

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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## FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

O MAN of a despised race!  
Heaven's hand thy course of life did trace;  
Against each wily foe thy shield  
And strength in every battle-field.  
When Moses saw the bush aflame,  
He heard Jehovah speak his name;  
No less Jehovah spake to thee,  
And said: "Go! set thy people free!"  
As Moses went, so thou didst go  
To break their galling yoke of woe,  
And lead them through the purple sea  
Unto their Canaan — Liberty.  
And now, O Douglass, thou dost stand  
Among the honored of the land;  
Though dead, thy deeds live on for good,  
Proclaiming still man's brotherhood.

— Adapted from the *Inter Ocean*.

## FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

ON the eve of February 20, in his seventy-eighth year, and unexpectedly, the greatest of America's colored men died at his residence on Anacostia Heights, in the suburbs of the national capital. His death is an irreparable loss to the colored race, leaving a void which none is ready to fill. Commenting on his career the *Inter Ocean* says: "Few names in American history are surrounded with so much of the romance that delights the youth or instructs the old as is the name of this man, born a slave on a Maryland plantation [at Tuckahoe, Talbot county, in February, 1817] more than three quarters of a century ago, yet who, through his own practically unaided efforts, and at times combating against odds that would have overwhelmed a weaker man, climbed to the dizzy heights of fame. Though of an origin humble even for a slave, he has numbered among his friends the possessors of the brightest intellects that have adorned the century in this country and in Europe, and the wearers of all titles and patents of nobility. He probably was alone in the world in having lived to see all the hopes of his earlier years realized, beyond, indeed, his most fanciful longings. As an orator he probably had no peer, and he has enriched the language by the addition of many particularly striking epigrams, one of which — 'One and God are a majority' — will serve as an example of their originality and strength."

His real name, given him by his mother, a slave, who like most colored persons was fond of high-sounding words, was Frederick Augustus Washington Bailey. At the age of ten his master sent him to Baltimore, having been hired, slave-fashion, by the proprietor of a shipyard. He soon earned good wages, but — every dollar went to his master. During the eleven years he had to work thus he had become an expert shipwright, and by dint of persistent and clandestine effort he had managed to learn to read and write, and every

penny of the most scanty pittance his cruel master had allowed him he used to satisfy his great thirst for knowledge.

After this a good opportunity presented itself, and he, under the assumed name of Johnson, fled to New England, married, and settled down at New Bedford, Mass., where he obtained for several years permanent employment in a shipyard. As the Johnsons seemed to abound in that locality, he was induced by a certain gentleman who was a great admirer of the character of Douglass in Sir Walter

and his slave. The slave is represented as having been recaptured in a second attempt to run away, and the master opens the dialogue with an upbraiding speech, charging the slave with ingratitude, and demanding to know what he has to say in his own defense. The slave rejoins that he knows how little anything that he can say will avail, seeing that he is completely in the hands of his owner, and with noble resolution calmly says, 'I submit to my fate.' Touched by the slave's answer, the master insists upon his further speaking, and recapitulates the many acts of kindness which he has performed toward the slave, and tells him he is permitted to speak for himself. Thus invited, the quondam slave makes a spirited defense for himself, and thereafter the whole argument for and against slavery was brought out. The master is vanquished at every turn in the argument, and appreciating the fact, he generously and meekly emancipates the slave with his best wishes for his prosperity.

"It is unnecessary to say that a dialogue with such an origin and such an end, read by me when every nerve of my being was in revolt at my own condition as a slave, affected me most powerfully. I could not help feeling that the day might yet come when the well-directed answers made by the slave to the master in this instance would find a counterpart in my own experience.

"This, however, was not all the fanaticism which I found in the 'Columbian Orator.' I met there one of Sheridan's mighty speeches on the subject of Catholic emancipation, Lord Chatham's speech on the American war, and speeches by the great William Pitt and by Fox. These were all choice documents to me, and I

read them over and over again with an interest ever increasing because I was ever gaining in intelligence. The more I read them the better I understood them. They added to my limited stock of language, and enabled me to give tongue to many interesting thoughts which had often flashed through my mind, and died away for want of words in which to give them utterance. The mighty power of heart-searching directness and truth, penetrating the heart of a slave-holder and compelling him to yield up his earthly interest to the claims of eternal justice, are finely illustrated in the dialogue, and from the speeches of Sheridan I got a bold and powerful denunciation of oppression, and the most brilliant vindication of the rights of man."

Here, then, we have a glimpse of the simple elements which entered into his make-up, like timbers for the framework of a mighty orator. He read many works of the leading minds, past and present, of different nations. His library was well equipped with standard Eng-



*Frederick Douglass*

Scott's "Lady of the Lake," to assume the name by which he became universally known. He was a reader of William Lloyd Garrison's *Liberator*, and soon heard this great leader of the abolition movement lecture on his chosen subject, in which he made the famous declaration: "Prejudice against color is rebellion against God." By this Douglass himself was won as an active worker in the cause that made him eventually so famous — the emancipation of the colored race. One of the first books he had ever purchased with the meager allowance of his slavery days was the "Columbian Orator," for which he laid out all he possessed — fifty cents. Of the value of this book to him in after years Mr. Douglass himself says in his "Memoirs": —

"This volume was indeed a rich treasure, and for a time every opportunity afforded me was spent in diligently perusing it. Among much other interesting matter, that which I read again and again with unflagging satisfaction was a short dialogue between the master

lish, French, and German works, and with current literature; for Mr. Douglass kept well abreast with the times up to the very day of his death, during the afternoon of which he attended the Convention of the Women of the United States, for whose work he had for many years manifested a very lively interest. He is the author of several works on slavery, and kindred topics, as well as of a history of himself entitled, "Life and Times of Frederick Douglass." For several years he also edited a weekly paper, first (1847) called *Fred Douglass's Paper*, and afterward the *North Star*, which he conducted with marked ability in the interests of the anti-slavery movement, although he met much opposition, even by such papers as the *New York Herald*. He filled various offices under the government, lectured in Europe and this country, on the abolition of the slave-system, and held equal rank with the foremost minds in the country in the great forensic art, the peer of the strongest men that dared to measure lances with him. Sneered at, hissed, mobbed, stoned, assaulted, he stemmed the tide, and came off conqueror every time. When even white men did not dare to speak the truth on the slavery question, he dauntlessly raised his clarion voice against that giant evil with no uncertain sound. And, thank God, he lived to see the fruition of his labor, his race freed from their disgraceful chains, their manhood vindicated, their civil rights recognized.

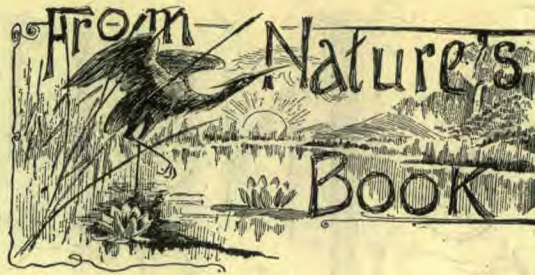
During the war he was one of the safest and among the most welcome counselors of President Lincoln. By his efforts several colored regiments were enlisted, and two of his own sons, Charles and William, served in them.

During the last years of his life Douglass lived quietly at his home, and spent his time with his friends and his books. Having learned to play the violin in his youth, he loved, when the young folks of Washington gathered about him at his Cedar Hill home, as they often did, to accompany some expert pianist with his violin, to the general satisfaction of his guests as well as his own; for he loved young people and their society very much.

