

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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THE CHINESE RACE.

IN our country a Chinaman is looked upon as a curiosity by many people. In the States along the Western coast, where thousands of the lower caste of this nationality have settled, they are looked upon with disgust. Every bad thing that occurs is charged to the "Celestials," as they are called. While it is true that there are some among them who are public enemies, it is questionable whether there is a larger percentage of drunkards and thieves among them than among the other nationalities of this country.

When the Chinese are dressed in American outfits, they do not appear so very much different from Americans, as shown by the illustra-



tions. Little Sue was a Chinese child in a neighbor's family in Oakland, California. She was permitted to associate with American children, and at times dressed in the American costume. While her father and mother did not take to American ways very readily, they were interested in the study of the Bible, and attended a mission for the Chinese. The little girl could talk the English language, and showed an ability to learn equal to English-speaking children.

When she came out in her Chinese costume with her parents, she looked quite like another person, as you will see by the photographs. Her clothing changed her appearance, yet she was the same Little Sue, and loved to meet her American friends just as well. Her heart received impressions from the truth of God,—that Jesus Christ died to save her, as well as the children of other countries.

And this leads us to consider the Chinese

field for missionary labor. There are about four hundred million souls in the Chinese empire, and the great majority are yet in heathen darkness. God has said he "hath made of one blood all nations of men," and again: "God is no respecter of persons." "The Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."

A missionary who has recently gone to China gives, in the *Christian Alliance*, the following report of the heathen religious ceremonies in which this people are constantly engaged:—

"I had been here but a few days when it was given me to witness the first revolting rite of heathenism. Considerable sickness prevailed in the city, and a series of religious demonstrations was arranged, the object of which was to effect the expulsion of the evil spirits recognized as the cause of the epidemic.

"The prominent feature of each day was a great procession in the evening. From our second-floor windows we looked on in silence and sadness. At least a thousand men and boys marched, gaudily dressed and decked in many styles. Some carried Chinese lanterns, flags, and banners; others bent under the weight of miniature temples supported with long poles, each upon the shoulders of several men. There were scores of these, each displaying a variety of food, meats, vegetables, pastry, fruits, and sweetmeats, as offerings to the gods.

"Other similar vehicles held great pots of disagreeable, smoking incense; others held images, candles, and the like. A variety of drums, gongs, pipes, horns, brass cymbals, etc., augmented by human shouting and yelling, lent such a din to the occasion that it would have been quite useless to attempt to make one's speech heard. To all this were added the noise and smoke of firecrackers, with which the people of the houses along the line of march greeted the passing host. Whole bunches of lighted crackers were thrown out continually, regardless of where they fell, and the bareheaded and barefooted processionists were in danger of being burnt or singed; yet they kept their line uncomplainingly as best they could.

"Perhaps the most prominent features of all were the imitation lion and dragon. These were light hollow structures within which men were placed to give them the appearance of life, and the horrid-looking creatures careened from side to side of the narrow street, and pretended recognition of the volleys of crackers and other tributes of honor that were tendered them. I am told that these, aided by the attendant clamor, are supposed to possess the power to drive away the malignant spirits which

bring disease; and hence they were at this time carried through most of the streets of Macao.

"While the procession was in motion, we could observe the people in the adjoining houses going through forms of worship, and from one street-door and another they would issue with their little sticks of burning incense, and add them to the potfuls that were carried along. The whole affair occupied over a half hour in passing our home, but the confusion and noise did not cease when it had gone; the entire city seemed to be aroused and excited, and the last sounds that reached my ear, as at a late hour I retired, were those of the monotonous gong and drum. On the four succeeding nights these ceremonies were repeated, and during the day smaller bands carried the lion through many of the side streets.

"To my heart this first spectacle of Chinese idolatry brought awe and sadness."

Another missionary writes in regard to how these people appreciate the gospel when once they are led to receive it. After speaking of some difficulties encountered in securing rooms where they could make their home, he says:—

"After about three weeks one of them came back to Macao, in company with two of the



men from this place, and they brought an invitation from one of the villages, written by the three village fathers, inviting us to go up there and live and teach them of Christ. The letter was very touching—a real cry from Macedonia. Glory be to God! The men that brought the message were too poor to pay passage boat-fare, so they came most of the way, over two hundred miles, in an open row-boat. Since being here they have had regular instructions in Bible truths, and have definitely acknowledged Christ as their Saviour, and

show their new life in their faces and actions. Just at this juncture we were short of help in the house, and these men showed not only a willingness but also a real eagerness to assist in every possible way. One of them, who was quite sick, was shown the Bible-teaching in divine healing, and desired to trust God alone. At his own request prayer was made, and he stepped out in beautiful child-like faith, and left his bed. And, praise God! his faith was rewarded, and his healing has been a testimony to the Chinese Christians in the house.

"And now I want to say that though God has so wonderfully answered prayer, we are not more certain of the answer than we were before we saw it. Just as God has led in this, so he will provide in the many, many trials and persecutions which are sure to attend the opening up of work in a new field like Quang-si. And though we have not had the experience of many of our brothers and sisters who have spent years in the foreign field, God's ear is always open to our prayer for strength and wisdom, and his eye is always on our life and needs."

From the above testimonies it will be seen that God has a people in China. It should be a privilege for those who enjoy the precious truths of the Bible to give their means, their sons, their daughters, and *themselves* to carry the light to the millions in China. All may not be called upon to go to that field, but all are called upon to help support earnest laborers in that nation. Who will respond to the call of the Master by saying, "Here am I, send me"?

J. H. D.

A VISIT TO JEYPORE.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART III.

My guide and I slowly advanced through the crowd of natives up the beautiful main street, which is kept very clean. Rousselet in his work entitled "India and its Native Princes," says, "No town in India can rival Jeypore in the beauty and cleanliness of its streets, and I doubt whether at the time it was built there were many cities in Europe which could be compared to it." The buildings on both sides of the street are two or three storied, and very similar in appearance. All are painted alike, after a very unique Hindu style, and are quite showy.

On the left the maharajah's palace, with its pleasure grounds covering about one hundred and thirty acres, occupies the center of the city. The front of the palace is seven or eight stories high, and is flanked at every extremity by a lofty tower surmounted by a cupola. The front is beautifully adorned with delicate fretwork. Passing through a large brazen doorway, we were in the divan-i-khas, or hall of audience, which is built entirely of white marble, and occupies the ground floor of this palace. The simplicity and grandeur of its proportions give it a very rare beauty. It is seated with costly upholstered chairs, and within its beautiful walls the maharajah assembles the great men of the nation, whenever occasion demands. It seemed too bad that its beauty should be marred by several pigeons, that selected it as a suitable place to rear their young, the religion of the Hindu forbidding him to molest them.

Another brazen door opens from this to the palace garden, which is surrounded by a high, embattled wall. It is full of fountains, cypresses, palms, and flowering shrubs of every form of leaf and shade of color, with a succession of alcoves extremely rich and striking. Not far from the divan-i-khas is the observa-

tory, which we were not permitted to see, as it is not now in use.

On our way to the Hawah-mahal (palace of the winds), we passed through the royal stables. In these the maharajah keeps some three hundred horses of various kinds. After seeing the horses, I remarked that most of them were very poor horses for a king to have, and was told that at one time they were all valuable animals; but as they had been kept in those stables so long without sufficient exercise, many of them had become diseased and quite worthless.

