THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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

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COURAGE.

We greet with quickening pulse the story
That shrouds a warrior's name in glory;

We thrill to learn, from lays heroic,
How patriots perished, finely stoic.

Yet loftier courage means the giving
Far less to dying than to living.

It means, with truth's divine assurance,
To arm the soul in stern endurance;

It means with grip no stress can sever
To clutch the sword of high endeavor

And wage, in patience and persistence,
This bloodless battle called existence.

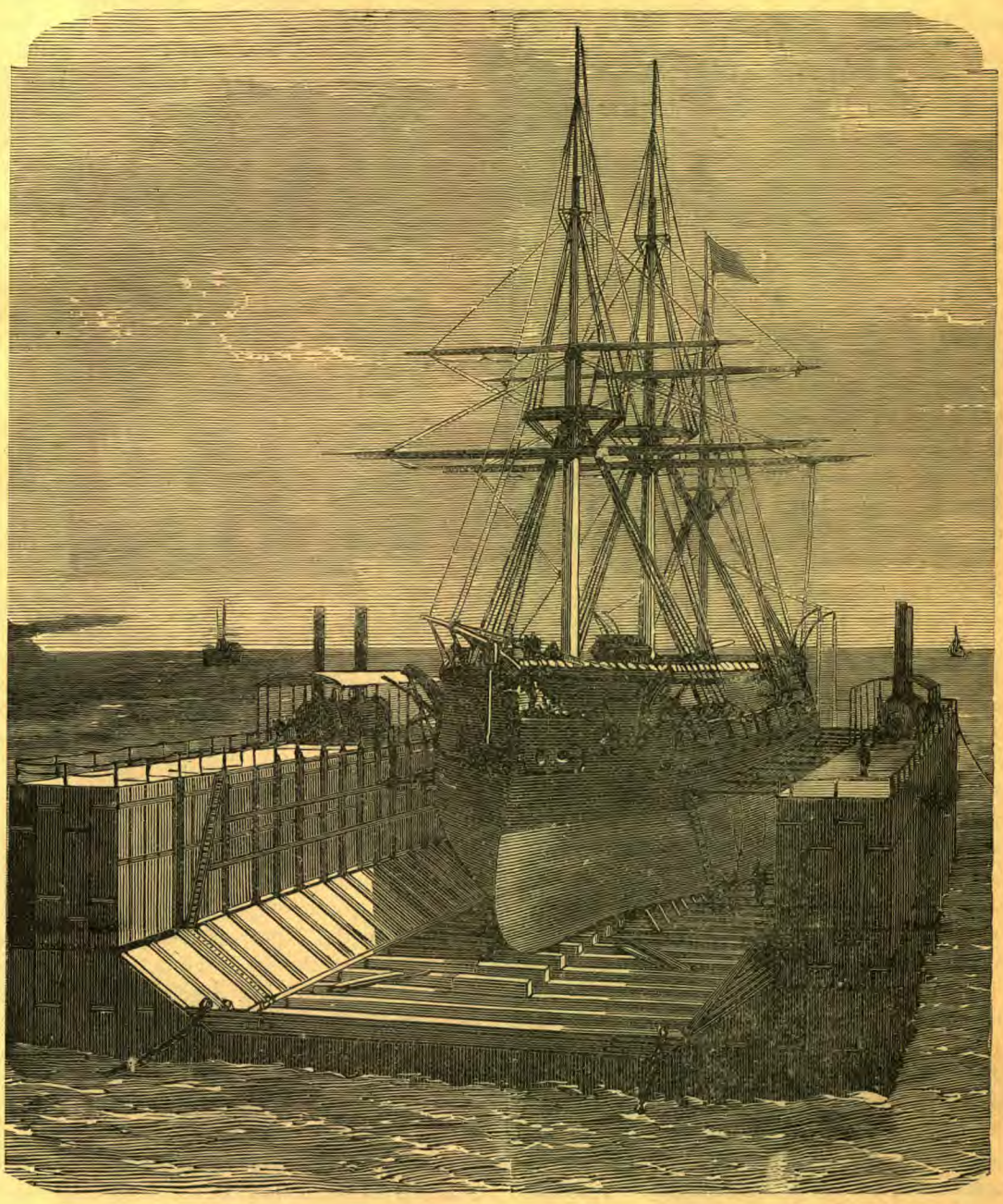
— *Edgar Fawcett, in Youth's Companion*

CURIOSITIES OF ETIQUETTE.

In the Austrian court it is contrary to custom for perishable articles to appear twice on the imperial table. The result is large perquisites for the attendants. To one man fall all the uncorked bottles, to another the wine left in the glasses, to another the joints, and to another still the game or the sweets. Every morning a sort of market is held in the basement of the palace, where the Viennese come readily to purchase the remains. And there is no other means of procuring imperial Tokay than this,— buying the wine left over from the emperor's table.

Long ago in England even the greatest men in the land were pleased to receive such perquisites. In the reign of Henry II, for instance, the Lord Chancellor was entitled to the candle-ends of one great and forty small candles a day; and the aquarius, who must be a baron in rank, received one penny for drying towels on every ordinary occasion of the king's bathing.

The royal ceremonial which the French Revolution swept away, the first Emperor Napoleon was careful to revive in a less extreme form, and it is characteristic of the man that he made a special study of it, and went so far as to prescribe the special forms to be observed on great occasions. Before his coronation, M. Isabey, the miniature painter, gave seven rehearsals with wooden dolls appropriately dressed, of the seven ceremonies that were to be enacted. One ceremony being especially intricate, the functionaries rehearsed it in person in the gallery of Diana at the Tuileries, a plan having been carefully traced with chalk on the floor. This was the sort of thing in which Napoleon especially rejoiced, and he himself arranged beforehand all the details of the entry of Maria Louisa into France, and of his subsequent marriage with her. Among other particulars, on reaching what was then French territory, the archduchess was conducted into the eastward room of a three-roomed house near Braunau; the French commissioner entered the westward; while the third room in the middle was occupied by the rest of the party. And M. de Bausset, who gives an account of the proceedings, having bored holes with a gimlet in the door of the middle-room, had a splendid view of the unconscious princess. But, he quaintly adds, it was the ladies who took most advantage of his forethought. — *London Standard.*



A DRY-DOCK.

Dry-docks are of various kinds and sizes; but all of them have but one purpose,— that of gaining access to the bottom of vessels. When a ship is taken in a dry-dock, the dock is first filled with water, and the ship is hauled in and placed in the exact position desired. The dock's gate is then closed, and powerful pumps are set in motion to empty the dock.

A floating dry-dock is different from others in that it is made to be sunk, and the vessel is placed inside it, and made fast. Pumps are then put to work, and the water is pumped out and air takes its place. This causes the dock to rise to the surface, thus lifting the vessel out of the water.

All vessels must have their bottoms cleaned now and then, and sometimes extensive repairs are necessary. They are often coated with tar and paint.

The largest dry-dock I have seen is on the north shore at Auckland, New Zealand. It can receive two of the largest English men-of-war at once. The United States government has just built a very fine dry-dock at Port Royal, South Carolina. J. Christiansen.

MY FEEBLE LIFE.

I HAVE no wit, no words, no tears;
My heart within me like a stone
Is numbed too much for hopes or fears;
Look right, look left, I dwell alone;
I lift mine eyes, but dimmed with grief
No everlasting hills I see;
My life is in the falling leaf;
O Jesus, quicken me.

My life is like a faded leaf,
My harvest dwindled to a husk;
Truly, my life is void and brief,
And tedious in the barren dusk;
My life is like a frozen thing,
No bud nor greenness can I see;
Yet rise it shall — the sap of spring;
O Jesus, rise in me.

