuses heavy rolled
And crested carriage proud,
While fast along the splashing street
Hastened the busy crowd.

Too eager o'er their own affairs,
That ever-changing throng,
To see a ragged little boy,
Who slowly crept along.

No coat the poor child's slender form
Protected from the cold,
While sad his youthful face its tale
Of want and hunger told.

"'Tis strange," he muttered to himself,
"Among all the folk I see,
I have not met a single soul
That seems to care for me."

As thus he sadly wandered on,
With worn and weary feet,
He saw an ill-clad little boy
Run down the darkening street.

Who, stopping, said with piteous look,
"The rain must wet you through;
You have no coat, see mine is large,
'Twill serve to shelter two!"

Glad to him came the shivering child,
And round his shoulders bare
Half of his little ragged coat
He spread with anxious care.

Few, passing, on them turned to look,
But few the thought impressed,
How noble was the heart that beat
Within that ragged breast.

Small and unheeded here below,
But angels far above
Bent silent from their harps of gold
To watch that act of love.

As in the Bible's page, that man
Was blessed, who mercy showed
To him whom others coldly left
To perish by the road.

So God, who views our actions still,
The evil and the good,
Will bless the gentle deed of him
Who hath done what he could.

—M. C., in Morning Rays.

JOHNNY BROWN.

Let me ask you to come and see Johnny Brown. His house is not a grand one; it is humble indeed, for it has only a thatched roof. Johnny's father died when Johnny was only six years old, and his mother has had to work hard to get money to buy food and clothes for Johnny, his sister Ellen and herself. But Johnny is very helpful to his mother. He goes to school every morning; and although he has to walk two miles, the schoolmaster told me yesterday that for the last year he had never been absent nor even late. "A boy," he said, "can make four hundred and twenty-nine school attendances in the year, for the roll is called twice a day; and Johnny had made them all." Before he goes to school he carries in water and goes for the milk, and does a great many useful things. He always learns his lessons the night before.

Johnny has now passed the sixth standard, and is fourteen; and he thinks it is time he was earning some money and helping his mother. He heard the other day that Mr. Wood, the grocer, wanted a boy, and he applied for the place. Mr. Wood liked the respectful but manly way of the boy, and said he would inquire about him, and if the inquiry was satisfactory he would take him on.

"What kind of boy is Johnny Brown?" he asked the schoolmaster.

"One of my best," was the reply. "He is not the quickest of boys at picking up his lessons, but he is attentive and obedient, and he works hard."

"A good character," said Mr. Wood. And then he asked the baker and the butcher if they knew anything of him.

"Yes," they said: "he is never in mischief; and he is very dutiful to his mother, and always ready, when not at his lessons, to run quickly any errand."

Lastly, he asked the minister if he knew him.

"Oh yes," said he; "I see him always in church with his mother and younger sister. I see him turning up the text and showing his sister the place, and behaving throughout the service like a boy well trained at home."

"That's the boy I want!"

So Johnny Brown was engaged; and I expect to hear, as he grows older and learns the business, that he will get to be clerk; for Mr. Wood is no longer a young man, and who knows but that he may take him in to be a partner. Indeed, if he goes on as he has begun, by God's blessing he is sure to succeed.

A PIGEON'S AFFECTION.

Some years ago, my father had a pair of common white pigeons. They were very tame, and became very much attached to him, so much so, that they were almost his constant companions, accompanying him in his walks, or when out driving. They would answer his whistle like a dog, and would alight on his proffered hand, or enter his pocket if opened for them. A sceptical friend thought they would show the same familiarity to any other person, and, to give them a fair trial, he procured a suit of clothes of the same colour as that which my father wore.

Arrayed in his disguise, our sceptical friend, imitating my father's whistle as nearly as possible, whistled to the pigeons. Immediately they left their perch on the house-top and flew down to the hand held out to receive them, but when they came within a few yards of it, they suddenly checked themselves, fluttered perplexedly for a few moments around our friend, and then flew back to the house-top. This was conclusive evidence. But a sad accident happened. One morning one of the pigeons was found upon the high-road dead, its body bearing marks of injury, but from what cause we never knew. We carried the dead body home and buried it in a sunny and quiet spot in the garden. For three days the surviving pigeon, with untiring energy, searched the country far and near, for its mate, but in vain. It refused to touch food, and even the influence which my father usually exercised over it was gone. On the third day we found it dead in the dovecot, its little heart broken with grief by the loss of its lifelong companion. We buried it beside its mate. Since then my father has never kept pets.—London Spectator.