He has gone to his long restingplace suddenly, but peacefully, and, as the writer has ample reason to believe, to rise in the first resurrection. Having been privileged to cross the ocean with him in 1887, when he returned from an extended stay in Europe, we frequently sought his society, and whilst conversing freely on current topics, in which we found him ever at ease, no matter what might be brought up, we sought to know his faith. In humble but frank and candid words he acknowledged his trust in the Great Redeemer for the salvation of his soul; and his whole life has been a bright and consistent one with such a faith, although he did not seem able to appreciate the importance of the seventh day Sabbath in distinction from first-day observance, as we could have wished he might.

A. K.

PITACUS (652-569 B. C.), one of the seven wise men of Greece, received from an Egyptian king at one time a sacrificial beast, with the request to cut out and return what he considered the best and the worst part of it, and to keep the rest for himself. The sage sent back the tongue of the beast to the donor, with the explanation that it, according to the use it is put to, for good or for evil, was either the best or the worst part in man. What use do you and I, dear reader, make of the tongue?

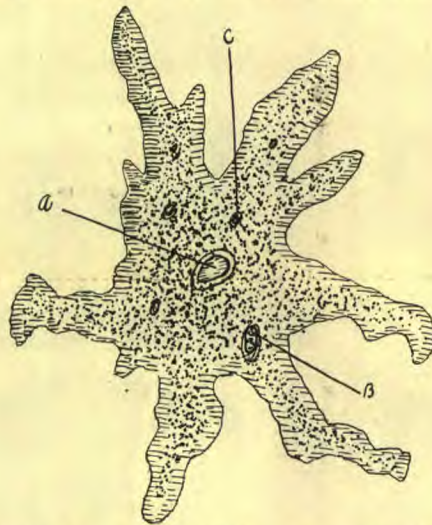


## GLIMPSSES OF ANIMAL LIFE.

## I.—AMOEBA.

DID you ever consider how brimful our world is of life, and what a different place it would be if no living thing had ever been upon it? There is scarcely a waking moment of our lives in which our eyes do not rest either on some living thing or upon things which once had life. Even in our rooms, the wood of our furniture and our doors could never have been without the action of life. The marble from which our beautiful monuments are chiseled, is the remains of once living creatures, being composed of their broken shells. The food we eat, the clothes we wear, the very paper upon the wall, are all made of materials which life has produced for us.

Wherever we go, living creatures are to be found, and even if we sail out over the silent deep, and try to search what is hidden beneath, there, too, we find abundance of life.



Amoeba (greatly magnified), with pseudopodia outstretched. (a) Nucleus. (b) Contractile vesicle. (c) Food ball.

Now since we live in a world teeming with living beings of every description, many of them leading very curious lives, but trying, like us, to make the best of their short time here, is it not worth our while to learn something about them? They, each in his way, all proclaim the love and skill of the heavenly Artist, and show forth the glory of God; for his character is manifested in all the beautiful objects of life and nature. Mrs. E. G. White says: "Every created thing has in it charms which interest the child of God, and mold his tastes to regard these precious evidences of God's love above the work of human skill." So let us continually keep this thought before us, as we study the works of the great Life-giver.

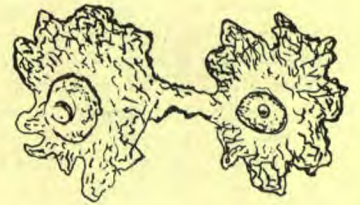
We will begin with the simplest form of living beings, aided in our search by the microscope. If we dip some water up out of a standing pool, where the leaves or stems of submerged plants are found, and place a drop of it under a microscope, we see thousands of living creatures floating in search of food. Selecting one, let us examine it. As we look at it, gliding over the glass, sometimes it appears like a mere drop of gum. Sometimes we see it with its pseudopodia, or false feet, stretched out and seeking food. But examine it as we will, we can find no mouth, no stom-

ach, no muscles, no nerves. It is merely a cell,—a bit of protoplasm, which is the basis of all life.

This little animal is called the "amoeba," and belongs to the lowest class of life, the *Rhizopoda*. Its food consists mostly of portions of thread-like plants. But how does it eat without mouth or stomach? After selecting its food, as for example a minute plant, it swallows it by moving toward the object, and gradually closing around it, until it is enveloped within the creature's body, which is so transparent that the food can be seen through it. The animal then has power to digest it and absorb it after digestion.

Throughout the body are granules which have a rude sort of circulation. Besides the food particles, there is also in or near the

Amoeba reproducing itself by self-division.



middle a clear round body called the nucleus, and, usually, a hollow, round, pinkish space, which enlarges and contracts, called the "contractile vesicle."

The amoeba reproduces its kind by simply dividing into two portions. The division begins by the nucleus separating itself into two parts, and this continues until the entire animal has split in two, and each half goes on its way rejoicing, as a living animal. It divides and subdivides itself in this manner several hundred times in a few moments.

But how can we be sure that it lives?—In the first place, it breathes. If we keep it in a drop of water, it uses up the oxygen, and makes the water impure by breathing into it carbonic acid. Then it moves, and can drag in and throw out its false feet, when and where it chooses. It eats; it grows; it reproduces itself. This little drop of slime, without eyes or ears or parts of any kind, knows how to find its food; without muscles or limbs, it is able to creep; without a stomach, it can digest the food in the midst of its own slime,



Amoeba, showing two separate individuals after division.

and throw out the hard parts which it does not want. Thus are foreshadowed in this exceedingly simple organism all the important functions of higher animal life.

T. J. ALLEN.

## THE SEA ANEMONE.

THE sea anemone resembles in shape a morning-glory. Its mouth opens like the cup of that flower, and above it are seen a number of tentacles waving in the water. Its food consists of anything it can get, but generally it gets the minute insects that float in the sea. At any alarm it closes its cup, and is then hardly distinguishable from the rock on which it is rooted. It has a set of sucker muscles that attach it so firmly to the rock that it will sometimes be torn in pieces rather than let go.—*Selected.*

It is estimated that two years are required for the Gulf water to travel from Florida to the coast of Norway.



## THREE LITTLE TOTS.

THREE little tots, so glad and free,  
Came bounding down the street;  
The air was filled with shouts of glee  
And childish laughter sweet.  
For blossoms bright each one had found  
A bunch of gay-hued leaves,  
Where autumn strewed them o'er the ground  
From the many-colored trees.

When all at once,— O, sad mishap,  
One caught her foot, and fell!  
Her sweet face struck the cold, hard walk,  
And her leaves were thrown pell-mell.  
How quickly changed the voice of glee  
To tones of childish woe!  
She tried to rise from where she lay  
On the walk, so prone and low.

The other tots were sore dismayed  
To see this one in pain,  
And quickly ran to give their aid,  
And help her up again.  
And while one wiped away her tears,  
And said, "O do not cry!"  
And with the thoughtfulness of years  
To soothe her grief did try.

The other picked her treasures up,  
And said, "I'll give you some  
Of mine wif yours, betause, you see,  
Some pitty ones are done."  
And so with artless love and grace  
They comforted this one,  
Till smiles again illumed her face,  
And tears had ceased to run.

And then together on they went,  
As joyous as before;  
The cloud of but a moment spent,  
And all was bright once more.  
How sweet is kindly sympathy  
To those in trouble keen!  
How rare this grace of charity  
'Mongst brethren to be seen!

MRS. S. W. CLARK.

