

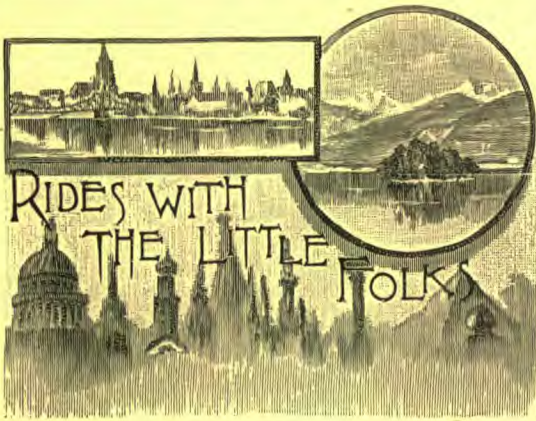
# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW, THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH.

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## LITTLE THINGS.

If any little word of mine  
May make a life the brighter,  
If any little song of mine  
May make a heart the lighter,  
God help me speak the little  
word,  
And take my bit of singing,  
And drop it in some lonely vale,  
To set the echoes ringing.

If any little love of mine  
May make a life the sweeter,  
If any little care of mine  
May make a friend's the fleeter,  
If any lift of mine may ease  
The burden of another,  
God give me love, and care, and  
strength

To help my toiling brother.  
— Mrs. M. P. A. Crozier.

## THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

### PART I.—THE VALLEY PROPER.

THE word "Yosemite" means "a full-grown grizzly bear," and was originally the name of an Indian chief. The Indians called the valley "Ah-wa-nee." The Yosemite Valley with its surroundings is the wonderland of California, situated in the very heart of the Sierras. It was given by Congress to the state of California in 1864, to be "held for public use, resort, and recreation," to be also "inalienable for all time," with the condition that portions of the valley might be leased, the income arising from such leases to be expended "in the preservation and improvement of the property or the roads leading thereto." The grant is managed by commissioners appointed by the governor of the state.

The entire valley is about ten miles in length, varying in width from half a mile to three miles. Its elevation above the sea level is four thousand and sixty feet. The Yosemite Grant is twelve miles long, with an average width of about four miles.

The walls of the valley run nearly due east and west, forming a sort of gorge, in places at

least. It is thought that this valley was made by glacial action. It was first entered by a white man in 1848. The first body of white men to penetrate into its interior was the Mariposa Battalion, engaged to scour the mountains in a fight with the Indians. This battalion was commanded by Major Savage. They came through by what is now called Wawona. The valley was discovered in May, 1851. The Merced River runs through it, and it is a grand sight to go up Coulterville road and look down upon the river, dashing along with its mantle of foam, over huge rocks

tached to it. The man who owned the hotel was named Snow. His wife mysteriously disappeared, and he could not find her. Finally he became insane, and wandered off. The people who lived in the valley would not take the furniture out of the house. When we were in the valley, we went up on the porch, not knowing these facts at the time. A tree had fallen down and knocked a part of the porch in. Looking in through the window, we could see various articles of furniture as they were when their owner left them.

There is a small printing-office in the valley near the Guardian's office.

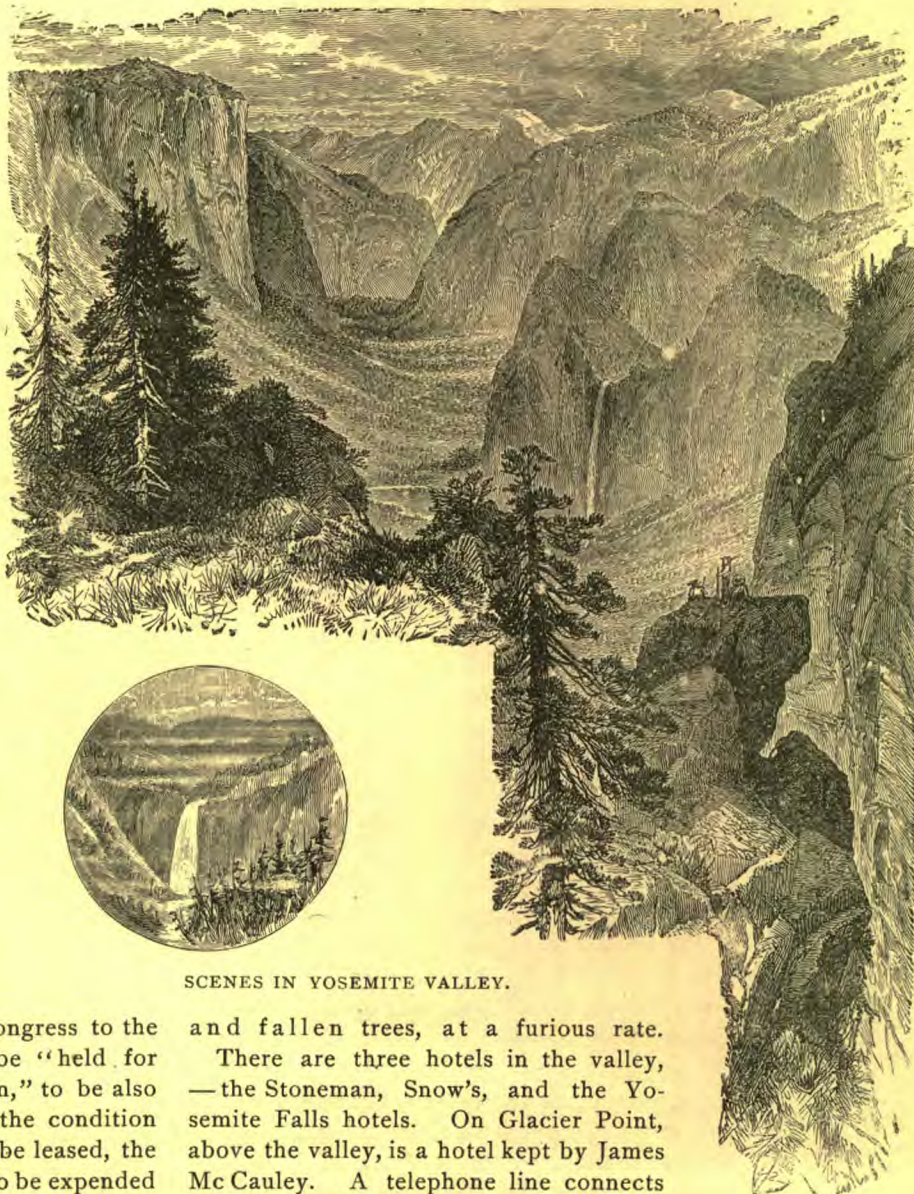
The camping-grounds are good, and everywhere there is good feed for horses. Thimbleberries, gooseberries, and strawberries grow wild, and are gathered by the tourists, and plenty of trout are found in the river. Oak and pine trees grow in abundance in the valley, also many varieties of flowers and ferns.

There are eight thousand four hundred and eighty acres in the valley, of which three thousand are meadowlands.  
DOULY GRAY.

## SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

THE whirlpools of Scylla and Charybdis are situated in the Strait of Messina, between Sicily and Italian Apulia. Although dangerous to the mariner of the ancient world, they are not very formidable in the present day. The whirlpool of Scylla lies at the base of the cliffs on which stands the village of Scylla. The circling waters have worn the cliffs into caves, which in heavy seas emit sounds like the barking of a dog. Charybdis is near the port of Messina, nine sea miles from Scylla, and according

to Signor Spallanzani, is five hundred feet deep. The old danger of sailing between them has recently been explained by M. Keller, an engineer, who shows that the currents in the strait depend both on the tide and wind. The currents are strong because the tide is low in the Ionian Sea when it is high in the Tyrrhenian Sea, and *vice versa*, and whirlpools, more or less energetic, are formed at various points of the strait. Between Scylla and Charybdis there is still danger to sailing vessels.