TELL YOUR MOTHER.

I wonder how many girls tell their mother everything. Not those 'young ladies,' who going to and from school, smile, bow, and exchange notes and pictures with young men who make fun of them and their pictures, speaking in a way that would make their cheeks burn with shame, if they heard it. All this, most credulous young ladies, they will do, although they will gaze at your fresh young face admiringly, and send or give you charming verses or bouquets. No matter what "other girls do," don't you do it. School-girl flirtation may end disastrously, as many a foolish young girl could tell you. Your yearning for some one to love, is a great need of every woman's heart. But there is a time for everything. Don't let the bloom and freshness of your heart be brushed off in silly flirtation. Render yourself truly intelligent. And above all, tell your mother everything. Never be ashamed to tell her, who should be your best friend and confidante, all you think and feel. It is strange that many young girls will tell every person before "mother," that which it is most important that she should know. It is sad that indifferent persons should know more about her fair young daughters than she does herself.

HOW A BABY SAVED THEM.

A missionary in China, Rev. James Graham, tells how their baby saved their home from destruction and themselves from what seemed almost certain death.

There was an uprising of the Chinese against the missionaries, and a mob that found Mr. Graham outside his home began to abuse him. They pursued him to his home pelting him with bricks.

His wife, believing that innocence has power to dispel evil, seized her baby from the cradle and ran to the window, where

she held it up in the face of the mob.

The baby, as if it had been trained for the scene, began to crow, and throw up its hands in the absurdly friendly fashion of babies, at the threatening faces below. The Chinese saw it, and began to grin back in return. The bricks fell from their hands, and the missionary escaped in-doors. Nor did they leave; they gathered around the window where the baby still crowed and goo-gooed, and actually stayed until they were surprised and overcame by a rescue party from town.

KIND SISTERS.

"Here comes mamma," said Janie.
"O, mamma, must I save some of my sweets for Grace?"
"I think a good little sister would."
"But Grace did not give me any of hers yesterday."

"Did she not? How did you like that?"

"I did not like it at all. And I want to make her not like it, too. Because I think she was mean."

"Dear, dear, and is mamma going to have two mean little girls, then?"

Janie looked at her mother, and then was quiet a minute. Then she ran and threw her arms around her neck, and said, "No, no, mamma dear! You shall not have any mean little girls at all! I expect Grace forgot; and I will go and give her some of my sweets now, so that she will not ever forget again!"

Her mother smiled. "I think that is the way to make her remember," she said. "And I am so glad that I am to have two kind little girls."

A WONDERFUL BIBLE.

An aged German woman in Ohio has a Bible that belonged to her grandmother, a native of Bohemia, at a time when Protestants were sorely persecuted. The grandmother dearly loved her Bible. An order had been given that all copies of the Scriptures found in the hands of the people should be burned. The priests came to search her house when she was busy preparing to bake. She got a minute's warning of their coming, and she had just time to take her valued Bible, and wrap it carefully, and put it in the centre of a mass of dough, and then place it in the warm oven. Here the dough was baked into a loaf of bread, with this Bread of Life safe in its centre. The priests never dreamt of looking into the oven and breaking up the loaf; and so the precious volume has come down to our times. How happy our times, when we have the Bible in the greatest abundance, and perfect liberty, and indeed every encouragement, to read its pages!

NEVER SOILED HIS LIPS.

We could not help overhearing an elderly gentleman conversing with half a dozen young college boys, the other day. He told them that never in all his life had he soiled his lips with a profane or an obscene word, or a drop of strong drink. He made the assertion with no semblance of conceit, but with the ring of gratitude in his voice that God had kept these, if not other, stains from marring his character. A kind of prig, or a goody-goody, milk-and-water personage, do you fellows who are just blossoming into manhood, call him? Ah! but you should have seen his erect carriage, his dignified, yet modest bearing, his pure face, and most of all the loving and admiring glances with which those boys regarded him. Perhaps some of them prayed that night more earnestly than ever, for clean lips and a pure heart.