My life is like a broken bowl,
A broken bowl that cannot hold
One drop of water for my soul,
Or cordial in the searching cold.
Cast in the fire the perished thing,
Melt and remold it, till it be
A royal cup for him, my King;
O Jesus, drink of me.

— *Christina G. Rossetti.*

ARE YOU BUYING THE TREASURE?

(*Conclusion.*)

CHRIST does not use this parable to commend the man who hides the treasure until he can buy the field; but his object in using this illustration is to convey to our mind the value of spiritual things. To obtain worldly treasure, the man would make a sacrifice of his all; and how much more should we give for the priceless, heavenly treasure! He said again: "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant-man, seeking goodly pearls: who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it." This goodly pearl represents the priceless treasure of Christ, as does the gold hid in the field. In Christ we have everything that is needful for us in this life, and that which will make up the joy of the world to come. All the money in the world will not buy the gift of peace and rest and love. These gifts are provided for us through faith in Christ. We cannot purchase these gifts from God; we have nothing with which to buy them. We are the property of God; for mind, soul, and body have been purchased by the ransom of the life of the Son of God. Then how can we buy the Son of God as our treasure? Jesus says: "I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eye-salve, that thou mayest see." Then what is it to buy the eternal treasure? — It is simply to give back to Jesus his own, to receive him into the heart by faith. It is coöperation with God; it is bearing the yoke with Christ; it is lifting his burdens. For our sakes he became poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich. The Lord Jesus laid aside his royal crown, he left his high command, he clothed his divinity with humanity, in order that through humanity he might uplift the human race. He so appreciated the possibility of the human race that he became man's substitute and surety. He places upon man his own merit, and thus elevates him in the scale of moral value with God. Christ is the atoning sacrifice. He left the glory of heaven, he parted with his riches, he laid aside his honor, not in order to create love and interest for man in the heart of God, but to be an exponent of the love that existed in the heart of the Father. He came into the world to make man accept the fact that although man had sinned against God, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Jesus paid the price of all his riches, he assumed humanity, he condescended to a life of poverty and humiliation, in order that he might seek and save that which was lost.

Through the grace of Christ, we may be strengthened and matured, so that though now imperfect, we may become complete in him. We have mortgaged ourselves to Satan, but Christ came to ransom and redeem us. We cannot purchase anything from God. It is only by grace, the free gift of God in Christ, that we are saved.

In the parable of the treasure in the field, the man who found it went and hid it until he was enabled to purchase it; but in finding Christ, we have nothing to hide. In our great joy we desire to reveal the hidden treasure to others. We are eager to impart the possession, and put forth heartfelt, earnest effort so to represent the treasure to others that they may value it as we value it. Like the man who sold his all, we estimate nothing too dear to be sacrificed for the possession of the heavenly treasure. Those who find Christ find salvation, and they are not ashamed to have any one understand what a high estimate they place upon him who is their salvation, righteousness, sanctification, redemption, and exceeding great reward. They desire that all shall see and appreciate the treasure which they have found. They desire that every one shall open the heart so that the healing beams of the Sun of righteousness may shine into the chambers of heart and mind, and that others may have the light of life. It is impossible to hide the bright hope that comes to the soul who lays hold of Christ by faith. When Jesus went through the cities and villages of Palestine, it is written that he "could not be hid." Let the precious Saviour come into the heart, and his presence cannot be concealed. The heart will be full of hope, comfort, and love, and a divine light will illuminate the countenance.

Christ says to you, "My son, give me thine heart." And in exchange for your heart, he says, "A new heart also will I give thee." Will you accept the heavenly treasure on Christ's terms? Those who make the treasure their own by faith, are the only ones who can be benefited by it. We are to appropriate Christ by accepting the truth of his word. Are we doing it? MRS. E. G. WHITE.

"BE THOU AN EXAMPLE."

YOUNG people seldom think of the real advantage of youth as contrasted with age. We may desire the experience, mature judgment, and wisdom of the sage, and in our hearts love, honor, and respect the aged; yet the infirmities which the passing years bring have no attraction for us. Sometimes young people think that religion is for middle-aged and elderly people. The idea prevails that it is natural for old people to be Christians, and that much should not be expected of youthful hearts; yet when we read the history of God's people, we see that in a number of cases those who were young in years had marked evidences of the special favor of God. Samuel received divine communications, even in childhood, and does it not seem strange that the Lord passed by the men of wisdom and experience, and chose the young man Saul to be king over Israel? The case of David is similar. He was chosen, instead of men who were older and more prominent, to overcome the champion of the Philistines, Goliath. He afterward became king of Israel.

The admonition Paul gives to Timothy in 1 Tim. 4: 12 shows clearly what God desires the youth to be. Read the verse very carefully. We usually think it the duty of fathers and mothers to set a proper example before children and youth; but here we see that Paul tells Timothy — a young man — that he ought to be an example. Does it say that he should be an example only to the unconverted? — No; it says: "Be thou an example of the believers." This means much more. Notice the points in which Timothy was exhorted to be an example. What more noble ambition could inspire the heart of a young man or woman than to be an example to believers "in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity"? What a power for good would be exerted by a young person whose word and conversation was right at all times, whose heart was pure, and whose faith was constantly taking hold of Christ! God does not ask impossibilities of any of his children. It is possible for our young people to be strong in the Lord and the power of his might. How our little companies and churches would flourish and grow in strength if the youth who are connected with them would only permit the Spirit of God to lead them in their duties! "Be thou an example of the believers." This means you, dear reader. God has a care for the young people of our denomination. He has sent many tender entreaties to you, and he places before you a high position of honor and trust. It is time to choose whom ye will serve. MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.

REST.

CHRIST'S life outwardly was one of the most troubled lives that was ever lived, — tempest and tumult, tumult and tempest, the waves breaking over it all the time, till the worn body was laid in the grave. But the inner life was a sea of glass. The great calm was always there. At any moment you might have gone to him and found rest. Even when the bloodhounds were dogging him in the streets of Jerusalem, he turned to his disciples, and offered them, as a last legacy, "my peace." Nothing ever for a moment broke the serenity of Christ's life on earth. Misfortune could not reach him; he had no fortune. Food, raiment, money — fountain-heads of half the world's weariness — he simply did not care for; they played no part in his life; he "took no thought" for them. It was impossible to affect him by lowering his reputation; he had already made himself of no reputation. He was dumb before insult. When he was reviled, he reviled not again. In fact, there was nothing that the world could do to him that could ruffle the surface of his spirit.

Such living, as mere living, is altogether unique. It is only when we see what it was in him that we can know what the word "rest" means. It lies not in emotions nor in the absence of emotions. It is not a hallowed feeling that comes over us in church. It is not something that the preacher has in his voice. It is not in nature, nor in poetry, nor in music — though in all these there is soothing. It is the mind at leisure from itself. It is the perfect poise of the soul, the absolute adjustment of the inward man to the stress of all outward things, the preparedness against every emergency, the stability of assured convictions, the eternal calm of an invulnerable faith, the repose of a heart set deep in God. It is the mood of a man who says, with Browning: "God 's in his heaven; all 's well with the world." — *Henry Drummond.*

Timely Topics

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.