The Hawah-mahal is a magnificent building of the Saracenic order of architecture. Its walls are of different-colored marble, relieved by inlaid panels of gilding. The center of the rooms was adorned with artificial fountains and cascades, and beautified by potted plants. From the top of the Hawah-mahal we had a good view of the city.

We were glad to see the king's carriages, which are one hundred and twenty-five in number, some of them being very beautiful. One was plated with silver and mounted with gold. This carriage is drawn by four beautiful horses lavishly decorated with gold-mounted harnesses, and is used only on royal occasions.

The royal elephants claimed part of our time. One of them, a very large fellow, is called the "maharajah's fighting elephant," as the king keeps him for that purpose. The other elephants were quite docile, and the Indian children play around them as fearlessly as though they were kittens. Two little lads, by some means not known to me, induced one of the elephants to hold up a front leg so as to form a step by which they might mount his back, which they did very quickly, and, according to Oriental custom, at once demanded backsheesh.

As the Hindus are such a very religious people, nearly every act of their lives is interwoven with some religious act. It has been said of them that "they eat religiously, drink religiously, bathe religiously, and sin religiously," and so the heads of these elephants were painted religiously after various idolatrous Hindu designs.

Everywhere the terrible effects of idolatry, which pervades every act of a Hindu's life, are to be seen. Crimes of the most revolting kind are not only countenanced, but are enjoined by this odious theology. The poor Hindu lives in constant fear lest he may arouse the wrath of some god or demon, which he believes to be ever ready to destroy him. It is a religion in which self saves self, and the Hindu's life is made wretched by the austerities and penances which he performs. How different are the promises of our God, which are so beautifully portrayed in psalm 91.

WILLIAM LENKER.

BROKEN CISTERNS AND LIVING WATERS.

EVERY school-boy who has studied United States history is familiar with the story of Ponce de Leon, and how he came here in the early days of this country, in quest of a life-renewing fountain. His eager search for water wherein he might plunge and come forth with the freshness and vigor of youth, only met with bitter disappointment.

Lately a man in California claims to have discovered, at a high altitude on one of the mountains, water of such wonderful properties that it will not only keep one in health, but will also prolong life far beyond the period enjoyed by men at the present time.

This water may be wonderfully pure, and hence conducive to health, yet those who try

it with the idea of living for an indefinite time, will be doomed to as sad disappointment as was Ponce de Leon.

As is well known, mineral water, supposed to contain curative properties, is sold in most of our large cities, at a very fair price. In many places there are living springs or fountains, so called because they never become dry. The water from such places is usually clear, sparkling, and very pure; therefore those who have access to such water prize it very highly. Water is so necessary to sustain life, that without it all the people now on the earth would die.

However, no water on this earth has ever yet been discovered that will secure to men life everlasting, or even satisfy one so that he will thirst no more as long as he lives. All are doomed to die; "for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." "The wages of sin is death."

Years ago there was one who saw and pitied our condition, and in his great love and pity he opened a fountain, the efficacy and value of which is thus described: "In that day there shall be a fountain opened . . . for sin and for uncleanness." Zech. 13:1. Those who drink of this fountain "shall never thirst," "neither shall they die any more." This water is continually flowing, and it is perfectly free. The invitation is, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." Isa. 55:1.

To those who partake of it, the gracious assurance is given that "they shall be abundantly satisfied" [margin, watered]. Ps. 36:8. Says Jesus, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink." John 7:37.

The one who drinks of this water will be so filled to overflowing, that it cannot help flowing out in kind words and deeds to others. Yet how strange it is that after this wonderful provision has been made for all, there are many who prefer to turn away, and use instead the water described by the prophet Jeremiah:—

"For my people have committed two evils; they have forsaken me the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water." Jer. 2:13.

M. C. GUILD.

THE PRECIOUS PROMISES.

DOES your spirit faint? They are a dropping honeycomb, better than Jonathan's. Dip your pilgrim staff into their richness, and put your hands to your mouth, like him, and your faintness shall pass away. Are you thirsty? They are the flowing streams of the water of life, of which you may drink by the way and lift up your head. Are you overcome by the sultry burden of the day? They are as the shadow of a cloud to bring down the heat, as the cool shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Have your steps well-nigh slipped? They are a staff in your hand, on which betimes, like Jacob, you may lean and worship God. Are you sad? There are no such songs to beguile the road, and to bear you on with gladness of heart, as when one goeth with a pipe to come in the mountain of the Lord. Put but a promise under your head by night, and were your pillow a stone like that at Bethel, you shall have Jacob's vision. The thirstiest wilderness will become Elim, with palm trees and wells of water.—C. Geikie, D.D.

THE promises of God are as sure as he is certain to exist. Should heaven and earth pass away, the word of God will still endure, and by that word all things will be made new.

Timely Topics

AN IMPORTANT ANNIVERSARY.

Most every nation has days, perhaps all nations have, which are observed as days of commemoration. France celebrates the fall of the Bastille, because that kingly prison was a sign of cruelty and oppression over which the people of France have gained the victory. In this country the fourth day of July is observed as a national holiday. On that day, in the year 1776, the American Declaration of Independence was signed, and a war was begun which resulted in the political freedom of these colonies. Italy is now to have a national anniversary, and the circumstances through which it has arisen make it a very important anniversary. A bill providing for such a holiday, at the instance of M. Crispi, the premier of Italy, lately passed the Italian Chambers. The day to be honored as an Italian national holiday is the twenty-second day of September. On that day, in the year 1870, the armies of Victor Emmanuel, king of Italy, entered Rome, the "states of the church" were taken away from the pope, he was relieved of the task of being a temporal king, and Rome became the capital of a reunited Italy.

Thus to lose his temporal authority was a good deal of a let-down to the papacy, and the pope and many Catholics have ever since felt very sore over this loss, and naturally the proposal of the people of Italy to set apart a day for the commemoration of this event is highly displeasing to them; but they have no just grounds of complaint. The spiritual power of the pope is untouched, and he has as perfect liberty as any other man. The popes did not become temporal princes until A. D. 753, and there is no reason why they cannot get along as well now without temporal power as they did before that date. M. Crispi declares that he "desires neither a concordat nor a combat;" that is, he does not want a union of the Italian government with the Catholic Church, nor does he want to antagonize and oppose the church. If the church will let the government alone, the government will let it alone. This certainly is wise statesmanship. The pope can still be the revered head of the Roman Catholic Church all over the world; but M. Crispi and the Italian people will look after the temporal interests of the people of Italy, the pope and his household included, and see that they are protected, and that civility is maintained.

The apostles, including Peter, whom Catholics regard as the first pope, thought it well to appoint men to look after the business matters of the church, that they, the apostles, might give themselves wholly to the ministry of the word and to prayer. Acts 6:1-4. Peter and his brethren did certainly not aspire to be governors of Judea, in addition to their work of the ministry, and it would seem as though the pope, with all the spiritual oversight of the Roman Catholic Church in the whole world on his hands, might be kept comfortably busy without interfering with M. Crispi's department of government.

This is the way the Italian people think, and they will show their feelings by a general observance of the twenty-second day of next September. May they prosper in that which they have undertaken, and may their shadow never grow less!

