

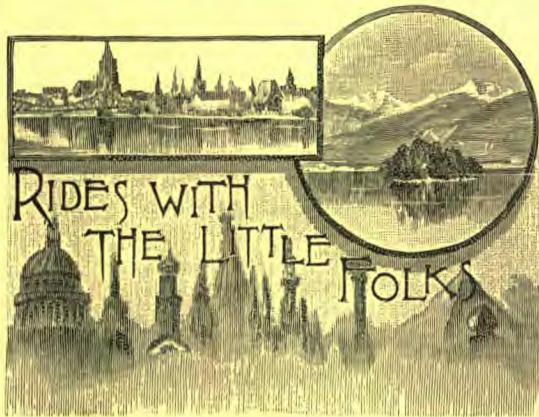
THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH!

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THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

PART II.—THE FALLS.

THE highest waterfall in the world is the Yosemite Fall. The entire descent of this fall is two thousand five hundred and fifty feet. It is divided into three distinct divisions,—the upper, the middle, and the lower. The upper fall is a straight shoot of one thousand five hundred feet. The middle fall is a series of cascades descending about six hundred and twenty-six feet. The lower fall is a straight plunge of four hundred feet. At the beginning of the upper fall the river is about thirty-four feet wide. The water in its downward course catches the air in its fall, and then strikes a ledge of rock projecting from the mountain



VERNAL FALLS.

side. This produces an explosion, which sounds like peals of thunder, or heavy cannonading in the distance. Late in the season the river gets so low that tourists may go behind the upper fall with safety. A trail runs up to the top of the fall. It is a grand sight to go

up to the end of this trail, and look down into the valley. Horses in the valley appear to be the size of sheep.

Bridal Vail is the first fall to greet the eyes of the tourist on entering the valley. The water here takes a plunge of six hundred feet, and is about forty feet wide at the top. There is a strong current of wind coming in from behind the fall, which strikes the foamy sheet of water, and makes overlapping folds in its downward course, thus causing it to resemble at a distance the soft, filmy folds of a veil. A beautiful rainbow may be seen in the spray of the fall about four o'clock in the afternoon.

The Sentinel Fall is on the same side of the valley as the Bridal Vail Fall—the south side. It takes its name from the Sentinel Rocks close by. Toward summer the stream that feeds this fall generally disappears.

The Ribbon Fall is on the north side of the valley, above Bridal Vail Fall. It has an almost vertical descent of two thousand feet, and then makes a further bouncing descent of over a thousand feet. Late in the season this fall nearly disappears.

The Royal Arch Fall is on the north side of the valley. The fall is fed by melting snows around the North Dome. It is a small stream flowing smoothly over an immense projecting rounded ledge of rock, and makes a fall of two thousand five hundred feet. This fall disappears early in summer.

The Nevada Fall has a descent of six hundred feet, and is at the head of the valley. There are water rockets that shoot out from the main body of water, and break near the bottom. Professor Whitney says that is the grandest waterfall in the world. Half way between the Vernal and the Nevada Fall is a bridge that crosses the river. Between the bridge and the Nevada Fall is the Diamond Cascade, so called because the water in its descent strikes huge rocks, and is thrown into the air, and breaks into crystal drops of various sizes.

Vernal Fall is about two miles below Nevada Fall, and is about eighty feet wide at the top. The Merced at this point falls about three hundred and fifty feet. Just before the water falls, the river expands, and bears the appropriate name of Emerald Pool. A little farther up the stream the river-bed is so smooth that the

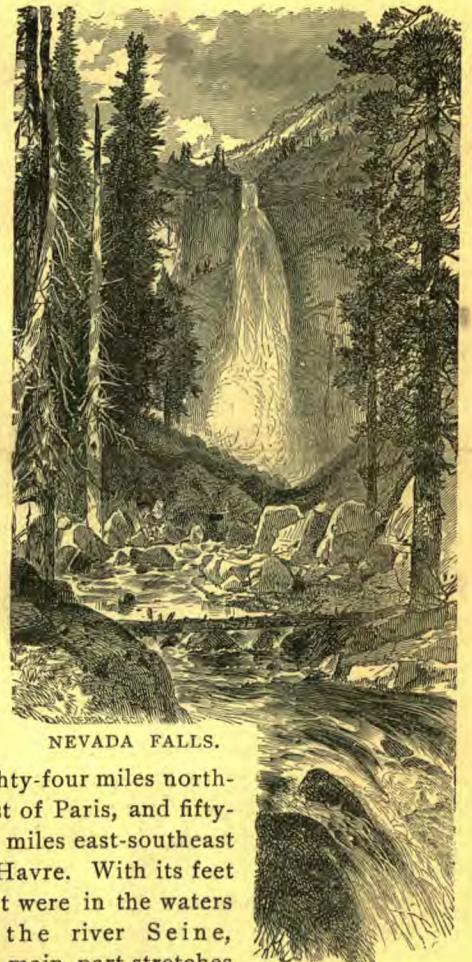
water presents a smooth surface for a short distance, and is given the name of Silver Apron.

Cascade Fall is at the extreme lower end of the valley, and is about five hundred feet high.

DOULY GRAY.

THE GREAT CLOCK AT ROUEN.

BEFORE we come to speak of this marvel of skill and durability, we will cast a glance at the city and environments where this great curiosity is kept. Rouen, formerly Rotomagos (the Rotomagus of the Latins) is poetically located on the right bank of the Seine,



NEVADA FALLS.

eighty-four miles north-west of Paris, and fifty-six miles east-southeast of Havre. With its feet as it were in the waters of the river Seine, the main part stretches out upon the slope facing

the south, in full view of this beautiful stream, which describes right here most graceful curves, meandering through vast and eververdant meadows, and flowing gently downward until it reaches the sea. Rouen is a place of great antiquity, and existed before the conquest of Gaul by the Romans, who gave it the name Rotomagus. Viewed from the adjoining heights, no provincial town in all France presents a more magnificent aspect.

In the ninth century it was pillaged by the Normans, who made it their capital. After the Norman Conquest, it long continued in the possession of the English, who finally lost it in 1449, just eighteen years after the inhuman sacrifice of Joan of Arc, or the Maid of Orleans. Its extensive manufacturing industries make Rouen the Manchester of France.

Its cathedral is a vast and imposing structure, with its front flanked by two lofty towers, and almost covered with images and sculptures. Its interior is four hundred and thirty-five feet long, one hundred and four feet broad, and eighty-nine and one-half feet high. The choir

has on its pavement small lozenge-shaped tablets of marble, marking the spots where the heart of Richard Cœur-de-Lion (the lion-hearted) and the bodies of his brother Henry and his uncle Geoffroy Plantagenet were interred. There are other public buildings of vast dimensions, such as the archbishop's palace, the court-house, etc., etc. In the Place de la Pucelle is a monument erected to the Maid of Orleans, on the spot where the heroine was committed to the flames at the age of twenty, May 31, 1431, amidst the clamors of assembled thousands before whom she was quickly consumed to ashes, dying with the name of Jesus upon her lips. Cornelle, Fontenelle, and other eminent men were born in this city.

Rouen has several suburbs, of which St. Sever, on the left bank of the Seine, is the most extensive, being largely composed of manufacturing establishments and smelting works whose lofty chimneys seem to wish to rival the towers, pyramids, and steeples on the opposite bank, where, surmounting the altitude of the somber cathedral, we see the singular spectacle of a railroad toward the sky. A series of lovely hills in the immediate environments hang like a grand necklace as it were about the city and its annexes of suburbs and villages. Up the stream, on the left, as we face the east, are the picturesque yet pointed, high, and menacing rocks of St. Catherine, running out to the very border of the Seine; on these borders the valley of Darnetal, enriched by two little water-courses. In the west, and as it were a side-piece to this valley, lies the charming vale of Bapaume, aggrandizing the Seine with the waters of its brilliant and large river.

