

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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THE COTTON INDUSTRY OF THE SOUTH.

THE use of cotton in the manufacture of cloth began at a very early period in the history of the world. The Egyptian dead who were embalmed when Joseph was prime minister of Pharaoh were swathed about with fine cotton cambric. The Hindus and Chinese used it for clothing more than a thousand years before Christ. Although it had been so long in use, cotton never took a prominent place among the materials for the clothing of man until about the beginning of the present century.

The cotton fiber grows upon a seed, which is about the size of a small bean. To separate this fiber from the seed, as it was done by hand, required so much time that it made the material very expensive. To pick one pound of lint cotton from the seed was considered a day's work for an ordinary hand. This difficulty had always stood in the way of its extensive use. In 1792 Eli Whitney, a native of Westborough, Mass., who had just graduated from Yale College, came to the State of Georgia for the purpose of teaching school. Observing the slow and tedious process by which the cotton was picked from the seed, he set to work under great disadvantages to invent a machine for that purpose. Finding a friend in the person of the widow of General Nathaniel Greene, he made her estate his home, and received from her the necessary means for the development of his plans. Before the close of the following year, success had crowned his efforts. He had discovered a simple process by which one man has been enabled to do more work in picking the cotton from the seed than a thousand men could do by hand in the same time; and the cotton gin, one of the most important inventions of the age, was put into operation. Its remarkable success was an astonishment and a wonder to the world. The first large exportation of cotton to England after the gin was brought into use, consisted of ten thousand pounds (about twenty bales), yet this was such a surprise to the authorities that they held the

cotton until investigation was made as to where such a quantity could have been produced.

The main features of Whitney's invention consist of a system of circular saws set upon one shaft. The sharp pointed teeth pass up through ribs of steel into the cotton as it comes from the field, and carries the lint forward, leaving the seed behind; and back of the saw cylinder is a revolving brush which removes the lint from the teeth. The process is so simple and so effectual that the familiar question naturally arises, "Why was not this found out before?" Why should the world, with all the talent of past ages, have gone on for thousands of years picking its cotton from the seed by hand, until the advent of Eli Whitney? But such was the case, and it was



ELI WHITNEY.

no matter to the world "why." When the discovery was made, there were men sharp enough to discern its advantages, and before Whitney had secured the protection of his rights as the inventor of the cotton gin, other men had begun making them, and soon their manufacture of his machines had got beyond his control. After fruitless attempts to secure his rights, Mr. Whitney, becoming thoroughly disheartened, abandoned his claims, wound up his business, and left the State a poor man. He had given millions upon millions of dollars to the South. He had opened the way for the vast cotton manufacturing interests in Europe and America; but he had not received a dollar above expenses as a remuneration for the services he had rendered.

A few years before the invention of the cotton gin, two poor laboring men in England, Sir Richard Arkwright and James Hargreaves, had invented other machines, perhaps of nearly equal importance,—the carding mill and the spinning-jenny. These inventions had caused a complete revolution in the manufacture of cloth, and the gin laid the foundation of the great cotton industry by bringing this texture to the front rank as the most economical material for cloth making. Cotton mills and manufacturing towns were built up rapidly in England and America, and made a demand which stimulated the cultivation of cotton until it has reached its present immense proportions.

Those who have never traveled in the South can scarcely realize the extent to which this industry is carried on. The broad fields, hills, and valleys covered with the green foliage, beautiful flowers, or the snow white open bolls of the cotton plant, present to the eye of an observer a delightful picture. This can be seen almost everywhere throughout the cotton belt. To give the reader an idea of the extent to which cotton is raised, we will take for example the crop of 1893. The number of acres planted was 15,963,966. Suppose we reduce these acres to square miles, and then imagine them to be arranged in one long cotton field a mile in width. Should we undertake to walk through this field lengthwise, we should have to travel twenty-four thousand nine hundred and forty-three miles, or about the distance around the earth. Imagine the work required to till this vast field! It has to be gone over five or six times with a plow, three times with a hoe, besides the planting, and picking three or four times over as the bolls open.