IF the Sublime Porte has imagined that with the return of the Tories to power in Great Britain, the pressure upon Turkey to fulfil her unfulfilled pledges of reform would be removed, and that the Armenian question would be permitted to slumber on indefinitely, it has made a great mistake. The Armenian question is the first to which Lord Salisbury turns his attention. His language is such that the Grand Turk at Constantinople cannot fail to understand it, whether the nomadic Kurds will be able to comprehend it or not. Thus he says: —

"With respect to Armenia, we have accepted the policy which our predecessors initiated, and our efforts will be directed to obtaining an adequate guarantee for the carrying out of reform. We have received a most loyal support from both France and Russia. The permanence of the sultan's rule is involved in the conduct he pursues. If the cries of misery continue, the sultan must realize that Europe will become weary of appeals, and the fictitious strength which the powers have given the empire will fail it. The sultan will make a calamitous mistake if he refuses to accept the advice of the European powers relative to reforms."

Mr. Gladstone has already shown by his great speech at Chester that he is substantially in agreement upon this subject with the new administration. Evidently the Turk must get down or get out.

THE German celebrations of the victories of 1870 and 1871, which have filled Germany with enthusiasm, have not been without effect upon France. The latter country has had to pay dearly for the ill-advised war with Prussia, precipitated by Napoleon III and his priest-controlled empress, Eugenia. France was defeated and despoiled, and then, during all these years since, while the nation has been slowly recovering her strength, Germany has not failed to glorify herself in her phenomenal success. All this is exceedingly trying to a proud-spirited and warlike nation like France, which for so many years stood at the head of European affairs. She is no longer afraid of Germany, and now having the friendship of Russia, she is deeply stirred with resentment at these noisy demonstrations over German victories. Thus the fighting spirit is kept up in two of the most powerful nations of the world, whose immense armies are only a few days' march from each other. These festivities in honor of the German victories will not end until January 18. If France shall be able to contain herself under this prolonged strain, she will show a creditable amount of courage and self-control.

THE royal house of Austria, the Hapsburgs, seems to be in a fair way of becoming extinct. A few years ago the prince imperial committed suicide, the prospect of the throne of Austro-Hungary not being thought of sufficient worth to live for. His two remaining brothers have all the vices of princes, and now one is said to have a dangerous illness. There are hundreds of impecunious princes, of blue-blood and dissolute habits, who will be ready to accept a call from Austro-Hungary to rule the country; but in the event of a lack of royal material, the people may have something to say. Hungary would undoubtedly demand a republic, for the spirit of liberty still lives in the land of Kossuth. What a pity it cannot animate all Europe, as it did in the heroic days of 1848!

UPON the Mekong and upon the Niger England and France are almost continuously at loggerheads. France has induced China to cede to her some territory which England not only claims, but of which she is in actual possession. The two nations are now growling at each other, and should the English press give way to these provoking encroachments of France, no one can tell what would happen.

Altogether, European affairs are in a very unsettled state, and no one can tell what a day may bring forth.

ENGLAND is generally credited with being far more friendly toward the Triple Alliance than toward France and Russia; but lately the free comments of the English press upon German affairs has so stirred the usually phlegmatic Teutons, that everything pertaining to England is exceedingly distasteful to them. Emperor William lately made a short visit to the north of England, but the sharp hits of the London papers so angered him that he decided not to visit the capital of his grandmother, the good Victoria.

STEAM AND ELECTRICITY.

FOR some time it has been apparent that the time would come when steam, as a motive power, would be superceded by the newer and more perfect electrical force. The advantages of electricity over steam are plain to be seen, — it has unlimited power, is easily controlled, can be transmitted long distances, and is free from smoke, fire, and dust. These qualifications proclaim electricity as the coming power for manufacturing, for railways, and for ships. At some places sufficient electrical power is generated not only to light the town and run various manufactories, but a large amount is transmitted by wire to other towns which have no electric plant of their own, for the same purposes. An electric plant at Niagara, N. Y., is using a portion of the immense power of the Niagara Falls to generate electricity for all the surrounding territory. It is claimed that by and by the whole route from Niagara to Buffalo will be lighted at night by electricity furnished by the electric plant at Niagara. An electrical railroad is now nearly completed from Niagara to Buffalo, and soon the tourist to the falls will be able to ride along that wonderful river from the falls to the lake, on the margin of the water, carried by the electric power which the great falls manufactures. No doubt other towns possessing a good water power will become centers of electrical energy which will be conveyed to other towns less favored. Of course steam power can be used anywhere as a manufacturer of electric power, but water power for such a purpose will always be the cheaper method.

The railway companies see what is coming, and are preparing for the change. It will not be accomplished at once, as the expense would be too great, and time must be allowed the train hands to get acquainted with the new power. Electricity is now used for nearly all the traffic in cities, as well as for short lines outside; and lines connecting cities which are not far apart are now being projected.

It has been thought that the great companies which are engaged in the manufacture of steam engines would stand in the way of the electric engines, and that there would be a great financial and legal battle between the representatives of the rival powers, steam and electricity, before the new power could gain a footing; but recent events show that this will not be the case. Those who are interested in both these powers, seeing the inevitable, have decided to join hands and work together. To this end two great companies, the Westinghouse Electric Company and the Pittsburgh and Baldwin Locomotive Company of New York, have joined together in one company, representing a capital of twenty million dollars. As one paper expresses it, "It is the marriage of the steam engine and the dynamo." Henceforth they will pull together, each in its own harness, and the fittest will survive.

We have no fault to find with steam power. It was and is a great invention. It has done its work well, and has shown its activity and power in a thousand ways; but if a stronger, better, and cleaner power has come, let us welcome it. Some predict much faster time on the railroads by electricity than by steam. This is not strange; for with lightning power, why not lightning speed?

THE RUSSIAN AND ABYSSINIAN TREATY.

THE secret understanding existing between Russia and France is again shown by the treaty lately made between Russia and Abyssinia. France, Italy, England, and Germany have interests in Africa, but heretofore Russia has had nothing to say in regard to African affairs. It is for the interest of France that her newfound ally, Russia, should have an interest in that country, so that her voice might be heard and her power felt in Africa. This has now been accomplished; and the ancient kingdom of Abyssinia, ruled by King Menelek, who claims to be a descendant of Solomon, the wise king of Israel, has entered into close treaty relations with Russia. The Abyssinian bishop and the orthodox Greek bishop of Odessa have embraced each other in public, and have taken part in the same religious ceremonies.

That Russia should clasp hands with Abyssinia just at the time when Italy and Abyssinia are going to war, is a very significant movement, and it has made quite a sensation at Rome. As Italy is a member of the Triple Alliance, the whole alliance will feel as if it had received an affront. The present czar does not seem to have the pacific disposition of his late father. This is shown by his course of action toward Japan, and in this apparently uncalled-for treaty with Abyssinia.

A NEW GRAIN ROUTE.

CONSIDERABLE interest is being awakened in Canada over the plan for a new grain route from the Northwest to England and Europe by the way of Hudson's Bay. Connection between Hudson's Bay and the Canadian Northwest country will be made by a railroad seven hundred miles long from Winnipeg to the west shore of the bay. The Dominion parliament has voted a subsidy for this road. It passes through a cold and barren country, where there is no demand for a road except for the carrying trade from the extreme points of the road. The route from Winnipeg to England is a thousand miles shorter than by any other way; but as Hudson's Bay is open to safe navigation but three months each year, the project seems of doubtful utility. However, it presents a good opportunity for the Canadian government to get a little farther into debt. M. E. K.

THE INSTRUCTOR

Established, 1852.

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

TALKS WITH BOYS AND GIRLS.—NO 1.