EX UNITED STATES CONSUL WALLER.

It is well known that at the present time France is waging a war of conquest in Madagascar. There is a native government there of the people known as the Hovas, a branch of the Malay race. A large number of these people, including the queen and royal family, have accepted Christianity, as taught by Protestant ministers, and the people are advancing in knowledge and civilization. It seems to be a pity that this young and promising nation cannot be left alone to work out their civilization, and to show what Christianity will do with an ignorant and degraded race. But no, the insatiable greed of a great Christian(?) power will not be satisfied until this native government is overthrown, or shall become subject to France. To this end a French army is in Madagascar, and more troops are now being sent there from Toulon.

An event of especial importance to Americans in connection with this invasion is the way that the French have treated a citizen of the United States, who was residing in Madagascar. This man, John L. Waller, had been United States consul at Tamatave, Madagascar. He is a colored man, and before he received his appointment as consul, he was assistant superintendent of the Kansas insane asylum. He had bought land and settled in Madagascar, though he had not ceased to be a citizen of the United States. The French invaders accused him of favoring the Hovas and opposing the French invasion. He was therefore seized by the French, tried by military court martial, and sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment at hard labor. All this without giving him time to gather evidence to defend himself, or to appeal to his country for support. This seems like a very arbitrary proceeding, and Mr. Eustis, the United States minister to France, has been instructed to take the matter in hand. The French government have by various expedients tried to evade Mr. Eustis, and have refused to let him see the records of the court before which Mr. Waller was tried. Now Mr. Eustis has informed the French government that he must see the entire record of the military court, and that if this request is not granted, such action will be regarded by his government as an unfriendly act. There is little doubt that a grave wrong has been done Mr. Waller, and that an apology to him and to this government, and an indemnity for what he has suffered, should be forthcoming from France.

THE SPANISH LANGUAGE.

THE attention of the people of the United States is being more and more directed toward the study of the Spanish language. This is because Spanish is the general language of Mexico and Central and South America, and with these countries it is believed the United States in the future will have much to do. All these countries are beginning to enter an era of development, and they will need a vast amount of machinery and goods of various kinds, which no country can supply as well as we can. Then those countries have many things which we need, and with new lines of steamers connecting us directly with their ports, and with railway connection between the United States and these countries, as we shall surely have before long, very close trade relations and an enormous traffic must soon be established between us and these countries. For these reasons the learning of the Spanish language is now looked upon as one of the best qualifications which a young man can possess,—something that will

help him to a good salary and an honorable occupation. The *Philadelphia Record*, discussing this question, makes the following remarks:—

"Our commerce with the Central and South American republics is largely increasing every year. Even slow-going Mexico is becoming alive to this fact, and is accordingly making an effort to capture some of the commerce flitting hitherward and thitherward. She is actually going so far as to listen to the scheme which is being advocated for the formation of a United States of the Latin-American republics of the central portion of the continent, a confederation which, with Mexico as a part, would very largely increase commerce between this country and the new United States to the southward. The commercial possibilities of these Latin republics are exceedingly vast. Our present commerce with those countries is as nothing to what it will be twenty-five years hence, when a knowledge of the Spanish language will be absolutely essential to all young men engaged in the counting houses of the firms engaged in business with that part of the globe. Let parents and pedagogues, therefore, cease their bickerings as to the respective merits of Greek and French, and put into the boys' heads a practical knowledge of Spanish, which they will find it not difficult to build upon a tolerably fair foundation of Latin. French may be the language of refinement, and as such its acquisition is more or less desirable; but the great languages of commerce not many years hence will be our own language, the German language, and that charming tongue for which this plea is made—the tongue of Cervantes and of Cortez."

The above is the worldly outlook from a business standpoint, but there is another point of view from which we ought to look at this subject. Nearly all that the people of those countries know of the gospel is what they have learned from the Catholic Church, an uncertain ray of religion and superstition. Many are becoming disgusted with Romanism, and want something better. They recognize the fact that the country has been already bound too long with priestly chains. Many of those countries are awake to the danger of having the state controlled by the church, as it has been in the past. What openings are here presented for the presentation of the "everlasting gospel" and the knowledge of the proper relations between religion and the state!

In order to do this work well, however, a knowledge of the language of the people of those countries will be indispensable. We hope our young people will bear this in mind, and that our schools will provide facilities for the learning of the Spanish language. It is not a difficult language to learn, and hard study, with the blessing of God, would soon make our young people able to make themselves understood in Spanish, and actual residence there would make them perfect in the language.

THE negroes who were driven from Spring Valley, Ill., by Italians have been permitted to return, and complete protection has been promised them by the town authorities. Many of the Italians have fled, fearing arrest. If they will continue their flight until the Atlantic Ocean shall separate them from this country, it will be a good thing for the country, and perhaps for themselves, considering the cause of their flight. But, at the same time, it is to be hoped that the perpetrators of these outrages may be taken and punished as an example to others who may also be inclined to abuse the freedom granted them under the stars and stripes.



Established, 1852.

J. H. DURLAND,
M. E. KELLOGG, }

EDITORS.

KIND WORDS.

WE are living in a time when everybody is in a hurry. There is little time to stop to consider the feelings of others. How often in the family brothers and sisters speak harshly to each other. The older ones do not wish to be troubled with the requests of the younger, and so turn them away with a snap and a snarl which would sound harsh if spoken to the domestic animals around the house.

Why not use kind words? They never bluster the tongue nor the lips. Kind words help our own good nature. Soft words soften our own soul. Angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make it blaze more fiercely. Kind words make other people good-natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. There is such a rush of all other kinds of words in our days, that it seems desirous to give kind words a chance among them.

Kind words also produce their own image on men's souls, and a beautiful image it is. They smooth and quiet and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. But few in the world have begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger." These are true words. They are practical words. All will do well to consider them carefully. Our words must come into judgment. Matt. 12:36. How will it be when all those harsh, unkind words which we have spoken shall be brought against us? We cannot take them back, but we can repent of them, and begin now to cultivate kind words to take their place.

J. H. D.

GOD'S IMAGE.

ONE of the first things stated in the Scriptures is that man was made in the image of God. No question can be of such intense interest to a thinking man as his own origin and the origin of his race. Without a knowledge of this there can be no true knowledge; and so at the very beginning of the history of all things, God answers that question. The great work of creation is first mentioned in these simple yet sublime words: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." Then follows the account of the creation of man in God's image, as a part of the great creation, and, as far as this world is concerned, the most important part; for God did not make man for the world, but he created the world for man. The man to be created was in the mind of God when he laid the foundations of the earth.

The first thought that arises from the consideration of this fact is that man has a noble origin. It often happens in this world that men boast of their noble ancestry. They delight to trace back their family line to some baron, duke, or king. This is of little consequence; for such men have been worthless in themselves, and have no luster to reflect upon their descendants. There is a nobler ancestry, not for one, but for every human being. Read the genealogy of man in Luke 3, noting espe-

cially the last sentence of the chapter. Adam was the son of God. We are descended from Adam, so that every one, in the sense of descent, is the son of God.

