

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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## JULY.

WHEN the scarlet cardinal tells  
Her dream to the dragon fly,  
And the lazy breeze makes a nest in the trees  
And murmurs a lullaby,  
It is July.

When the tangled cobweb pulls  
The corn-flower's blue cap awry,  
And the lilies tall lean over the wall  
To bow to the butterfly,  
It is July.

When the heat like a mist-veil floats,  
And the poppies flame in the rye,  
And the silver note in the streamlet's throat  
Has softened almost to a sigh,  
It is July.

When the hours are so that Time  
Forgets them and lets them lie  
'Neath petals pink till the night stars wink  
At the sunset in the sky,  
It is July.

When each finger-post by the way  
Says that Slumbertown is nigh;  
When the grass is tall, and the roses fall,  
And nobody wonders why,  
It is July.

—Selected.

Written for the INSTRUCTOR.

## POMPEII.

YOU have all read descriptions of ancient cities, especially those spoken of in the Bible,—of Babylon, Jerusalem, Nazareth, Bethlehem, and many others, all of which were in some way connected with the people of God, and so mentioned in the Scriptures. But there were in Christ's time other very large and beautiful cities. Their inhabitants were, many of them, idolaters, and did not welcome the lowly Jesus as their Saviour.

One of these cities, called Pompeii, was especially attractive. It was in Italy, and situated at the foot of the great volcano Vesuvius. Its population numbered many thousands, and it contained buildings and palaces of the noblest structure. Being so charmingly situated on the verge of the Great Sea, and at the entrance of a fertile valley whose lovely gardens and vineyards were ever a delight to the pleasure-seeker, it was a resort for persons of culture and refinement from all parts of the world. There were found musicians, painters, sculptors, poets, orators, and sages; for Pompeii was a seat of learning as well as of art. Nothing was spared to make it attractive. The green slope of the mountain, even to its heights, was covered with villas, and as it towered above the city, forming so rich a back-ground, the whole scene was as beautiful as a painting from a master's hand.

But while the inhabitants of Pompeii were thus surrounded with all this beauty and grandeur, they were not without indications of surrounding



with no forebodings of any serious danger. But one day, as the city was thus enjoying peace and prosperity, suddenly there burst from the summit of the mountain a dense column of smoke. Up, up it went into the cloudless sky, hundreds of feet, and then spread out like the branches of a great tree, overshadowing the city and the country around for many miles. The sky became dark as night, with now and then a flash of blue light from the black cloud. Soon, a shower of ashes, so fine as to be hardly felt, began to fall. The usually

refreshing sea-breeze became stifling with sulphurous odors, and the inhabitants fled for their lives. As they were making their way through the darkness and smoke, small stones from the overhanging cloud fell about them, thick and fast, to the depth of several feet. Then was heard a sound as of a rushing torrent, and rivers of liquid mud came flowing down the mountain-side. Into the city it came, into every street, every alley, every crevice, forcing its way into places which even the ashes could not find. As the terror-stricken inhabitants were trying to make their way through this mire of ashes and stones, they were encased in the mud, and all hope of escape was forever gone. What a death to die! Buried alive!

The rich and poor, the high and low, the



learned and ignorant, all had the same shroud. But few escaped to tell the terrible story. Soon all life became extinct, but still flowed on the stream of lava until even the buildings were covered to a depth of many feet. It is said that within three days this paradise of man had entirely disappeared. Nothing could be seen but fields of hardening mud. Pompeii, with all its wealth and learning, was no more. So perish the treasures of earth.

Centuries rolled by; generations came and went, and Pompeii was as though it had never been. Even its name was remembered no more. The mud had formed a rich and fertile soil, which was now covered with a luxuriant vegetation. Vineyards were planted, and buildings erected on the site of the buried city.

About eighteen hundred years had now gone by since Vesuvius had thrown its mantle of death over the doomed city, when one day a laborer, digging in the soil, found some utensils and bronze casts which attracted general attention; and excavations were immediately begun. This work has been carried on until three hundred and sixty houses, temples, and magnificent palaces are now open to us, with all their wealth and works of art. Chairs and tables set with precious stones adorn those rooms so long left silent. From the ceilings hang the most beautiful lamps, and pictures, bright as though painted but yesterday, decorate the walls; while from the floors, the ceilings, and all around, gleams marble of every tint, carved in the most beautiful designs. We would expect this entombed city to be covered with marks of decay; but such is not the case. Everything looks as fresh as it could have done the day it was buried.