DEAR CHILDREN: We now begin a series of weekly talks with you, through the INSTRUCTOR, on every-day topics. The wise man has said, "Hear, ye children, the instruction of a father, and attend to know understanding." Prov. 4:1. Every man but Adam was once a boy, and every woman but Eve was once a girl. All have passed over the same road. So in our talks we hope to help the boys and girls understand some things that will help them over many of the difficulties that we, who are older, had to pass through. In the great coal mines of Wales there are red lights kept burning at different points to warn those who are not familiar with the mines that there is danger a little farther ahead. Those who marked the spots where the signal lights are placed, learned of these dangers by unpleasant experiences, or the death of some of their fellow miners. If they should refuse to place a signal of warning for others who are unacquainted with the way, many more lives might be lost.

So it is in life. The youth are beset with dangers on every hand. The fathers and mothers who have passed over the road, and know of the pits and death-damps, should put out the signal-light, and turn the coming generation from these sloughs. The children should hear the instruction given, and by asking questions, learn more about the way to avoid these pits of misery and death. If any who read these talks wish to ask questions, we shall be glad to receive letters from them, and will do our best to answer their questions.

The subject of our first talk is—

WORK AND PLAY.

We know that many children love to play. There are some who love to play and hate to work. There are a few who love to work, and do not care to engage in play. There are still others who love both to work and to play. We do not think it is a sin to play, if the play is one that is approved of by the Creator. The Lord looks upon children in play as well as when they are in worship. The Bible says, "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right." Prov. 20:11.

Perhaps some one will notice that the text does not say "whether his *play* be pure," but it is "whether his *work* be pure." This leads us to consider the difference between work and play. If I were to ask some of you to tell me the difference, I expect you would say, "Work makes us perspire, and makes our backs ache." But did you ever perspire when you were playing ball or skipping the rope? Why did you call that play? It may be that the ball game or the blind-man's-buff caused you to perspire more freely, and your limbs to ache more painfully, than when you carried in the coal, washed the dishes, weeded the garden, or swept the floor. Yet you called one work and the other play.

The difference, many times, is in the mind rather than in the thing done. I remember a boy who was husking corn with his father and brother. After his fingers became a little sore, he thought he must be excused from work. His father tried in every way to encourage him to keep at the work until the day was over, but all to no purpose. He pleaded that his hands were sore, his boots hurt his feet, and his back ached. His father did not want to be severe on his son, so he excused him for the afternoon. In less than half an hour the boy joined some neighbor boys in husking corn across the road, laughing and playing as though he never had sore hands or sore feet or lame back. Over there he was interested in the work, and it became play to him.

Is this not the secret of the whole matter? If boys and girls would seek to cultivate a taste for the work they are to perform, they would enjoy their work as much as they do their play. Then when the work was done, and they engaged in their games with a will, it would not be a change from work to play, but simply a change of exercise.

We have already cited you to the text that says, "Even a child is known by his doings." His doings are his fruits. "By their fruits ye shall know them," says the Saviour. Jesus loved children, and stopped in the midst of his teachings to put his hands on them and bless them. He loved to see them enjoy their play and also their work. He spent his youthful days with his father, engaging in the carpenter work. No doubt he became tired; yet he had a purpose that gave him enjoyment in his work.

Now, children, how do you do your work? Do you do it only when commanded, fretting under the burden all the time? Do you look upon your work as a drudgery, and long to get it off your hands so you can get out to play? Do you think God is pleased with such a course? Why not seek the Lord to make your work easy by keeping your mind on him, that you may feel happy because you are doing it for him? Try it. Turn your work into play, because you enjoy it. J. H. D.

GOOD MEMORIES.

IT is a good thing to have a good memory. It saves a person from making many mistakes, and is a great help in acquiring a good education. But all people do not naturally possess this ability. Some have naturally good powers to return what they hear or read, while others have to hear it again and again, or read it over and over, before they can keep it in the mind.

This distinction is especially noticeable in the school-room. Some students have only to look at a thing once, and it seems to be fastened in the mind. Others put in hours trying to commit to memory, and fail when called to recite. Pen, pencil, and note-book are used to assist the memory, and yet much is lost.

There are various causes for this deficiency, yet it has been demonstrated that all, by earnest efforts, can improve in this direction. Many time ehaste is the cause of this defect. The student glides over the lesson without thinking of the power of the words read. Often it comes from a lack of a knowledge of the meaning of words. Not knowing the exact meaning of the words in which the thought is expressed, but a faint impression is made upon the mind. After a short time the student wishes to reproduce the thought, but is unable. He charges his memory with a failure, when it was a failure in receiving the thought. We connot remember what we have never known.

There nave been some men of very extraordinary memories in the world. They seem to be giants in this direction. It is said that Cyrus was able to call every person in his army by his proper name. He must have been a close observer to do this.

Mithridates, who governed twenty-three nations, all of different languages, could converse with every one of the twenty-three nations in its mother tongue. To remember twenty-three languages so as to think and converse in them, was a wonderful thing.

History records that Cyneas, despatched by Pyrrhus to Rome, the day after his arrival knew, and could salute by their names, all the senate and the whole order of gentlemen in the city. Again it is said of Seneca that he could repeat two thousand verses at one sitting, in their order, and then, beginning at the end, repeat them backward, without missing one.

Maglia Bethi could quote from memory the chapter, section, and page of any book he had read, and could repeat the author's words in reference to any particular topic. A gentleman, to test his memory, lent him a large manuscript which he intended to publish, and calling on Bethi some time after he had returned it, pretended that the manuscript had been lost, and requested him to write as much of it as he could remember. The record states that he wrote it again accurately, word for word, as it was in the manuscript itself.

These examples just given show us that the mind can be trained to great achievements in retaining and reproducing matter that has once been fastened there; but it takes practise to accomplish anything in this line. Yet it is a most excellent acquisition. If every young man was as familiar with the word of God as these men were with what they learned, what a power they would have in resisting temptation! Let us seek to improve the mind in retaining what it has once received. J. H. D.

TRUST AND DISTRUST.

EVERY little while the public learns that some man of high standing, who has been for years honored, respected, and trusted as the very soul of honor, has been shown to be a knave, perhaps has been so for a long time. When we hear of these things, we feel something as did Washington when he learned of Arnold's duplicity and traitorous designs against his country, and say, as Washington then said, "Who can we trust now?" But we should not let these examples of evil breed in us wholesale distrust of every one. It is well to manifest caution in all things, but we should never allow caution to degenerate into a cynical distrust of men and measures. It is better to believe a man to be honest until you know he is not, than it is to believe he is dishonest, until it is demonstrated to you in an unmistakable manner that your suspicions are unfounded.

When the celebrated Kitto was a boy, he recorded the following in his diary: "Gained the idea that it is better to be deceived sometimes than never to trust." Although this was but a boy's idea, it was worthy of a philosopher.

We once hired a ground for a camp-meeting. The owner was very suspicious, and seemed to fear, all the time, that he was likely to be made the victim of some deep-laid plot. Happily for our reputation, he felt better after the meeting was over. Another,—a frank, open-hearted business man of that same town,—speaking to us of this man, said: "Mr. —— believes that the whole world is engaged in a conspiracy to cheat him, and he shows his fear of it in his face." There are rogues, but there are honest men; if there were not, the rogues would cease to be a novelty. M. E. K.

LESSON 12.— TITHING.

(September 14, 1895.)