SCENES IN YOSEMITE VALLEY.

and fallen trees, at a furious rate.

There are three hotels in the valley, — the Stoneman, Snow's, and the Yosemite Falls hotels. On Glacier Point, above the valley, is a hotel kept by James McCauley. A telephone line connects this hotel with the main business houses of the valley. The Yosemite Falls Hotel is in the center of the valley. The Guardian's office is about one fourth of a mile down the river from the Yosemite Falls Hotel. Near the Guardian's office is the school-house, and farther down the river is the chapel, open to any denomination. The Stoneman Hotel is about a mile up the river from the Yosemite Falls Hotel, and is considered the best hotel in the valley.

The Snow's Hotel has a painful romance at-





### THE WORLD'S DEBT TO ASTRONOMY.

ASTRONOMY is more intimately connected with the history of mankind than any other science. While chemistry, physics, and we might say all sciences which pertain to things on the earth, are comparatively modern, we find that contemplative men engaged in the study of the celestial motions even before the commencement of authentic history. The earliest navigators of whom we know must have been aware that the earth was round. This fact was certainly understood by the ancient Greeks and Egyptians, almost as well as it is at the present day. True, they did not know that the earth revolved on its axis, but thought that the heavens and all that in them is, performed a daily revolution around our globe, which was, therefore, the center of the universe. It was the cynosure, or the constellation of the Little Bear, by which the sailors used to guide their ships before the discovery of the mariner's compass. Thus we see both a practical and contemplative side to astronomy through all history. The world owes two debts to that science: one for its practical uses, and the other for the ideas it has afforded us of the immensity of creation.

The practical uses of astronomy are of two kinds: one relates to geography; the other to times, seasons, and chronology. Every navigator who sails long out of sight of land must be something of an astronomer. His compass tells him where are east, west, north, and south; but it gives him no information as to where on the wide ocean he may be, or whither the currents may be carrying him. Even with the swiftest modern steamers it is not safe to trust to the compass in crossing the Atlantic. Not only the navigator, but the surveyor in the western wilds, must depend on astronomical observations to learn his exact position on the earth's surface, or the latitude and longitude of the camp which he occupies. He is let to do this because the earth is round, and the direction of the plumb-line not exactly the same at any two places. It is true that a considerable distance on the earth's surface will seem very small in its effect on the position of a star. Suppose there were two stars in the heavens, the one in the zenith of the place where you now stand, and the other in the zenith of a place a mile away. To the best eye unaided by a telescope, those two stars would look like a single one. But let the two places be five miles apart, and the eye could see that there were two of them. A good telescope could distinguish between two stars corresponding to places not more than a hundred feet apart. The most exact measurements can determine even distances ranging from thirty to sixty feet. If a skilful astronomical observer should mount a telescope on your premises, and determine his latitude by observations on two or three evenings, and then you should try to trick him by taking up the instrument, and putting it at another point,—one hundred feet north or south,—he would find out that something was wrong by a single night's work.

We cannot measure across oceans from island to island. Up to the present time, we have not even measured across the continent, from New York to San Francisco, in the most precise way. Without astronomy we could

scarcely make an accurate map of the United States, except at enormous labor and expense, and even then we could not be sure of its correctness. But the practical astronomer being able to determine his latitude and longitude within fifty yards, the position of all principal points in all great cities of the country are known, and can be laid down on maps. The world has always had to depend on astronomy for all its knowledge concerning times and seasons. The changes of the moon gave us the first month, and the year completes its round as the earth travels in its orbit. The results of astronomical observations are condensed for us into almanacs, which are now in such universal use that we never think of their astronomical origin. At some of the principal observatories of the country astronomical observations are made on every clear night, for the express purpose of regulating an astronomical clock with the greatest exactness. Every day at noon a telegraphic signal is sent to various parts of the country, so that all operators and railway men who hear that signal can set their clocks at noon within two or three seconds. People who live near railway stations can thus get their time from them, and so exact time is diffused into every household of the land, which is at all near a railway station, without the trouble of watching the sun. Thus, too, increased exactness is given to the time on all our railroads, increased safety is obtained, and great loss of time saved to every one.—*Professor Newcomb, in the Chautauquan.*

APROPOS to the value of astronomy, the *Scientific American* relates a case in which the Court of Common Pleas in Philadelphia recently decided the question when day begins and darkness vanishes in the morning solely upon the authority of astronomical experts. A young woman had been knocked down by a locomotive on the Reading Road while she was walking over a crossing at Norristown at 6:30 o'clock in the morning of Feb. 14, 1893. The engine did not display a light, nor did it signal with whistle or bell. The company claimed that it was not negligent, because at that hour dawn was breaking, and no light was needed; and the entire case rested on whether or not it was daylight when the accident occurred.

The sun rose on the day of the accident at 6:54 o'clock. Several astronomers and other experts testified that half an hour before sunrise it is as dark as at any time of night. From that time until sunrise light comes so slowly that the point of half-light is reached only seven minutes before sunrise. During the last seven minutes before the sun-up, light comes very rapidly until the full day breaks. The plaintiff's lawyer claimed, therefore, that at the time of the accident, twenty-four minutes before sunrise, it was pitch dark. The jury rendered a verdict of twenty-five thousand dollars in her favor.

AN instrument known as the "Gastograph" has been constructed for the purpose of recording the motions in the stomach of a patient under treatment, the movements of the food while it is undergoing chemical action being carefully and minutely recorded by means of electricity.

THE researches of two French physicians—Verneuil and Roux—incline them to regard pork as a frequent cause of cancer. Verneuil has observed that the Israelites, who eat no pork, are always refractory to cancer.

AIR can be frozen at two hundred and ninety-six degrees below zero.

### BEGINNING OF GREEK ART.

WE will briefly notice, first, who the Greeks were, and when and where they lived.

Tracing backward to the very source of their existence, we discover they were the offshoot of Javan, a son of Japheth, one of the three heads into which the human family was divided after the flood.

At this very early period we can say nothing of their prominence, but we may well conjecture that the conditions of nature which then surrounded them were favorable and conducive to the development which, later, commanded the attention of the world.

Leaving this "probable" period, let us behold the first dawn of positive Greek history, which, as early as nine centuries before Christ, was already apparent on the skies of time.

About twenty-one thousand square miles comprise the mountainous peninsula of Greece, whose southern, eastern, and western sides are perpetually bathed by the water of the Greek Mediterranean. The capital is Athens, the center of eloquence, philosophy, art, and science.

Physical surroundings to a great extent mark, shape, and make our mental status, and thus it was exemplified in the case of the Grecians. Blessed with a climate which the ancients considered the gift of the gods, an atmosphere—to quote Euripides—"mild and clement," they lived a good deal out-of-doors, enjoying the healthful and invigorating breezes of the pure air of heaven. Temperate in his diet, natural and free in his dress, the body was wholly unfettered, the mind free to indulge in the aerial realm of boundless idealism.

Again: Greece was not only a land of mountains, but also of sea-coasts, and this afforded the Greeks an excuse for being seamen. It is said that of a population of nine hundred thousand, in 1840, thirty thousand were sailors, with four thousand boats.

They were merchants, travelers, pirates, courtiers, and adventurers. This was a means considered by Taine to quicken and sharpen the intellect to a marked degree. There are in every man what are called "ideas." Of these the Greeks were full. Their ideas were only of the beautiful and the symmetrical, and with a skill as subtle as their thought, they produced fac-similes at which centuries have looked with gaping wonder.