## JOURNALISM IN JAPAN.

JOURNALISM in Japan appears to be surrounded by some stern restrictions, the desirability of abolishing or amending which has lately been occupying the attention of the Japanese parliament. In Europe, when newspapers offend against the law, fines are inflicted on the editor, writer, printer, or publisher, as the case may be. But in Japan it appears that the journalists begin by paying a fine, though the amount may possibly be returned to them in course of time, for that is the practical result of depositing sums of money with the authorities, varying from three hundred and fifty to one thousand yen yearly as evidence of good faith. If fines are inflicted, at any rate, of less than the amount of the deposit, there can be no question of nonpayment.

A motion was made to abolish this deposit, as also the power of the government to suspend a paper which published anything calculated to disturb the public peace, but the right of suspension was retained by eighty-one votes to forty-eight, and as to the desirability of demanding the security, the House was unanimous. It was explained that the House felt the necessity of keeping some check on "irresponsible agitators unfit to wield journalistic influence," and there is a good deal to be said for the contention. "Woman's rights" advocates will be extremely offended at one amendment which was accepted. No woman is allowed to become an editor or publisher in Japan.—*London Standard.*

## TRADING WITH THE TALENTS.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

YEARS ago there lived in London a preacher of the gospel—a good, courageous man, who was always on the look-out for opportunities to be of service in the Master's vineyard. His plans were not soon set aside by difficulties or dangers. No opportunity was so unfavorable, seemingly, but he would try to improve it; and no danger so great as to prevent his entering an untried field where he believed good might be done. He thought he could find a field for personal labor in London's neglected districts.

One day he walked into Ratcliffe Highway. This was at a time when that locality was known far and wide as a home for desperate and wicked characters of both sexes, and as a rule respectable people kept away from the neighborhood as far as they possibly could. His clerical dress and loitering movements soon attracted attention; for very few clergymen were ever seen in those parts. By and by an old woman, who was smoking a dirty clay pipe, spied him, and made up her mind to have some fun. She went up to him and accosted him. After a little conversation, she hurried away, and called the neighbors from different alleys to come and hear a parson preach a sermon, and said it was arranged that she was to give him the text for his discourse. Very soon an odd-looking congregation, out of sheer curiosity, gathered around the man—a company poorly clad, of rough manners, unlearned, in almost all respects the direct opposite of the cultured audience that Paul addressed at Athens, but perhaps no less hopeful in the eyes of Heaven as subjects of salvation.

When the minister had found a position from which he could see his congregation, the old woman called out to him in a squeaky voice that as soon as he was ready to begin, she would give him the text. At a nod from the minister she repeated the old nursery rhyme:—

"Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,  
And can't tell where to find them;  
Let them alone, and they'll come home,  
And bring their tails behind them."

The text very much amused the congregation, who were given up for a time to merriment over it. This may seem strange to us, but it should be remembered that people in those days were not accustomed to hearing texts for a sermon taken from any other source than from the Bible. When the last hearty peal of laughter had died away, the minister, with heart uplifted to Heaven for that wisdom which cometh alone from above, began to tell the beautiful story of the good Shepherd, who left the ninety and nine sheep safely sheltered in the fold, and went away to find and bring home the one sheep that was lost. He told how he searched for it a long time, enduring weariness and suffering, finding it at last, torn and almost hunted to death by wolves, and brought it back upon his shoulders rejoicing.

"But none of the ransomed ever knew  
How deep were the waters crossed,  
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord  
passed through  
Ere he found his sheep that was lost."

Passing on in his discourse, the preacher considered the line in this remarkable text,—

"Let them alone, and they'll come home,"

and told his hearers it is one of Satan's falsehoods to pacify those who feel anxious about the lost and perishing, to prevent them from leading such to the Good Shepherd, so that he

whom we are warned in God's word goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour, might find the sheep at his mercy and destroy it. "Let them alone," Satan says; "do n't worry over them; let them alone, and they'll come home all right." But no sheep would ever find its way back to the fold if the Good Shepherd did not go after it, and carry it home.

In dwelling on the last line of the text, he spoke of the *tale* the sheep brought home with him—a doleful story of unhappiness from the very first day of his wanderings—a tale of cold and hunger and of misery that followed; but the poor sheep never wearied telling of the great kindness of the Good Shepherd who heard his cry of distress, and came at once to his relief, when, as he brought him homeward,—

"All through the mountains, thunder-riven,  
And up from the rocky steep,  
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,  
'Rejoice! I have found my sheep!'  
And the angels echoed around the throne,  
'Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own!'"

A. STUTTAFORD.

## ENCOURAGED BY CHILDREN.

DURING the great Reformation the leading reformers once held a general counsel at Torgau. For a long time they had considered the situation, viewing it from all sides, and had become very solicitous and burdened with care over it. In the midst of their deliberations, Melancthon was called out, and had to pass through a room where a number of Christian mothers and their God-fearing children had assembled to plead with God for the reformers. This sight cheered the down-cast man to such a degree that he returned with radiant countenance to the counsel chamber, and confidently said to Luther in the hearing of all, "We need not be worried any more; for I have seen those who wrestle for us in our defense, and they will not be put off nor overcome by anything."

My dear young reader, are you praying for the work of God in such a manner that this could be said of you, too? If not, why not?

## A FORGIVING DOG.

WHEN the dog tax was first imposed in France, many of the people set to work to get rid of their useless dogs, so as to avoid paying a tax for them.

A Frenchman had an old Newfoundland dog. He coaxed the dog to the river side, told him to lie down, tied all his four feet together with a rope, and pushed him into the Seine. The dog in his struggles loosened the rope, and, with great difficulty and panting for breath, scrambled up the steep bank. There stood his master, stick in hand, to drive him back. He struck at the dog, and then coming to close quarters, gave him a violent push, in doing which he somehow lost his own balance, and himself fell into the water. His hopes of life would have been very few indeed, if the dog had n't been "the better man of the two." But the dog, forgetting the treatment he had just received, plunged, of his own accord, into the river, where he had so nearly met his death, and spent the remaining strength in saving his would-be murderer. It was a hard struggle, but he came off conqueror; and the two walked home together, the one triumphant, the other, let us hope, repentant.—*American Youth.*

A CONCEITED person loves to brag about self.

# Whosoever Will

## THE SILENT BATTLE.

SHALL I tell you about the battle  
That was fought in the world to-day,  
Where thousands went down, like heroes,  
To death in the pitiless fray?

You may know some of the wounded  
And some of the fallen, when  
I tell you this wonderful battle  
Was fought in the hearts of men.

Not with the sounding of trumpets,  
Nor clashing of sabers drawn,  
But silent as twilight in autumn  
All day the fight went on.

And over against temptation  
A mother's prayers were cast,  
That had come by silent marches  
From the lullaby land of the past.

And over the field of battle  
The force of ambition went,  
Driving before it, like arrows,  
The children of sweet content.

And memories odd and olden  
Came up through the dust of  
years,  
And hopes that were glad and  
golden  
Were met by a host of fears.

And the heart grew worn and  
weary,  
And said: "O, can it be  
That I am worth the struggle  
You are making to-day for me?"

For the heart itself was the tro-  
phy  
And prize of this wavering  
fight!

And tell me, O gentle reader,  
Who camps on the field to-  
night?

— Interior.

## THE ALTAR OF BURNT OFFERING.

THIS altar, as erected in the wilderness, was five cubits long, five cubits wide, and three cubits high. This would make it perhaps eight feet long by eight feet wide by five feet high. It would be too high for a man to take care of the things that were offered upon it, unless there was a step to it. No account was made of the altar step in the wilderness, but in the direction given to Ezekiel the Lord told him where to place the step.