So much for the work of man's hands, but what of the workmen? They do not come forth in life and loveliness to welcome once more their long-lost treasures. They were buried with their gods, and nothing remains of them but that from which they came. Never again will they dwell in those pleasant homes. And how vain the hope that all the sleeping inhabitants of that beautiful city will awake to life eternal, and to a habitation in heavenly mansions! More will, in all probability, awake only to share in another destruction, eternal and more complete. They trusted in gods made with hands, but found them powerless to save.

Are we, like the people of Pompeii, serving the gods of this world,—pleasure, fashion, and ambition; or are we trusting in the God above,—an all-powerful God, who has promised those who serve him a home in a city far grander than Pompeii? We may walk golden streets, pass in and out at pearly portals, dwelling with the pure and holy of all ages. No fear of danger will mar our happiness there. No sickness, no death, no evil—all will be joy and gladness in this our eternal home.

—EVA MILLER.

#### DIED FOR HIM.

ONE of the most appalling wrecks of the year 1881 was that of the "Cyprian," which sailed from Liverpool on Thursday, October 13, with twenty-seven hands, under Captain John Alexander Strachan, bound for various Mediterranean ports. The vessel made fair way at first, but soon was never free from water, which swept every moveable thing from the deck. The steamer labored heavily until three o'clock on a Friday morning, when the steering gear of the fore wheel-house gave way, leaving the apparatus in the after wheel-house alone available. Subsequently the giving away of the apparatus in the after wheel-house caused the vessel to become unmanageable.

The fires of one boiler were put out by the water's flooding the decks and rushing down the

stock-holes. Then shortly before five, the tubes of the second boiler burst, and put out its fires. Captain and crew, as one disaster after another befell them, were beset by the gloomiest forebodings. When the last calamity occurred, whatever hopes they had cherished and entertained of their vessel's being able to withstand the storm were then dissipated, and the captain told them they must try to save themselves. The steamer ultimately struck violently on a rock *two miles* off Nevin, on the Welsh coast. One after another, those who had life-belts dropped over the vessel's side into the water. Two firemen alone stood paralyzed; they looked hopelessly at the sea, and going down below, were never seen again. Meanwhile the captain, who was himself prepared with a life-belt, caught sight of a poor little pale-faced stowaway, who had hidden himself in the vessel before starting, and for some cause or other was attempting to escape from England. Without stopping to consider the worthiness, or the more probable worthlessness of the lad, Captain Strachan unbuckled the life-belt from his own waist, and lashed it upon the little stowaway, bidding him save himself if it were the mercy of Providence that this should be so. "I can swim," said the captain; "take the belt." Over the side went the stowaway, and was lifted upon the surf like a cork; over the side went the captain, trusting, like the good, brave fellow he was, to his strength, although enfeebled with long watching and anxiety.

But swimming was impossible on such a sea. The boatswain, struggling for his own life, caught at the captain, who was still making headway, and both went down, never to be seen again, while the little stowaway, with the good captain's belt about his waist, was flung upon the Welsh coast, battered and bruised, to tell the story of his strange fate, and the captain's heroic self-sacrifice. Truly it is written (John 15:13), "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."—*Children's Messenger*.

#### BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, the great American statesman, was the son of a Boston soap-boiler. He had sixteen brothers and sisters, who had the start of him in life simply because they were all older than he was. It does not appear that he was petted and praised, as younger children sometimes are, but it is known that he had plenty of hard work to do in his father's soap-making business. It was work, too, that he did not like at all, but that did not prevent his doing it very faithfully. He ran errands, stirred soap, and cut candle-wicks until he was twelve years old as diligently as if he expected to do such work all his life, though at this age the boys of the present day are in school, and some of them thinking it quite a hardship to get their lessons.