Dædalus is said to have been the first in plastic art; but tradition says the art originally came from heaven, and was introduced into Greece by this man. He worked in wood, and his pictures were so natural that it was said by an old writer, "One must chain his pictures, lest they run away."

Glaucus was the first to work in metal, and Melas in marble, 576 B. C. The second period of Greek art began about the beginning of the sixth century before Christ, and extended up to the time of Pericles. Art was chiefly confined to the service of religion, hence the chief works were gods and the attendant articles.

Lovers of precision and order, their works at this period betrayed great formality and stiffness. Even the drapery and hair had to submit to geometrical order. Little by little, this formality gave way to naturalness. Not many works have survived this period, and those that have are architectural in point of importance. "A colossal statue of Apollo, British Museum; athletic statue, Naples Museum; Minerva, in Villa Albini in Rome; Minerva, Dresden; Minerva as champion in strong action, at Naples; Minerva from Herculaneum; the Barberini Muse, Glyptothek at Munich, etc." are among the splendid souvenirs of this time.

P. GIDDINGS.





## THE CYCLONE'S PATH.

[The following thoughts were suggested by crossing the path of the last summer's cyclone, a few weeks ago. The forest was completely leveled and the lake entirely dried up, and mud from its bottom was spread out over the fields.—W. B.]

THE lurid lightnings cleave the sky,  
And deafening peals of thunder roar;  
And angry clouds mount up on high,  
And twist and twirl and flash and fly;  
While men and women vainly cry,  
The deadly cyclone passes by,—  
The village is no more.

It leaps, and skips a field of rye,  
And then like lightning passes on.  
It takes one sip—the lake is dry!  
But leaves a farm-house standing by;  
And none can ever tell us why,  
Or where the lake has gone.

The demon's work seems just begun;  
The city fair, in slumber sweet,  
Lies in its path. The clock strikes one;  
The space that lay between is run;  
A whirl! a crash! the work is done—  
Its ruin is complete!

Like demons from another world  
Armed with the thunders of their wrath,  
And flaming banners now unfurled,  
It arched, and wreathed, and writhed, and curled,  
And loaded freight-cars mid air hurled;  
While barns and mansions whisked and whirled  
Along its deadly path.

It sweeps the everlasting hills;  
With swift destruction hand in hand,  
It levels forests, houses, mills;  
It sports with rivers, creeks, and rills.  
A thousand graves it quickly fills,  
And desolates the land.

It strikes old ocean's briny deep—  
A maelstrom and a tidal wave  
Combined; while men securely sleep,  
It whirls, it spins, it takes a leap.  
Boats, ships, and towns, with one grand sweep,  
Are piled in one promiscuous heap,  
And find a watery grave.

WILLIAM BRICKEY.

## GROWTH OF INDUSTRIAL LIFE.

## 2.—COMMUTATION.

THE villein, or yardling,—the holder of thirty acres or so of the old English manor,—paid for his holding a certain fixed price, its amount being rendered in work. Usually it was expressed in the account-books of the bailiff in the form of a list of tasks to be performed yearly, though sometimes it was specified in money. We read in the records that A does two days' work every week on the land of the lord, that he sows three acres to wheat at the proper season, that he helps five days in harvest, and that he furnishes two oxen in plowing-time. Even where a sum of money was named instead, the payment was made in work.

No one in this state of society could be in want, and no one could amass wealth. Equality was natural and easy enough where no one could either rise above or fall below his station. But progress in civilization was thus impossible, for inequality is necessary to all progress. Progress means the division and multiplication of employments; when every one does the same thing, that thing must be to look after his animal needs. If mankind acquires learning and culture and more refined conditions of living, a part of the people must be fed by the other part. The smaller the fraction of the whole people that must get food for all, the greater is the number who are free to do something else. We to-day can have

teachers and doctors and lawyers, artists and authors and musicians, merchants, and mechanics and miners, railroads and steamships and telegraphs, because more men can be fed by one farmer than in past centuries. Inequality, though, does not necessarily mean injustice; for the farmer who feeds, shares in the product of those who are fed. Inequality is an evil only when a class of people live upon the work of others without rendering anything to the world in return; or, what has the same effect, when a class of men arises who appropriate more wealth than they are able to use to the profit of all.

Two things made advanced civilization possible, by increasing the production of food and by increasing the kinds of employment. One of these things was the growth of a free farming class, the other was the growth of a free labor class. It was from the villeins that the free landholders arose.

There was around the manor a large amount of waste land. This the lord's bailiff would rent out, as population increased, to those who had no land. The working of the lord's land being already provided for, these new tenants paid a rent in grain.

It was soon found that those who worked for themselves and paid the rent in grain were more profitable than those who worked out their rent. They were interested in making all their work count for something, as men usually are who work for themselves. And as the only reason the lord wished his land worked was the fact that he wanted the products it would bring, he began to rent out that land which previously had been worked for him, taking, in the place of the work, a grain rent.

At first the villeins looked down upon the new rent-payers as a lower order of society; but their freedom brought them such prosperity that the villeins themselves desired to pay their rent in products of the soil or in money and not in work; though most of them still did work for the lord at harvest and at other busy seasons. But in the course of a century or two the villeins became freeholders paying a rent which corresponded very much to our tax. They were really owners of the land on which they worked; for they could not be turned off from their land, and the land which the father held the son inherited, generation after generation.

These free tenants were the most solid element among the English people during a portion of her history,—the great yeoman class, from whom Cromwell recruited his army,—the class which, under his leadership, subdued England and asserted the rights of the people, while they put all Europe in awe. After the Stuarts came back to the throne, the yeomanry declined, and passed away by one of those same resistless movements of what might be called the "soul of history," which brought it forth.

C. B. MORRILL.

## THE EASTERN QUESTION.

## PART I.—FIRST BEGINNINGS.

IN the study of what is now called the Eastern Question, it will be well to go away back, and trace all the important steps down to the present, if we really wish to get an intelligent understanding of it. Suppose we go back to Bethlehem and Jerusalem, about nineteen hundred years ago, when the Saviour of mankind was born, crucified, and then laid in "Joseph's new tomb." The Jews who crucified him had a knowledge of the true God and the Old Testament scriptures; but all the other nations were worshipers of imaginary false gods, and idols.

The Romans ruled over all nations then, so the Jews were subject to them also. Those of the Jews and all others who believed that Jesus was the Son of God, or the Christ, were called Christians from that time forward; but they were very few compared with what are called pagans, or heathen. About three hundred years after the crucifixion of Christ, Constantine, the great Roman emperor, pretended to believe in Christ. This angered a great many Romans. They treated him very ungraciously because he would not revere Jupiter, Mars, and a host of other deities, so that, although this was not his only reason for doing so, he moved the capital from Rome to Byzantium, and called it Constantinople. He made laws that no one but Christians should hold important offices in the government, and thus, we say, he united church and state.

The Christians had their most important churches then at Jerusalem, at Antioch in Syria, at Alexandria in Egypt, and at Rome; and one time Constantine called all the bishops of these and other churches together, and had them make a religious creed,—that is, write a list of their beliefs concerning religion,—and he made them sign it. Then Christianity became a state religion, or what is now known as the Roman Catholic Church.

Rome was not such a magnificent place after Constantinople became the capital; and it was not very many years before the Teutonic barbarians of the north invaded that part of the empire, and subdued it. Then it was divided into many small kingdoms; but the eastern part of the kingdom remained the same for more than a thousand years longer.