The altar was hollow, and on the top was a grate, like a register, only with larger openings, through which the ashes would fall as the wood and offerings were consumed. This grate had rings in it, so that it could be lifted out when necessary. Ex. 27:1-8; 38:1-7.

The fire upon this altar was to be kept burning continually. Every morning the priests would put the offering in order upon it for a burnt offering, and all during the day parts of the various offerings were put into the fire on the altar; then all during the night the fire burned. In the morning the priests threw the ashes out at the side of the altar; then, taking off their priestly robes, they carried the ashes out to a clean place without the camp, and deposited them. At this place where the ashes were placed, the parts of the offerings that were not burned upon the altar, were made to burn with the wood, set for that purpose.

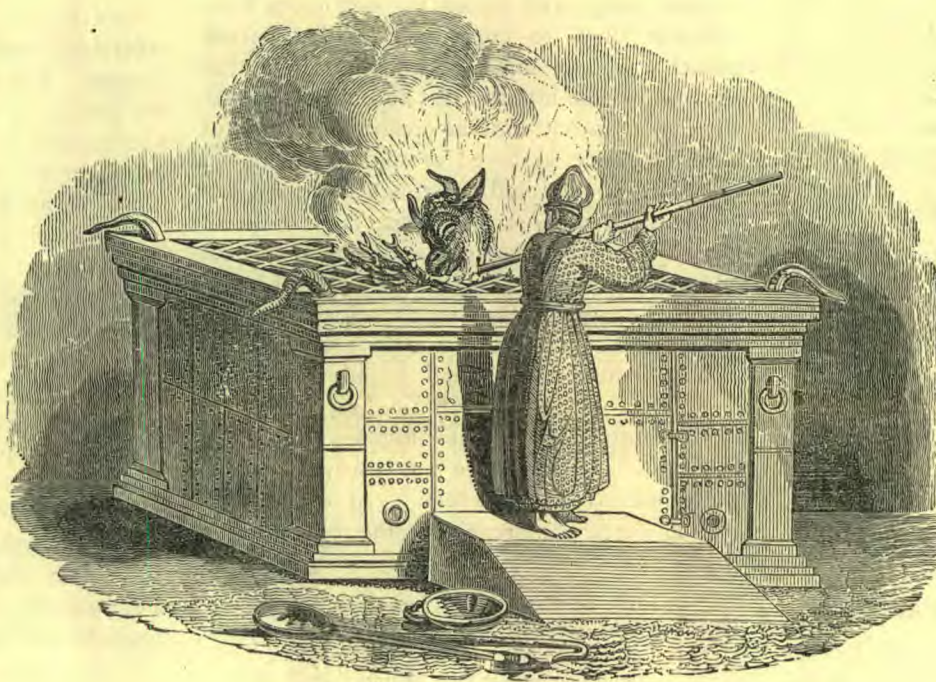
When an offering was made by one of the children of Israel, the priest would take the

blood of the sacrifice, and sprinkle a little of it before the vail, and with his finger he would put some of the blood on the horns of the altar of incense; then the rest of the blood would be carried out, and turned out at the side of the altar of burnt offering, on the side where the ashes were thrown out.

But that sacrifice which gave the altar of burnt offering its name, was the burnt offering of the morning, sometimes called "a whole burnt offering," because the whole of the victim was consumed upon the altar.

Nothing was kept back, nothing saved; and so we are asked to present our bodies to God, "a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God," which for us is a "reasonable service." If we do this, all the wrong and evil that are within us will be burned away; we will be tried in the fire until the gold is pure, and then we will be fit for the kingdom of God.

If we do not make this gift to the Lord now, by and by we will be compelled to be burned in the fires of the last great day, from which death we will never awake. Let us give ourselves unto God now, and then we will not be afraid to meet him when he comes; for we really are his, anyway. J. G. LAMSON.



THE ALTAR OF BURNT OFFERING.

THE altar of incense was placed in a line between the door of the court and the door of the tabernacle, but nearer the door of the court. Ex. 40:6, 29. The laver, with its foot, or base, stood between the altar of burnt offering and the door of the tabernacle. The laver was used to hold water for the priests. Here they were to wash their hands and feet before ministering in the tabernacle. The Israelites all came within the court to present their vows and offerings to the Lord. The door of the court and the tabernacle, when erected, always faced the east, as did also Solomon's temple. The people turning to these to worship before the Lord would therefore turn their backs toward the east, to distinguish them from the idolatrous nations round about them who worshipped the sun, facing the east in so doing. (See Eze. 8:5-16.) M. H. BROWN.

EVERY wrong deed is preceded by a wrong thought.

WALK in the light, even as he (Christ) is in the light.

GOD often helps us by teaching us how to help ourselves.

# IN MERCY'S NAME

EVERY true Christian will also be a true missionary, whether he is at home or abroad.

OUR Saviour was accused in a condemnatory way as "the friend of publicans and sinners," but what would become of you and me, dear reader, if he were not the sinner's friend?

How many poor souls who could appreciate better things are discouraged because they feel that they are abandoned and despised by their fellows, when a smile and a kind word might have given them new courage, comfort, and light! Can those be held guiltless before God who might have given them this inexpensive attention, but were too careless or indifferent to do so?

THERE is hardly a fellow-being so depraved that not a single tender spot can be found in his heart; and we, if we are true followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, — who was ever ready to help sunken humanity to a knowledge of God that they might be saved from sin and death, — are to be ministers of love to speak words of hope and cheer to all as long as there is any susceptibility to good influences left in them.

IT is a characteristic of unregenerate human nature, and found, alas! too often even among those who claim to be converted, when one has fallen from grace to push him lower yet, by dwelling upon his faults in a condemnatory spirit; but the Saviour teaches us both by example and precept to raise the fallen, and to be truly noble; all our words and acts should therefore

tend upward, and be helpful to others to rise ever higher toward God and his truth.

THERE are people whose linen, in spite of its having been newly washed and ironed, nevertheless looks gray instead of white, while others have snowy white washings. Many of the former, however, fancy that their things are nice and white, too, and some cannot be convinced of the contrary unless you get some really snowy linen, and hold it alongside of their washings. Just so it is with the heart of many a child of God. We may believe that our hearts are clean, but when we come to look into the perfect mirror of God's holy word, we can see clearly that "in many things we offend all." James 3:2. Let us then go to the fountain of life, until we are perfectly clean and white, "without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing."

ALTHOUGH the Lord said, long ago, that no man can serve God and mammon, many still persist in trying it.

IT is nothing but selfishness to want to live simply to be happy. Live for God and your fellow-men, and let happiness take care of itself.

# BIBLE LESSONS AND NOTES

## THE EVENING BELL.

THE evening bell, the evening bell  
That rings out clear o'er vale and dell,  
Speaks to the troubled heart of rest,  
And strikes a calm within the breast.

'T is on a Sabbath eve it rings,  
And wondrous sweet a calm it brings;  
It lifts the soul to regions bright,  
And bids it triumph in the right.

— Adelaide Philips.

## OUR FATHER.

WHO goes to bed and doth not pray,  
Maketh two nights to every day.

— George Herbert.

## JUNIOR LESSONS ON THE BOOK OF DANIEL.

### Introductory Note.

1. THE design in the following arrangement of the lessons is to assist the mind of teacher and pupil in grasping the lesson. Having carefully studied the scriptures included in the lesson, the analysis will give, at a glance, the prominent points which will bring to the mind quite clearly the entire lesson, and will be found of especial value in reviewing past lessons, which should often be done till the thoughts and lessons are fixed in the mind.