All these waters, be it as fertilizers, as sources of motive power, or as in the case of the Seine itself, as a maritime highway, compose in a large measure the hidden means whence grew the wealth and prosperity of Rouen for many generations. During the last century its growth has been no less marked. Its population—largely of ancient Norman stock—according to the census of 1891 was one hundred and twelve thousand three hundred and fifty-two; but no doubt the actual population now is considerably more. But to come to its clock.

This masterly mechanism is said to be the most ancient if not also the most beautiful in the world. For the last five hundred years it has been in service, never once stopping or in any way getting out of order, some trifling repairs excepted. It is the work of a skilful native artist, Jehan de Felins, whose history has been preserved to us through the thoughtfulness of another, a skilled watchmaker, M. Hainaut, of the same city.

Although the latter may have been equally skilful, and was surely more learned and ad-

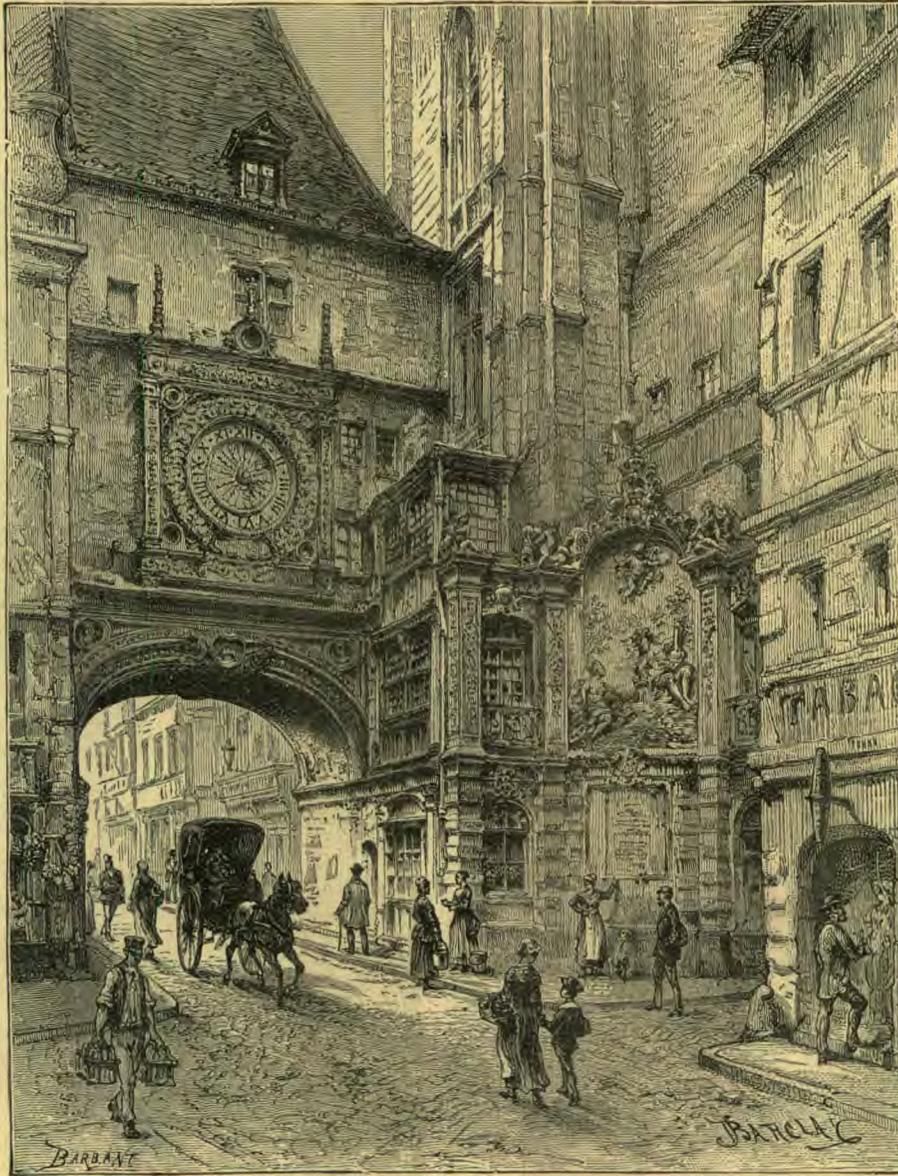
vanced in his art, the time-piece of Jehan de Felins is none the less a marvel of solid and delicate workmanship. During five centuries it has not undergone more than one single modification, which was a compensation pendulum, attached more than a century after Galileo discovered the isochronism of the same. This improvement was not introduced until the year 1712, but it did not involve any other change in the ancient mechanism. One single part only has suffered, and this is the rope chain connecting the hands with that portion of the wheelwork which causes the former to move on the dial. But this rope chain was not the work of Jehan de Felins; it belongs to a much later epoch.

"This clock," says M. Hainaut, "does not seem to become worn out in any way. It runs uninterruptedly, when all the rest from the

doubtedly not to be compared for either skill or scientific attainments with the manufacturers of chronometers and other instruments of precision, in our own time; but he shows us what one may achieve even though deprived of extensive knowledge or unusual advantages, by working thoughtfully, thoroughly, and perseveringly. For this clock, which is altogether in primitive style, has now been running over five hundred years with precision and without showing any wear of the machinery whatever. Its wheelwork still looks new, and might yet run a number of centuries more, and that, as Mr. Hainaut says, "in such a way that this, the most ancient tower clock in all France, will also be found to be the youngest and the most durable as to service, even after having existed so long already."

In closing we may add that the watchmaker Lepaute (1709-1789), who has posed before the world as the first inventor of horizontal time-pieces, is simply deceived; for Jehan de Felins had practically carried out the same principle more than four hundred years previously.

A. K.



THE GREAT CLOCK IN ROUEN.

same period of time are no more." What sad and what glorious hours did this clock chronicle! Its imposing wheelworks had revolved about forty-two years when Joan of Arc was burned at the stake, for which shameful deed its hands, alas, may have given the signal.

Some few of its wheels are more than a meter (39.36 inches) in diameter. They are of brilliant steel, and highly polished in places. M. Hainaut thinks that in spite of its great age it is very likely yet to survive the greater part of modern clocks.

The authentic history of this time-piece is known to-day down to the most wearisome details, and a list is kept of those watchmakers who successively had the care of it, from the inventor, Jehan de Felins, down to the present actual keeper, covering about twenty names in all.

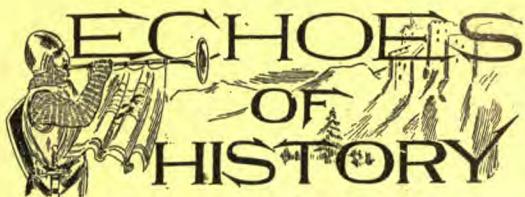
This Jehan or Jean (John) de Felins is un-

favorable result. According to their report, a ton of quartz contains from twelve to forty-eight grams, with an average of twenty grams. Further experiments on a larger basis have proved the quartzes of this mine and the ancient ore rubbish can be mined easily and cheaply by means of amalgamation, netting an average gain of eighty-seven per cent of the above-mentioned analysis. It sounds almost incredible that in many parts of Portugal there are immense mounds of ore rubbish,—quartzes left from ancient antimony mines, and containing paying quantities of gold, which have been lying undisturbed for centuries.—*Chicago Tribune*.

It is the feeling of fictitious power which is engendered by the use of stimulants which no doubt inclines so many to have recourse to them.—*S. W. Sibley*.

A GOLD-MINE IN PORTUGAL.