Two little girls, Gertrude and Ethel Hedger, who are wards in chancery and heiresses to \$100,000 each, were recently arraigned as vagrants in a London police court. Their fortunes are so securely locked up in chancery that by no process of law can any of the money be obtained until the children are of age. They are at present practically destitute, and unable to procure decent surroundings, clothing or education.

Teacher and Scholar.

Sept. 10th, 1893. } PAUL AT ROME. { Acts xxviii., 20-31.
GOLDEN TEXT.—I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.—Rom. i, 16.

Malta, on which Paul and his companions were shipwrecked, proved a hospitable winter abode. The natives at once set to work to befriend them, a kindness which was continued throughout their stay, and of which further tokens were given to them on leaving. Until other accommodation could be secured, Publius, the chief man of the island, hospitably threw open his house to them. The generous kindness with which they were entertained, came back with blessed results upon the entertainers, as many of their diseased ones were healed by Paul, the father of Publius being the first. They would thus further realize that divine presence with him, which his remarkable preservation from a viper's bite had led them first to recognize, and to express by calling him a god. After three months Paul's party took ship for Italy, sailing by way of Syracuse and Rhegium to Puteoli, seven miles northwest from Naples. Here they disembarked, and after spending seven days with brethren, made their way by land to Rome. Tidings of their coming had preceded them, and they were cheered by meeting on the way different bands of Christians, who set out to welcome them. Arrived at Rome, Paul was allowed to dwell where he would, chained to a soldier. After three days, he sought an audience with the chief of the Jews, to whom he made known why he appeared as a prisoner, being careful to state that he was making no charges against his Jewish countrymen.

I. Conference with the Jews. Paul, as he goes on to explain, had been anxious to confer with them, since the cause of his imprisonment was his conviction that the hope of the Messiah (ch. xxvi. 6), so dear to every true Israelite, had been realized. They, in turn, assure him that they had received no official information from the Palestinian Jews, either by letter or special messenger, regarding his coming as a prisoner. Paul's appeal was so recent that communication since then would hardly yet have reached them. They think it proper, they state, to hear from him a statement of his views; for they know the sect of the Christians to be everywhere spoken against. In this cautious way they refrain from expressing their own opinion of the Christians already in Rome. Probably prudence in speech was helped by the insecurity of their position, since the recent banishment of Jews by Claudius (ch. xviii. 2). A time being set apart, a large number resorted to his lodging, and the whole day was taken up with a discussion of Christianity. Taking the mutually acknowledged Old Testament Scriptures, Paul sought to open up the spiritual nature of the kingdom of God, and to persuade that Jesus was the predicted head of the kingdom.

II. Issue of the Conference. Some were convicted by Paul's words, but of others, (seemingly the greater part) the prejudices were not overcome. Perhaps the cost of becoming a Christian made them more difficult to convince. The discussion seems to have passed over into an open expression of their views by the two parties. As they are on the point of breaking up, Paul solemnly warns them of the effects of persistent resistance to the truth, by referring to the charge given to Isaiah (Is. vi. 9). Isaiah had received the heavy charge to preach to a people who would not act on the words addressed to them. Thus by their continued indifference, even through his preaching they would become stupid in heart, dull in understanding, and humanly speaking, cut themselves off from the capacity of turning again and being healed. The frequent quotation of this passage in the new Testament (Matt. xiii. 14f.; John xii. 40f.) shows that the Jews continued too truly the children of their fathers. The thought is very solemn that persistent opposition to religious truth may close up the avenues by which it finds its way to the heart. Not even thus, however, is the word made of none effect. Pointing to his commission to preach to the Gentiles, Paul declares that they will accept the Saviour whom the Jews dignify.

III. Continued residence in Rome. For two years Paul continued with such partial liberty as enabled him to have his own rented house and teach all who resorted to him without molestation by the Roman Government. The kingdom of God and the things concerning the Lord Jesus Christ remained his constant theme. Several of his epistles (Ephesians, Colossians, Philippians, Philemon) were written at this time, by which the churches were comforted and strengthened. One of these, at least, delighted to aid in supplying the apostle's needs (Phil. iv. 18). Through the successive soldiers to whom he was chained, his teaching became known to those surrounding the emperor. Thus his imprisonment furthered the Gospel, whose extension he had so much at heart (Phil. i. 12-14).