2. The division, "Important Lessons," is designed to cultivate in the minds of teacher and student the importance and blessing to us of looking in every scripture, whether historical in nature or otherwise, for lessons that apply to "me now." If this is borne in mind by the teachers, they can impress it upon the youth and children, and the result will be a blessing to all. Please study Rom. 15 : 4 in the light of the above.

3. Let no one be satisfied with the lessons pointed out, but let each one see how many he can find for himself.

## LESSON 1.—LOYALTY AND FAITHFUL- NESS REWARDED. DANIEL 1.

(April 6, 1895.)

Time : B. C. 607-536. Places : Judah, Jerusalem, Shinar, and Babylon. Characters : Jehoiakim, Nebuchadnezzar, eunuchs, Hebrew captives, and wise men.

ANALYSIS.—Dan. 1 : 1, 2 : The captivity. Verses 3-6 : Choosing young men to stand before the king. Verse 7 : Heathen names given to Daniel and his company. Verses 8-16 : Three years' course of Daniel and his companions. Verses 17-21 : The grand result.

IMPORTANT LESSON.—True temperance, with a firm trust in God, brings health and wisdom, even in captivity, to enable men to stand before kings.

MEMORY VERSE.—Dan. 1 : 8, first part.

1. WHAT occurred in the third year of Jehoiakim's reign? Dan. 1 : 1. (See note 1.)
2. What was the result of the siege? Verse 2. (See note 2.)
3. What command did the king give? Verse 3. (See note 3.)
4. What qualifications were required? Verse 4.
5. What were they to be taught?
6. What was the king's appointment in regard to their food? Verse 5.
7. How long was their course of training to continue? For what purpose was this training?
8. Who were among the young men selected? Verse 6.
9. What names were given to them? Verse 7.
10. What purpose did Daniel form? Verse 8. (See note 4.)
11. What request did he make?

12. How was Daniel regarded by the one in charge of the young men? Verse 9.

13. What reply did he make to Daniel's request? Verse 10.

14. What trial did Daniel propose? Verses 11-13.

15. How was this proposition regarded by Melzar? Verse 14.

16. What was the result of this test? Verses 15, 16.

17. What did God give to these children? Verse 17. (See note 5.)

18. What special gift was bestowed upon Daniel?

19. When were they brought in before the king for examination? Verse 18. (Compare with verse 5.)

20. How did they compare with the rest that were examined? Verses 19, 20.

21. How were these Hebrew captives honored? Verse 19, last clause. (See note 6.)

22. What is further said of Daniel? Verse 21.

### NOTES.

1. *Third year of Jehoiakim.*—Jehoiakim was made king in B. C. 610, at the age of twenty-five (see margin of 2 Kings 23 : 36), which would make the third year B. C. 607. (Let the teacher explain the meaning of "B. C.," and also how 607 can come after 610.)

2. *Shinar.*—This was the ancient name for Babylon. It embraced the rich plains through which flowed the rivers Euphrates and Tigris. In this land the tower of Babel was built, near the ruins of which the city of Babylon was located. (See Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible," also Gen. 11 : 2-8.)

3. *Eunuch.*—"This is a term that is applied to any officer in the king's palace."—Clarke.

4. *Would not defile himself with the king's meat.*—(a) Daniel was evidently a young man (verse 4), and he was in captivity in a strange land; but he purposed to live a life in obedience to God's word. Who will follow his noble example? (b) The king's meat would "defile him." The heathen, or Gentiles, ate unclean meats forbidden by the Lord. They also ate meat strangled, which retained the blood in the flesh. This was especially forbidden. Gen. 9 : 4; Lev. 7 : 26, 27; Acts 15 : 20. Doubtless the king's meat had been first offered to idols. Acts 15 : 29; 21 : 25. (c) This is an important matter to us in this time. (See texts above in the Acts, also see the "Testimonies.")

5. "*Knowledge,*" "*skill,*" "*wisdom.*"—Dan. 1 : 17. The Lord saw their desire and determination to be true to him, and it pleased him to bless their bodies and minds. Is he not the same God to-day? Yea, verily; and he says, "Prove me." Let us do it, and begin now.

6. "*Therefore stood they before the king.*"—"Therefore" means result. As the result of their faithful adherence to principle and the word of God, they were fitted for responsible work in the king's palace, and, as future lessons will show, were prepared to proclaim to kings and princes the knowledge of the true God. The last message must go to kings. Rev. 10 : 11. And, as under the first message, the youth and even children may be called to this work. Who is preparing?

RATHER fail in trying to do good than not to try at all; try again.

YOU must not expect God to do that for you which you have ability and strength to do yourself.

## ISAIAH.

AMONG the prophetic books of the Bible, that of Isaiah stands preëminent for its grandeur and sublimity; and, naturally, we desire to know something of the author, the same as we would of the author of our most famous poems and prose works.

Unfortunately, there is little left on record of his history. We know, from his own statement, that he was the son of Amoz, and that he prophesied in the reigns of Uzziah, Jotham, Ahaz, and Hezekiah, kings of Judah. He seems to have resided in Jerusalem, near the temple. He was married, and had three sons. His wife was a prophetess. The time of his death is not known, but there is a rabbinical legend that he was sawn asunder by order of King Manasseh, who abhorred his miracles. If the statement is true, Isaiah must have been about one hundred years old at the time of his death.

His prophecies are a series of visions, not logically nor chronologically arranged. Critics do not agree as to the editing or compiling of the book. Some say Isaiah wrote it all, and some one else compiled it. Others say Isaiah did not write the last twenty-seven chapters. Their objections, however, prove they do not believe in divine revelation at all; and close study reveals a similarity of style that proves the sixty-six chapters the work of one mind, even if it were not proved by the quotations and references in the New Testament.

In a short paper it is impossible to give an analysis of the book. Isaiah is always calm, lofty, and majestic, although his discourse varies in style; "it is tender and stern, dictating and threatening, mourning or exulting in joy, mocking or earnest, but always returning to the majestic, as that is evidently his distinguishing characteristic."

In imagination we can picture the man, as we conceive the surroundings we have read of, and the message he bore.

MRS. F. A. REYNOLDS.

## "CHARITY SUFFERETH LONG, AND IS KIND."

WHEN you have filled a tumbler up to the very edge with water, one should suppose it would be impossible to get any more water into the glass without making it run over. But take a rose-leaf that turns upward like a shell, and lay it carefully on the surface of the water, and you will find that the water carries it without running over. And now you may add many a drop by pouring it into the concave leaf without spilling any in the tumbler. This illustrates the work of love in the heart. If your patience has been tried most severely, and it seems to you that the measure is full, love in the heart will prompt you to remember the rose-leaf, and so you suffer a little longer yet, and practice kindness and forbearance. Indeed, many a drop of provocation may come in, and still the heart, full of the love of God, and sustained by his divine grace, will be patient under it all, thus verifying to the full the scripture: "Charity [love] suffereth long, and is kind." 1 Cor. 13 : 4.

NOTHING can make us truly rich that does not make us know God better.

THE deeds we do, the words we say,  
Into still air they seem to float;  
We count them past,  
But they shall last  
In the dread judgment day,  
And we shall meet.

—Keble.



## OUR BABY-GIRL.

WHAT is it? Don't you know?  
It came but three short days ago.  
'Tis not a jewel or a pearl,  
But just a tiny baby-girl.

She has the puggiest little nose,  
And just the cunningest little toes;  
But never a tooth and never a curl,—  
The funny little baby-girl.