A SHORT time ago an old deserted gold-mine was discovered in the central part of Portugal. It was thought at first the mine was exhausted, but the experts of a Berlin firm who had bought the property, found, after careful examination, that this was not the case. The mine was worked in the first and second centuries after Christ by the Romans then occupying Lusitania, the present Portugal, and was deserted by them for some unknown reason before being exhausted. The mine contains rich quartzes which compare in quality with those of the Transvaal, but can be mined at much less cost. The first assay by the German experts, supported by those of the royal mining academy in Berlin, showed a surprisingly



THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

NO. 3.—THE PHAROS OF ALEXANDRIA.

OFF the wave-kissed shore of historic Egypt lies a rocky islet whose name and fame have survived the shifting scenes of buried centuries. Many of the works of man are doomed to perish in oblivion; but here and there something has been achieved which, although it might yield to the disintegrating forces of nature, was destined to be remembered by succeeding generations till the end of time.

During the brilliant career of Alexander the Great, his name was rendered still more conspicuous by the founding of a city which was called Alexandria, in honor of the great conqueror himself. In the autumn of 332 B. C. the original city was located on the lowlands, about fourteen miles west of the Canopic mouth of the Nile. The architect, Dinocrates, designed the plan of the city, which was at first about four miles long and fifteen miles in circumference. The two main streets were straight, and crossed each other at right angles in the center of the city. These streets were adorned with colonnades. In the most prosperous days of Alexandria, many grand edifices added to her splendor and magnificence. There were the palaces of the Ptolemies, the temple of Serapis, the museum, the library, the theater, the mausoleum of Alexander the Great, etc.

It was a common custom in Alexandria to construct subterranean cisterns under the houses. In fact, it is said that the water supply thus secured was sufficient to meet the demands of the entire population for a whole year. During the city's greatest prosperity, the population, including free citizens, strangers, and slaves, was perhaps six hundred thousand or more. Next to Rome and Antioch, it was "the most magnificent city of antiquity, as well as the chief seat of Grecian learning and literature, which spread thence over the greater part of the ancient world." After the death of Alexander the Great, the Ptolemies here founded their residence.

In front of this magnificent city, nestling amid the restless waves of the Mediterranean Sea, lay the little isle of Pharos, which was connected with the city by the Heptastadium, or seven-furlong mole. This mole formed the division between the two harbors of the city, and extending along its entire length a street was finally constructed; and thus the island became a suburb of the city. It remained for Ptolemy I, son of Lagus, to begin upon that picturesque spot in the sea a work which was destined to win the rare title of one of the seven wonders of the world. He encouraged science, literature, and art, and was the founder of Alexandria's great museum and famous library. He also sought to increase the commerce of the city, and through his efforts Alexandria became the great mart of the Mediterranean. On the northeast point of the island of Pharos, in full view of the flourishing city, Ptolemy located his famous lighthouse, the wonder of the world. It was probably about four hundred feet high, and was built of white marble. From its imposing summit a light was kept constantly burning, which was visible for about forty miles. This marvel of architecture was not completed till about three years after Ptolemy's death, in 280 B. C. It

withstood the ravages of time for many centuries, lasting through a period of about sixteen hundred years.

How many of the boys and girls of the INSTRUCTOR family can draw a valuable lesson from the ever-luminous Pharos of Alexandria? Is it not possible for us to shed rays of light to guide the wandering ones into the harbor of safety? Read what Jesus says in Matt. 5: 14-16.

MRS. M. A. LOFER.

A POOR BOY WHO ROSE.

NOT merely rose early in the morning—though doubtless he did that;—but he rose in life, in power, in the hearts of his countrymen.

William Cobbett, the popular English leader of the first thirty-five years of our century, was able to declare that he could not remember the time when he did not earn his own living. Yet he never for a moment lost sight of his purpose to learn. The beginning of that ambition was somewhat unusual.

When he was eleven years old, he was working in the gardens of the Bishop of Winchester, and one of the workmen, fresh from Kew Gardens, so delighted the lad with descriptions of their splendor, that he determined to see them.

Next morning he started for Kew, with a sixpence half-penny in his pocket. When he arrived at Richmond, he had threepence left for supper and lodging. He suddenly came upon a little volume in a bookseller's window, the "Tale of a Tub," price threepence, and he went in and bought it. He read it sitting on a haystack, and as he says of the occurrence: "It produced what I have always considered a birth of intellect."

In the morning he went on to Kew, and found work. The "Tale of a Tub" became his most cherished possession; and when it was lost with a box which fell overboard in the Bay of Fundy, he wrote: "The loss gave me greater pain than I have ever felt at losing thousands of pounds."

Another experience, when he was a private soldier, seems very hard. Then he was actually hungry, as only fourpence a day for food could be saved out of the allowance of sixpence, which had to serve also for washing, clothes, pipe-clay, and hair powder.

"The whole week's food," he said, "was not a bit too much for one day."

For pocket money there remained twopence a week, but one day he had managed to save a halfpenny, and he determined to buy a red herring the very next morning. That night, however, he discovered that his halfpenny was lost.

"I buried my head under the sheet," he wrote nearly fifty years after, "and cried like a child."

Yet during this entire year he was reading all the books he could procure from a neighboring library, and studying and writing amid the brawling and laughter of a dozen idle soldiers.—*Selected.*

OLDEST OF BANK NOTES.

AMONG the curiosities obtained by the British Museum there is none so interesting as a Chinese bank note of the Ming dynasty, about 1368. No earlier example is known to be extant. It is, however, a comparatively modern specimen for China, although it was not till three hundred years after its issue that bank notes were used in Europe.

THE means with which we do good to others bring the best and highest good to ourselves.

THE CULMINATION OF GREEK ART.

IT begins with the clearer and more glorious sunlight—the illustrious period of Phidias, Myron, and Polycletus. The application of the art had begun to have a wider scope, for we find demi-gods, divine men, representations of the Graces, Hours, and Fates; horses, lions, and other beasts.

Calamis, thought to have lived about the fifth century B. C., was noted for his incomparable horses. His masterpiece in human figures was the statue of Sosandra, on the Acropolis of Athens.

Pythagoras's limping "Philoktes," says Cheney, "made the beholder feel the pain of the wound."

Myron, considered third of his day, executed works of no mean order. Of his works ancient writers have said that "the breath seems to rest upon the lips." His cow was so natural that it would have been an excusable mistake for the maid to attempt milking her.

Polycletus was also a great master of the Argos school. His was the discovery of the principle "that the weight of the body should rest more on one foot than on the other, in order that the different actions of the muscles should give variety to the statue."

Venus of Milo, the finest female statue in the world, demonstrates the masterly skill of Scopas, of whose statues it is said, "They were full of enthusiasm, motion, and action. They were of the Parian stone, but it seemed to become yielding in his hands; the hair played in the wind in fine locks, the hands seemed to move, and a goat which was brought to sacrifice was ready to shout for joy."

Venus of Cnidos was the masterpiece of Praxiteles, and yet we might mention the eulogy on his statue of Niobe: "From a living being the gods made me a stone; from a stone Praxiteles made me again a living being." He stood supreme for beauty, as Phidias did for grandeur.

Great as these masterpieces were, there were still greater.

Phidias, son of Archimides, as if not satisfied at the giddy and defiant height to which Greek art had ascended, proposed to cap the cap-stone. To him is accorded the enviable position of first place in the file of Greek artists; his Athena and Zeus hold aloft their own in majestic dignity, being the most superb creations of unsurpassable craftsmanship.

On a statue of Jupiter, in Olympia, it is said: "Either the god came from heaven to earth to show his form, or thou, Phidias, didst go to heaven to see the god."

His Minerva Medica, his Parthenon, and others, all express a skill defiant and severe.

Nor was art confined only to a favored few, or to a small section of the country; for there were schools of art in Attica, in Peloponnesus, in Messene, in Thebes, in Argos, in Rhodes, and elsewhere. "Lanzi counts one hundred and seventy thousand statues and antiquities at Rome. Rhodes alone furnished three thousand, and three or four hundred repetitions of a single subject were not uncommon."