There is another sense in which all are not the sons of God. Our first parents sinned, and the image of God which they possessed in physical body, intelligence of mind, and spiritual love of truth and holiness, was lost. Now the image of God is not seen in man as it was in our first parents. Physical deformity, mental incapacity, and unrighteousness are seen in all their varying degrees in mankind. But God, our common Father, in his great love toward us his erring children, has sent to each and all of us a message of mercy and hope. To no ordinary person did he commit this message. An angel from heaven announced him; a man was chosen to herald his approach; but the messenger of love and mercy was no other than the "only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." The history of his advent into this world, what he said and did, and the way this messenger of God was treated, we may read in the Scriptures. He is the second Adam. In him again is the image of God revealed. In him we may see the ideal man, type of the ideal race which was in the mind of God when he said to the Son, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness." The object of the coming of Christ to this earth was to show what God would do for man, and to give to those who would believe in him and receive the message from God the power to become such as he, to become the sons of God in the new and exalted sense of recognizing his word and obeying him, being received again into the family of obedient children. "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name." He gives that power to every one who believes and sees in Christ the true image of God, and believes that the reception of his word will restore in him the same glorious image.

God's purpose thus to restore man is made known through the gospel, but all do not receive the gospel, so an apostle has declared: "But if our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost: in whom the God of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them." Notice that Satan, who is the god of this world,—the god which this world worships,—has not the power to prevent people from believing; but if they "believe not," then he blinds their minds until they do not see in Christ the glorious image of God. O how many blinded souls see nothing in Jesus Christ!

Shall not we who do see rejoice in all that we see, and daily seek for a clearer knowledge of all that he is, and a deeper experience in his work? We are surely under the highest obligations to do so; "for God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." This he will do for every heart that believes. As the darkness of the physical world was swept away by the voice of God at creation, so at his voice to us the light shines into our hearts, and we see light and glory in the face of our adorable Redeemer. All that the longing soul requires may be seen in the face of Jesus Christ. There, love divine and pure may be seen, and love is the promise of everything. In him is life, and that life is freely given to us. "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift."

M. E. K.

STRONG DRINK.

MANY love it, yet what has it produced?—Houses without windows, gardens without fences, barns without roofs, and children without principle, clothing, or manners.

It is strong drink that fills our prisons and insane asylums. It is alcohol that fills our county hospitals with patients, and our cemeteries with premature graves.

Yet with this terrible record, young men will drink from the cup that contains the deadly poison. The wise man says, "Touch not; taste not; handle not." But there are scores of the youth of our land who heed not the warning.

It may be that some have not heard the warning. They may have been brought up under influences that have darkened their minds in regard to the great evil of strong drink. Here is work for every young man and woman. Raise the temperance banner, and tell of the dangers. Let none be asleep. Reader, do you believe in temperance? Do you work for temperance? Are you awake and trying to save some?

J. H. D.

INFLUENCE OF SONG.

SOME one once said, "Let me make the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes their laws." This was said to illustrate the great influence which popular songs have upon the people. Some of the greatest revolutions of history have been almost borne by song. The children of Israel sang a hymn of rejoicing after crossing the Red Sea, and the song became a national heritage. The songs of David! how much they have had to do with the preservation of the nation of the Jews, no man can tell. The humble shoemaker, Hans Sachs, of Nuremberg, wrote songs that moved Germany, and greatly supplemented the work of Luther in the great Reformation. The Marseillaise hymn, composed in a night by Rouget de l'Isle, set France all aflame with patriotic fervor, and made every European tyrant tremble on his throne. The songs of Charles and John Wesley aided much in the great revival of religion which gave rise to the Methodist Church. So have the gospel hymns and the sweet singers of our day exerted a great influence upon the world. By these examples we see how great a power is song, in whatever direction it is exerted.

No political event or war probably was the means of producing more songs than the late civil war in the United States. There was apparently no end of them. President Lincoln understood the influence such songs exerted upon the soldiers, and such singers as the Hutchinson family, and other professional singers, were allowed free access to the camp, and the soldiers first hearing, then learning and singing the songs, were cheered and encouraged in the struggle.

One of the authors of many of those songs, George F. Root, has just passed away by death. How many have sung his songs who have forgotten or never knew his name! How many sang them on the eve of battle, who never sang again. "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," "Just Before the Battle, Mother," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp the Boys are Marching," were among his productions. How the old times and the inspiration that was in them come back to us after thirty years, as we read these almost forgotten titles! The name of Mr. Root does not stand with that of Grant, Sherman, and Thomas, but may be his songs of patriotism did as much to preserve the Union as the ablest general did. May he be held in grateful remembrance!

M. E. K.

BIBLE LESSONS AND NOTES

LESSON 11.—TITHING.

(September 14, 1895.)

1. To whom do we belong? 1 Cor. 3: 23.
2. Give two reasons why this is so. Col. 1: 16; 1 Cor. 6: 19 (first clause), 20 (first clause). (See note.)
3. For what do we depend on God? Acts 17: 28; Dan. 5: 22, 23.
4. What, then, is the correct answer to the questions asked in 1 Cor. 4: 7?
5. To whom do our persons, our time, our property, our *all* belong?
6. What proportion of our time has the Lord reserved to himself? Ex. 20: 9, 10.
7. Why is it not robbery for the Lord to take one seventh of our time?—Because *this*, together with the other six sevenths, *belongs wholly to him*.
8. What must we conclude if one refuses to return what really belongs to another, provided the owner asks it?—It would be equal to taking the same without permission.
9. And what would that be?
10. The earth with its contents belongs to whom? Ps. 24: 1.
11. What things upon earth are definitely mentioned as being his? Ps. 50: 10-12; Hag. 2: 8.
12. What part of all our income does the Lord ask us to return to him? Lev. 27: 30.
13. What is a tithe? Gen. 28: 20-22.
14. A tenth of what? Verse 22, last clause.
15. How poor ought a person to be in order to be unable to return what God requires? 1 Kings 17: 8-16.
16. How poor was this widow? Verse 12.
17. When did the Lord want his share? Verse 13.
18. Did the widow suffer because of this? Verses 14-16.
19. If we use what *we* want *first*, and *then* give to the Lord, what will it develop?—Selfishness.
20. What if we reverse that?—Unselfishness.
21. Which of the two is Christianity? Why?
22. Whose children are we? 1 Cor. 3: 23; Gal. 3: 29.
23. What will Abraham's children do? John 8: 39.
24. Did Abraham pay tithes? Gen. 14: 18-20.

NOTE.

We are the Lord's by creation, for he gave us existence. He created us. Gen. 1: 26, 27; 2: 7. Having forfeited our lives by sin, Christ dies for us to redeem us from death. 1 Cor. 15: 22. Therefore we are the Lord's both by redemption and creation.

THE PRESERVATION OF THE BIBLE THROUGH THE MIDDLE AGES.

FROM all quarters of the earth they come, these precious documents which make up our modern Bible; from Palestine, and Babylon, and the distant East, they come; from Africa and the islands of the Indian Sea; from the great universities and libraries of the Gentiles, and from the filthy Jewish Ghettoes in Italy and Spain. There are fine synagogue parchments, with their exquisite writings, written out with continual fasting and prayer; piles of shriveled fragments of only a few pages; and rough, leathern rolls one hundred

and fifty feet long; and beautiful, book-shaped copies of the law; or soiled and faded sheets of the prophets and the Psalms, disinterred from the "Ghenizas," where the Jews had stealthily buried them.