She keeps her papa awake all night;  
She gives her mama a terrible fright;  
Her auntie's brain is in a whirl,—  
All on account of the baby-girl.

What would we take for her? Well,  
That is a difficult thing to tell.  
Ruby and diamond and purest pearl  
Will not compare to our baby-girl.

ELLA CORNISH.

## FLOY'S DISCOVERY.

"O MAMA, what's 'come of the flowers  
That used to be out on the lawn?  
I went out to touch them a little,  
An' found they were every one gone.

"I 'spect some bad boy came an' pulled them  
While we were in bed fast asleep.  
I fink he might left a few blossoms,  
Just two or free for me to keep.

"Now who do you 'spose came an' took them?"  
"I think 't was Jack Frost, little Floy."  
"He did n't say please, did he, mama?  
An' Jack Frost's a naughty bad boy."

MRS. M. A. LOPER.

## "IF TWO OF YOU SHALL AGREE."

ALICE MEEN was just seventeen when her mother died. She had lost her father five years before, since which time she and her invalid mother had lived an ideal life of intimate companionship and unselfish oneness. Therefore when the dear eyes closed in their long, long sleep, young as she was, Alice felt as though the clouds had shut down upon her like a dark pall which even time would be powerless to lift. It was as if she had suddenly come to the brink of a great precipice; and looking down into the abyss, there was nothing for her to do but to catch her breath and stand still. Tears were denied her, and dry-eyed sorrow is ever the hardest to bear. Had she not known Jesus as the refuge of the weary and heavy-laden, I really think that she must have died,—although dying of grief is of much rarer occurrence than some people suppose.

Her guardian and his wife, with whom she had now to make her home, as she had no living relatives to whom she could go, were foreigners,—Mrs. Gerber, a notable housewife, and her husband, a lawyer of marked integrity, and respected accordingly. They were kindly people, both of them, but utterly incapable of fathoming the depths of Alice Meen's intense nature, and consequently ill able to console her in her tearless, speechless sorrow. This they themselves recognized, and also saw that unless something was done, and that quickly, worse would befall.

"Our home is no place for her, Hermann. There are no young people, and we old ones cannot reach her. She coughs now more than a common cold would bring; and when she wakes from sleep, she drips with the sweat," said the good *frau*. "She must away somewhere, or she, too, will die."

"It is not her death that I am afraid of,"

answered Herr Gerber. "I fear for her mind. She neither laughs nor cries, and she always was so merry! She now sits with that far-away look in her eyes I do not like to see there; and I never hear her speak if she can help it. I will send her to a boarding-school; she can well afford it, and the change may do her good."

So to boarding-school Alice went; and it proved her salvation.

The school selected was one of the dear old Moravian seminaries, conducted somewhat on the convent plan,—that is, the pupils were divided according to age into families, with about twenty girls in each. These had their own suites of apartments, quite distinct from each other; and with the exception of the "First-Room Company," each had two motherly preceptresses alternately in charge, by night as well as by day. The latter had but one,—for reasons which I will tell later.

Alice had been confirmed in the Moravian church the year previous, and it was her constant aim to let her light shine to her Master's glory. She had not been in the school many days before two of the girls came to her, and said:—

"We have leave to go alone into one of the dormitories for secret prayer every afternoon at five o'clock. Would n't you like to join us?"

"Thank you," she replied; "indeed I should."

So that afternoon they three went, and kneeling down at one of the beds, silently offered their private petitions.

Not long after, the communion service,—held every two months in that church,—came round; and to her astonishment Alice found that of all the "Seminary girls," they three were the only ones who partook of the emblems. It troubled her, as she knew that in that school of several hundred pupils there must be more who had the privilege to do so. Later she spoke of it.

"Lois," she said to the Methodist girl, "are n't there more church members than just we three, in all this big school?"

"O yes, I reckon there are lots of them," answered Lois Branton, a jolly, round-faced, sweet-tempered southern girl.

"Why do n't they commune?" asked Alice, gravely.

"I don't know," said Lois, lightly. "I reckon they've 'fallen from grace.'"

"Anyway, I don't see what we could do about it," soberly remarked Hermine Estabrook, the third of the "five-o'clock trio," who had joined them as they were standing together at the hall-window. She was an Episcopalian, and a member of Phillips Brooks's church, then in Philadelphia.

"I suppose we are 'our brother's keeper,'" commented Lois, thoughtfully.

"And we could pray for them," added Alice, continuing her train of thought. "You remember the promise: 'If two,' or three, 'of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven.' We are three; that would make it that much surer;—I mean if anything *could* make God's 'it shall be' any surer than it already is!"

"How you talk, Alice! just as if it were Miss Bradshaw or Mr. Hardwick who had promised!" exclaimed Hermine.

"Why, of course!" said Alice, her gray eyes wide open, and alight with solemn earnestness. "Would n't we believe it if either of them were to tell us 'it shall be' and should n't we the more surely believe it when *God* says so?"

"Yes, I suppose so; but you make it so

matter-of-fact,—as if He were right here among us."

"He *is*," returned Alice, with earnest gravity. "Our beloved Count Zinzendorf used to converse with him as he would have done with an earthly friend, when he was all alone in his room; and it is said that frequently people would stop at the door, hesitating about going in, because they thought him engaged with some one else; and when at last they knocked, expecting to apologize for the intrusion, they would find him entirely alone; and when they asked, 'Where has your company gone?' and he answered, 'I have not had any;' 'But we were quite sure we heard you speaking!' 'Ah! that was to my Saviour,' he would reply."

"Well," interrupted Lois, a little impatiently for her,—she did n't like long speeches of any kind,—"that's what we will do—unitedly pray for a revival of religion among the church-members in this school." And since things generally went as Lois said they should, the resolution was carried.

Fervently raising their hearts to God and pleading his promise, these three, day after day, petitioned the Lord to rouse the back-slidden in their midst; and two months later, when the sacrament was again celebrated, twenty Seminary girls solemnly partook, amid tears of contrition for coldness and heart wanderings.

The next day Lois said to her two companions:—

"Girls, I think we'd better now have a general prayer and social meeting. There are enough of us, and I am sure Miss Bradshaw will be willing. I will ask her after tea to-night, if you say so."

"I'm willing; only you'll have to be the leader, Lois. You know Moravians and Episcopalians are not given to public prayer by the laity, like Methodists;" and stately Hermine Estabrook straightened herself, with just a wee bit of conscious superiority.

"I suppose not," answered Lois, good-humoredly; "but they can learn how,—and will, if their hearts are in it. Won't they, Alice?" she said, turning to Alice Meen, who stood with troubled brow, evidently thinking it over.

She was the youngest of the trio. Lois was eighteen, and Hermine nineteen; and they both had been out in society quite a good deal, which made her feel young and inexperienced beside them.

"I dare say it is all right, Lois," she answered hesitatingly; "but I never prayed aloud in my life except at my dear mother's knee,—when I was little, you know. I have never attended such a prayer-meeting as you speak of. I have never even heard any one but ministers pray aloud, except when the head of the family prays in family worship."

"You don't mean to say that you never prayed in public?" inquired Lois, incredulously. "Well, you can learn. I think every Christian ought to be able to pray aloud, if called upon." Hermine and Alice colored, but kept still; so Lois continued: "I'll tell you how we'll fix it. We'll take turns in leading, and that will bring you last, as you are the youngest; and by that time you'll have learned how."

"You'll have to take the first turn, if I *am* the oldest," said Hermine, quickly; "because you *know* how."