Taking into account the ruthless despoiling by barbarians, Romans, Turks, and pirates, and bearing in mind how every excavation brings some additional relic, it would not be easy to overestimate the number of contributions to the altar of Grecian art.

The ancients counted seven wonders, the greatest of which was Greek art. We may add another,—the wonder that this seventh wonder has never been equaled! P. GIDDINGS.

HE only is good who wills the good.—*Kant.*



THE LOVE OF GOD.

Like a cradle rocking, rocking,
 Silent, peaceful, to and fro,
 Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
 On the little face below,—
 Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,
 Jarless, noiseless, safe, and slow;
 Falls the light of God's face bending
 Down, and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer,
 Toss and cry, and will not rest,
 Are the ones the tender mother
 Holds the closest, loves the best,—
 So when we are weak and wretched,
 By our sins weighed down, distressed,
 Then it is that God's great patience
 Holds us closest, loves us best.

O great Heart of God! whose loving
 Cannot hindered be, nor crossed;
 Will not weary, will not even
 In our death itself be lost,—
 Love divine! of such great loving
 Only mothers know the cost,—
 Cost of love, which, all love passing,
 Gave a Son to save the lost.

—Saxe Holm.

1 JOHN 4:4.

GREATER than all, our beautiful Jesus
 Dwelleth within us, both willing and strong;
 Nothing can harm us, for he overcometh;
 Keepeth us safe from temptation and wrong.

MRS. F. A. REYNOLDS.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

“BLESSED are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward *in heaven*.”

The people of God shall live with Christ in heaven a thousand years (Rev. 20:4) until the holy city comes down upon the earth. Rev. 20:9; 21:2. Immortality and eternal glory will be given them when Jesus comes. Then shall they sing with the angels of God in the Father's house. “God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.” In this blessed hope we rejoice now, not only when everything goes well, but also when we have to suffer for Jesus's sake.

“Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom. Sell that ye have, and give alms; provide yourselves bags which wax not old, a treasure *in the heavens* that faileth not, where no thief approacheth, neither moth corrupteth. For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.” Luke 12:32-34.

What a glorious promise to those who fear God, and who give themselves and all that they have into his hands! If you do that, you do not need to fear when others ridicule you and speak evil of you. You need not fear when they hate you and persecute you. They cannot touch a hair on your head without the will of your heavenly Father. Holy angels guard you, and protect you in every danger. Only hold on to our dear Saviour, and he will give you a place in the kingdom of glory in spite of all the opposition of Satan and the world.

Jesus has said, “I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.” Heb. 13:5. How often he has kept you in danger, and kept your lamp burning in hours of darkness. He reaches out

to you his strong arm. Take it, and never let go your hold of him. Then he will be your rod and your staff, even when you walk through the valley of the shadow of death. Ps. 23:4.

But if you want a treasure in heaven, you must not cleave to earthly treasures. Do not put your trust in worldly riches. Do not live in luxury and idleness, while you forget the poor and fatherless. “Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again.” Luke 6:38. Jesus says, Sell, and give alms; and he promises a reward in heaven. By every self-denial for others, you lay up a treasure in heaven. There we behold the crown of glory shining brighter than the sun; the white raiment, whiter than the snow, brighter than the light of the day. There you may shine in glory with the heavenly hosts, and walk with Jesus.

“For our conversation [Greek, *citizenship*] is *in heaven*; from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ: who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body.” Phil. 3:20, 21.

We are citizens of the heavenly city when we are born from above by the truth and Spirit of God. What a high and glorious calling to be citizens of heaven, sons and daughters of the heavenly Jerusalem! Gal. 4:26. God will be their God, and they shall be his people. 2 Cor. 6:16.

“We give thanks to God and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, praying always for you, . . . for the hope which is laid up for you *in heaven*.” Col. 1:3, 5.

We are really thankful to God that he even in these last days has a little flock who, having received the word of God, have their hope in heaven. God has in tender mercy looked to us as a people, and Jesus himself will lead us until there shall be one flock, one shepherd. The hidden manna is laid up in heaven, and he that overcomes shall eat of it. There is also a white stone which Jesus will give him that overcomes, and a new name. Rev. 2:17.

To the early Christians the apostle wrote, “For ye had compassion of me in my bonds, and took joyfully the spoiling of your goods, knowing in yourselves that ye have *in heaven* a better and an enduring substance.” Heb. 10:34.

Behold how the Christians in the days of the apostles with joy suffered persecution for the truth's sake. Not a few of our brethren have lately also suffered persecution. How good it is to be their companions and fellow-believers. Shall not we gladly receive the truth of God, and count it more precious than much fine gold? What are the riches and honor of this world?—Nothing but glittering bubbles, that glide away and are not easily caught, and in the hands of him who does catch them, they break sooner or later. How much better is the heavenly substance? It is enduring as eternity.

“To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God.” Rev. 2:7. The tree of life is in the city of God, by the river of water of life, which, clear as crystal, proceeds out of the throne of God and the Lamb. Rev. 22:1, 2. And the throne of God is *in heaven*. Rev. 4:2.

THE true lover of Christ is always willing to follow him at his own expense, but he never has to do it.

THE HEAVENLY INHERITANCE.

“BLESSED be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy has begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved *in heaven* for you, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time.” 1 Peter 1:3-5.

A living hope is an active hope,—a hope which gives comfort and strength, joy and peace. Through faith in Jesus, in his death and resurrection, we obtain this hope—a firm assurance and a heart-felt longing for the eternal inheritance.

The inheritance is incorruptible. The crown of immortality shall shine forever on the brow of the saved. The cold embrace of death shall never chill the heart any more. The dim eyes and lifeless form shall no more cause the tears to flow from the eyes of bereaved mothers, nor tear asunder the tender cords of friendship and love. Immortal inheritance! Glorious crown of life! Thy heavenly glory charms my soul!

The inheritance is undefiled. Sin can never pollute the pure white garments. Troubled heart, yonder is eternal rest and peace for you. Here Satan opposes, the world troubles, temptations assail us, but there is eternal, undisturbed peace in the kingdom of heaven. There the Prince of Peace leads his people unto living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. Rev. 7:17.

The heavenly inheritance can never fade. Here the cold winter comes with ice and snow. The green forests fade, the flowers of the field wither. The beauty of the whole earth shall pass away like an old, worn garment. The dark night of tribulation is near, the last time of trouble is at hand. And that will be a trouble greater than this poor earth has ever seen before. Like a bitter cold winter it will close the year of probation. Night cometh, but also the morning. The eternal morning is beyond the night. That brings an inheritance that fadeth not away. The eternal flowers in God's paradise can never fade.

O world, how dark thou art! Depart from my soul with thy fading glory. Come near, O Jesus! Fill my soul with thy heavenly treasures. Keep me by faith unto that glorious salvation, which is to be revealed in the last time.

J. G. MATTESON.

THE CRIMSON TIDE.

A POOR fisherman's wife came to the minister with her hands full of sand, saying: “Do you see? O, my sins, my sins!—as the sands of the seashore for multitude, as the sands of the seashore!”

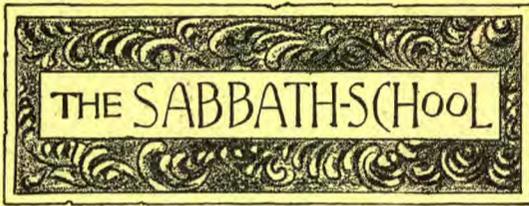
“Where did you get it?” asked he.

“Down by the beacon.”

“Go down by the beacon, and dig up a pile of sand as high as ever you can,” said the minister, “and wait for the tide to come in.”

She went down by the beacon, and heaped up the sand.