Many of those barbarous people pretended to believe on Christ also, and were baptized; but they did not understand what it meant to be disciples of Christ. They kept their heathenish ideas and religious ceremonies, and the Christian church became very corrupt, and not at all as it had been in the beginning. The people had begun to think the most religious thing they could do was to visit the tomb of Christ, or the Holy Sepulcher, at Jerusalem, as if they did not know Christ had risen and ascended on high. So they made long, weary pilgrimages thither.

Now if you will get your map of Asia and find Arabia, you will see it is surrounded by deserts, which then inclosed a very powerful tribe or race of people called Arabs, or Saracens. They belonged to the same race as the Hebrews, or Jews,—the Semitic. In 570 A. D. Mohammed, the great prophet of the Saracens, was born. He established an altogether different religion among them than that of Christianity. It had a good deal of the Jewish religious element in it, gotten probably from those Jews who had found refuge there from persecution in other countries. This strange religion was disseminated principally by the sword; for Mohammed taught that the joys of paradise were secured by fighting the enemies of their strange new faith. They went off into other countries preaching and fighting. They conquered northern Africa, Persia, Egypt, and Syria; so you see they obtained possession of the holy places of Jerusalem. They tried to get Constantinople, too; but it was saved through the use of a compound called "Greek Fire."

LORETTA REISMAN.

EVERY stroke of sorrow that issues into light and joy, is God putting into your hand the key of that sorrow, to unlock it for all the poor souls whom you may see approaching it through all your future life. It is a noble thing to take that key, and use it.—*Phillips Brooks.*





"ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD."

"ALL that glitters is not gold"  
Is an adage true, though old;  
As you journey on life's way,  
Hopeful, youthful mariner,  
Full of life and mirthful glee,  
Let your journey joyful be,  
Though the future may unfold:  
"All that glitters is not gold."

Yes, we may be surrounded  
By many true friends here,  
And many earthly pleasures  
Which seem to bring us cheer;  
But if the shadows gather,  
And all earth's joys seem cold,  
We find a deeper refuge  
In brighter gleams than gold.

We cannot trust in riches,  
We know they often fail;  
We cannot trust earth's honor,  
It never can prevail.  
We want a firmer basis;  
Oft by sorrow we are told  
That there are better riches—  
"All that glitters is not gold."

There is a pearl most precious,  
To brighten every life;  
It gives sweet peace and comfort,  
Though tossed with danger rife;  
It gives a true possession  
Within the heavenly fold,  
Where we'll find that trust in Heaven  
Is far better than in gold.

MRS. PAULINA M. ALWAY-ANDERSON.

You can judge a man's religion  
By his walk from day to day;  
When he's dead, you have to judge him  
By what other people say.

—Selected.

### BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

ASSOCIATION with learned men is esteemed by some more highly than communion with the God of heaven. The statements of learned men are thought of more value than the highest wisdom revealed in the word of God. But while infidelity is proudly lifting up its head, Heaven looks down upon the vanity and nothingness of human reasoning; for man in and of himself is vanity. All the merit, all the moral dignity, of men, has been theirs simply in and through the merits of Jesus Christ. What, then, are the speculations of the greatest minds of the greatest men that have ever lived? Yet men place their human reasonings before the revealed will of God, and present to the world that which they claim is higher wisdom than the wisdom of the Eternal. In their vain imaginations, they would bring down the economy of heaven to suit their own inclinations and desires.

The great God has a law by which to govern his kingdom, and those who trample upon that law will one day find that they are amenable to its statutes. The remedy for transgression is not to be found in declaring that the law is abolished. To abolish the law would be to dishonor it, and to cast contempt upon the Lawgiver. The only escape for the transgressor of law is found in the Lord Jesus Christ; for through the grace and atonement of the only begotten Son of God, the sinner may be saved and the law vindicated. The men who parade before the world as wonderful specimens of greatness, and at the same time

trample down the revealed will of God, robe man with honor, and talk of the perfection of nature. They paint a very fine picture, but it is an illusion, a flattering deception; for they walk in the sparks of their own kindling.

Those who present a doctrine contrary to that of the Bible, are led by the great apostate who was cast out of the courts of God. Of him before his fall, it was written, "Thou sealest up the sum, full of wisdom, and perfect in beauty. Thou hast been in Eden the garden of God; every precious stone was thy covering. . . . Thou art the anointed cherub that covereth; and I have set thee so: thou wast upon the holy mountain of God; thou hast walked up and down in the midst of the stones of fire. Thou wast perfect in thy ways from the day that thou wast created, till iniquity was found in thee. . . . Thine heart was lifted up because of thy beauty, thou hast corrupted thy wisdom by reason of thy brightness: I will cast thee to the ground, I will lay thee before kings, that they may behold thee. . . . I will bring thee to ashes upon the earth in the sight of all them that behold thee. All they that know thee among the people shall be astonished at thee: thou shalt be a terror, and never shalt thou be any more."

With such a leader,—an angel expelled from heaven,—these supposed wise men of earth may fabricate bewitching theories with which to infatuate the minds of men. Paul said to the Galatians, "Who hath bewitched you, that ye should not obey the truth?" Satan has a masterly mind, and he has his chosen agents by which he works to exalt men, and clothe them with honor above God. But God is clothed with power; he is able to take those who are dead in trespasses and sins, and by the operation of the Spirit which raised Jesus from the dead, transform the human character, bringing back to the soul the lost image of God. Those who believe in Jesus Christ are changed from being rebels against the law of God into obedient servants and subjects of his kingdom. They are born again, regenerated, sanctified through the truth. This power of God the skeptic will not admit, and he refuses all evidence until it is brought under the domain of his finite faculties. He even dares to set aside the law of God, and prescribe the limit of Jehovah's power. But God has said, "I will destroy the wisdom of the wise, and will bring to nothing the understanding of the prudent. Where is the wise? where is the scribe? where is the disputer of this world? hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world? For after that in the wisdom of God the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe. For the Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom: but we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness: but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God."

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

THE expectations of life depend upon diligence; the mechanic that would perfect his work must first sharpen his tools.—*Confucius*.

To develop in each individual all the perfection of which he is susceptible, is the object of education.—*Kant*.

ONE can make the most common act of life a religious one, if he do it in a right spirit.

IF our efforts to do good to others are spurned, they, not we, are the losers.

### "THERE IS PLENTY OF TIME YET."

It was the day before the Sabbath. A veteran minister of the gospel sat in his study, and thought over his discourse for to-morrow. He was conscious of his office, as a messenger of God. He felt the solemn and blessed responsibility to preach to dying sinners the words of life and peace from God, and his whole soul was stirred with the important question: "How can I best win souls for the Master; how can I best arouse the indifferent and the evil, and warn them most effectively to flee from the wrath to come?"

It is immaterial whether he fell asleep over his meditations, or whether he had a vision in his wakeful mood; suffice it that this was the scene which seemed to develop before his mind, and these were the words he seemed to hear:—

It appeared to him as if he were in the midst of a number of evil spirits, who had assembled to consider the question, by what means the souls of men could best and quickest be destroyed. How different was this from his own dearly-cherished work! He shuddered, but could not refrain from listening to their discussion. One evil spirit after another came to the front, with his plan, while one who seemed to be chairman, or umpire, gave the decisions.

"I will go and tell the people that there is no God," shouted one.

"You may save yourself that trouble," said the presiding spirit; "they know better than that. Earth, sea, and heaven tell them a far greater truth."

"I will tell them that there will be no final judgment," said another.