1. To whom did Abraham pay tithes? Gen. 14 : 18–20 ; Heb. 7 : 1, 2, 4.

2. What was Melchisedec? —"Priest of the Most High God." Verses 1, 2.

3. What is said of his genealogy? Verse 3. (See note 1.)

4. What is said of his greatness? Verse 4.

5. Of whom did the Levites receive tithes? Verse 5.

6. Who received tithes of Abraham? Verse 6.

7. By whom was Abraham blessed? Verses 1, 6.

8. Who, then, was the greater, Abraham or Melchisedec? Verses 4, 6, 7.

9. Whom did Melchisedec represent? Verses 3, 15.

10. After what order was Christ a priest? Heb. 5 : 6 ; 6 : 20 ; 7 : 17, 21.

11. Then does Christ receive tithes? Heb. 7 : 8.

12. What did the Saviour teach concerning tithing? Matt. 23 : 23. (See note 2.)

13. Then, as followers of the teachings of Christ, what ought we to do? — Pay tithes. (See note 3.)

14. How were the Levites supported in their work? 1 Cor. 9 : 13. (See note 4.)

15. What has the Lord likewise ordained concerning the support of those who preach the gospel? Verse 14. (See note 5.)

16. Who commissions and sends out those who preach the gospel? Matt. 28 : 18–20 ; John 20 : 21.

17. Then whose servants are they? Who employs them?

18. And in accordance with what has been shown in the above, what provision has the Lord made for the support of his laborers? (See note 6.)

NOTES.

1. That is, there is no record of his genealogy. He had no successor or predecessor in the priesthood ; and Christ is a priest after the order of Melchisedec, because he did not belong to a priestly line, with a predecessor and successor in the same line.

2. The force of this scripture will be seen and realized more fully when we remember that Christ's teachings during his public ministry were designed especially for what is called the Christian dispensation. This is conclusively shown in the language used in the great commission. Christ gives explicit instruction to the apostles to teach "all things whatsoever I have commanded you." (See Matt. 28 : 19, 20.)

3. OUGHT.—Was or were under obligation to pay ; owed. To be bound in duty or moral obligations.— *Webster.*

While it is proper to instruct the people from the word of God in the duty of paying tithes, no one should be conscience for another in the matter.

4. To live on the things of the temple was to live on the things brought into the storehouse of the Lord. This consisted principally of the tithe. (See Mal. 3 : 10 ; Num. 18 : 20–24 ; 2 Chron. 31 : 4–12.)

5. "Even so" means "in like manner." As the priests and the Levites were supported by the tithes brought into the storehouse by those who recognized and responded to God's claims upon them, "even so" God's ministers now are supported by the tithes brought into the Lord's treasury by those who believe and obey the gospel.

6. The Lord has made ample provision for the support of those who labor in his vineyard. He has reserved the tithe for this purpose. It is the Lord's. He uses his own means to recompense his own laborers.

THE PRESERVATION OF THE BIBLE THROUGH THE MIDDLE AGES.

(Conclusion.)

HERE is the Alexandrian manuscript. It is now the property of the British Museum. It was brought to England in the year 1628, from Constantinople, as a present to King Charles the First, arriving just seventeen years too late to be used in correcting our common version.

And here is the Ephraem manuscript ; and this manuscript comes from the same period as the Alexandrian, just mentioned,— the beginning of the fifth century. This manuscript has a strange appearance. Letters in a running hand and written in black ink almost cover the pale, square letters of the ancient writing.

The sermons of Ephraem, the Syrian, are written above the partly effaced lines of the sacred oracles. Pumice-stone was used to rub upon the precious manuscript, and thus the first writing was almost destroyed. This was not done by the pious preacher himself (who lived in the fourth century), but one of his ardent admirers, who lived in the twelfth century, performed this strange act of unmeant irreverence for the word of God. But the sacred writing was not erased past all recovery. It was deciphered about fifty years ago by Tischendorf, an achievement which required such great skill and patience that it is regarded as one of the triumphs of modern scholarship.

Besides these four books, two of them coming from the fourth century and two from the fifth, there are nearly two thousand parchments known to scholars.

Very many of these contain only parts of the Bible, and all of them come from centuries later than the fifth century.

Such is a glance at the sources of our Bible. Antiquity has bequeathed to modern times nothing to be compared with these discolored and mutilated books.

If we ask scholars how they tell the age of the various manuscripts, and how the manuscripts were preserved, they would answer : Some have a date written upon them ; but the oldest are without date. In another way the age of each document is computed ; for undoubted specimens of the writing of the first century have been preserved.

Herculaneum, from its long burial in the ashes cast out by Vesuvius, has given us a writing of the apostolic age. As we look upon the Herculaneum papyrus, we see the form and general appearance of manuscripts which were produced when the apostles were still living.

Although the autographs which left their hands have, no doubt, long since perished,— for written, as they were, on fragile papyrus, they could not long withstand the wear of use, — still, since we have an undoubted and unquestioned writing of the first century, we possess a certain and distinct view of the appearance first assumed by the New Testament Scriptures.

We thus have a standard by which the antiquity of a document may be approximately ascertained.

The first copies, also, have shared the fate of the original writings,— are either worn out by use, or have turned to dust and ashes in the last Roman persecution, when Christian books were fiercely demanded for destruction.

Copies of copies, however, remained, written on vellum, with the self-same characters which are found upon the papyrus manuscript unearthed at Herculaneum, and written in parallel columns like those of this ancient writing.

Still, more than two hundred years separate the age of the apostles from the date of our oldest manuscript of the Gospels or the Epistles. How, then, are we confident that what has come to us from the fourth century is the production of the apostles and evangelists who lived in the first century? The answer is clear and perfectly satisfactory.

We have the Syriac Bible, a translation made while the autograph manuscripts were yet in existence, and we also have extended quotations of Scripture in the writings of the Christian Fathers who lived in those early centuries. These latter tell us, reasonably, that the lost manuscripts of the second and third centuries were practically the same as those which have come to us from the fourth and fifth and later centuries.

In a few words, the facts are as follows : The original, autograph manuscripts have perished. Our oldest copies come from the fourth century ; but a translation, in the Syriac, made from those autograph manuscripts, also extended quotations made from those first copies, have reached the present age.

Every reasonable demand is met. Every serious question is as seriously answered. We know, and with a remarkable degree of probability, what writings the sacred penmen left for subsequent ages. The ancient classics,— Herodotus, Plato, Virgil, Cicero,— are not so certainly in our possession as are the writings of the apostles. The manuscripts of the classics are fewer, and most of them come from the latter part of the middle ages.— *Rev. Thomas E. Bartlett, in Home Guard.*

GO FORTH WITH A SONG.

THEY sang a hymn — not the Lord Jesus only, but his disciples with him. How much it meant for them! The solace of that song and the voice of their Lord blending with their voices, was the most tender and effectual way of comforting them. It was as the mother soothes her little one by singing. Could they fear, since he sang? For them, too, the words were a strength as well as a solace.

In Mr. Wesley's whole life there was perhaps nothing that made so deep an impression on him as when, crossing the Atlantic in a great storm, the ship's sails blown away, and the seas breaking over the ship, and everybody else screaming in terror, the simple Moravians gathered together with their women and children, and sang a hymn of praise to God. It was what Luther always did when evil tidings reached him, and things looked threatening. He rang out cheerily the words : —

"A safe stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon."

Let us learn to be like our Lord and Master ; when we have to go forth to some sorrow or conflict, let us go forth with a song.— *Mark Guy Pearse.*

HOW A RAILROAD KEEPS TRACK OF ITS CARS.

THE destination of the car is, of course, controlled by the owning road. The matter of the distribution of cars for loading is, as a rule, managed by the superintendent of transportation through the division superintendents of the road. The question as to where a car shall be loaded is determined by the superintendent; for instance, on our road we have certain classes of cars which we do not permit to be loaded off our own line.