Ben, as they called him, loved study so well that he would gladly have spent his holidays, if he had any, over his books; and you can imagine his delight when he got his father's consent at the age of twelve to let him become a printer. He had an older brother in that business, and he learned the trade of him. But if he fancied he was going to have an easy time, he was mistaken, for his brother proved to be a hard master. However, the little fellow stuck to his task until his trade was learned, and he found time to study besides. There were no night-schools in those days, but Ben and some young friends used to spend their evenings reading instructive books, and talking about them, which was much better than spending their evenings in the bar-rooms, or lounging around the street-corners. He did not care half so much about "having a good time" or "sowing wild oats" as he did about knowing some-

thing that would help him to be a better man by and by. He was well paid for his trouble, for the name of Benjamin Franklin will go down to posterity as the first philosopher of America.

When he was nineteen years old, he had his trade well learned, and he took a trip to London, where he immediately sought for work at a printing-office. The foreman looked at him as curiously as if he had been a savage just out of the woods, and expressed some doubt as to whether a printer from America could know much about type-setting. Young Franklin did not stop to argue the matter, but quietly stepped up to a case and correctly set up the following sentence: "And Nathanael said unto him, Can any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, Come and see." And the young American was then permitted to practice his skill at the printer's case.

He also pulled at the printing-press by way of variety; for there were no steam-power presses in those days, and he thought it would be better exercise than "sticking type" all the time. He knew that he needed exercise, and he thought this would pay better and do him quite as much good as wrestling, running, or pitching quoits. His fellow-workmen soon began to notice that he was much stronger than they were. He could easily pick up two heavy forms of type, one in each hand and carry them up or down stairs, while it was all they could do to carry one such form in both hands. By this time, too, they had learned that he did not drink beer, and they could not understand it. They drank beer to make them strong; they thought they could not get along without it; and here was this young American, hardly yet a grown man, who drank no beer, and yet he was stronger and could lift more than any of them.

The young philosopher explained it. He said there was more nourishment in bread, that there was a larger portion of flour in a penny loaf, and that if he ate this loaf and drank a pint of water with it, he would get more strength from it than from a pint of beer. But they did not like this reasoning. They liked their beer, and were determined to have it. A few, however, of the more intelligent gave up their "abominable diet of bread and cheese and beer for breakfast," and, like Franklin, procured a basin of good warm gruel (oatmeal mush), "which was a much better breakfast, and did not cost so much, while it kept the head clearer." The other men kept on with their beer, and ridiculed the water-drinker, calling him "The American Aquatic."

Did he care for this? Apparently not a particle. Young people who are troubled by ridicule may well learn a lesson from this. Franklin went on in spite of it, right on up to success, to usefulness, and even to greatness. He has handed down a noble name to history, while those who laughed at him would never have been heard of but for the fact that for a little while they worked in the same shop with Franklin, and ridiculed him. He had his reward while living, also; for he led an honored, a happy, and a useful life down to a good old age; while they were just content with what beer could give them. Surely "he that refuseth instruction despiseth his own soul."—*Julia Colman, in Temperance Banner*.

A good man in England once adopted the rule of trying to make one person happy every day. This is a very good rule. Every one of us might adopt it and practice it. Then we should make three hundred and sixty-five persons happy every year. In ten years there would be three thousand six hundred and fifty persons made happy by each one of us. And if this one were multiplied by hundreds and thousands, what streams of happiness would be flowing everywhere! How much good could be done in this simple way.



## The Sabbath-School.

FOURTH Sabbath in July.

## NEW-TESTAMENT HISTORY.

LESSON 144.—PAUL AND BARNABAS AT PERGA.

THE Herod that now reigned in Judea was called Herod Agrippa I., and was the son of Aristobulus, and the grandson of Herod the Great. While Caligula was emperor, Agrippa had received, first, the possession of Philip and Lysanias, and afterward the tetrarchy of Antipas. When Claudius became emperor, he gave him, in A. D. 41, the rule over Samaria and Judea; so that he now bore sway, under the Roman emperor, over all Judea, and had the title of king. It was this Herod who slew James and imprisoned Peter, as described in our last lesson.