She watched the waves as they crept higher and higher and swept over her pile of sand, and it was gone; then she clapped her hands for joy. It was a pantomime of the glorious gospel. The tide, the crimson tide, rolls in, which taketh away the sins of the world. “It cleanseth me, it cleanseth me! O, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me!”—*The Sailors' Magazine*.



EVENING SHADOWS.

THE course of day is almost run
When shadows fall ere set of sun.
While sunbeams linger to depart,
In pensive mood we oftentimes ask,
Have I to-day fulfilled my task,
Or cheered some sad and fainting heart?

So when life's day is almost o'er,
Its setting sun shall rise no more;
The night of death is drawing near;
Then fain would we with all our powers,
Improve the past and misspent hours,
Ere we before God's bar appear.

Then early in life's morn arise,
And seek to gain the lasting prize;
Ere life's swift-passing moments fly,
And evening shades shall spread their
gloom,
May Hope's bright beams our way illumine
To mansions fair beyond the sky.

There, in that land of sweet repose,
The gates of morning ne'er shall close,
But constant is the heavenly ray,
Where comes no shade nor gloomy pall;
There evening shadows never fall;
No twilights dim those realms of day.

JONATHAN SPENCE.

ASK God to give thee skill
In comfort's art,
That thou mayst consecrated be
And set apart
Unto a life of sympathy.
For heavy is the weight of ill
In every heart;
And comforters are needed much
Of Christlike touch.

— Selected.

LESSON 9.—THE TIME OF THE JUDGMENT.

(March 2, 1895.)

MEMORY VERSES.— Dan. 8 : 14; 9 : 24.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.—1. Read attentively the eighth and ninth chapters of Daniel, noticing particularly verses 14, 16, and 27 of chapter eight, and verses 21, 22, and 25 of chapter nine. 2. Read the chapters again, giving careful thought to the following points: Who was commissioned to explain the vision to Daniel? Did Gabriel not make a very clear explanation, so far as he went? Verse 25. Did he make it all plain? Verse 27. Did he explain the twenty-three hundred days? 3. Notice that the part of the vision relating to the twenty-three hundred days is the very part that was to be shut up for a time. The Revised Version makes this clear as it gives the literal translation of verses 14 and 26: "Unto two thousand and three hundred evenings and mornings." Verse 14. "The vision of the evenings and mornings which hath been told is true; but shut thou up the vision, for it belongeth to many days." Verse 26. Is it not clear that verse 26 points back to verse 14? The expression "two thousand and three hundred evenings and mornings" means twenty-three hundred days, and if the same principle had been employed in translating verse 26, it would have read, "The vision of the days . . . is true." The connection between verses 14 and 26 would then have been plain. Daniel did not then understand concerning the twenty-three hundred days, because Gabriel had not explained them; yet Gabriel had been commissioned to explain the whole vision, and to make Daniel understand it. Did he ever do so? 4. Now read Dan. 9:20-23: "The man Gabriel,"—is this the same angel who had been commissioned to cause Daniel to understand the vision?—"whom I had seen in the vision at the beginning." What vision? "Understand the matter, and consider the vision." What vision? "Seventy weeks are determined upon thy people." Then are the seventy weeks, or four hundred and ninety days, part of the twenty-three hundred days? Do they begin together? Do they both begin with the commandment to restore and build Jerusalem? These points should be dwelt upon till it is clearly seen that the ninth chapter of Daniel is a supplement to chapter

eight, supplying just what was omitted there, or rather, taking up the explanation where the eighth chapter leaves off.

1. AT what period of the world's history must the judgment take place? (See note 1.)
2. What is God's appointment concerning it? Acts 17 : 31. (See note 2.)
3. When was the judgment work to begin? Dan. 8 : 14. (See note 3.)
4. In connection with what vision was the vision of the twenty-three hundred days given? Verses 1, 2.
5. What symbols were shown Daniel? Verses 3, 5, 9.
6. What question led to the giving of this great prophetic period? Verse 13.
7. Who asked this question, and of whom?
8. To whom was the answer given? Verse 14.
9. What commission was given to Gabriel? Verses 15, 16.
10. To what time did he say the vision reached? Verses 17, 19.
11. What were the symbols explained to be? Verses 20-25.
12. What effect did the vision have upon Daniel, and how did he regard it? Verse 27.
13. What portion had been left unexplained?
14. Upon what portion of the vision was Daniel's mind afterward exercised? Dan. 9 : 2.
15. To what did he evidently think the time referred? Verses 2, 16, 17.
16. What did he do? Verses 3-19.
17. How was his prayer answered? Verses 20, 21.
18. What did Gabriel say to Daniel? Verses 22, 23.
19. To what vision must he have referred?
20. On what part does he begin in explaining it? Verse 24.
21. What does he say?
22. Of what, then, must the seventy weeks form a part? (See note 4.)
23. What kind of time is used in symbolic prophecy? *Ans.*—Prophetic time.
24. What is the Scripture rule for reckoning prophetic time? Num. 14 : 33, 34; Eze. 4 : 4-6.
25. What was to take place during the seventy weeks? Dan. 9 : 24. (See note 5.)
26. To what people is reference made in this verse?

NOTES.

1. In the very nature of things judgment must follow a time of probation. God's judgment of this world must, therefore, come at the close of its history. This is also evident when we remember that the influence of a man's deeds continues after his death, and will continue till the close of probation, when the decree goes forth which is found in Rev. 22 : 11. His influence will, therefore, be considered in the judgment, because it is a result of his work. Eccl. 12 : 13, 14.
2. The day of judgment is not to be understood as a day of twenty-four hours. The Scriptures speak of the day of the Lord (Joel 2 : 1, 11), and the day of salvation. 2 Cor. 6 : 2. These are long periods of time, and the day of judgment which God has appointed involves work that extends over a period of many years, as the Bible plainly teaches.
3. We have already found that the cleansing of the sanctuary is a work of judgment. Hence when the Lord reveals the time when the cleansing of the sanctuary is to take place, he reveals the time when the judgment is to begin.
4. As the angel began on the subject of time when he came to Daniel to explain the vision, the seventy weeks must form a part of the time mentioned in the vision. And as the in-

struction concerning the seventy weeks would not aid in any way in locating the beginning of the twenty-three hundred days unless they were to begin at the same time, we are held to the conclusion that the two periods coincide at their commencement. "Seventy weeks are determined," literally, "cut off." (See "Sanctuary and Its Cleansing," chapter 6.)

5. "To finish the transgression,"—that is, to fill up the cup of Israel's iniquity. This condition was reached at the first advent of Christ. Matt. 23 : 29-38. "To make an end of sins."—This Christ did, in the sense of the prophecy, by making provision for putting away sin by the sacrifice of himself. Heb. 9 : 26. "To make reconciliation for iniquity."—This was done by Christ's taking upon himself the penalty of sin, that the law might be honored and the transgressor reconciled to God. 1 Cor. 15 : 3. "To bring in everlasting righteousness"—the righteousness of God, which was seen in the spotless life of Jesus Christ, and which is given to every believer. Rom. 3 : 21-25. "To seal up the vision and prophecy."—Evidently the words "seal up" are used in the sense of making sure instead of making secret. The seventy weeks were given to explain the vision, and not to darken it; to reveal truth, and not to cover it. They test every theory and view that is advanced concerning the twenty-three hundred days. They expose every false application, and make sure the true one. This will appear when its divisions are considered. Dan. 9 : 25-27. "To anoint the Most Holy."—The earthly sanctuary was to be anointed before the ministration in it could begin. Ex. 30 : 25-30. So, after the death of Christ, he ascended to heaven to minister as our High Priest in the sanctuary, preparatory to which, according to the type, it would be anointed.

DO NOT NEGLECT THE CHILDREN.