As the cotton is picked, it is drawn to the gin for separating the seed. The latest improved gin, as built by Winship and Company, of Atlanta, Ga., receives the load at one end of the building, where the cotton is drawn up through flues out of the wagon by means of suction; and within thirty minutes the driver goes to the other end of the building, where the seed is emptied into the wagon, and his cotton, all baled up, is ready for him. And this work has been done by three men with the cotton gin, that would have taken one man more than a year to accomplish by hand.

A bale of cotton usually weighs about five hundred pounds. The number of bales of cotton produced in 1893 was 7,532,000. Here again let us try to bring this vast number

within the grasp of our comprehension. Suppose these bales of cotton are to be loaded into wagons as they come to market. Three bales constitute the ordinary load for two mules. Allowing each team one rod of the road, they would form a procession seven thousand eight hundred and forty-eight miles long, or nearly the distance through the earth; and the seed,



COTTON GIN.

if put in wagons and drawn by teams, would form another procession about fourteen thousand miles long. This was only an ordinary crop. The largest number of bales ever produced in one year was in 1891, which amounted to 9,018,000. During the days of slavery, the largest number reached was 4,861,000 bales. Thus time has demolished the old argument that cotton could not be successfully produced with free labor.

In the preparation for the great Cotton States and International Exposition, let the name of Eli Whitney be inscribed upon the walls of its palaces, let his portrait hang in the most conspicuous place, and let his memory be cherished by all who behold the results of his work. For what Columbus was to America, Whitney has been to the great cotton industry of the South.

RODNEY S. OWEN.

THE HORSELESS VEHICLE.

IN matters of transportation, no question is more generally agitating the public mind than that of horseless vehicles. In France, more than any other country, their possibilities are being tested as to speed and adaptability, and the results are in the main satisfactory. This fact has led the enthusiast to promulgate all kinds of ideas as to the future of the horse, etc., and an endless amount of unmitigated nonsense is being published in the public press. That this class of vehicle is destined to become a prominent factor, none can doubt, and it is well to be prepared. It should be remembered, however, that it is not a new idea. Carriages to run on common roads without horse power were experimented with before the iron rail was laid, and engineers have been experimenting continuously ever since. New methods of generating power have given a renewed impetus to the movement, and the prospects are more than ever favorable, and we do not doubt their use in many places where the conditions are favorable. The horse will not be dethroned, neither will the time ever come when the horseless vehicle will hold other than a secondary place. There are many adverse conditions to be overcome in the mechanical construction and in the matter of traction, and in our northern climate, where snow and ice prevail several months of the year, they will be useless during those periods. Their construction, however, has reached a stage when it may be well for the carriage and wagon manufacturer to give it consideration.

Be made they will, and if carriage builders who are well equipped to produce them continue to antagonize their construction, stock companies, with ample capital, will be formed, and by securing the patents, they will control the manufacture and prove formidable competitors. Their manufacture and sale legitimately belong to the carriage and wagon trades, and the Hub thinks it is not too early to prepare for the control; for if it once gets out of the hands of vehicle men, it will not be recovered. We hope, the editor adds, to see some of our enterprising builders interesting themselves in this matter before the present year closes.—*Scientific American.*

THE GREAT WHEEL HARVEST.

Four Hundred Thousand Bicycles to Be Manufactured This Year.

THE present season will be forever memorable in the annals of the bicycle business. It is certainly wonderful that, at a period when every other industry was slowly recovering from a partial paralysis of nearly two years' duration, this infant industry, requiring the most expensive nourishment on the part of its devotees, should have reached the stalwart proportions it succeeded in developing, and at once become the standard of a successful career, which, beating the record for progress to-day, is the admiration and envy of the manufacturing world; and yet, no one identified with the distribution of its artistic product, can imagine for one moment that this wonderful business has reached the zenith of its development. It is estimated that last year (1894) over two hundred thousand wheels were manufactured by the different companies engaged in their production. This year, with greatly increased facilities and improved machinery, together with a large increase in the number of producers, the product will reach in the neighborhood of four hundred thousand wheels.

What it will be next year, can only be guessed at, as this year's business has been dwarfed and held in check by a positive inability to supply the unparalleled demand for wheels of every description.