Now from some cause, Herod had become greatly displeased with the people of Tyre and Sidon. These cities were, however, very anxious to keep on friendly terms with Herod, because they depended on Palestine for their supplies of grain. So they cunningly secured the services of Blastus, who was Herod's chamberlain, and was therefore supposed to have great influence with him. At his intercession the king set apart a day for meeting their ambassadors at Cesarea. At the time appointed, Herod arrayed himself in royal apparel of the most costly and dazzling material, and received the ambassadors with great pomp. While the king was speaking to them before all the people, they shouted, saying, "It is the voice of a god, and not of a man." Herod must have been pleased with this idolatrous flattery; for he was immediately smitten by an angel of God, and was carried out of the place a dying man. So loathsome and distressing was his condition that he was partially consumed by worms before death relieved his sufferings.

Notwithstanding the persecutions which the people of God suffered, the gospel of Jesus Christ spread rapidly in every direction. When Barnabas and Paul returned from Jerusalem, they brought with them John, whose surname was Mark. In the church at Antioch there were, at this time, a number of prophets and teachers. On one occasion, when they were together, ministering to the Lord, and fasting, the Holy Ghost said, "Separate me Barnabas and Paul for the work whereunto I have sent them." After being ordained by fasting and prayer and the laying on of hands, Paul and Barnabas were sent forth on the mission to which the Lord had called them.

Antioch in Syria was situated on the south bank of the river Orontes, some twenty-five or thirty miles from its mouth. On the north side of this river, near its mouth, was the city of Seleucia. To this city Paul and Barnabas first took their journey. From Seleucia they sailed west southwest to the port of Salamis, in the eastern part of the Island of Cyprus. Here they preached the word of God in the synagogues of the Jews; and the sacred record adds, "They had also John to their minister." What special work was assigned to this John Mark, it is not easy to tell. Perhaps he visited among the people, and instructed those who had become interested. Some think he baptized those who embraced the gospel just preached to them.

From Salamis these missionaries continued their course throughout the island, until they came to Paphos. Here they found a Jewish false prophet, a sorcerer, whose real name was Bar-jesus, but who had taken to himself the Greek name of Elymas [the wise]. This man was with Sergius Paulus, the pro-consul; who, although he kept this sorcerer by him, was in other matters a prudent man, and a man of good understanding. When he heard of Barnabas and Paul, he called them to him, and desired to hear the word of the Lord. But Elymas opposed them, trying to prevent Sergius Paulus from believing what they preached. Then Paul, being filled with the Holy Ghost, set his eyes steadfastly upon him, and said, "O full of all subtilty and all mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord? And now, behold, the hand of the Lord is upon thee, and thou shalt be blind, not seeing the sun for a season." Paul's words were immediately fulfilled; for no sooner had they been spoken, than darkness came upon Elymas, and he was obliged to seek for some one to

lead him by the hand. When the pro-consul saw this miracle, he was astonished, and believed what the apostles had preached.

When Paul and his company left Paphos, they sailed in a northwesterly direction, and landed at Perga in Pamphylia, on the southern coast of Asia Minor. We know nothing of their work at Perga; for the sacred writer merely tells us that at this place John Mark left his companions, and returned to Jerusalem.

## QUESTIONS.

1. Who was the Herod that slew James and imprisoned Peter?
2. What dominions did Caligula give him?
3. What did he receive from Claudius?
4. Over how much territory did he now bear sway?
5. What title was given him?
6. With whom had Herod become greatly displeased? Acts 12:20.
7. Why did they feel anxious to keep on friendly terms with him?
8. What course did they pursue?
9. What appointment was Herod induced to make?
10. How did he receive the ambassadors?
11. What did they do, as he was speaking to them?
12. How did the Lord punish him for permitting such blasphemy?
13. How did the persecutions of the church affect the spread of the gospel?
14. Whom did Barnabas and Paul bring with them, on their return from Jerusalem?
15. On what errand had they been sent to Jerusalem?
16. When on a certain occasion the prophets and teachers of the Antioch church were assembled, what was communicated to them by the Holy Ghost? Acts 13:1, 2.
17. How were these brethren employed when this communication was made?
18. How were Barnabas and Paul set apart for the work assigned them?
19. Describe the situation of Antioch in Syria.
20. When Barnabas and Paul left Antioch, to what place did they first go?
21. Where was this city located?
22. In what direction did they sail in leaving Seleucia?
23. What port did they make?
24. Describe its situation.
25. What did the apostles do at that place?
26. What incidental mention is made of John, whose surname was Mark?
27. Where did these missionaries continue their course?
28. What wicked man did they find at Paphos?
29. What was the character of Sergius Paulus?
30. What did he do when he heard of Barnabas and Paul?
31. What course did Elymas the sorcerer pursue?
32. After fixing his eyes upon him, how did Paul address him?
33. What did Paul say should happen to him?
34. How were his words fulfilled?
35. What effect did these things have upon the pro-consul?
36. Which way did Paul and his company sail when they left Paphos?
37. Where did they land?
38. What do we know of their work at Perga?
39. What is the only fact given us by the sacred writer? Acts 13:13.