MUCH is said from time to time with regard to the children in the home and at school, but little mention is made with respect to them in the Sabbath-school. I say, Do not neglect the children in the Sabbath-school. They are the best material with which to build up the school, if they are given an opportunity to do something.

The young minds are easily influenced; and if a little interest is awakened in them, they will readily respond, and help to make the Sabbath-school what it should be.

Great possibilities are before the children; and I believe it is our duty, as officers of the Sabbath-school, to help to make their lives lives of usefulness.

We often see the children, during a review, playing, or doing something of that sort, being uninterested in what is taking place; and can we blame them? they have no voice in the exercises, in many cases.

Let me suggest that occasionally a review, especially for the children, be given, and I assure you they will take a lively interest in the lessons that are before them, and thus they will have planted in their hearts the principles of truth. I have been in Sabbath-schools where this works well, and it was pleasing to see the little ones eager to tell what was in the lesson.

Christ said (Mark 10 : 14), "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God."

Try it; it will be a blessing to the older ones as well as to the children, and the Sabbath-school cannot help but be interesting and grow.

C. H. CASTLE.



DOLLY'S LESSON.

COME here, you 'nigoramus !
I'm 'shamed to have to 'fess
You do n't know any letter
'Cept just your cookie S.

Now listen, and I'll tell you :
This round hole's name is O ;
And when you put a tail in,
It makes it Q, you know.

And if it has a front door
To walk in at, it's C.
Then make a seat right here
To sit on, and it's G.

And this tall letter, dolly,
Is I, and stands for me ;
And when it puts a hat on,
It makes a cup o' T.

And curly I is J, dear,
And half of B is P ;
And E without his slippers on
Is only F, you see !

You turn A upside downwards
And people call it V ;
And if it's twins, like this one,
W 't will be.

Now, dolly, when you learn 'em,
You'll know a great big heap —
'Most 's much 's I — O dolly !
I b'lieve you've gone asleep !

— Adapted.

BE KIND TO ONE ANOTHER.

THINK you kindness dwells alone
Where wealth and beauty act their part ?
Then you mistake ; for oft is found
'Neath coat of rags a loving heart.

And lest, on those less blest than we,
We let unkindly judgment fall,
That we are brothers, ne'er forget ;
And God, our Father, loves us all.

— Selected.

HARVEY'S CHOICE.

HARVEY JAMES and Clarence Field were firm friends. They attended the same school. It was difficult to decide which was the better scholar. They were both talented and refined. The tender love and consideration they had for each other was indeed beautiful to behold ; it reminded one of Jonathan and David. But finally the time came when they must separate. The graduation exercises were concluded, and the young men left school with honors. Now they must go out in the great lonely world to earn their living.

Clarence and Harvey differed somewhat in their opinions, especially upon the temperance question. Harvey was strictly temperate, while Clarence would indulge in an occasional glass of soda or cider. Harvey would often say, "Clarence, I wish you were a strict temperance man." Clarence usually replied, "I do not think it will hurt me. Thank you for your advice ; I know you have given it in kindness."

"Papa says most people use those things ; but a Christian should not do so, as the habit often leads to a worse form of intemperance." But in vain did his faithful friend and companion warn him.

Clarence was called to fill a position in a large drug store. Harvey chose a life of poverty and toil by giving himself in his best years wholly to the service of his Master. He became a missionary — not to a foreign land, but he labored for the fallen in a large city of

his native country. His life-work served to show him the folly of intemperance, and the wisdom of his good father, who had fallen asleep in Jesus. His mother he could not remember, as she had died when he was a child.

But what of Clarence Field? what was he doing with the talents God had intrusted to his care? Well, he went into company. His leisure evenings were spent with "the boys." He soon learned to play cards and billiards. The cider and soda were discarded for wine, and once in a while "a whisky." His progress downward was very rapid. The God of his childhood was slighted and insulted. The widowed mother, who had taught him to pray, was forgotten. Sad, sad condition !

His employer said to him one morning : "Clarence, you cannot expect to retain your position if you do not cultivate steady, sober habits ; the good character of my place of business will be questioned. People do not care to have prescriptions filled by intoxicated clerks."

This warning did not affect Clarence. He was finally dismissed. He had no money, as



"NOW LISTEN, AND I'LL TELL YOU."

he had lost it all by gambling ; but the greater loss was his character.

There was nothing left for him to do but to return to his aged mother. He did not return as did the penitent prodigal. He grew worse and worse. One day, while staggering down the village street, he met a young man with a little red, white, and blue cross fastened on his bosom. Clarence did not recognize his old friend and schoolmate, Harvey ; and as the young soldier of the cross looked upon that living temperance sermon, he again gave thanks to his God for keeping him in the path of duty.

Harvey James led his old friend home, but Clarence did not get over this dissipation. He became very ill, and died in a few days. God had warned him, — had stretched out his hand to Clarence Field, — but he had refused. The preparations for burial were completed. Sorrowing relatives and sympathizing friends gathered for one last look ; but none of them suffered so keenly as Harvey James, as he recalled these words : "If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy ; for the temple of God is holy, *which temple ye are.*" 1 Cor. 3 : 17.

ANNA V. RUTHVEN.

WHEREVER you may be, remember that the blessed Saviour knows all you think of him, say about him, and do for him, and never forget that he soon will come to reward every one according as his work shall be.

SURGEON TO A WHITE BEAR.

"As a result of captivity," says Herr Carl Hagenbeck, "the nails and teeth of lions, tigers, and other inmates of menageries often get into a bad condition." One of his largest Bengal tigers was recently a great sufferer from tooth-ache. The tooth troubled him for days, and at length ulcerated.

Herr Hagenbeck managed to extract it with a pair of pinchers ; but the services of five strong men were required to hold the patient, and persuade him to open his mouth. The roar which he uttered when the tooth came out seemed likely to bring down the pavilion.

Herr Hagenbeck never saw but one living thing more touchy than a tiger with a tooth-ache ; that was a large white bear which he once had at Hamburg, five of whose great curved toenails had grown abnormally long, and entered the flesh to such an extent that maturation had set in. Three of the paws were much inflamed, swollen, and very painful. His keeper realized then the full meaning of the old adage, "cross as a bear." It seemed as if the poor brute wished to annihilate the whole human family.

How to remove those ingrowing toenails proved to be a problem. Herr Hagenbeck devised various "slings" and "jackets" for confining the bear ; but he was so big and savage that nothing would hold him.

At last, a stratagem occurred to the showman. He ordered the bear's cage to be turned down upon the front side, so that the bars formed the bottom of it. Then a tackle was rigged, and the cage was hoisted to a height of seven feet, clear of the ground. All four of the bear's legs were then down between the bars, at full length. In that position he was bound with ropes, so that he could not raise himself and draw up his feet.

Herr Hagenbeck then got to work as a surgeon, underneath the cage, with his patient over his head. There was a beautiful opportunity to operate ; and one by one all five of the troublesome claws were pulled out. Indeed, so badly matured had the toes become, that the nails came away without a great exertion of force. None the less the running comments made by the patient were of a most blood-curdling character.

After the operation, a shallow tank full of cold water was placed underneath the cage, for the bear to stand in, in order to reduce the fever in his feet. He made a good recovery. — *Youth's Companion.*

FILIAL DEVOTION OF THE CHINESE.

THE filial devotion of the Chinese is often very beautiful to witness, yet sometimes it is carried to an absurd extent. It would be well if all those who have the fifth commandment in their hands were as obedient to its injunctions as are the Chinese. Here, for instance, is what is said of one of their customs : "On every New Year's morning, each man and boy, from the emperor to the lowest peasant, pays a visit to his mother. He carries her a present, varying in value according to his station, thanking her for all she has done for him, and asks a continuance of her favor another year. They are taught to believe that mothers have an influence for good over their sons all through life." No doubt you often say "Thank you" to your mother, but would it not be well if once in awhile you told her a little more at length how grateful you are for her care and love? It would do you good, and you may be sure it would make her heart glad. — *Selected.*



THE KNIGHTLIEST DEED.