"That, too, will be in vain," was the reply; "for man has a conscience, and he cannot suppress its voice altogether. Whatever you may tell him, he knows very well in the innermost recesses of his soul that he will have to render an account to God sooner or later."

A third one arose: "I will teach men that they can enter heaven by virtue of their good works."

"No; that will not do; for no one will seriously believe that, either," retorted the other. "Man feels that a law transgressed cannot be thus easily satisfied nor fulfilled. His good works do not even satisfy himself, and so he knows only too well they will not answer before God."

"I know what is better than that," now spoke up a fourth one. "I shall choose a more shrewd way. I will tell them that there is a God, as well as a heaven and a hell; and I will even let them believe that there is but one way to reach the one and shun the other. I will give them the whole truth, and mingle with it only one single little lie. I shall tell them: 'There is plenty of time yet, and no one need be in a hurry about it. Later on in life will be time enough to make thorough work of repentance and conversion; but now all have plenty of time yet.'"

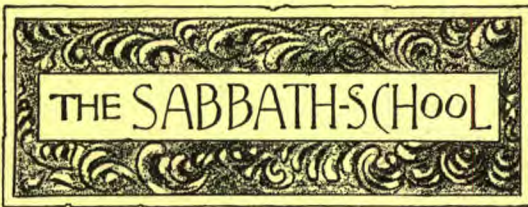
"You have spoken well," said the ruling spirit, with an approving smile. "Go, and you will succeed; for in that way you can draw countless millions down to perdition."

The good old parson was suddenly startled, and arose from the seat by his desk, while the dream vanished. The next morning he went and preached on the danger of delay with a power beyond anything he had ever experienced before.

Would to God that all might take heed to the warning and profit by the lesson, and delay no longer, but begin from this very day,—yes, from this very hour,—to make sure work for eternity.

A. K.





## LESSON 8.—THE HEAVENLY SANCTUARY (CONTINUED).

(February 23, 1895.)

MEMORY VERSES.—Acts 3: 19-21.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.—Without turning to back lessons, supply proof texts to the following questions:—

1. How long a time was occupied in the round of service in the earthly sanctuary?
2. In which apartment did it begin?
3. In which apartment and on what day did it close?
4. What was the service on that day called?
5. From what was the sanctuary cleansed?
6. In what did this service consist?
7. What was the nature of the work? (See note 1.)

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.—We will begin directly with the questions this time, noticing as we proceed the following points: 1. The review questions lead us to consider the great day of atonement. 2. The first eight questions of the advance lesson are designed to show that the day of atonement is a type of the judgment; also to show the nature of the judgment, and the means for carrying it on. 3. The remaining questions treat of the blotting out of the sins of God's people, and of Satan's bearing them to the land not inhabited. 4. Notice how clearly the types of the Lord's goat and the scapegoat are fulfilled in the work of Christ and the experience of Satan.

1. WHAT is necessary in cleansing the heavenly temple? Heb. 9: 11, 12, 23.
2. From what must it be cleansed? (See note 2.)
3. Considering the type, what must be the nature of this work?
4. How will the Lord carry on the work of judgment? Rev. 20: 12; Dan. 7: 9, 10.
5. What will he bring into judgment? Eccl. 12: 13, 14. (See note 3.)
6. Upon what class will the work of the judgment begin? 1 Peter 4: 17. (See note 4.)
7. Where are the names of believers written? Phil. 4: 3; Luke 10: 20.
8. Whose names will not be blotted out of the book of life? Rev. 3: 5.
9. To whom will deliverance come in the time of trouble? Dan. 12: 1.
10. What will be done with their sins? Acts 3: 19.
11. How will this be accomplished, and by whom? (See note 5.)
12. When will this be done? Acts 3: 19-21. (See note 6.)
13. When sins were borne from the earthly sanctuary by the high priest, what was done with them? Lev. 16: 21.
14. When the sins of God's people are blotted out of the books of record, upon whom are they placed? (See note 7.)
15. Of whom, then, was the scapegoat a type?
16. Of whom was the goat for the Lord a type? Ans.—Christ. He was the goat for the Lord (Lev. 16: 8, 9), or to represent the Lord.
17. When and how did Christ fulfil the type? 1 Peter 2: 24.
18. When, according to the type, must Satan bear the sins of God's people? (See note 8.)
19. What takes place soon after the blotting out of sin? Acts 3: 19, 20; Rev. 22: 11, 12; 1 Thess. 4: 16; 1 Cor. 15: 51-55.
20. What resurrection is this called? Rev. 20: 4-6.
21. What is done with Satan at that time? Verses 1-3. (See note 9.)

### NOTES.

1. It was a work of judgment. It was so regarded by ancient Israel. The people were to afflict or humble their souls, or be cut off from Israel. Lev. 23: 29.

2. Sin has been conveyed to the sanctuary by the ministration of the priest, as shown by the type, and it must be removed, or cleansed, by blood. The sanctuary is, therefore, to be cleansed from sin, and not from physical impurity.

3. Every work will be brought into judgment. This shows that sins are not blotted out at conversion. They remain on the books of record till the judgment, the great antitypical day of atonement, the cleansing of the heavenly temple. "The blood of Christ, while it was to release the repentant sinner from the condemnation of the law, was not to cancel the sin; it would stand on record in the sanctuary until the final day of atonement; so in the type, the blood of the sin offering removed the sin from the penitent, but it rested in the sanctuary until the day of atonement." (See "Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 357.)

4. Judgment will begin first upon the people of God, and their cases must be decided before Christ comes, because the saints are to judge the world after he comes. Dan. 7: 22; 1 Cor. 6: 1-3; 4: 5; Rev. 20: 4.

5. In the great day of final award the dead are to be "judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works." Then, by virtue of the atoning blood of Christ, the sins of all the truly penitent will be blotted from the books of heaven. Thus the sanctuary will be freed, or cleansed, from the record of sin. In the type this great work of atonement, or blotting out of sins, was represented by the services of the day of atonement,—the cleansing of the earthly sanctuary, which was accomplished by the removal, by virtue of the blood of the sin offering, of the sins by which it had been polluted.—"Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 357, 358.

6. This scripture locates the time of the blotting out of sin just before the second coming of Christ. He completes his priestly work before he comes. The blotting out of the sins of his people is, therefore, just before he comes to gather his elect.

7. Christ, as our great High Priest, bears our sins from the heavenly temple, as indicated in the type, and they are placed upon the head of Satan, the antitypical scapegoat. "Since Satan is the originator of sin, the direct instigator of all the sins that caused the death of the Son of God, justice demands that Satan shall suffer the final punishment. Christ's work for the redemption of men and the purification of the universe from sin, will be closed by the removal of sin from the heavenly sanctuary and the placing of these sins upon Satan, who will bear the final penalty. So in the typical service the yearly round of ministration closed with the purification of the sanctuary, and the confession of the sins on the head of the scapegoat."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 358.

8. In the typical service the sins of God's people were placed on the head of the scapegoat at the close of the yearly round of service. It was an act performed after the sanctuary was cleansed, and the priest had come out from it, bearing the sins of the people. Hence the sins of God's people will be placed upon Satan at the close of our Saviour's priestly service in the heavenly temple.

9. At the resurrection of the just, which takes place at the commencement of the thousand years, when Christ comes the second time, Satan is cast by an angel into the bottomless pit—*abussos*—abyss (see Revised

Version), which means a waste, void, uninhabited place. This was very plainly symbolized by the scapegoat being sent away by the hand of a fit man into the wilderness, into a land not inhabited. Lev. 16: 21, 22. When Christ comes, the righteous will be taken to heaven (1 Thess. 4: 16, 17; John 14: 1-3), and the living wicked will be destroyed (Isa. 24: 1-3; Jer. 4: 19-27; 2 Thess. 2: 8). Thus the earth will be desolate and waste till the wicked are raised from the dead at the end of the thousand years. Rev. 20: 5, first clause, 3, 7, 8.