## NOTES.

Acts 12:20. **Blastus the king's chamberlain.**—The word *chamberlain* denotes an officer who is charged with the direction and management of a chamber, or chambers, particularly a bed-chamber. It probably denotes here a man who had charge of the bed-chamber of Herod.—*Barnes*.

Ver. 21. **Sat upon his throne.**—This does not denote a throne in the usual sense of that word, but a high seat in the theater, where he sat, and from whence he could have a full view of the games and sports. From this place he made his speech.—*Ibid*.

Chap. 13:4. **Departed unto Selucia.**—This city was situated at the mouth of the River Orontes, where it falls into the Mediterranean. It was the sea-port of Antioch, which was also built on this river some

sixteen miles from its mouth.—*Ibid*. They sailed to **Cyprus.**—This beautiful island was only a few hours' sail from Seleucia, or forty-eight miles away. Cyprus is about one hundred and fifty miles long, and in one part of the island, fifty miles in breadth. In 1878, by the Congress of Berlin, it passed into the hands of England. At the time of the journey of Paul, Jews constituted one-half of the population; this was no doubt one of the reasons which weighed with the apostles when they chose it as the first scene of their labors. Another may have been the fact that it was the home of Barnabas. Acts 4:27.—*Rev. Com.*

Ver. 5. **Salamis** was a sea-port town with a good harbor, on the eastern coast of Cyprus. It stood on the north side of the River Pendicus, the only true river in the island. Salamis was partially destroyed in the insurrection of the Jews under Trajan and Hadrian, and its destruction was completed by an earthquake, but it was afterward rebuilt and named Constantia. Its site is now traced only by its ruins.—*Vincent*.

Ver. 6. **Gone through the island** (Rev. Ver., *through the whole island*).—Implying that they preached in all its principal towns.—*Vincent*. **Paphos**. Salamis was on the eastern coast of Cyprus, Paphos at the western. The distance between them was one hundred miles. New Paphos was then the capital, and the residence of the pro-consul; it was only a few miles distant from Old Paphos, where the famous Temple of Venus stood.—*Rev. Com.*

Ver. 7. **Which was with the deputy.**—Or with the pro-consul. Cyprus was at this time subject to the Roman empire, and was ruled by a governor, or pro-consul, appointed by the senate.

Ver. 10. **Full of all subtilty** (Rev. Ver., *guile*). "Subtilty" denotes deceit and fraud, and implies that he was practicing an imposition, and that he knew it.—*Barnes*.

Ver. 11. **Not seeing the sun for a season.**—This phrase indicates total blindness. In case of partial blindness, the eye cannot discern *objects*, but is able to recognize the *light*; when the sun cannot be discerned, the blindness is absolute.—*Peloubet*.

Ver. 13. **Perga in Pamphylia.**—Pamphylia was one of the southern provinces of Asia Minor. It occupied about 80 miles of the seaboard between Lycia on the west and Cilicia on the east. The name signifies *All-tribe-land*. It was under the dominion of Rome.—*Lewin*. The valleys are rich and fertile, but toward the sea unhealthy. At the time of Paul it formed a province together with Lycia. It was then a flourishing commercial province; the rivers, now rendered useless for ships by the formation of bars across their mouths, were then navigable to a considerable extent. The inhabitants were mild and courteous in manners, and largely engaged in commerce, to which, indeed, they were led by the peculiarly favorable situation of the country.—*Abbott*. **Perga.**—The city was at this time the capital of Pamphylia, situated on the River Cestrus, about seven miles from its mouth. This was a considerable town, surrounded by walls, and lay on the left bank of the river as they ascended it. The inhabitants were Greeks, and they had, as usual, their temples, and a theater, and a stadium. On a high eminence stood conspicuous a far-famed temple of Diana, the great goddess of the place, in whose honor was celebrated a yearly festival.—*Peloubet*. The modern traveler finds here only the encampments of shepherds, who pasture their cattle amid walls and towers, columns and cornices, a theater, a broken aqueduct incrustated with the calcareous deposit of the Pamphylian streams, and tombs scattered on both sides of the town.—*Abbott*.