A GENTLE knight, in days of old, came pricking o'er the plain ;
 With grace he rode his charger bold — milkwhite, with flowing mane.
 "I've ridden far from my castle home," mused the knight as he rode along ;
 "I have come on a quest, the world to roam, till I right some grievous wrong.
 Mayhap a princess in a tower I'll release from dur-ance vile,
 Held thrall in a tyrant's woful power, as she weeps and wails the while.
 It may be a prince of high degree, hard beset by ca-tiff knight,
 Whom I, with my goodly spear, will free in a hard and glorious fight.
 O I, with my spear and blazoned shield, and my milkwhite charger bold,
 Will win renown in battle-field, as King Arthur did of old."
 The knight rode on, and in many a list he won a gal-lant fame ;
 He was known as Sir Knight of the Iron Fist, or the Knight Without a Name.
 But once, as day shut down in the west, after a fight for fame,
 The knight did a deed of deeds the best, though no honor with it came.
 He had won in the fray ; yet his life-blood flowed where he lay near his fallen foe ;
 And the sky with its parting redness glowed o'er the vale where the knights lay low.
 Then the Nameless Knight drew his drinking-horn, for the fever of death raged high ;
 "Thou'rt athirst," he said to his foe forlorn ; "drink ! 't will ease thee ere thou die !"
 Then the western sky glowed red as flame, and these words rang over the lea :
 "Thou hast righted many wrongs for fame ; thou hast done this deed for Me !"

MYRTA B. CASTLE.

GROWTH OF INDUSTRIAL LIFE.

3.—TOWN AND GUILD.

IN Cincinnati and in some other cities of this country where the climate is not too severe, one of the important city institutions is the town market. In a very wide street, about twice as wide as ordinary, sheds and booths are built, where farmers and others bring hay, vegetables, fruits, fish, and like products of the country, and arrange them for sale. Two or three times in the week market is held, and at such times a sight is to be seen which is picturesque and interesting, especially to one who remembers that he has here, only a block or two from wholesale houses, banks, railways, and other features of the highest commercial development, a survival of the earliest form of trade.

Here is the Irish servant-girl with her market-basket upon her arm, and a red shawl about her shoulders. She trudges along past the man who has blackberries, the woman who displays green peas, string-beans, and young onions, and finds at last the stall she is looking for, where personal attentions to herself make up for the round price which comes out of her mistress's pocket-book. There at the fish-market the intelligent and refined manner of the purchaser betrays the mistress who goes to market herself ; and sure enough, there, behind her, is Nora with the basket. Farther up, where bags of oats and bales of hay fill the shed, Patrick is making his purchases for the dinner of the fine bays he drives so importantly of afternoons, through the avenues of Walnut Hills. Past the fish-market again—

"Fi-ne Erie trout ! Here's your Lake trout, madam, only —" "Halibut steak ! Fine fresh halibut." Balloons, jumping-jacks, singing birds,—artificial,—running mice, jumping frogs, and innumerable catch-pennies throng the curbstone—the mountebanks of our hum-drum days. The presence of the maid and her mistress also draws to the inner margin of the sidewalk the representatives of city trade, as the shed in the middle of the street draws maid and mistress. Fancy the street thronged with gaberdines, Saxon tunics, and Norman short cloaks, and you have a fair picture of a market day in an English town in the fourteenth century.

But you discover a very wide difference the moment you look below the surface at the principles upon which the market is conducted. The nineteenth-century market is filled with the competitive, struggling commercial spirit of the nineteenth century. The fourteenth-century market had its fixed schedule of prices, and competition and underselling were unknown.

The fourteenth-century market was controlled entirely by the guild merchant, or, as we would say, the merchant guild, of the town. Every one who sold anything at the market either belonged to the guild, or paid a license fee for the privilege of selling. More than that ; every resident of the town who was financially able to belong to the guild was compelled to become a member.

The guild merchant controlled the manufacture of goods. In those times, there was no such thing as going to find purchasers, as is done at this day. Now, when a man has anything to sell, he advertises, sends out agents, and hunts up his customers. If the retail merchant does not come to buy of him, behold the drummer ! Then, the merchant hunted up the manufacturer. The only way a town could draw trade was by acquiring a world-wide reputation for the excellence of some particular one of its products: So it happened that the lace of one town was everywhere in demand, and likewise the worsted of another, the sword-blades of a third, and the armor of a fourth. Who has not heard of Toledo blades, Brussels carpets and lace, Sheffield cutlery, or Dresden china? Accordingly the guild watched carefully over the products of its town. No work was to be done by candlelight, because it was not likely to be done well. Cloth was to be of a certain number of threads to the yard, and was to be fulled and dyed in a certain manner. No innovations were allowed ; success depended on the dependence which could be placed on exact uniformity in all goods bearing the name of the town. Every piece of goods was inspected by the guild.

The evolution of this state of affairs is supposed to have begun in the commutation of labor dues for grain or money rent, which was the first step of the villeins out of serfdom. It must be borne in mind that there was very little reasoning about liberty or about rights in all these changes. Every man knew what he wanted, and got it if he could, and no one was conscious of a growth or a change till long afterward. The bailiff was disagreeable to the farmers, and they offered the lord a certain rent for the whole manor, if he would take his bailiff off. If it seemed to him a good bargain, the lord of the manor accepted the proposition. Those who entered the agreement were called burgesses. They received from their lord or from the king a town charter, and met to hold a court leet, or common council, at which the *alderman*—perhaps the most substantial, most influential, or the oldest, of the burgesses—presided. They also formed

a guild merchant to take charge of the town market, since by this time other occupations than agriculture were becoming important.

Many of those who rented a part of the demesne or of the waste land, had not ground enough to enable them to live by agriculture alone. They therefore, if they had some skill in weaving, baking, brewing, fulling, or dyeing, produced as much more than what they needed as their neighbors would take, and exchanged this surplus for the things which they needed. The cotters, especially, eked out their living in this way. Thus arose a class of tradesmen, who disposed of their goods in the markets of the merchant guilds. As the market enlarged, the tradesmen devoted more and more time to their trades, until perhaps they, for the most part, gave up agriculture altogether. After about a hundred years, the tradesmen in the same lines of industry began to form guilds. Just why they did so is a much-disputed point. The first to appear of these craft guilds, as they were called, were the weavers' guilds, and they were the ones that had the severest fight with the old and arrogant merchant guilds. In some cases there was no great opposition to the craft guild, but usually there was opposition. Sometimes the struggle was for a share in the government of the town ; sometimes it was for a share in the market. But occasionally, the new guild applied for a charter from the king, and, selecting some favorable location for a commercial town, proceeded to found one of their own designing. Thus arose the manufacturing towns. The craft guild became the common council, and the master-workman,—maistre, or maire,—became the principal magistrate of the community.

The craft guilds, besides having many rules in regard to laborers and their contracts with their employers, the relation of the master to the apprentice and journeyman, and the disposal of wares, were great trust and mutual benefit associations. They received legacies in trust from their members, cared for the families of those who were sick, and honored the dead with respectable funerals. They also took the place of the sundry insurance companies of this day ; that is, when a member met with loss by fire or accident to life, limb, or property, he or his family were given license to beg, so that all might know that they were deserving of aid. By the piling up of unusual funds these guilds became very wealthy, and after the guild system in labor had passed away, these funds were devoted to various good uses. Schools and hospitals were the enterprises most often endowed from the guild treasuries. The Merchant Taylor's school, one of the best of England's public schools, is an example. Some of the craft guilds still exist under their old names, having changed with the change of times into insurance societies and fraternal or charitable organizations.