New factories contemplate entering this seductive business; additions are being built to old factories, almost equal to the original plant, stocked with the most intricate and "up-to-date" machinery, which, before the ides of March, 1896, will begin to make an impression on the trade, that will carry the production to a possible seven hundred thousand. This, with every foreign country with an intelligent population already knocking at our doors for a share in this distribution (even in blocks of five hundred to one thousand wheels at a time, from individual buyers), will, we prophesy, even with the grand total above suggested for a year's production, leave

us in November, 1896, with few, if any, wheels to carry over to 1897.

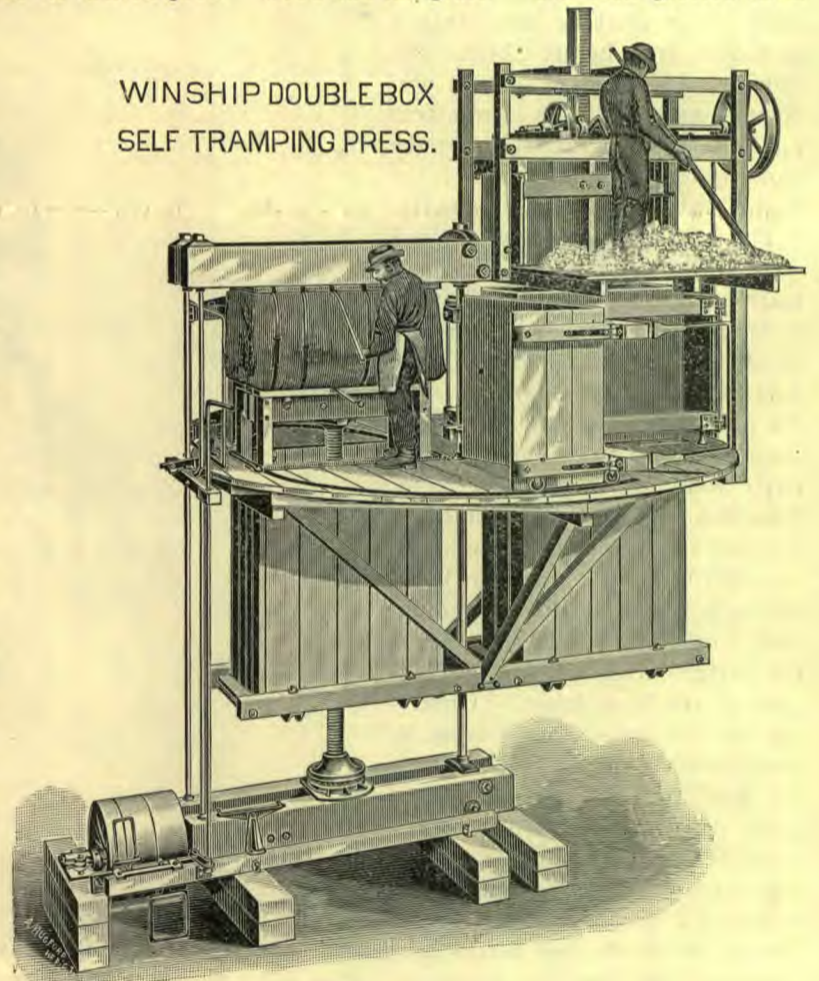
The leaders in the business are strongly entrenched with well-earned additions to capital already large enough for successful production; and they are in it to stay. The high-grade meritorious wheels of to-day will reap the harvest, and the garnered sheaves will represent judicious advertising and honest construction.—*Hardware.*

AFRICANS AND THE STEAMBOAT.

THEY were perfectly frantic with mingled dread and curiosity at sight of the steamer. They shouted and danced, and waved their arms in imitation of our revolving stern wheel. They followed us, running along the banks for miles together. Occasionally some specially brave ones would rush out into the water to have a long, unobstructed look at us. The expression on the countenances of the natives on the shores would make the fortune of an actor who could imitate it.