There are a number of freight cars in use by railroads, called "line cars." This class of cars is formed by different roads over which they run building and putting into the line their proportion of the total number, based, as a rule, upon the mileage of the road, and sometimes on the use the road wants to make of them. Each company owns it own individual cars, but they are marked, not with the name of the company, but "White Line," "Blue Line," "Red Line," or "Union Line"; and they are handled by an agent appointed by all the roads.

Such cars are restricted in their loading and operations, so far as possible, to the lines that own them. The White Line cars run into south and southwestern territory; those on the Red Line go into the west and northwest; while those on the Blue Line go largely into the east and the near-by west, as a rule this side of the Mississippi River. What are called the "common cars" of each road are those that are marked "N. Y. Central," "N. J. Central," etc. The line cars are distinguished by the name of the line; the others, the "common ones," are generally permitted to be loaded almost anywhere.

On each road there are junction points where there is an agent who makes to the roads that interchange at that point what is known as a "junction report," showing, daily, the cars that were interchanged between the roads at that point. Suppose, to illustrate, we follow a car to St. Louis. We load one of our common cars at St. John's park, with freight for St. Louis. It arrives at Buffalo, where it is turned over to the Lake Shore. We get a junction report, showing that that car has been delivered to the Lake Shore. The car goes on to Cleveland, and is there turned over to the "Big Four," the C. C. C. & St. Louis, and a junction report is made to both companies — the Lake Shore and the C. C. C. & St. Louis — while the Big Four takes it to St. Louis. The Lake Shore, in making a report to us, will say that the car was received on the ninth of the month, and was turned over to the Big Four on the tenth.

If, in due course of time, that car does not turn up again somewhere, we make an inquiry of the Big Four, and ask them about it. If it was reloaded at some important junction point, like St. Louis, and went west, we would get a junction report that one of our cars had been turned over to such and such a western road. So, in this way, we know pretty well where our cars are, but occasionally they get away from us on small roads from which we receive no reports.

Under the present arrangement, we depend entirely upon the honesty of the "other fellow," as to whether we get all that we ought to from our mileage earnings, whereas, if a *per diem* system were in vogue, we could eventually trace out just how many days our cars had been on any road in the country.

A great many roads employ a man known as a "car-tracer." It is his business to travel over the country where the cars of his company are supposed to be, or to points where he may be especially sent by the general superintendent of the road or the superintendent of transportation, searching for the cars of his company. The car-tracer, in his general travels, will get off at a station, go through the yards and note, according to their number, the cars he finds there. He is generally on the lookout for the cars of his line, wherever they may chance to be. He secures detailed information as to the locality of a car that may have been what we call "misused." In this way he corrects some evils, because he notifies his company that their cars are being misused at a certain point. The misuse of a car means doing with it something contrary to the general rule or understanding between the companies. For instance, it is a rule that all cars shall be loaded toward their home. Suppose one of our freight cars to be in St. Louis. The understanding is that the road that has that car must load it toward the New York Central Railroad, in New York, to some point in the direction of New York. If, instead of so doing, the road loaded it to a point in California, that would be a decided misuse of the car. It is also an understanding between railroad companies that foreign cars shall not be used in local service; as, on our own road, in transacting the local business, we must not use a Wabash car, etc. —*Edgar Van Etten, Supt. N. Y. C. & H. R. Railroad, in New York Independent.*

SENTENCES THAT LIVE.

CERTAIN historic utterances, as every one knows, seem to pack into a few syllables the secret of an entire epoch in political history, living and retaining their dramatic power even when the events that gave birth to them have passed away. Some of these sayings are recalled by a writer in *Chambers's Journal*: —

"One of the most famous historical *mots* is that attributed to Louis XIV when seventeen years of age. The president of the French parliament, speaking of the interests of the state, was interrupted by the king with, '*L'état, c'est moi!*' Another version of the saying is that Louis interrupted a judge who used the expression, 'The king and the state,' by saying, 'I am the state!' No authentic record of the saying exists, and it is discredited by modern French historians.

"A remarkable utterance was that of the notorious Madame de Pompadour, the mistress of Louis XV. One day, as La Tour was engaged in painting the lady's portrait, Louis entered the room in a state of great dejection. He had just received news of the battle of Rossbach, in which Frederick the Great had inflicted a disastrous defeat on the combined forces of France and Austria. Madame de Pompadour told him he must not lose his spirits, because he would fall ill; and, besides, it was no matter — 'After us, the deluge!'

"'All is lost save honor!' was the announcement, in a condensed form, of Francis I in a letter to his mother after the defeat of Pavia. Napoleon used the same expression after the battle of Waterloo. On his arrival at the Elysée, three days after the battle, Caulaincourt exclaimed: 'All is lost!' 'Except honor,' added Napoleon.

"We are indebted to Cromwell for one of the best-known sayings in English history, that connected with the dissolution of the Long Parliament. On the fateful day, at the conclusion of a long speech in which he figuratively blew up the Parliament, Cromwell called in twenty or thirty musketeers, and expelled the members. Turning to the table, his eye fell upon the symbol of the sovereignty of Parliament, the mace. Lifting it up, he said scornfully: 'What shall we do with this bauble? Take it away!' What became of it is one of the mysteries of English history.

"Equally well known is Cromwell's advice to his troops as they were about to cross a river to engage the enemy. Having made a speech, as was his custom on such occasions, he finished up with, 'Put your trust in God, but be sure to see that your powder is dry.' There is surely something truly Cromwellian in such a happy combination of piety and practical advice.

"It was Oxenstierna, the chancellor of Gustavus Adolphus, who said to his son: 'You know not, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed.'

"During the war of Dutch independence, under the leadership of William, Prince of Orange, the Duke of Buckingham, who thought that the United Provinces were doomed to inevitable destruction, asked William whether he did not see that the commonwealth was ruined. 'There is one certain means,' answered the prince, 'by which I can be sure never to see the ruin of my country — I will die in the last ditch!'"

HOW TO BREATHE.

AN old gentleman gave good advice to a young lady who complained of sleeplessness. He said: "Learn how to breathe, and darken your room completely, and you won't need any doctoring."

"Learn how to breathe! I thought that was one thing we learned before coming into a world so terribly full of other things to be learned," she said ruefully.

"On the contrary, not one in ten adults knows how to breathe. To breathe perfectly is to draw the breath in long, deep inhalations, slowly and regularly, so as to relieve the lower lungs of all noxious accumulations. Shallow breathing won't do this.

"I have overcome nausea, headache, sleeplessness, seasickness, and even more serious threatenings, by simply going through a breathing exercise — pumping from my lower lungs, as it were, all the malarial inhalations of the day by long, slow, ample breaths. Try it before going to bed, making sure of standing where you can inhale pure air, and then darken your sleeping room completely. We live too much in an electric glare by night. If you still suffer from sleeplessness after this experiment is fairly tried, I shall be surprised."—*Selected.*

DO HORSES WEEP?

THE *Admiralty and Horse Guards Gazette* is responsible for the story, which is said to be well-authenticated, of a horse which wept after a battle during the Crimean war.

"A solitary horse, which had apparently escaped unhurt, was observed standing with fixed gaze upon an object close beside him; this turned out to be his late master, quite dead. The poor animal, when a trooper was despatched to recover him, was found with copious tears flowing from his eyes; and it was only by main force that he could be dragged away from the spot, and his unearthly cries to get back to his master were heart-rending."

MAGIC KEYS.

IN a rude voice screamed little Tom:
"Open the door for me!"
"Yes," was the answer from within,
"If you 'll bring the proper key."