C. B. MORRILL.

THERE are in the United States at present six million farms. About one half the population of the republic, or over thirty million people, live on them, and these farm-dwellers furnish more than seventy-four per cent of the total value of the exports of the country.

TWENTY-FOUR years ago electricity as a mechanical power was unknown ; but now over nine hundred million dollars are invested in various kinds of electrical machinery.

THE monument erected to Lincoln in Edinburgh is the only memorial of the kind in Europe.



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FEBRUARY.

WITH swelling buds and melting snows
Brief February comes and goes,
And hastens in her course to bring
The coming miracle of spring.

Yet still the chains of winter hold,
And days return of storm and cold.
Though not for long their time shall be;
Soon ice-bound waters shall be free.

Then brooks will flow with tinkling sound,
And life now dormant in the ground
Will start to bless the earth once more,
And clothe with green the forest floor.

—Anetta M. Osborne.

A GOOD mother is the best helper Christ has
on earth.

THE start toward the devil always begins in
short steps.

GIVE the devil your eyes, and he will soon
have your hands and feet.

WHOEVER truly believes that the Bible is the
word of God, will act in harmony with its pre-
cepts.

UNDERTAKE to keep the ten commandments,
and you will soon discover that they are of di-
vine origin.

THE serene, silent beauty of a holy life is
the most powerful influence in the world, next
to the might of the Spirit of God.

A SEASONABLE POEM.

THERE has always been a subtle charm about
the shifting of the seasons—from ice-bound
winter to spring, from spring to summer, the
noontide of the year, from summer to the
bounteous autumn, and from autumn to the
frosty twilight of winter again. This changing
of the seasons has ever been a fruitful source
of inspiration to the poet, who, as it were,
dips his quill into the running brook as it
bursts its icy fetters, and indites an ode to the
charms of spring, or, like Lowell, sings of the
rare days of June, and so on through each of
the four seasons.

But just now, while the snows of winter are
deepest, and the winds about the chimney roar
the loudest, there is no poem which it seems
more appropriate to read than Whittier's beau-
tiful idyll, "Snow-Bound." It has for me a
never-ending charm, and I read it over again
every year with the same regularity with which
one dons his winter garments.

I remember one bitter cold night, when I
was but a child, hearing my father say that he
had a "chill no coat." Being somewhat
curious as to what sort of garment this might
be, I made inquiries and learned that he re-
ferred to—

"A chill no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out."

This was my first introduction to "Snow-
Bound." I read the poem through, and have
loved it ever since.

It is a perfect picture of rural life in winter,
and one which appeals to the heart of every
country-bred boy and girl. What farmer lad
has not had the experience spoken of in the
first part of the poem, of shoveling paths in
the early chill of a winter's morning, feeding
the cattle, and laying in a good supply of wood
for the long, cold nights? And doubtless
many of us have often heard our parents tell of
the large, open fireplaces where—

"Ever when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed."

After describing the good cheer that is pre-
pared,—the apples "sputtering in a row," the
mug of simmering drink, and the nuts "from
brown October's wood," the poet falls into a
bit of musing, sad yet sweet, and closes with
the beautiful lines,—

"Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own?"

Then follow pen-portraits of each member
of the happy group who sat "the clean-winged
hearth about" on that winter's night. We can
see them all in imagination,—the gray-haired
father, the gentle mother, the uncle, aunt, and
sister, the "master of the district school," and
the "not unfeared, half-welcome guest," who,
we understand, was Harriet Livermore.

Perhaps in these pictures of old days we can
recognize some well-beloved face of parent or
friend who has sat beside our own home fire,
but whose voice is now forever still,—hushed
"beneath the low green tent whose curtain
never outward swings."

After an evening spent in story and song,
the pleasant circle broke, each going to his
rest, and at length, the poet says,—

"Sleep stole on as sleep will do
When hearts are light and life is new."

But now the picture fades; the spell is
broken. However pleasing the fancy, we may
not always sit and dream before the glowing
coals. We—

"Can but heed
The restless sands' incessant fall,
Importunate hours that hours succeed,
Each clamorous with its own sharp need,
And duty keeping pace with all."

ANNIE A. SMITH.

WHAT WE OWE TO ANIMALS.

THOSE who have read the story of Robinson
Crusoe, the sailor who was shipwrecked on an
island not inhabited by white men, will remem-
ber how he soon made companions of the
various animals he found there, and with their
aid sustained life until he was rescued. If one
of us should be shipwrecked on a desert island
where no animals lived—no horses to draw
us, no ox to toil for us, no cow or goat to give
us milk, no sheep to give us wool, no hen to
give us eggs, no dog to be our companion and
guard us in the night, no cat to lie on the
hearth, no birds to sing their songs, no living
creature to keep us company, no sound of any
living thing by day or night,—only solitude
and silence everywhere, with nothing to eat
but such roots as we could dig from the earth,
and nothing to wear but such bark as we could
pluck from the tree,—we should then know
how much we owe to these creatures which
God has mercifully provided for our use.
And ever afterward, if we escaped from such a
life, how grateful we should be to God for
giving them, and how thankful to them for the
service they render us!

THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

JUST now everybody is talking, reading,
writing, about Napoleon Bonaparte. If you
are not familiar with the history of his times,
you must make yourself so this winter, if you
wish to join intelligently in table-talk, and to
take pleasure in the vast amount of Napoleonic
literature and art with which we are flooded.
Next to Waterloo, the most striking and im-
portant military movement in the great emper-
or's career was the march to Moscow in the
early fall of 1812, and the terrible retreat from
that city, after its destruction by the Russians,
in the following November and December.

In the Russian campaign, says one historian,
France is believed to have lost about three
hundred and fifty thousand soldiers, of whom
one hundred and fifty thousand died of cold,
fatigue, and starvation. For a thousand miles
the broad track of the retreating army was
marked by the bodies of famished and frozen
dead.

Reading this, and remembering how the
death of half a dozen persons in a city fire or
a railway accident sends a thrill of horror
throughout our country nowadays, we may
realize what a terrible thing is war, and how
truly thankful we should be that our days are
days of peace.

MORE ABOUT STAMPS (PHILATELY).

ARE you still collecting stamps, or have you
given it up? On the whole, I would not sell
or give away my collection, if I were you; but
if you are tired of it, put away the album for
awhile, and the value of the stamps will in-
crease night and day.

A recent paper on the stamp-collecting
mania in this country and in Europe, con-
tained some curious facts which will be inter-
esting to American boys who make philately a
hobby.

The most valuable collection of stamps in
the world is here stated to be that of Herr von
Ferrary, of Paris, which is valued at a half
million of dollars. The collection now in the
British Museum, which is worth three hundred
thousand dollars, comes next.

There are, it appears, a dozen ugly little
stamps which, if any boy could find them on some
old letters, would bring him ten thousand dollars
in the market. Of these, the one- and two-
pence stamps of Mauritius of the first issue
would be worth two thousand dollars each.
As there are supposed to be only eight of each
of these stamps in the world, no boy is likely
to find them. An American stamp, the five-
cent Brattleboro provisional issue, is worth
twelve hundred dollars; some of the stamps of
the Confederate States sell for large sums.

It is said that a stamp market is held on a
certain morning of the week in the Champs
Elysées in Paris. Tradeswomen with their
aprons full of stamps, bonnes, boys carrying
little baskets, gather in crowds in the shade of
the trees, chattering, gesticulating, and laugh-
ing, to buy or exchange their flimsy wares. It
is one of the most characteristic sights of Paris.

Two of the governments of South American
States are known to be in the pay of wealthy
stamp-dealers in Europe, and change their
issues frequently to give their patrons profitable
"corners."

The stamp craze began only forty years ago
in Belgium, and is now a vast business extend-
ing over all the civilized world. Every boy
probably has made a small investment in it.

Whether it is safe to make large ones in
stock so intrinsically worthless, is matter for
consideration.—Sel.