They would stand with their bodies partly turned away, in order to dart into the bush at the slightest indication of danger, overwhelmed with awe and inquisitiveness, a few only daring to laugh, while the whole river echoed with their exclamations of astonishment and their crazy shouts. . . . When the steamer's whistle was blown, the hundreds who had collected on the bank at once stampeded pell-mell over each other and into the wood and tall grass. Our men greeted them

WINSHIP DOUBLE BOX
SELF TRAMPING PRESS.



with shouts of laughter and calls to come back; but it was to no purpose; they would not again come so near. It was amusing to notice the bearing of these people, even up to the moment of our departure.

It was clear they apprehended some trickery on our part; that would be their manner of dealing with another and weaker tribe, and hence they feared something of the sort from us. We felt, however, that we had made a record for the white man as a friendly visitor and a just and liberal barterer, and left with our steamer quite full with the provisions we had purchased.—*"Actual Africa," by Vincent.*

Timely Topics

A NEW ALLIANCE.

NEWS of a new triple alliance in Europe comes across the ocean. The high contracting powers are Germany, Austria, and Rumania. Two of the members of the famous Triple Alliance have taken in a new partner, Rumania, and through that power they now look at Russia in a threatening manner. The Russian people have felt that the alliance of Germany, Austria, and Italy was as much a menace to Russia as it was to France, hence the friendliness of Russia toward France; but now Russia cannot but consider this new alliance as a distinct and separate menace to herself.

Rumania, which, as a kingdom, was made by the powers from the partially dismembered Turkish empire, is the most powerful of the Balkan States. It occupies a very dangerous position; for the natural route of Russian conquest toward Constantinople and the south lays through Rumania. It is for this very reason that Germany and Austria, both jealous of Russia's success in that direction, would hedge her way. At the present time Rumania is quite a nation, with a well-drilled army of three hundred thousand men. It is understood that the new alliance was hastened by the intrigues of the czar and his mother in Rumania, and that Germany and Austria obligate themselves to move promptly to the assistance of Rumania, should Russia invade her territory. Thus the nations, each jealous of the other, are entering into new alliances, and preparing for a grand struggle, which, seemingly, cannot long be deferred.

RECKLESS BUILDING.

In about a week's time two great buildings in process of erection, one in New York City and the other in Chicago, have fallen to the ground. In New York the loss of life caused by the falling building was terrible. Thirteen men were killed, as many women were made widows, and thirty-six children, most of whom are too young to care for themselves, are left for their mothers, aided by the charities of the philanthropic, to support. In Chicago there was no loss of life, but eighty men had but just left the building when it utterly collapsed. This building was designed for Barnum's circus, and would have held sixteen thousand people. The thought of what might have happened had it been finished, and then have fallen when full of people, is too terrible to contemplate. There may be other buildings, indeed, the presumption is that there are many in our cities, which have been built in this reckless manner, and which are liable at any time to collapse, with results as terrible as those in New York.

These two accidents of a similar nature, in the two largest cities of the United States, so near together in time, have brought the subject of this cheap and criminal way of constructing buildings in this country before the people in a very forcible manner. The fact is, American liberty is often abused, and in nothing is it more so than in the construction of buildings in our large cities. Men of wealth resent the interference of the municipal authorities in the building of the great blocks which they erect, and in their eagerness to build cheaply, ordinary precautions are not

taken to insure the safety of the workmen. There are inspectors appointed here, as in other countries, to see that proper foundations are laid, and that the lives of the workmen shall not be imperiled by carelessness or the use of poor material; but in many cases they utterly fail of doing their duty. In one of the cases above referred to, the inspector of the building was one of the contractors! This is about the same as it would be to appoint one who is interested in counterfeiting to the position of comptroller of the treasury!

An investigation is now being held over both of these cases, and it is learned that one of the principal supports of one of these buildings was very near an old cesspool, and that no effort worthy of the name was made to place the foundation down to solid earth or to build according to the law.

Many lessons are being drawn from these accidents. The philanthropist is showing that if love for fellow men was as strong as the love for gain, such things would not occur. The good citizen sees in this a reason that the laws relating to building should be more carefully observed, and that to promote this object, better men must be elected to office. It will be well if from these accidents such lessons may be learned as will, if possible, prevent their recurrence; yet one can hardly have the courage to hope that such will be the case.