### UNSISTERLY WORDS.

"LET the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer." This was the prayer of the sweet singer, David. Do you not think it is a good prayer for us all? It reminds me of what James the apostle says in the New Testament: "Let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath." You know Jesus is our example, and it is said of him: "All . . . wondered at the *gracious words* which proceeded out of his mouth."

A hasty word or an unkind act may be the work of a moment, but all future time can never undo it; but who can tell the value of a kind word? It is so easily spoken, and may never be forgotten.

Dear children, be careful. If brother or sister or playmate does not please you in all things, do not speak cross or angry words. And if you find an evil temper in your heart, do not speak or cry, but silently pray to Jesus to take it all away.

Two little sisters who were very fond of each other, and generally quite happy together, were playing "keep house and go visiting." The elder sister was the housekeeper, and she bustled merrily about, spreading the table and arranging her little tea-set upon it, meanwhile chatting with little Anna, who, for the time, was "a very fine lady from the city."

Just as the preparations were completed, and she was about to summon her guest to the miniature repast, Anna quietly climbed into a large easy chair, and rocking slowly back and forth, she said:—

"I don't want to play any more."

Not noticing the sudden pallor of the sweet little face, the sister angrily retorted:—

"I'll never play with you again as long as I live!"

And she never did. She went to her little bed alone that night, and lay with a heavy, aching heart, longing for the morning to come, that she might put her arms around her little sister's neck, and tell her she was sorry. The morning came, but Anna was dangerously ill. Her parents had watched over her through the weary night, and were alarmed for her safety. The sister was allowed just to see her, but she must not speak. The poor child grew worse and worse, and in a few days she died.

The last words she ever heard from that loving but petulant sister, was that bitter, angry sentence. O, how she wished she could call back those words, or that she might at least have said, "I'm sorry," and receive one forgiving kiss. But no such opportunity was given her; and through all the many years since little Anna died, she has carried the "sorry" in her heart. And many times when angry thoughts and feelings have risen within her, the remembrance of that last sad speech has helped her to keep back the angry words which crowded themselves on her tongue.—*Selected.*





## BABY'S SOLILOQUY.

THIS is the greatest, biggest world !

From morning until night  
Folks has so awful much to do,  
I helps wif all my might.

They calls me busybody now  
In other men's affairs.

I do n't know what they means by that —  
I des I 'll go up-stairs.

I's just been helping mama work ;  
I made my fingers whirl,  
An' mixed her bread dough all up nice —  
She smiled, " You roguish girl."

I put some water on the floor,  
An' tried to scrub a bit.  
I des she thought I must be tired ;  
She said I better quit.

An' then I dug around her plants,  
Just like I've seen her do,  
An' watered them right smart until  
She told me that would do.

I helps her do so many things,  
She says I just beats all.  
When I's a few more big years old,  
I des I 'll do it all.

MRS. M. A. LOPER.

## THE MISSION OF A PINE-TREE.

LONG years ago I was a little seed, dwelling just on the edge of a granite cliff, high up on the mountain. My brother and sister seedlings had not cared to choose such a high, wind-swept place ; and they all laughed a little at me because I was so foolish as to love the rugged cliff more than the gentle slope of the mountain-side.

"Oho!" they cried. "What a place for a pine-tree to grow! Whew! how the winds from the gorges will hurry and roar out there! Let him go, if he wishes. We are not such fools." And down they sank into the soft loam, and among the flowering undergrowth.

I was sorry that they thought me foolish ; but I said good-by, and the very next breeze that came my way kindly bore me out to my dwelling-place. That is how I came to be there.

When I had grown to be quite a tall tree, and could look far down the valley and over the blue hills, a party of men came stumbling up the mountain one day, bearing on their shoulders keen axes and heavy chains. I heard them talking of a new town in the valley, of houses that must be built ; and best of all, they spoke of a church which was to stand in that village. O, how I longed to be a part of that building, if I must be taken away from my mountain dwelling! but the men passed me by ; and I heard them shout for joy when they saw what fine trees my brothers and sisters were.

Said one strong-faced, earnest man, "All this clump shall go into the church building. They are nearest heaven."

"Shall we not take that big one yonder on the cliff?" asked another.

"No," answered the first ; "he stands where we could not work with safety."

Weeks and months passed by, and down in the valley the little church grew very fast. Finally I saw the men shape a beautiful pulpit from the willing body of my fairest brother, and then I could not keep from groaning aloud.

Before my brothers and sisters had gone away to be of the house of God, I had taken keen delight in breasting the mighty storms which seemed to shake my very roots, and yet never could tear them away from the rock beneath. In the misty nights, when the owl would croon and shiver in my arms, I loved to pillow my head on the soft, white down of the fog-bank, and sleep until the mischievous morning breezes snatched my pillow away. Then I thought that some day I might have a noble mission in the great world. But what could I do now? To be sure, I had sheltered a wandering man from a smothering slide of snow one night, and I had cast a cooling shade upon many a tiny flower in the summer weather. But all this was not like being a part of the house of the Father whose loving hand had made me a straight tree, in spite of the winter storms.

It was wrong, my children, to question his tender care, and to wonder that he had not taken me to be built into his house. I know the reason now.

One morning I saw the lake in the valley all



"AN' WATERED THEM RIGHT SMART."

white with leaping waves, and I felt the ground beneath me shake within the very grasp of my roots. Wildly I battled with the storm-clouds as they surged around me, and yet more fiercely the relentless wind tugged and strained at my branches. Suddenly, with a great cry, I fell headlong over the cliff ; and then I knew no more for a long time.

When I awoke, rough men were working over me with saws and axes ; and before that day was over, I had learned that I was to be sent to a distant city, but for what purpose I did not know. It was moonlight when I was hurried along past the still, white church, and out over the rough roads on my journey. O, could it be that the good Father knew what I was suffering?

All night I was borne through forests and over the sleeping hills until the sun began to climb up through the haze overhanging the city, which I could see was just beyond us. O how different it was from the glorious mornings on the cliff, when I would wake from sleep only to smile back at the sun through the clear air, and to reach up my branches to him for the first morning kiss!

The low hum of the city grew louder and

louder as we came nearer ; and soon I was drawn along the streets and into a noisy building, where I was thrown upon the ground among other broken trees. I had hardly time to glance about me before I was caught up into a trough, where sharp knives were whirling, and I was so mangled by them that I cannot tell what happened next. I only know that for hours I was nothing more than a soft, pulpy mass, driven about in cruel machines, through long pipes, and under jets of water, until, after passing between many glistening rollers, I found myself in a clean, still room,—a roll of white paper.

I was in that room for many days. Sometimes little groups of men would gather around me, and I learned from what they said that many other trees of my kind were made into paper just as I had been. When I heard this, I indeed felt less lonely, but I was by no means contented. A roll of blank paper was so useless! That is what I thought then.

One bright day when the sunbeams were playing in high glee over the floor, a gentleman entered the room and came directly toward me.

He stopped by my side, and, after looking at me very closely, he smiled, and nodded his head.

"H'm!" he murmured, "that is very good paper. It is just what I want."

He went out again ; and before the day was over, I was taken away to another building, right in the heart of the city. If I could have had my own way, I would never have gone into that building. It was noisy and black in there, not at all like the room I had just left. But the good Father knew best, as I soon learned. By and by black characters were pressed into my surface. Keen knives cut away my useless portions, and after many hours spent among strange machines, I was at last made into what I have heard you call a Bible!