Imagine a scholar bending over these precious documents, which have come down to us through medieval times, some of them from the earliest years of the Byzantine empire. He can, with ease, separate them into distinct classes,—the Hebrew and Greek originals; the ancient translations in Syriac, Coptic, and Latin; the writings of the early Christian fathers; and he parts the manuscripts of the Scriptures, written in Greek, according to their age, arranging them in the order of the centuries from which they are supposed to have come.

They are written on vellum; the letters in all are large, square capitals, written in continuous lines, without break or punctuation, two, three, or four columns on a page. They once contained the whole Bible, the Old as well as the New Testament, in Greek; but now all these manuscripts are much mutilated; from each of them whole books are missing. Their names have become familiar as the "Vatican," the "Sinaitic," the "Alexandrian," and the "Ephraem" manuscript. Four capital cities of the old world now hold them in their keeping,—Rome, St. Petersburg, London, and Paris.

Here is the Vatican manuscript. Its origin, its early history, are all unknown. Whose hands guarded it for more than a thousand years, no one can tell. It may have been that the Benedictines, on Mt. Casino, served as its custodians for several centuries. It comes from the age that witnessed the building of Constantinople, the founding of the Eastern empire, the cessation of Roman persecutions, and the establishment of Christianity as the religion of the Roman world.

It has been in the city of Rome since the year 1448, and it has been guarded by the Roman Church with jealous care.

Here is the Sinaitic manuscript. It was found, about thirty years ago, by Tischendorf, a German scholar, in a convent on Mt. Sinai. The story of its discovery furnishes one of the few romances of Biblical research.

In the lonely desert stands a monastery, built fifteen centuries ago, by the Emperor Justinian. Here, through all the centuries, Greek monks have lived, as though they were in a veritable fortress, surrounded by the Moslem Arabs, and have not left one trace of their achievements in the land. But they kept strict watch and ward over this ancient document; and it was here that the German scholar found it.

He came just in time to see and to rescue forty-three of the invaluable, precious leaves which were on the way to the convent fire. He could not secure the other leaves; for the monks saw in the scholar's great joy over the old leaves a sign of the great value of their treasure. Fifteen years went by, and a third visit had to be made before another leaf was even seen; but then, at last, when the eager yet baffled seeker was giving up his attempt as hopeless, the remainder of the mutilated book was placed in Tischendorf's hands. The following night was spent in reading and copying some portions of the sacred volume. The devout student, with such a recovered book before him, felt that it would be a sin to sleep until he had examined it.

And this manuscript, so late to come to light, is our second oldest Greek Bible.

(Concluded next week.)



ABELARD.

(Continued.)

THE question which divided the two schools of medieval philosophy was that concerning the nature of universals. The discussion of this question influenced very deeply the life and the history of the middle ages. It is therefore worth while to see what this question really was.

A general term is one which applies to all individuals possessing a certain group of qualities denoted by that term. It applies to all individual objects possessing the group of qualities comprehended in the term "horse." There are an almost endless number of these qualities, and the possession of all of them is necessary. Some qualities are common to the horse and the ox, some to the horse and the lion, some to the horse and the zebra. Some animals have more qualities in common with the horse than have others; the ox has more than the lion, the zebra more than the ox. But when the group of qualities is complete, we have the animal called "horse," and every animal possessing all these qualities is a horse. This kind of term is also called a universal term, or universal. We may notice further that there are terms which include qualities not possessed completely by any known individual thing, but by a group of individual things having a certain relation in common. Thus the term "church," in the sense of a religious body, cannot be applied to any individual person, but only to a group of persons, things, and ideas, having a certain relation existing between them. Now the school of philosophy represented by Roscellinus claimed that universals were nothing but names, nothing but sounds uttered by the voice. It is very convenient to classify objects and give them a name, but there was nothing behind the name which would make a name even, if we did not discover it. So also there were no abstract realities. The "church," for instance, had no real existence, since it was neither the pope, nor the priests, nor the people, nor the territory, nor the houses and utensils of worship, nor all of these together.

The realist school, to which William of Champeaux belonged, took the opposite extreme. There was a real, though invisible, essence represented by the name "horse." This essence was in every horse. All the properties which he manifested to the senses were mere "accidents." The thing which made him a horse was the essence of the horse which was in him. So also the church was a real entity, or existence. Every member of the church was pervaded by its essence. If all men apostatized from the Catholic faith, from the pope down, the "church" would remain as truly an entity as ever it was.

This doctrine Abelard attacked with all the resources of logic and all the weapons of ridicule. If the same essence of humanity was in Plato at Rome and in Aristotle at Athens, then Plato must be Aristotle, and Aristotle, Plato. For there were not two similar essences, since this would be two individuals, and no universal. There was but one universal, and therefore there was but one essence. If this essence was in Aristotle at Athens, and was Aristotle, his individuality being external and "accidental," and was also Plato, and in Plato, then

must Aristotle be in Plato and Plato in Aristotle. Hence one man was at Rome, and also at Athens. Yet Abelard, while opposing realism, did not go to the extreme of nominalism. He held very nearly the modern doctrine, that the universal exists in the mind only, but corresponds to real relations in the outside world, and is not a mere convenience, a mere word. The church is a real *condition of relation*, though not a real independent being.

The reader may wonder why men could rise and fall on the tide of ideas like these, and how a creature possessed of common sense could hold either to the extreme of nominalism or of realism. He must remember that there were important interests bound up with each of these ideas. It has been said that if it were to any one's manifest advantage that the three angles of a triangle should not be equal to two right angles, schools of mathematicians and philosophers would arise to overthrow that fundamental proposition of geometry. Thus, if universals had no existence, then the whole doctrine of the trinity was a fiction of the mind, and there were three Gods, not one. So inevitable is this that Roscellinus is called a tri-theist—a believer in three Gods. But if realism were the true philosophic doctrine, one God in three persons became a matter of easy comprehension. There were persons of faith in the church who regarded the subject of the trinity as a reverend and inscrutable mystery, to be believed in rather than pried into, and indeed it would seem that such matters are not for the mind of man to attack; but the scholastic philosophy knew no inscrutable mysteries. Again: if realism were the true doctrine, the papacy had existed beyond doubt ever since the time of the apostle Peter, and the Roman empire had existed since the days of Augustus; all facts to the contrary were mere "accidents." The papacy was as surely in possession of universal dominion over the church when the highest interests of its representative were in the rabble politics of Rome as when Gregory VII was summoning kings to his feet; and the empire was as real during the long periods when the purple was without a wearer as when it was worn by Constantine or Charlemagne. Furthermore, if the real essence, which gives identity to an object, is invisible, intangible, and those qualities by which it is known to our senses are "accidents" merely, the doctrine of transubstantiation met with no further difficulty. The visible bread and wine might become the true flesh and blood of Christ, without any change in their appearance. The "essence" might be changed, while the "accidents" remained. No other considerations than these were needed to decide on which side of the controversy the influence of the church should be found. Realism became orthodoxy, nominalism became heresy.

C. B. MORRILL.

SYSTEMS OF HANDLING THE MAILS IN LARGE CITIES.

5 — MAILING DIVISION (CONCLUDED).