Ver. 14. **They departed from Perga.** (Rev. Ver., *But they passing through from Perga*).—The words seem to indicate a short stay and a rapid journey. Conybeare and Howson think that the short stay at this place arose from the nature of the seasons in this region. It is supposed that Paul and his company left Seleucia in early March, and spent two months in Cyprus, and thus came to Perga early in May. At this time, on account of the unhealthfulness of the climate at that season of the year, almost the entire population of the low country of Pamphylia flee to the cool recesses of the northern highlands.

THE mirth of heaven is thankfulness and praise.



## For Our Little Ones.

## MAY'S GOOD-NIGHT.

AS the sun went down in purple and red,  
A sweet little maiden pleasantly said:  
"Now good-night, sun,  
For your work is done;  
You have shone so bright through the summer day  
I am sorry to see you go away.

"And good-night, work; with the dark we cease."  
Then she folded it neatly without a crease.  
"Good needle and thread,  
You must go to bed;  
All day, you know, it was in, it was out,  
Though we knew quite well what we were about.

"And, little brown bird in the sycamore-tree,  
You have sung pretty songs all day to me;  
Now go to your rest  
In your nice soft nest;  
I shall see you again in the morning light."  
And the bird twittered back: "Good-night, good-night."

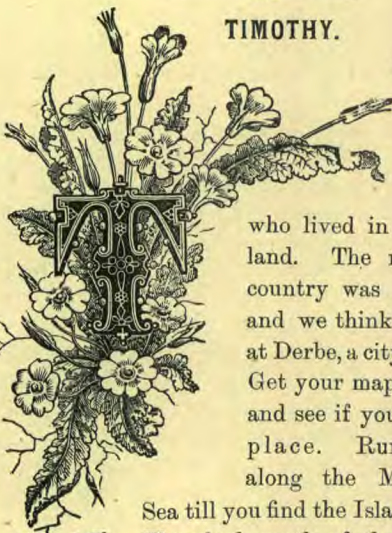
"And roses, and lilies, the daylight flies;  
You must go to sleep." Then they shut their eyes.  
"Dear daisies white,  
It is nearly night."  
So each little daisy nodded its head,  
And the violets courtesied, and went to bed.

Then fair little May, in the evening gloom,  
Went softly away to her own sweet room;  
Laid her new doll, Grace,  
In its proper place;  
Put her books and her clothes away with care,  
And carefully brushed out her long brown hair;

With her little bare feet in her nightgown white,  
Took a farewell peep at the lovely night;  
Said her evening prayer,  
With a loving care;  
Lay down on her pillow and slept all night,  
And knew nothing more till the morning light.

—Mary Burnett.

## TIMOTHY.



HERE was once a little boy whose name was Timothy, who lived in a far-distant land. The name of his country was Asia Minor, and we think he was born at Derbe, a city of Laodicea. Get your maps, little folks, and see if you can find the place. Run your eyes along the Mediterranean Sea till you find the Island of Cyprus. Then look north of that, among the hills of Turkey in Asia, and just south-west of a small lake is Derbe. That was Timothy's home. There he learned to read when he was a little boy. I think that his mother taught him, and that, too, from a curious book, not a bit like yours. It rolled up like a map, only it was not so wide, and was made of a very fine, smooth skin, with the words written on it with a pen.