While many lessons are being drawn from these accidents, the Christian may be permitted a word. The great Teacher gave as one object lesson the case of a man, who, without a good foundation, built a house, "his house," upon the sand. In time of trial it fell, "and great was the fall of it." The building referred to by the great Teacher is not a building of earthly materials, but it is the building of character.

In the sense of Jesus's teaching, every person in this world is building, whether he realizes it or not. What he is building will be transitory or lasting, according to the nature of the material upon which he builds; for in this lesson not only did one build upon sand, but another built upon the rock. That rock is Christ. "Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock." This house stood, mocking all storms. So in human life, in the structure of character we build, too many, alas! build upon sand. Pride, earthly ambition, pleasures, nothing substantial, sinking wrecks at last! Christ is the rock. The character based upon him will be lasting, because it is worthy to endure. The whole building will partake of the character of the foundation. The passing away of the earth, even, will not affect the serenity of the Christian's hope. He will say, "Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea."

THREATENING EACH OTHER.

Not only do the European nations delight in organizing and drilling their immense armies, but at certain seasons of the year they make special demonstrations to show what they can do. These are generally known as the spring or autumn maneuvers. The preparations now being made for these military performances this autumn show that all former operations of this kind are to be surpassed. Of course Germany and France, as the two great military nations of Europe, lying side by side, and each far from having any friendly feeling toward the other, will take the lead in these exhibitions of martial strength.

The German exhibition this year will be

in Pomerania. This province is in the north of Germany, not far from Russian Poland, and perhaps it is designed as an object-lesson to the czar,—to show him what Germany can do. Four army corps and two divisions of cavalry will take field for a mimic campaign. A sham battle will be fought with seventy-five thousand men on each side, all closing with a grand review by the emperor.

France will not be outdone in this military by-play; she will show Germany how much better she can put an army upon the German frontier than she could in 1870. To this end two army corps, each numbering ninety thousand men, have orders to march to Langres in the department of the Haute-Marne, separated by only one department from Alsace, which France lost to Germany in 1871. There the present military governor of Paris, General Saussier, will unite the two corps, and lead them against an imaginary enemy. By these maneuvers everything in relation to the army is tested, and if there is a weakness anywhere, it is discovered, and the proper remedy applied. In the French army bicycles will be used, and thorough tests as to their efficiency will be made.

As we see these vast armies mustering for battle, we realize how meaningless is the pacific talk of those who have the direction of these extraordinary forces. It was Napoleon III who, upon taking the throne of France, said: "The empire is peace;" but the Crimea, the Italian war, the Mexican expedition, and the great war of 1870-71, by which he lost the throne and nearly ruined his country, and would have ruined any country but France, show how little dependence can be placed upon the pacific utterances of kings. There will be no peace until the King of peace shall rule.

THE FRENCH IN TUNIS.

AGAIN France has come near the danger line of trouble between herself and England. Lately the French government has opened a great military port and arsenal at Bizerta in Tunis. If the reports of the greatness of this work and its importance to France may be believed, it is of as great value to France from a military standpoint as the Kiel canal is to Germany. From this port to Lake Bizerta a short canal allows a French fleet access to an inland harbor, entirely secure from the attack of a more powerful enemy, from whence it can rally again at any time.

The reason why the nations were not invited to the opening of this great harbor, as they were to Kiel, and that the French press has given so meager an account of it, is that at the time of the French occupation of Tunis in 1881, France promised England not to do precisely what she now has done. But as long as England continues to hold Egypt, as she promised France that she would not do, France feels herself at liberty to make and break promises at will. This constant game of grab cannot but result in more or less friction, and may end in war.

LI HUNG CHANG, the greatest of Chinamen, is again honored. All will remember that when the war showed the weakness of the Chinese armies, he was obliged to dispense with his yellow robe and peacock feather; but China could not get along without him, and he was selected for the delicate mission of negotiating a treaty with the victorious Japanese. This he did so well that he is now made Imperial Chancellor and Grand Secretary of the empire, and he will reside at Peking.

M. E. K.



Established, 1852.

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

TALKS WITH BOYS AND GIRLS.—NO. 2.

DOING NOTHING.