IN the receiving and despatching room is received all incoming mails from off the trains and post routes. They are here sorted into stalls made to receive mail in pouches and sacks for the various railway post-offices which connect at the office.

The clerk in charge of this department also receives and weighs all papers and periodicals from the publishers and newsdealers. Usually all papers for one city or town are put in a large package or roll addressed to the post-office to which they are to be delivered, and containing

the names printed or written on each paper. When papers are mailed by private individuals, they are usually wrapped in single wrappers. Papers when thus wrapped are called "chicken-feed."

The rate of postage for publishers and newsdealers is one cent a pound, and the publisher must have a deposit constantly on hand with the cashier, or the mail will be held until paid.

When the deposit gets low, the publisher is notified at once. Sometimes mail has to remain in the office for a week or more for lack of postage. When mail is held for postage, we say "it is on ice."

There are four classes of mail-matter. The first class contains all letters and written matter (whether sealed or not) excepting manuscript copy accompanying proof-sheets. All mail is considered sealed when it is not so wrapped as to admit of a thorough examination without doing any damage to the package. The rate for domestic mail is two cents an ounce or fraction thereof, except in offices where there are no carriers. In such places, dropped or local mail is received at one cent an ounce. The rates are more for first-class matter for foreign countries, usually five cents for each half ounce.

The second class includes newspapers and all periodicals published quarterly or oftener, and not for free distribution. The general public pays by affixing stamps at the rate of one cent for every four ounces or fraction thereof, when not sealed.

The third class, including all printed books, circulars, valentines, sheet music, chromos, posters, lithographs, and printed advertising matter not sealed, is rated at one cent for two ounces or fraction thereof.

Merchandise and samples, and printed matter not included in the classes mentioned above, go into the fourth class. If not of a perishable nature and liable to injure the mails, fourth-class matter is rated at one cent an ounce. Plants, when properly wrapped, are received. No live animals are received in the mails, except honey bees in small boxes, with wire screens over them to give them air. Once in a while little animals do get into the mails unnoticed. I remember a case which came under my own observation. Somebody in Florida had sent an alligator about eight inches long to a little boy in the North. It was packed in a cigar box, with holes bored in it to admit the air. During the transit of the mail the box got smashed. I knew from the looks of the package that there must be something alive in it, if it had not lost out. So to be sure, I took a peep into the box, and when I lifted the cover the little fellow shot his head out at me. I was startled for a moment. The little boy was notified by the postmaster to come and get it at once. During that time the alligator was given the liberty of the postmaster's wash-room.

One does not have to prepay the postage on foreign letters, if unregistered, unless one wishes. If the postage is fully prepaid, there is no extra charge; but wholly unpaid articles are subject on delivery to the collection of double postage, and those insufficiently prepaid to double the amount of the deficiency.

All the pouches and sacks of mail when received into the despatching room, whether going out or coming in for transfer, are assorted in the stalls, and await the mail wagons and drivers of star routes,—routes carried by teams but not by railways.

G. E. BURDICK.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was the first United States postmaster general.

CLOTHING.

MORE than five sixths of the heat that the body produces passes off through the skin, and during the colder parts of the year, the clothing protects us against the cold by retaining some of this heat in its meshes and fiber, and by this means preserves the body from losing more heat than it would be able to manufacture. In some individuals this heat-producing function of the body becomes developed to a remarkable extent, and we are struck with the limited amount of clothing which serves to keep them comfortable. There are some tribes of the North American Indians which are marked examples of this fact. With merely a blanket wound loosely around them, they will endure a temperature that would cause the average white man to shiver even when well clothed. There is no doubt that the body can be educated to produce many times the average amount of heat, and thus dispense with some of its clothing; yet experiments of this class are always attended with danger, and it is wiser for us to find out how to clothe ourselves comfortably without debilitating our bodies, and yet at the same time not waste our vitality in unnecessary exposures to the cold.

In building a house, it is well known that if it is to be kept warm with a minimum amount of fuel, there must be air spaces in the walls. This is the fundamental principle in selecting clothing, especially underwear, for warmth. Such materials as are light and "fluffy" in texture, as many woolen and cotton goods are, will always be warm, because they are full of minute air spaces; while linen feels cold because it is of a more solid fabric. Therefore, as a protector against cold, linen clothes are of inferior value.

There are some animals whose fur changes to correspond as nearly as possible with the color that the season puts on the surrounding objects. This is undoubtedly that they may be more safe from the eye of the hunter, and from other enemies; but excluding this class of animals, we find that the fur of many of the others becomes lighter colored in summer. In this way they are made much more comfortable during the hot season. Dark-colored clothing absorbs more than twice as much of the rays of the sun as the lighter-colored goods. So we find a sound basis for the prevailing custom of wearing light-colored clothing in summer and dark in winter. Other considerations with regard to clothing will be noted in a future article.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

A SINGULAR FACT.

A SINGULAR fact is recorded in the *Moniteur Industriel*; namely, that on the shores of Brittany, between St. Malo and St. Lunaire, in the vicinity of the St. Enogat station, at a place called Port Blanc, the tides have lately displaced a considerable amount of sand, say to a depth of some nine to thirteen feet. Accompanying this remarkable phenomenon is the fact that forests known to have been buried for periods covering some eighteen or twenty centuries have now been brought to light, and a vast forest has, it appears, been discovered in process of transformation into coal; ferns and the trunks and barks of trees are to be seen in an advanced state of decomposition, being already beyond the peat formation, showing, in fact, the films and flakes which are found in coal, and, while some of the trunks are sixteen feet in length, and still very distinct, they are rapidly becoming transformed into the black fuel which runs so much of the world's machinery.—*Selected.*



HER NAME.

"I'm losted! Could you find me, please?"
 Poor little frightened baby!
 The wind had tossed her golden fleece,
 The stones had scratched her dimpled knees;
 I stooped and lifted her with ease,
 And softly whispered, "May be."
 "Tell me your name, my little maid,
 I can't find you without it."
 "My name is Shiny Eyes," she said.
 "Yes, but your last?" She shook her head:
 "Up to my house 'ey never said
 A single fmg about it."
 "But, dear," I said, "what *is* your name?"
 "Why, did n't you hear me told you?
 Dust 'Shiny Eyes." A bright thought
 came:
 "Yes, when you 're good; but when they
 blame
 You, little one — is't just the same
 When mama has to scold you?"
 "My mama never scolds," she moans,
 A little blush ensuing,
 "'Cept when I've been a-frowning stones,
 And then she says [the culprit owns],
 'Mehitabel Sapphira Jones,
 What *has* you been a-doing?"
 — *Wide Awake.*

TED'S TRIUMPH.

LITTLE Ted was marching down the garden walk with a lusty tramp, tramp, tramp, which looked very much as though he was in earnest about something, and did not care for a few specks of dust upon the shoes. In his hand he held a stick, with a strong grip upon it.

Before and all around him stretched long borders and neatly-kept square and circular and star-shaped beds of flowers; but Ted was facing toward one particular bed, which was the especial property of his sister Annie.

"Ted will smash 'em all down," he muttered to himself, as he went along, his little eyes almost snapping sparks of fire, and his small fingers clenching the stick still tighter. "She need n't to have stepped on Ted's bed, and broken down his pretty flowers. Ted will brake hers, and make her mad."