When he learned his letters, instead of saying "A, B, C," as you do, he said "Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta." These were the letters of the Greek alphabet. If you look at ALPHA-BET, you will see that it is made from the names of the first two letters in the Greek. Timothy's father was a Greek; his mother was a Jewess. His grandmother and mother had both heard the gospel, and were good Christians. As soon as Timothy could read, he was taught to know the Holy Scriptures. They made him "wise unto salvation." That is, when he had learned what they taught, and had come to have a knowledge of his duty, he did what God told him to do, that he might be saved in the day

of the Lord Jesus. After a while Timothy became a preacher. He saw that there were a great many people in the cities and country around him who had not heard of Jesus, and the way to be saved. He wanted to tell them. He loved Jesus so much that he wanted everybody else to love him too, so he went along with his Uncle Paul to Ephesus, was sent to Philippi, to Thessalonica, and to Corinth; was made bishop of the Ephesians, and followed Paul to Rome, taking with him a cloak that had been left at Troas, and some books and parchments that belonged to Paul.

Paul told him that he had "professed a good profession" when he had stood up and said that he believed in Jesus. Now he says, "Flee away from all wrong things. Don't try to get rich; if you have something to eat and clothes to wear, be contented. Keep on fighting the good fight; follow after things that are right; try to be like God; hold fast to the faith; love people; be patient with them; don't be proud." I think Timothy paid good heed to all the lessons that were taught him, for he had a good reputation at Lystra, Iconium, and other places.

But some of the people to whom he preached, instead of being glad, and thanking him for having brought them the good news of salvation, got angry, and had him put into a dark and lonely prison. There they kept him for a long time, but at last he was set at liberty to tell again the good news of Jesus and the coming kingdom; and when his course was finished, to die, like Paul, with a crown laid up, to be received when Jesus comes. Who among my little readers will try to be like Timothy? Who will try to overcome all the evil that is in them, that they too "may save themselves," and may help others to get into the narrow path where they can please God?—*Youth's Examiner.*

## SPINNERS FOR THE QUEEN.

SUCH busy, busy spinners! How you would have enjoyed seeing them, boys and girls! They were all together in a large room. Some were just beginning to draw out the fine glossy thread, which by and by would be part of a beautiful dress for the queen. Some had already spun such a long thread, winding it back and forth, back and forth, so many times that the little spinner herself was entirely hidden. But we knew she was still at work, for we could hear the busy sound of the spinnerets. Then there were others too small to spin. These were eating their dinner, as merry and happy a set of youngsters as one might wish to see. Only they were always longing to grow large enough to spin, so that they too might help make a dress for the queen.

Now you would like to know who these little spinners are, I think. Well, they are silk-worms. Have you heard of them before? Perhaps mamma has a silk dress. Did you know that the threads of which it is made were spun by just such little spinners as I have been telling you of?

The worms are like small caterpillars. They live upon the leaves of mulberry-trees, and do nothing but eat while they are growing. But at last they spin their cocoons. These are made of silken thread, which they wind from side to side, and when the workmen unwind them, they twist four or five threads together to make one thread large enough to weave into a dress.

Now you will wish to know why I call them spinners for the queen. Your mamma and auntie have silk dresses, perhaps, and it may be your older sister has one too, but they are not queens. But long ago very few people knew about the silk-worm, or how to make the beautiful glossy silk from their cocoons. The wife of an emperor of China who lived hundreds of years before our

Saviour came to this world, was the first to find it out. At least so the Chinese say; and as we don't know anything to the contrary, we may believe it to be true. The Bible tells us that Pharaoh clothed Joseph in silk when he made him a great man in his kingdom. But there was so little silk made for a very, very long time that nobody could wear it but kings and queens. So I think they may well be called the queen's spinners.

But there are other little spinners that perhaps you would feel interested in, if you knew more about them. You have all seen cobwebs, plenty of them, if you have ever climbed on the hay loft in the barn, or rummaged in the attic or the woodshed chamber. In fact, I think cobwebs are very easy to find in many other places where we should n't expect to see them.

Do you remember the Bible verse, "The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces"? Would you look for a spider in a king's palace? Yet I dare say King Solomon and his father, King David, saw them sometimes; for spiders don't know any better than that. Perhaps we may call them spinners for the queen also. At least, if the queen wished to have a nice telescope made, the fine threads of the spider's web would be very useful, as you will learn when you come to study astronomy. And if the king should receive a wound in battle, it might be that his attendants would hunt up a spider's web to bind on to prevent the bleeding. So perhaps you might call the spider that spun that web the king's doctor. How wonderfully God has made all these little spinners, and taught them to do their work!—*Lilian Payson.*

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