DEAR CHILDREN: This week we wish to talk about "doing nothing." Sometimes children say, "I wish I had nothing to do." They think they would be happy; but they are mistaken. To do nothing for any stated time is as great a punishment as could befall a boy or girl. You are so constituted that you must be doing something or worry under the inactivity.

But generally "doing nothing" means, "We will not be obliged to do anything"—any work for father or mother. When in school, you grow tired of the long lessons, and long to be free from them. You look out in the fields, and see the calves, the sheep, and the birds, and you wish yourself like them. Here is a story of a boy who had some such experience as this, and we wish to give it for the good of our boys and girls, who may at times wish to be free from their studies and their lessons:—

"Charley Gray was gazing out of the schoolroom window one sultry afternoon, with his elbow on his desk, his head resting on his hand. His book was open before him, but his eyes did not rest upon it. Instead of that, they wandered wearily over hill and brook, wood and field, now toward the flocks of sheep and lambs that were cropping the grass on the hillside, now toward the brook, as Charley dreamily thought of the bright little fishes that were sparkling in its cool depths; watching for a moment the calm flight of a hawk, which, with scarce a motion of its great wings, was hovering over the tops of the trees, and then looking listlessly at the cows lying in the shade.

"As he sat sleepily there, the idea came slowly into Charley's idle mind that his would have been a happier life had he been born a beast, a fish, or a bird, instead of a boy, to be sent to school and compelled to learn long lessons in July.

"I would rather," thought Charley, as he yawned and closed his eyes, 'I would much rather be a calf, lying in the shade of the acorn tree yonder, than the first boy in my class.'

"Wonderfully enough, a sudden and surprising change came over Charley Gray! The schoolroom, with its sluggish drone and confined air, melted imperceptibly away. There was a moment of darkness, and Charley found himself lying under the acorn tree. His wishes had been realized. He would be a calf, and a calf he was. His astonishment and alarm were but for a moment. All was then over, his past life forgotten. He remembered nothing about his home, friends, schoolboy life, or his wish so wonderfully gratified.

"For any knowledge of the past, which his calf's head contained, he might have been born in the stable and bred in the fields. He was happy; the shady ground was delightfully cool; the fragrance of the fresh grass was to him most grateful perfume. With half-closed eyes, he was rolling on his tongue a delicious morsel, in comparison with which the deli-

ciacies a schoolboy covets are but as dry crusts to Christmas puddings.

"While in the full tide of his quiet enjoyment, a brother calf, which had been lying by his side, slowly rose, and stood upon his feet. Charley (we call the calf by the schoolboy's name) languidly opened his eyes, and stared stupidly at his risen brother. Something told him that the brother was inclined to vary the monotony of the occasion. He tossed his head and wagged his tail with looks of mischief. In language which Charley well understood, he bade him admire his strong neck, and invited him to a trial of strength. Finally with lowering head, he rushed upon the prostrate Charley, and gave him a furious lunge in the side. This brought the calf Charley to his feet. Bellowing with rage and pain, he rushed to meet his adversary. It was an unequal contest, as Charley's adversary was larger and stronger than he; yet his rage and courage compelled him to keep the field. Soon, however, his strength failed, and he would have been compelled to yield the battle, if an old cow, with sharp horns, had not put an end to it.

"She advanced quietly toward the combatants. Acting upon a principle said to be occasionally practiced by mankind, she singled out the weaker of the two as an object of punishment.

"When Charley saw this new and terrible enemy approaching, he instantly took to his heels; the cow with the sharp horns gave chase. Exhausted as he was by his battle, she gained rapidly on him. Every moment he expected to be caught on those sharp horns, and sent whirling through the air.

"Just then a little bird, which had been seeking worms in the pasture, frightened at the approach of the beasts, flew into the air, and was quickly out of the reach of harm.