And with this muttered threat his feet turned aside from the beaten path, and tramped, tramped, tramped down a side course toward the poor, beleaguered flower-bed. He had almost reached it, and the stick was raised partly over his head, ready, after he had taken a step or two more, to fall upon the object of his destruction, when suddenly something got awake inside Ted's bosom, under his gingham apron. A voice which he had never heard before, or at least never so distinctly as now, seemed to speak to him, saying: "Ted must n't; it's naughty. Annie did n't mean to. Be a good boy, and forgive her."

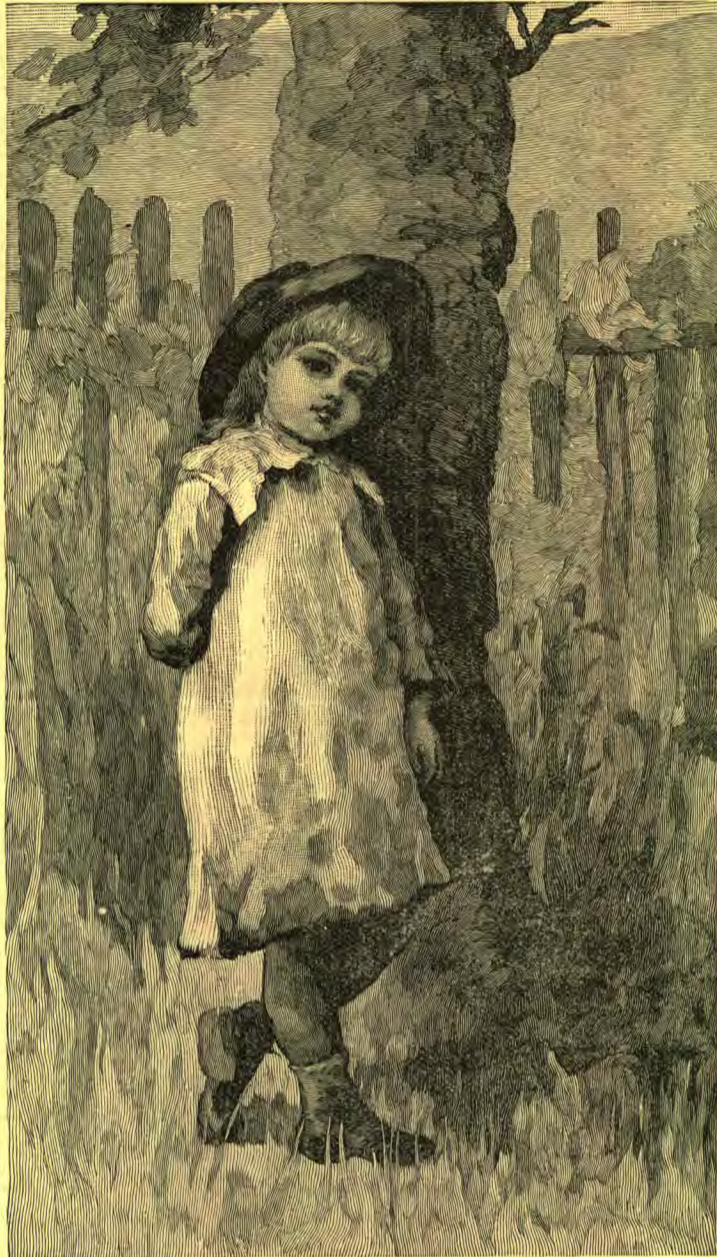
He halted just where he was; but he was not yet ready to give up. Again the little fingers might have been seen renewing their grip upon the stick, and the threatening movement of the instrument of destruction, which was held over the heads of the

flowers, was renewed, when the thing within him which had so suddenly waked up, showed itself more wide awake than ever.

"No, no!" it seemed to say to him. "Do n't! It will be very wrong. Mama will look sad. You'll feel mean when you say your prayers to-night, and Annie will break her heart crying."

The next moment the stick dropped to the ground, and with a quick, retreating movement, two little feet sped back over the garden-walk, and never paused until they stood by mama's side in the kitchen. "Why, Ted!" she exclaimed in surprise. "Where have you been, and what's the matter with my little boy?"

"Been in the garden," said Ted, promptly, "to smash Annie's flowers."



"LOSTED."

"O Ted!" said her reproving voice. "You did n't?"

"No, mama; I was going to, but I did n't. Something got awake in me, and would n't let me; so I ran back to you, and now I can say my prayers to-night and not feel mean about it."

Then mama began to understand that her little boy for the first time, consciously, perhaps, had encountered and overcome the great enemy of every human soul—temptation.

Do you know what got awake within him? Can you remember, as you read this, the first time it got awake in you? And did you treat it as Ted did? I hope so.—*J. F. Cowan, in Christian Guide.*

"O MAMA, I'm just as full of glory as I can be! There was a sunbeam right on my spoon, and I swallowed it with my oatmeal!"

THE DAISY'S LITTLE ROUND.

A CERTAIN prince went out into his vineyard to examine it; and he came to the peach tree, and he said: "What are you doing for me?" And the tree said: "In the spring I give my blossoms and fill the air with fragrance, and on my boughs hang the fruit which presently men will gather and carry into the palace for you." And the prince said: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

And he came to the maple, and he said: "What are you doing?" And the maple said: "I am making nests for the birds, and I shelter cattle with my leaves and spreading branches." And the prince said: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

And he went down into the meadow, and said to the waving grass: "What are you doing?" And the grass said: "We are giving up our lives for others—for your sheep and cattle, that they may be nourished." And the prince said: "Well done, good and faithful servants, that give up your lives for others." And then he came to a little daisy that was growing in the hedge-row, and said: "What are you doing?" And the daisy said: "Nothing! nothing! I cannot make a nesting-place for the birds, and I cannot give shelter to the cattle, and I cannot send fruit into the palace, and I cannot even furnish food for the sheep and cows—they do not want me in the meadow. All I can do is to be the best little daisy I can be." And the prince bent down and kissed the daisy, and said: "There is none better than thou."—*Dr. Lyman Abbott.*

THE DIFFERENCE IT MAKES.

"Go away from me, Stanley. Don't you see I'm playing, and can't be bothered with you?" little Robbie said, crossly, to his baby brother.

Stanley looked for a moment at Robbie, then a pitiful quiver took possession of his pretty lips. He was not used to having cross words spoken to him.

"See, Robbie," said his mother, "Stanley is hurt. Speak kindly to him; he does not like you to use such a cross voice."

And what a wonderful difference it made in the baby brother's face when Robbie said, softly:—

"I'm sorry, Stanley. Kiss me, and I wo n't speak to you like that again."

Stanley did not understand the meaning of the words, but he did understand that it was a kind and not a cross voice speaking to him.—*Selected.*

SINS BLOTTED OUT.

A LITTLE boy was once puzzled about sins being blotted out, and said, "I cannot think what becomes of all the sins God forgives, mother."

"Why, Charlie, can you tell me where are all the figures you wrote on your slate yesterday?"

"I washed them all out, mother."

"And where are they, then?"

"Why, they are *nowhere*; they are gone."

Just so it is with the believer's sins; they are gone—blotted out—"remembered no more."—*Selected.*



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DREAMS OF THE PAST.