"All right," answered Lois. "I'm used to it. I have prayed at home, in family worship, ever since I can remember, and have taken part in prayer-meetings ever since I joined the church,—which was when I was ten years old."

And so the matter was settled, though with uneasy apprehensions on the part of Alice, who was painfully shy, and to whom it was not merely a new experience, but one that she shrank from more than her companions knew.

How it resulted we will reserve for another week.

HELEN A. STEINHAUER.

### WHAT THE QUEEN THOUGHT.

THE "Pleasures of the Imagination" is the title of an essay by a noted writer. So long as the imagination dwells on the true, the good, and the beautiful, there is not only no harm, but often actual benefit and refreshment, in "making believe." So far as the incidents of the stories were concerned, it must be remembered that at least some of the parables of our Lord were imaginary, and were chosen as the most instructive, helpful, and pleasant way of teaching the fisherfolk of Galilee.

A few years ago, when Carmen Sylva was in the zenith of her popularity and health, she visited a small village school incognito, and asked permission to put the children through their "paces." The schoolmistress was highly delighted. Although she was unaware of the high rank of her visitor, she guessed from outward appearance that the latter was of no common order. The children did their mistress credit, answering with great promptitude all the simple questions that the queen put to them.

Just before leaving, the queen noticed one little tot in a far corner of the room, with her tangled head of hair bent over some book. The child was so deeply engrossed in her reading that she took no notice whatever of anybody in the room. The queen asked the reason of her silence; was she deaf, or otherwise afflicted? "O, no," was the answer, "but she is stupid, and never attends to her studies, but seizes every opportunity to read story-books." Carmen Sylva walked quietly up to the little reader, and, putting her hand on the curly head, asked gently what the child was reading, and the latter held up the book to the strange lady. It was "Fairy Stories and Poems," by Carmen Sylva. "And do you like these tales?" asked their author. "Like them, madam? O, I love them!"

And Carmen Sylva took the child in her arms, kissed the little flushed face, and departed. About a week afterward the child's aunt—for the little maiden was an orphan—received a letter from the queen offering to educate and bring up the child. The offer was gratefully and thankfully accepted, and now the little one is in one of the best schools in Roumania.—*Wellspring.*

DEAR children, did you ever count your mercies and blessings? Try it for a five-minute exercise. It is wonderful how many we shall find that we have quite overlooked all our lives; and not the least of these is the power of finding happiness and content amid the most discouraging circumstances. "It is always morning somewhere."—*Humane Journal.*

A BEE or a wasp, whenever they sting any one and lose their sting, must die in consequence. The stinging tongue of calumny and slander injures the character of the slanderer far more than the reputation of the one calumniated. Resent not malignity, and the maligner will soon kill his own influence, with honest people, at least.

WHAT is really good, is good for all.



### GROWTH OF INDUSTRIAL LIFE.

#### 8.—A MACHINE.

WHEN next you look at a great machine turning out its hundreds or thousands of pieces of work in an hour, its maze of wheels, cranks, shafts, and levers buzzing, clattering, and yet working like knowing beings, think what it is that you see. It is more than an arrangement of iron and steel driven through certain motions by a steam engine. It is more, even, than a great work of human ingenuity. It is the instrument of a force not to be measured in horse-power or in pounds.

A machine may be looked upon as the instrument for the indefinite extension of a single act of will. As man is made, he can carry his desires out only so fast as his hands and feet are able to serve him. During the first stages of the development of industry, when men worked with their hands, the number of valuable things made from the raw materials which nature gives, if divided up among all men, would give to each person very little wealth indeed. Most peoples, therefore, were barbarians, having very little of what we call the refinements of civilization; and though some cities were as rich and splendid as London or Paris to-day, it was only because millions of men, all over the world, worked in the most cruel slavery, with no reward for their toil, to make a few cities rich.

But when man has learned to make iron fingers which never tire, and arms of steam or water with many times the strength of flesh and bone, he finds no limit to the carrying out of his will, except his skill in contriving those iron fingers. The same machine may be many times multiplied, and every stream may be made to turn hundreds of water-wheels; every ton of coal may be made to drive an engine. But since only one or two purposes can be answered by any machine, however skilful the inventor, a machine does not extend indefinitely the whole field of the inventor's will, but only a single one of his purposes.

Think, then, that the machine you see stands for hundreds of men living in refinement and civilization on the one hand, and for hundreds of men released from slavery on the other.

It means more than that. The machine, in most cases, does nearly all the work, and does it in such perfection as only a practised hand could equal. The skill and intelligence blindly exercised by some machines, is something marvelous. The attendant who operates the mechanism is skilled only in handling machinery. His apprenticeship is short. His place is easily filled. His wages are low compared to what would be paid to a man for doing what the machine does. In short, the laborer is secondary to the machine. And the machine is owned by the employer, who is not a laborer, but a capitalist. The effect of introducing machinery has been to reduce the laboring people from independence to a sort of dependence, which sometimes comes to almost the same thing as serfdom.

Think, too, that the thing before you is a creature of capital. Not only does it give to corporations of capital a reason for being, but it owes its own existence to those corporations. Great looms, immense printing-presses, hun-

dred-spindled spinning-jennies, mean thousands invested in factories and machines, and thousands more put into fuel, wages, and general running expenses. Were it not for the existence of corporations and combinations of capital capable of handling such machines, no inventor would have wasted time in contriving them. Neither would the corporations exist if there were nothing to be gained in the way of more production by uniting the capital of many, for a single purpose, under the control of a few.

There may yet be room to reflect, among all these thoughts, that the machine is a new patch upon the garment of an old system. Trouble must continually arise from it until the customs of the people and the relations of the employer to the employed can be altered to suit the change from the old way of working to the new.

C. B. MORRILL.

### INDIVIDUALITY.

No two things in nature are exactly alike. Blades of grass from the same root, leaves from the same branch, children of the same parents,—all differ from their kind.

Every one is naturally individualistic, some more so than others. Each is his peculiar self, not only externally, as in point of features, gait, posture, etc., but also internally, as regards the form of his mental mold. And thus the same facts are cast in different shapes: some writers being plain, others ornate; some telling things roundly, others squarely; some making points prominent which others do not;—all these forms showing the mold wherein the thoughts were cast.

This we call "style" in a writer, and by it we distinguish one man's pen from another's as we can one person's voice from another's. Whatever faults such a writer may have, he has this virtue of being natural and easy. His is not the voice of Jacob, but the hand of Esau. He maintains his individuality (*in*, not *dividuality*, from *dividere*, to divide); he is *not divided*. He is as nature intended him—*one-self unbroken*.

This is not saying we should not copy good qualities in whomsoever found, but we should not do it so as to look like them, but make them our own, and so continue to look like ourselves. Two girls may be equally graceful, yet as distinct from each other as their features.

Although we eat the same food, breathe the same atmosphere, and are surrounded by the same facts, we differ—not in point of *matter*, but of *manner*; not in point of *truth*, but in the *expression* thereof.

The same elements that are transformed into an apple in one tree, change into a pear in another, and so on. The rose need not wish to be the lily, nor the lily the rose. They are to absorb the same soil, receive the same air and sunshine, and therewith work out each its own individuality. Now, instead of any one's repining that he is not somebody else, he may congratulate himself that he is who he is; for a sphere of action peculiarly his own, has by Providence been allotted to him, which he, and no other man in all this world, should fill. If that is not personal distinction, I do not know what to call it.