My children, you learn rare lessons from me now, as you sit in that little church in the valley. And my brother, the pulpit, bears me up in the light of the Sabbath mornings, and the strong young preacher rests his hands tenderly upon me, while he tells to you the meaning of the marks I bear. Surely it was wise for me to choose the wind-swept cliff and the wider outlook. Surely the good Father did not forget me ; and I am glad each day that he has given me a nobler mission than I had longed for, when I was only an ambitious sapling on the mountain-side.—  
*Philip E. Howard, in Sunday-School Times.*

## THE QUEEN'S DRILL.

THE gentler sex (boys, why do we let them beat us in gentleness?) are usually very much afraid of fire. Her Majesty of England is no exception, it seems:—

Queen Victoria has a great horror of fire, and has arranged quite a complete fire brigade among her servants, so that it is at hand whenever she is in residence. They had a very successful "false alarm" the other day at Osborne, and every one was at his post according to order, as if on board ship. Prince Henry, among his other useful domestic rôles, is chief of the little brigade. The queen has taken the greatest interest in the whole affair.—*Selected.*

Books on the "Evidences of Christianity" are read by comparatively few, but the lives of godly Christians are "living epistles known and read of all men."



## THE PROMISE FULFILLED.

It had been an unusually dull day for Ned Jackson, the little street-sweeper. There was plenty of work to do; but it was very cold, and people hurried along, not noticing the cold little figure who was so faithfully working for them.

He was an attractive boy, with his bright face, cheery whistle, and pleasant ways, and many pennies came to him; but for a week he had met with poor success. He tried to whistle to-day; but his eyes would fill with tears, and his lips would tremble at every attempt, so that he finally gave it up.

"They say it is darkest just before it is light, and I guess it is dark enough now for it to begin to be light pretty soon," thought Ned.

"I thought those mission folks were right when they said that God cared for those who loved him, and did right. They also said something about his feeding the birds, and that he cared more for me and other people than he did for the birds. I don't see that he is caring for me and feeding me; for I couldn't be much more hungry than I am now.

"I've tried to do right and love him. I'll stick to it, too; for I've been happier and felt more comfortable, even if nothing more comes from it. I'll keep attending the meetings, and listening to what the people say. I don't understand about this, but perhaps they can tell me. I'll ask them, anyway.

"Mr. Nixon, the superintendent, told us that God puts it into the hearts of people to do things, and he uses them to work for him. Perhaps there are no people for him to put it into their hearts to help me, or else they will not let him, or will not do it when he tells them. They would not even give me the pennies that I have earned. I could get a good square meal if I had them.

"What's that? I thought I heard my name called. There it is again. Now I see a little girl in the window across the street, and she is beckoning to me."

When he was near enough, the little girl said,—

"Come up to our door, and I'll come down and speak to you."

When they met at the door, the little girl said,—

"I did n't hear you whistle when you came along to-day, and you look sad; are you sick?"

"No, not exactly; but I'm not in very good trim for whistling, as I've had only two apples and two slices of bread for two days," said Ned.

"Why, Neddie Jackson! isn't that dreadful? I get so hungry that I can hardly wait for dinner, and I have a good breakfast, too. You stay here, and I'll ask mama if Betty may n't give you something," said the little girl.

After he had eaten, he thanked Betty, and told her that he would like to see the little girl again. When she came, he thanked her, also, and said,—

"God put it in your heart to give me a good meal, and he used you to work for him. Now I know that he is caring for me, and I shall love him all the more, and try harder to do right."

"Why, I could n't help giving you something to eat, when I knew you were so hungry; but I am glad that God was using me, and I want to do more things for him," said the little girl.

As Ned walked to his poor little home,—now whistling merrily—he thought,—

"I understand better now, and I shall tell them all about it at the mission."—*Selected.*



## THE ANT.

FOUR little things spoken of in God's word are the ants, the conies, the locusts, and the spiders. Prov. 30: 24-28.

Some very valuable lessons are taught us by all four, but just now we will try to learn something from the ant.

Who made these tiny things? Was it not our heavenly Father, the Creator of heaven and earth? and does he not in his holy word call our attention to them, though they are so small? They are very important little people; so much so that we are told to consider their ways and be wise.

We may learn wisdom from them because the Lord tells us that "they are exceeding wise." It does not look as though such small heads could contain such great wisdom, but we cannot tell how much they know by their looks.

They are exceeding wise because they use the wisdom which God gave them, which is more than many people do. We are told, "The ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat [food] in the summer," laying up a store for the winter, when they cannot work. How wise!

It is very interesting to watch these tiny things on a summer day, so busy gathering in their store. If you look closely, you will notice that they work very orderly, not getting in each other's way, but keeping in rank or line, going out briskly and coming in with a tiny crumb of bread or a wee grain of seed, each one bringing something to store up. So they go backward and forward, working away with all the strength and wisdom they have.

Now, dear children, it is your privilege to lay up a store of knowledge in your summer days,—the days of your youth. Do you remember what we are told about little Timothy,—how he knew the Holy Scriptures from a child? He must have taken pains to learn. We are told, too, that it made him wise unto salvation. 2 Tim. 3: 15. His grandmother and his mother loved the Old Testament scriptures; and as they taught little Timothy, he too loved them, and received the gift of faith. You may be wise like him if you choose. "Better is a poor and a wise child, than an old and foolish king."

What are you exhorted to do in the days of your youth? Is it not to remember your Creator in your summer days (Eccl. 12: 1), before the wintry days of age come, spoken of in the next few verses? Let the word of Christ dwell richly in you, so laying up treasures in heaven.

We are taught another lesson by the little ant—to make best use of the early morning. The Lord tells the sluggard and the slothful to go to the ant, and "consider her ways, and be wise." The ant is up in the early mornings, and at work. There is a sad picture given of the slothful man's garden. "It was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down." Prov. 24: 30, 31. It gives us no pleasure to walk in such a garden. The trouble was that the man said, "Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep," and while he idled away the morning hours, the thorns and nettles grew.

Well, then, let us take care that our hearts and lives are not like that garden. Shall we not rather let the good seed of the word of God be sown in our hearts, that the fruits of righteousness may spring up? We cannot avoid something appearing, can we? Thorns and nettles come through neglect in the garden. So in our lives, fruits of righteousness, right doing, or the ugly fruits of wrong doing, called fruits of unrighteousness, will appear; and in our early days we are to be diligently sowing the good seed by reading good words and thinking good thoughts—the words and thoughts of God, as he has written them for us in our Bibles.

From the ant, then, we may learn to be diligent in storing up that which we need to give us life. Jesus tells us that the words which he speaks are life, and that the Scriptures are words of life to those who believe what he says. They are full of wisdom, and wisdom, we are told, is better than rubies and precious stones. David said that the words of God were to him sweeter than honey. Let us then now, in the morning hours of life, store these words in our hearts, and then we shall find that in them is life eternal.—*F. P. Fisher, in Present Truth.*

## THE ALPINE HORN.

THE Alpine horn is employed in the mountain districts of Switzerland, not only to sound the cow-call, but for another purpose, solemn and religious. As soon as the sun has disappeared in the vales, and its last rays are just glimmering on the snowy summits of the mountains, the herdman who dwells on the loftiest peak takes his horn and trumpets forth, "Praise God the Lord!" All the herdmen in the neighborhood take their horns and repeat the words. This often continues a quarter of an hour, while on all sides the mountains echo the name of God. A solemn stillness follows; every individual offers his secret prayer on bended knee and with uncovered head. By this time it is quite dark. "Good night!" trumpets forth the herdman on the loftiest summit. "Good night!" is repeated on all the mountains, from the horns of the herdmen and the clefts of the rocks.—*Selected.*

## A WOMAN'S NAME.

It is said that the practice of the wife's assuming the husband's name at marriage originated from a Roman custom, and became common after the Roman occupation. Thus Julia and Octavia, married to Pompey and Cicero, were called by the Romans Julia of Pompey and Octavia of Cicero, and in later times married women in most European countries signed their names in the same manner, but omitted the "of."