I STAND in the beautiful woods to-day,
And list to the whispering leaves,
And think of the days that are past away,
And my heart, it sorely grieves;
O the woods, the woods, the beautiful woods!
How I love each shady nook,
And the song of the bird and hum of bee,
And the merry, dancing brook!

I think of the days when, 'neath bending boughs,
With the sunlight glinting between,
I gathered moss from the tree-trunks brown,
And searched for the wintergreen;
Those days of my childhood are past and gone;
Yet in dreams they still return;
And then I am carried back again
To my childhood's happy home.

A. L. FORBES.

THE VALUE OF AN ENEMY.

IF we are of the right metal, the man who seeks to weaken us is the very man who strengthens us. The power that came to wrestle with Jacob found him a weak man, and left him a valiant prince. The races that had come to exterminate Israel only stripped away the dross that had hampered the full development of its intellectual and moral greatness. Friends will praise you for what you are and for what you have done; enemies will upbraid you for what you are not and for what you have not done, and arouse you to do it and to be it. Friends often flatter; enemies often tell the truth; and truth is a spur, while flattery is a clog.—*Dr. Joseph Krauskopf.*

ARE STEAM ROADS DOOMED?

A REVOLUTION in railroading is promised by the result of the trials of the electric power on the Nantasket Branch of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford railway recently. Two electric locomotives were run over the road, and a speed of more than fifty miles an hour was attained between the old Colony House and Pemberton.

Later another trial with an electric locomotive geared to accomplish eighty or more miles an hour was made, and a hot box on a motor car defeated a new record for speed. The heating of the box was due to the fact that the new bearings would not withstand the friction caused by the terrific speed at which the car was run for the distance of probably less than three miles. In the opinion of men qualified to judge by years of experience, eighty miles an hour was reached. The possibilities, they say, were ninety miles an hour, but the hot box spoiled them.

None but officials and attaches of the road were allowed on this test, the entire party comprising less than twenty. It was exactly 8:45 o'clock when Colonel Heft turned on the current, and in less than four lengths the car was going at a speed of twenty miles an hour. After having gone less than a quarter of a mile, the car was speeding along at a thirty-five mile gait. A stop was made at Nantasket for a few minutes, and then came the run to Pemberton. The troublesome curves in the first few rods

were gone over slowly, but upon reaching the long stretch just below Nantasket full power was turned on. There was none of the gradual increase of speed characteristic of the steam locomotive, but with a plunge the car began to fly. Just as the more apprehensive began to wonder how long the car would remain on the rails, it was announced that there was a hot box, and Colonel Heft shut off the current. Eighty miles an hour with five notches of the "controller" still to spare was his estimate of the speed at the time of shutting off the current. Under the momentum gathered, the car ran on for two miles farther, most of the distance at an estimated speed of sixty miles an hour.—*Exchange.*

A LEATHER GUN.

THERE is a children's play which consists of singing accompanied by appropriate gestures. As we remember it, it runs something like this:—

"Wash the ladies' dishes;
Hang them on the bushes;
When the bushes begin to crack,
Hang them on a nigger's back.
When the nigger begins to run,
Shoot him with a leather gun."

It is likely that a leather gun is mentioned because of its probable harmlessness. One would certainly suppose that no one could be hurt by a gun made of leather. Perhaps this allusion to a leather gun took its rise back some hundreds of years, when a leather gun was made, which proved to be useless.

But now the tables are turned, and after this a leather gun will not be considered a harmless thing. A Yankee has invented a leather gun which bids fair to be a great success. It is a small field cannon with a steel core, tightly wound with rawhide. Government experts have been testing it at the proving grounds at Indian Head. They have been unable to burst it, and it does not heat like ordinary cannons. During the trial it kicked so hard that the gun carriage was shivered; but then, leather has always been celebrated for kicking!

FOR THE NORTH POLE.

THE number of polar expeditions which have explored the inhospitable lands and icebergs of the polar circle has been large. We may begin the list with Sir John Franklin, who perished with all his crew, while trying to find the "northwest passage"; then follow with Kane, who made an unsuccessful attempt to find Franklin, going one thousand miles north of where Franklin perished; and so on to Hayes, De Long, Greeley, and others, and now Peary is shut up somewhere within those mountain walls of ice, and his fate is unknown.

In spite of these features, and the dangers which attend them, men are not disposed to cease their efforts to see that spot of land or water which covers the extreme north end of our planet. Now a new man, with a new project, has taken the field, or rather the air; for he proposes to reach the pole by an aerial voyage. This man is M. Andree, a Swede of French descent. He is a skilful balloonist, with a great love and knowledge of science. His air-ship is ready, and will soon start. The king of Sweden is his patron, helping him with a large private donation. It is only seven hundred miles from the northern extremity of Sweden to the pole, and M. Andree contemplates a quick voyage. He will go prepared to relieve Peary, if he can find him.

DIPLOMATIC LYING.

A WRITER in the *Review of Reviews* has given a careful sketch of Francesco Crispi. Crispi is conceded to be not only the foremost statesman in Italy, but perhaps the most accomplished manager of governments in the world. His opinion on any subject pertaining to the influencing of men and nations may therefore be taken as authoritative.

Like strategy or spying in war, lying has been held to be a necessity in diplomatic affairs. Between men, truth is a matter of honor; but between nations it has not been considered necessary, or even possible.

Crispi is said to be a disagreeable person with whom to carry on negotiations. Perhaps the following opinions that he expressed to a friend may explain why he has none of the suavity such as is ordinarily expected of the successful diplomat. Crispi said in substance, when the subject of falsehood in politics came up in a conversation:—

"Falsehood in politics belongs to the old school. It is an arm out of date, to be consigned to the arsenal of tricks out of fashion. One should never lie."

Some one interrupted:—

"But there are great falsehoods, the necessary falsehoods, the sublime falsehoods—the falsehoods which settle difficult questions, which decide the lot of a people." After quietly listening, the prime minister repeated: "One should never lie."

"But in presence of an indiscreet question, or a captious one, how shall we avoid the difficulty?"

With an impatient exclamation, Crispi answered, tersely: "Say nothing."

This conversation was reported to Prince Bismarck, the narrator saying that Signor Crispi absolutely refused to admit falsehood in any case.

"In my opinion," said Bismarck, "all question of morality apart, falsehood is in itself generally awkward and clumsy."

Count Herbert intervened: "But pardon, Excellence, in certain cases one would be much embarrassed. You have sometimes to deal with people who ask you questions with an indiscretion which puts you with your back to the wall. What can you do then?"

"Escape the question," answered Bismarck.

"That betrays the embarrassment."

"Be silent."

"That is sometimes an avowal."

The foremost man in the German empire turned his keen eyes upon the company, and said, closing the discussion:—

"I do not like to lie; falsehood is to me odious."

Such is the testimony of the most successful of modern diplomatists. We are less surprised at this when we learn that the Italian prime minister is called by those who know him well, a religious man. Religious principle always "tells" on a man's views of worldly affairs. No one living has been put in a harder or more complicated position than Crispi. If he can manage Italy without falsehoods, surely truth must suffice for our simple lives.

A great modern poet described a truthful man as one who "honored his word as if it were his God." What a world this would be, if we could say in the words of Holy Writ:—

"My covenant will I not break,
Nor alter the thing that is gone out of my lips.
Once have I sworn by my holiness
That I will not lie unto David."