We would have lost Luther if he had tried to be Melancthon, Calvin if he had aped Beza, Ecolampadius if he had attempted to be like Zwingle, and *vice versa*. David very probably would have missed his Goliath if he had changed his sling for Saul's armor.

Be thyself, thy better self, always and under all circumstances.

P. GIDDINGS.



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## TURN TO JESUS.

ARE you sad and are you sighing?  
Are the daily duties trying?  
Do the clouds so heavy seem,  
That of light there 's not a gleam?  
Turn to Jesus in your pain,  
And the sun will shine again.

Is your heart with care oppressed?  
Does your body long for rest?  
Are you for lost days repining,  
Longing for the "sun's lost shining"?  
Turn to Jesus in your pain,  
And the sun will shine again.

Does the world seem all awry?  
Do you say, "No use to try"?  
Does the darkness seem so deep  
That you long for Death's grim sleep?  
Turn to Jesus in your pain,  
And the sun will shine again.

— M. Allison, in *Practical Farmer*.

WHILE we are very glad to learn from a number of entirely unsolicited testimonials that have been sent us that the INSTRUCTOR is constantly gaining in the appreciation of its intelligent readers, we would take this occasion earnestly and heartily to recommend to our youth the reading of our other publications, such as the *Review*, *Signs*, *Sentinel*, *Home Missionary*, and one or the other of our health journals, as well. All contain excellent and most desirable matter not contained elsewhere, and highly profitable to the culture of mind and heart.

THE series of articles we had begun on the Saints' Inheritance, from our highly esteemed brother, J. G. Matteson, will be delayed for some weeks, on account of the articles on the Sanctuary, which latter subject we wish to complete now, while the matter is fresh in the minds of the readers. I am sure we will appreciate the rest of the series on the Inheritance of the Saints all the better when they will be resumed.

WITH this number we commence a series of articles by our young friend, Brother T. J. Allen, who is giving us the benefit of his special researches in the realms of animal life. As these articles will be more or less illustrated throughout, we are sure that all will be highly pleased to give them a careful reading.

SATAN never worries about the man who thinks he must move into another township in order to be religious.

THOUSANDS are ensnared by Satan daily, because they think the day of judgment lies in the far future.

TRUE faith prefers God's will to its own, every time.

THE more a Christian grumbles, the less he prays.

A SIN is no less so when called a mistake.

## A CHILD OF A KING.

THERE are many kings whose children are not to be envied. Some of them have poor health, feeble minds, lurking diseases, and hidden insanity about them; and then there are revolutions, and banishments, and imprisonments, and executions; and the children of peasants are often safer and happier than the children of kings. Besides, kings may have many children, but only one can reign, and sometimes quarrels arise, and brothers shed each other's blood.

But every little child may become a child of a King, the King of glory, and an heir of a kingdom that cannot be moved.

Jesus Christ was born to be a King. The angel who announced his birth said, "He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest: and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David: and he shall reign over the house of Jacob forever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end." Luke 1:32, 33. While he was on earth, he was not a king; he was a teacher and a sufferer,—

"A silent Lamb to slaughter led,  
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead."

But this was not the end. The New Testament begins with "the book of the generation of Jesus Christ, the Son of David, the Son of Abraham." David was a king, and Christ is the heir to his throne. Abraham had the promise "that he should be the heir of the world" (Rom. 4:13), and Christ is the heir to that promise. "And if ye be Christ's, then are ye Abraham's seed, and heirs according to the promise." Gal. 3:29.

Christ was a Prophet to teach the people while here on earth. He is a great High Priest to intercede for them in heaven. He will be a king when he comes wearing his many crowns, and will establish a kingdom which cannot be moved. "And the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey him." Dan. 7:27.

Such is the kingdom prepared for us "from the foundation of the world," to which we shall be welcomed when the King shall come in glory, and shall send his angels to gather his chosen ones from every land and clime.

In that kingdom the people of God shall have rest. There shall be no sin, no sorrow, no sighing, no pain, no death. God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. He shall make all things new. There shall be a new heaven and a new earth; and the New Jerusalem shall come down from God out of heaven; and God's kingdom shall come, and his will shall be done in earth as it is done in heaven.

Who would not like to live in such a kingdom—a kingdom which shall not be moved? And who shall dwell there?—who but the children of the King? "If we suffer, we shall also reign with him." If in this world we can receive the kingdom of heaven as little children; if we will follow him who came as King to Zion, meek and lowly, gentle and merciful; if we will give ourselves to the Lord, and learn his ways and love his laws, we may be sure he will receive us and bless us here, and give us an abundant entrance to his kingdom by and by. And when those who spurn his rule and disobey his commands shall "perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little" (Ps. 2:12), we shall enter into his kingdom and his glory, and dwell forever in his presence.

Are we children of the King? Have we been born again, and renewed in heart and life by the power of the Holy Spirit? If so, we can sing, even here:—

"My Father is rich in houses and lands;  
He holdeth the wealth of the world in his hands!  
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold,  
His coffers are full,—he has riches untold.

"I'm the child of a King, the child of a King!  
With Jesus my Saviour, I'm the child of a King.

"A tent or a cottage, why should I care?  
They're building a cottage for me over there!  
Though exiled from home, yet still I may sing:  
'All glory to God, I'm the child of a King!'"

— *The Little Christian*.

THE last papal encyclical is long and of most crafty and subtle contents, and, as the *Christian Instructor* calls it, "a deceitful, Jesuitical document, from beginning to end."

The *Church Standard* says in regard to it, that "if Leo's infallibility is to bear the strain of his interminable proclamations, encyclicals, etc., it will have to be very infallible indeed. Fortunately for the infallibility, it is not held to include matters of fact, only the comparatively unimportant matters of 'faith and morals' [as Catholics hold them]. The pope may blunder to any extent in statements of fact or of history; but, though his judgments of faith and morals may be founded upon the most egregious blunders of that sort, they are nevertheless to be accepted as infallibly true. That is the limitation, and a very convenient one it is. The attempt of Pope Leo to establish himself on a specially friendly footing in the United States, on the ground that the Spanish bravos of South America were Roman Catholics, must strike the American Protestant of average intelligence, and even the Anglican, as a rather heavy papal joke. Americans are not all that they might be, but they have free common schools as yet, in which they learn at least a little elementary history,"—sufficient to see the difference between papal assertions and genuine historical facts.

WHILE the Roman Catholic Church is opposed to certain secret orders, this opposition is not based on the same principles as our opposition is based upon. We oppose such societies because the principle of oath-bound and pledge-bound secrecy is contrary to the principles of the Christian religion. Roman Catholicism has within its pale the Jesuitical Society, which is a secret organization. Rome claims to be lord of the conscience, and will therefore oppose any organization, open or secret, that does not allow this claim, or that sets up a rival claim. If the pope could control the secret orders that have been placed under the ban, all his opposition would disappear.—*Christian Statesman, Pittsburg.*



THE MONTHLY ILLUSTRATOR, in pursuance of its announcement policy, is including articles of more general interest than heretofore. The March number contains several of these, notably one upon "Early Artistic Watches," by George F. Kunz, the gem-expert; another, by Ernest Ingersoll, describes the quaint architecture and many curious customs of the Pueblo Indians; and Charles Turner tells of the scenery and legends of Killarney. All these articles are profusely and richly illustrated, as also are the articles upon certain familiar garden-flowers, by Lennië Greelee, and C. H. A. Bjerregaard's philosophical treatment of a selected series of tropical butterflies. Harry C. Jones, editor and publisher, 92, 94, and 96 Fifth Avenue, New York.