Again this view may be mentioned that during the sixteenth, and even the beginning of the seventeenth, century, the usage seems doubtful, since we see Catherine Parr so signing herself after she had been twice married, and we always hear of Lady Jane Grey (not Dudley) and Arabella Stewart (not Seymour). Some persons think that the custom originated from the scriptural teaching that husband and wife are one. It was decided in the case of *Bon vs. Smith*, in the reign of Elizabeth, that a woman by marriage loses her former name, and legally receives that of her husband.—*Dublin Times.*

WE need God's constant care, by night as well as by day, hence we ought to thank him and praise him at all times.





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## WINTER.

THE winter king sits on his throne of snow,  
 And watches the storm clouds come and go,  
 And whistles and moans in the tree-tops bare,  
 As if he enjoyed the crispy air.

He sings and groans through the dismal night,  
 And repeats the dirge in the morning light.  
 Then he covers the earth with a snow-white pall,  
 As if to hide it away from all.

And the old earth sleeps 'neath its blanket white,  
 While she holds in her bosom her treasures tight.  
 The crocus, and tulip, and lily fair  
 Are sleeping sweetly, without a care.

Then let the storm king rave and blow;  
 When April comes, he'll be sure to go.  
 And the breeze will be gentle, and soft, and  
 warm;

For the spring will hush all the winter's storm.  
 MRS. P. ALDERMAN.

WITH this number we begin a series of articles on the Yosemite Valley, written by our youngest contributor, Douly Gray, of Armona, Cal., a lad of fifteen summers. He tells us, "This is my first attempt." I am sure all the readers of the INSTRUCTOR will be pleased with his efforts, and we trust that the younger members of the INSTRUCTOR family will be stimulated to try to see what they can do at that age. They may not all be gifted to write, but surely they have each some talent they might use to better advantage than they did heretofore. And now let each one for himself or herself find out what that talent is, and then make the very best possible use of it.

## THE PRESS IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

THERE exist at present several "journals" that make their appearance but once a year, says a writer in a leading scientific paper. Literally, of course, they are not journals,—dailies,—but annuals. They are published within the confines of the north polar circle. The *Eskimo Bulletin*, for example, is edited near Cape Prince of Wales, on Behring Strait.

Here, in a village inhabited by Eskimos, the English missionaries have established a school, and as but one steamer lands at this place, and that but once a year, the news that it brings is consigned to a sheet of paper printed with the hektograph. Its size is eight by twelve inches. The paper is very thick, and but one surface is used.

This *Eskimo Bulletin*, in a sub-head, claims to be the "only yearly paper." This, however, is an error, for there is an annual sheet published at Godthaab, in Greenland, where a small printing office was established in 1862, whence about two hundred and eighty sheets and many lithographic prints have been issued. The journal in question is entitled: "*At-nagagdlintit, nalinginarmik tusaruminasassumik*;" that is, "Something for reading; accounts of all sorts of entertaining subjects."

The language is that of Greenland, a dialect of the Eskimo. There is still another periodical published in Greenland, under the name of "*Kaladlit*."—*Youth's Companion*.

## PETRIFIED FORESTS.

THE arid regions of the central and the southwest abound in marvels. There are remains of old cities in the midst of the desert, and the evidence of a low type of civilization covering the hills and plains. Another evidence of a change in the physical conditions of the country is found in the petrified forests still existing in several localities. One of the most interesting papers read before the late Forestry Association was that of Dr. Horace C. Hovey, of Newburyport, Mass., on the petrified forests of the southwest, particularly in Arizona. He claimed that there was a time when the atmosphere of the arid region was sufficiently humid to produce a great variety of vegetable products. The plains and hills were covered with immense forests—pines and cedars two hundred feet high. As evidence of this fact, he exhibited a photograph of a cedar still standing, though turned to solid stone.

In most of these stone forests the trees either lie prostrate on the surface or are partially buried in the soil. It is supposed the petrification was completed while the trees were standing, and then by some convulsion in nature, presumably an earthquake, they were overthrown. There are evidences that the trunks, limbs, and twigs were broken after petrification. The cause of this transformation of whole forests we can only imagine. Perhaps the best conjecture is that the forests were submerged and affected by a flood of siliceous waters from the geysers. After prostration the trees were covered by showers of volcanic ashes, now changed to a soft sandstone.

The best known of these forests is one discovered by Dr. Hovey twenty years ago near the Southern Pacific Railway in Arizona. Until recently it has not been accessible to the general public, but now whoever will take the trouble may see these acres of stone timber prostrated as with the besom of destruction. He visited the spot about two years ago, and found that a company had been organized to pulverize the stone trees for purposes of commerce. We quite agree with the essayist that the general government, so careful of other forests on the national domain, ought to protect this marvel of the ages.—*Zion's Herald*.

## CARRIER PIGEONS IN WAR.

SINCE the success of the carrier pigeon service during the siege of Paris in 1870-71, European governments have given considerable attention to the rearing and training of pigeons. In France, according to Lieutenant-Colonel De Rochas, most of the fortresses now contain dove-cotes, and forty-seven departments have private societies for pigeons in the country, being about one hundred thousand, Paris alone having eight thousand trained and ten thousand untrained.

In Germany there are about twenty military pigeon stations, and in 1888 there were seventy-eight private societies, with fifty-two thousand two hundred and forty carrier pigeons. In Italy there are dove-cotes at twenty-three military stations. Spain has a very complete system of pigeon service, dove-cotes having been established at eighteen stations, the greatest distance between any two designed to communicate directly being from Madrid to Malaga, two hundred and forty miles.

In Portugal there are fourteen stations; in Russia, five stations, that at Brest-Litowsk having one thousand pigeons; in Switzerland, four stations; in Austria, two stations, and several projected ones, considerable govern-

ment encouragement being given also to private trainers. Sweden has one station; Denmark, a private society in twelve sections; Belgium, many private trainers, with an estimated total of more than six hundred thousand pigeons. Holland has a regular pigeon postal service between Java and Sumatra, and England a number of cotes in garrisoned cities.—*The Graphic*.

## A BRIDGE OF AGATE.

WONDERFUL stories are told of the West, with its mammoth geysers, petrified trees, brilliantly-colored rocks, springs of mineral paint, and gems to be picked up by the chance traveler. A miner who has been prospecting in Arizona claims to have found a natural bridge which surpasses the famous one in Virginia. It is nothing less than a bridge of agate crossing a canyon forty-five feet in width. The agate bridge seems once to have been a tree trunk, which hardened to such a degree that when even the sandstone that afterward surrounded it was finally washed away by the little stream that scooped out the canyon, the tree remained—an agate bridge over the chasm.—*Harper's Young People*.

IF we do but little, we love but little.

THE man who thinks wrong does wrong.

No good deed will be left without reward.

HE who has no trials has no fellowship with Christ.

SATAN has a mortgage on every one who is not fully consecrated to God.

GOD's business is not safe in the hands of him who has no business of his own.

THE gospel is not the power of God unto salvation for us, except we believe it.

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