"If you please, mama," said little Tom,
Putting down his pride;
At mention of the gentle words
The door flew open wide.

Hearts, like doors, are often locked;
"Thank you" and "If you please,"
Spoken with a pleasant smile,
Are the magic keys.

— *Mary F. Butts, in Outlook.*

A "FIXED-UP" CLOCK.

"WHAT 's the matter with this old clock, Uncle Lee?"

The question came in muffled tones from the attic, where George was "rummaging."

"What?" said Uncle Lee — uncle by courtesy, only, to George as well as to half the other boys in town. Then Uncle Lee said "what" again. It was a way he had of hearing with one ear only till he got ready to hear with the other. Now he came to himself.

"O!" His voice changed when he saw what George had. "That stopped the night my mother died, and I never could get it to go since."

"You don't know how to fix clocks, I guess," said George. "Let me fix it; I always fix my grandma's." George was sixteen, and he spoke with the assurance of a master-workman in a clock factory.

Uncle Lee hesitated a moment, and looked the lad over. Then he thought: "May be he can fix a clock," and added aloud: "Try it if you like; but don't break anything, boy."

So George lifted the clock out of its box, and took it down stairs. He "fixed" it all the rest of the day, and then went home. The clock refused to go.

A few weeks later Herbert Blackman came in from the country, and saw the wheels lying around where George Stuttle had left them.

"Hello! What have you been doing to your clock?"

"I have not been doing anything with it. George wanted to fix it when he was here, and that 's the consequence," said Uncle Lee.

"George Stuttle — fix a clock! You must be crazy to let that great big moose touch clock-wheels"— Herbert was small! "Let *me* fix it, and I 'll show you how a clock ticks."

"Very well, Herbert; fix it," answered Uncle Lee quietly.

So Herbert "fixed" the clock industriously till his father drove down in the evening to take him home, at which time there were almost as many wheels in his head as there were on the table.

Then the poor old clock lay undisturbed till one day Herb White dropped in to see Uncle Lee.

"Did your clock go off like the 'one-hoss shay'?" inquired Herb.

"No; it only would n't go, and so George Stuttle and Herbert Blackman each tried to fix it. Poor boys!" laughed Uncle Lee. "They did their best, but you 'll have to take my word for it that it 's a clock."

"Is it possible, Uncle Lee, that you let either of those boys meddle with a *clock!*" exclaimed Herb, with unspeakable scorn. "I just wish you 'd let me try. I know how to fix clocks."

"Go ahead, by all means." This time Uncle Lee's eyes twinkled.

"May be you think I can 't fix it," said Herb indignantly; "but I 'll show you, in a jiffy."

Uncle Lee had business in the town that day, which kept him away most of the afternoon. When he came back, Herb, with flushed, nervous face, was still at the clock.

"Pretty long jiffy," remarked Uncle.

"Blame the thing!" snarled Herb; "the witches are in it, I know. It just *won't* go together," and he shoved away from the table, giving a most ungentle creak to his chair. So the clock was n't "fixed" any more that day.

But a few days afterward Herb's older brother, Manley, walked in, and Uncle Lee told him about the clock. Manley gave the wheels and cogs a comprehensive and comprehending glance,— he was nineteen, or thereabout,— and made a few wise remarks on the absurdity of letting *boys* fuss with such delicate things as clock machinery; but he ended with, "*I'd* like to try it, though, if you 'll let me."

So Manley "fixed" the clock for several hours. He succeeded in fitting the pieces together quite ingeniously — so much so that the clock almost recognized its identity, and one part — it was an old-fashioned clock with weights — ran for three or four minutes. Then it stopped, stubbornly refusing another tick.

This time Uncle Lee stood the old clock on the mantel, where it stayed till another White boy, Fred, came one very cold day to stay all night. After awhile he said,—

"I never saw that clock before. Where have you kept it? and why does n't it go?"

"Go?" laughed Uncle Lee; "I should think it ought to run like chain lightning, it has had so much attention lately. First George Stuttle tried it; then Herbert Blackman *knew* he could fix it — you ought to have seen the pieces when he got through with it! Next your brother Herb mixed up the wheels some more, and finally Manley got it partially together. So there it stands — a victim of too much fixing."

"If you 've let all those fellows dive into that clock, you 've got to let me! Manley and Herb think they 're awful smart — fix a clock, indeed! Manley could n't fix a door-knob, let alone a clock; much less could Herb. And as for George and Herbert, I am surprised that you should let *them* try."

"Go ahead, do," said Uncle Lee, as well as he could for laughing. "I think the clock can stand one more overhauling."

So at it Fred went, merrily enough. "Won't I crow over all those bungling fellows!" thought he to himself. He worked steadily all the afternoon, and till late in the evening. Still the clock refused to go. Finally he got up angrily, put on his hat and coat, and started off.

"May I inquire where you are going?" asked Uncle Lee politely. "Pray do not stop fixing the clock!"

"I 'm going home."

"What! four miles through this cold and snow, at this time of might!" exclaimed Uncle Lee, thoroughly sobered now, as he saw how seriously the boy was taking his defeat.

"Yes; I can 't stay. Good-by," and away he hurried.

That was the last of the clock-repairing at Uncle Lee's (though perhaps if there are any more boys who would like to "fix" the clock, they might be furnished with its address). The once-faithful timekeeper still refuses to give a tick; but as it stands on the mantel, those boys sometimes actually turn red in the face, it seems so audibly to shake its fat sides, and chuckle: "Don 't you think it 's better to know how to do a thing *and not say much about it*, than to say so much about it and *not know how to do it?*"

So perhaps the clock's mission is a better one than just to tell what time it is.

MYRTA B. CASTLE.

THE WAIF'S PRAYER.

A LITTLE five-year-old boy was found crouching in a hall-way, half-clad, and numb with exposure to the cold. The waif was warmed and fed; but it was with his new garments he was most charmed,— so much so that when the sleepy time came, he cried piteously while being undressed, begging to keep the sweet, clean clothing on.

Before putting him to bed, the slum sister knelt with him, and said, "Say these words after me: 'Now I lay me down to sleep.'"

Peeping between his fingers, the little fellow whispered: "Now I lay me down to sleep."

"I pray the Lord my soul to keep," continued the sister.

"I pray the Lord my clothes to keep," said the little one.

"No, not clothes," said the sister,—"soul to keep."

"Soul to keep," whispered he, with wide-open eyes.

"Now," urged the sister, "say it from the beginning: 'Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep.'"

But the poor little fellow was too intent upon his treasures: "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my clothes to keep," he said again.

"No, no," said the patient sister, "that is not right; you pray the Lord your soul to keep, and I will take care of your clothes."

"And wo n't you pawn them," said the little boy, "and buy whisky with them? that 's what they always did at home when I got new clothes."

Although he finally mastered his little prayer, it was with the words, "I pray the Lord my clothes to keep," on his lips, that he finally fell asleep. — *Mrs. Ballington Booth.*

"WHAT are you smiling at?" asked a lady one day of her niece.

"Nothing, dear auntie," was the mild reply, "only because I 'm so cross, and I 'm determined not to look so!"

She had made the effort for the sake of others, but possibly the reaction of muscle on mind was her ample reward. At least the rule is a good one to follow, since no one can be harmed by failure. "Look cheerful — and see what happens!"— *Selected.*

"WHY, Mary," said Mrs. Wilson to her little girl, "you and your visitors are doing nothing but sit about and look miserable. Why don't you play something?"

"We are playing."

"Playing what?"

"We 're playing that we are growed up."
— *Exchange.*

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"AMID THE EVERLASTING HILLS."

OVER the distant mountains lies a soft and tender haze;
Upon the nearer hills all day the golden sunlight plays;
The valley lies in safety 'neath the grandeur of the heights,
And revels in the beauty of the summer's dear delights.
As far as eye can reach, it sees God's pictures fair and sweet,—
No flaw, no blot to mar his work, but all sublime, complete.
And over all the tender skies, so fleecy, soft, and blue;
And still beyond, the watchful love, so wonderful and true.

Again, behold! a sudden change comes sweeping o'er the sky!
And now upon the mountains, see! cloud-shadows darkly lie.
The valley can no longer smile, since 'neath the gloom o'erhead
Its merry friends, the sunbeams bright, in silence all have fled.
Now, dark and darker grow the clouds, until at last the rain —
Sweet nature's tears — burst forth as from a heart o'erfull of pain,
And, till the grief be spent, the face of nature must be sad,
And then, her heart refreshed, the clouds have passed, and she is glad.

Now, watch the sun behind those clouds! how coyly it peeps through
A little rift, now here, now there, till wider spreads the blue
Of heaven's own glorious canopy, and down the mountain's side
The sunlight riots once again, and scatters far and wide.
The storm has passed! the valley smiles again in peace serene;
And just a little sermon has been preached to us, I ween.
The thought is only this, that wheresoe'er life's tears may be,
There will always be God's smile behind the clouds for you and me.

— *Mary D. Brine.*

DEATH FROM ALCOHOL.

A CHILD was fatally injured at Salem, Ohio, August 16, in a very remarkable manner. An empty alcohol barrel, heated by the sun, caused a generation of gas, filling the barrel. The boy had just seated himself on the barrel when it exploded with terrific force, throwing him into the top of a pear tree and burning portions of his body to a blister. Note is made of this death from alcohol in the newspapers because it was so sudden and unusual; but thousands of people, young, middle-aged, and old are killed every year by alcohol in its various forms of beer, cider, wines, gin, and whisky. It was a sad fate for the boy, who doubtless was innocent of wrong; but it would be far better to be blown to pieces by an alcohol explosion than to live a rum-soaked drunkard, and die of alcoholism in the end. How many thousands of boys and men are in as dangerous a position as was that boy on the heated whisky barrel, but they do not sense their danger, and perhaps will not until it is too late to save themselves!

THE COST OF A BRITISH SHIP OF WAR.

A PARLIAMENTARY paper recently issued throws much light upon the cost of warships and their armament, machinery, etc. The prices given are mainly those to contractors, but from other sources the expense of building ships in the public dockyards can be obtained. No real comparison can be drawn between the two, of course, for the maintenance of the public yards is imperative for many sound reasons, and therefore there are items connected with the cost of vessels built in them from which those constructed in the private yards are free. However, when we remember that the private builder has to make a profit, we must not be surprised at the cost of employing them; and it has been fully demonstrated that it is as essential to the efficiency of our resources to give experience to the private contractors as it is to maintain public establishments. Messrs. Thomson, of Clydebank, for the hull and machinery of the battleship "Jupiter," are to receive £732,683, and for the cruiser "Terrible" about £570,000. Messrs. Laird will receive for the battleship "Mars," £733,211; and the Barrow Company as much for the cruiser "Powerful" as the Thomsons do for her sister ship. Messrs. Maudslay, who are the agents for the Belleville boilers in England, receive in royalties for the French firm, £10,600, but they will not construct the boilers in their shops. The Talbot class of cruiser, of which several are being constructed in Scotland, costs about £210,000 apiece, while the torpedo boat destroyers average about £35,000 apiece.— *Scientific American.*

DANGERS OF MISSIONARIES.

IN China both Catholic and Protestant missionaries are in danger from the ignorant and cruel natives, who regale themselves with horrible stories of the crimes of the missionaries. It is probable that a common suffering and danger makes these missionaries of the different creeds of the Christian religion manifest toward each other some portion of Christian sympathy, but in other countries and in other conditions these friendly relations are reversed. Some of the people of Peru, South America, are greatly excited over the arrival in that country of a few families of Protestants from this country, and the religious element (Catholic) is appealing to the president of Peru to expel them from the country! This is quite on the Chinese fashion. The president, however, replies that he shall protect all who obey the laws, whether they are Catholics or Protestants. The Catholic majority will probably solve this problem by making some laws which Protestants will find it hard to observe without violating conscience. Like our Sunday laws, they will be civil(?) laws based upon the religious beliefs of the people!

A WONDERFUL LIGHT.

QUITE a sensation was created a week or two ago by Professor Vivian Lewes, who informed the members of the Gas Institute at Edinburgh that a French scientist, M. Denayrouse, had discovered a means of increasing the illuminating power of gas something like fifteen times. Professor Lewes had been made aware of the discovery during a visit to M. Denayrouse in Paris, and he had obtained permission to experiment with the new method of gas lighting, and to make a communication upon the subject to the Edinburgh meeting.

In the invention M. Denayrouse had first been struck with the idea of applying the principle of the blowpipe to the gas burner. He employs a lamp with a spherical-shaped metallic body and incandescent mantle. In the body of the lamp is placed a very small dynamo working a ventilator, and receiving the current from two small accumulators. The electrical energy required is exceedingly small, and is said to be only about one third volt and one tenth ampere. This is, however, quite sufficient to force a current of air through the mantle, and cause the gas to burn with remarkable brilliancy.

According to M. Mellet the lamp has a density of thirty-five or forty carcels, and consumes seven litres of gas for each carcel. Professor Lewes had, however, been shown a lamp of eighty carcels (about eight hundred candle power), and he was convinced that the light was quite as brilliant as an arc lamp.— *Electrical Engineer.*

GOOD WORDS NEVER DIE.

AN anecdote which shows what a great and eternal influence a few words may have, is recorded as follows: —

Dr. Valpy, the author of a great many class books, wrote the following simple lines as his confession of faith: —

"In peace let me resign my breath,
And Thy salvation see;
My sins deserve eternal death,
But Jesus died for me."

Valpy gave those lines to Dr. March, a rector, who put them over his study mantel shelf. The Earl of Roden read them.

"Will you give me a copy of these lines?" said the good earl.

"I shall be glad to do so," said Dr. March.

Lord Roden took them home, and put them over his mantel shelf. General Taylor, a Waterloo hero, came into the room and noticed them. He read them over and over again, while staying with Lord Roden, till his lordship remarked: —

"I say, friend Taylor, I should think you knew those lines by heart."

General Taylor handed those lines to an officer in the army, who was going out to the Crimean war. He came home to die, and when Dr. March went to see him, the poor soul in his weakness said: —

"Good sir, do you know this verse which General Taylor gave to me? It brought me to my Saviour, and I die in peace."— *Selected.*

EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.

A YOUNG Irishman in want of a five-pound note, wrote to his uncle as follows: —

"DEAR UNCLE: If you could see how I blush for shame while I am writing to you, you would pity me. Do you know why? Because I have to ask you for a few pounds, and do not know how to express myself. It is impossible for me to tell you. I prefer to die. I send you this by messenger, who will wait for an answer. Believe me, my dearest uncle, your most obedient and affectionate nephew, ——."

"P. S.— Overcome with shame for what I have written, I have been running after the messenger in order to take the letter from him, but I cannot catch him up. Heaven grant that something may happen to stop him, or that my letter may get lost!"

The uncle was naturally touched, but was equal to the emergency. He replied as follows: —

"MY DEAR JACK: Console yourself, and blush no longer. Providence has heard your prayers. The messenger lost your letter. Your affectionate uncle, ——."— *Selected.*