"Then the calf Charley thought, 'O, that I were a bird, that I might fly from this terrible pursuer!' The wish was scarcely formed, when lo!—there were certain powerful and propitious fairies controlling Charley's destinies—the calf became a bird. The cow had just bent her neck, and pointed her sharp horns to give Charley the fatal toss, when the latter, transformed into a beautiful bird with gilded wings, rose lightly into the air. He saw the cow in her headlong course shatter her horns against a wall, and then, soaring lightly and singing gaily, he reached the neighboring wood. Scarcely had he congratulated himself upon his escape, when the experience of his calf life faded from his memory. He was a bird, sitting upon the topmost bough of a lofty tree. He was free, and rejoiced in his freedom. 'I will quit,' thought he, 'these dark woods, and fly over the fields and houses.'

"As he emerged from the shadow of the trees, and was flying over the pasture where he had so recently escaped from danger, he had a dim consciousness that there was danger still.

"Far above and between him and the sun, there was a great shadow, which instinctively filled the poor bird with terror. Soon he heard a rustling sound as of wings, and then he saw, what the schoolboy had seen before, a great hawk which hovered over the tall trees, watching for the little birds to leave them.

"There was a great shock in the air, and the little bird knew that the hawk was making the awful plunge, from which there was no escape for him.

"With a scream of terror, Charley awoke, to find that all about the calf and bird was a dream, and that he had startled the school by

crying out in his sleep; he awoke to receive punishment for being so idle and noisy—happy to find that it was nothing worse, and that he was still a schoolboy.

"When boys say to Charley they wish they were birds, he tells them to be glad they are not; for he was one once, and never wishes to be one again."

When you grow tired of your daily duties, and long to be something that has no duties to perform, remember the story of Charley, and we think it will help you to take hold of your work with renewed energy.

The Bible speaks of idleness as a most deplorable thing. "He that gathereth in summer is a wise son: but he that sleepeth in harvest is a son that causeth shame." Prov. 10:5. "Slothfulness casteth into a deep sleep; and an idle soul shall suffer hunger." Prov. 19:15. Again, we read: "How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? when wilt thou arise out of thy sleep? Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep; so shall thy poverty come as one that travelth, and thy want as an armed man." Prov. 6:9-11.

Let every boy and girl abhor idleness. Satan finds work for idle hands to do. It will be works of mischief. Seek ever to be busy. Let the mind be occupied with useful thoughts. Let the boys work with the tools, in the shop, the garden, or on the farm. Let the girls engage in needle work, cooking, the flower garden, or in the house. Let all be busy, remembering the scriptural injunction, "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men."

J. H. D.

AN IMPRESSIVE PICTURE.

A FEW days since we saw a very impressive picture. It was a double picture, representing a man in two phases of his career. In the first picture he was young, and O, what a good time he thought he was having! He was showily dressed, and the expression of his face and the whole manner of his actions was that of great hilarity and pleasure. He was scattering seeds very lavishly from a bag at his side, which was labelled "Wild oats." That was the first picture.

The next picture is of the same man, grown old, and very ragged, a perfect picture of hopeless despair. He has a sickle in his hand,—the same hand with which he scattered the wild oats. He is now gathering them, in the form of noxious weeds, which bear the names of sorrow, want, disease, despair, and misery.

The title of the picture is "Seed Time and Harvest," and below it is this appropriate scripture text, arranged so that the first part of the sentence comes under the sower, and the latter part under the reaper: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Was it not a striking picture? And who can fail to see the lesson? There is a future result to all that we do. Every act, however unimportant it may seem to us, has an effect and an influence. Often these small actions reach much farther than we may think possible. A pebble thrown upon the surface of a stream or lake produces a ripple that extends in ever widening circles until the farthest limit of the water is reached. So every word and act, whether good or evil, never ceases its influence. Speaking, acting, this is sowing; the harvest will come later; if not in this life, then surely in the life to come. And we shall reap as we have sown. This is a law of nature. It is true in spiritual as well as in natural things.

M. E. K.

BIBLE LESSONS AND NOTES

LESSON 13.—TITHING.

(September 21, 1895.)

1. THE Sabbath and the tithe are both whose? Ex. 20: 8-10; Lev. 27: 30.
2. With what has the Lord blessed us? Eph. 1: 3.
3. Are riches always a blessing to those who have them? Mark 10: 17-25; James 5: 1-3.
4. Is it a curse to be poor? Luke 6: 20, 21; James 2: 5.
5. Give a list of what Christ calls blessings. Matt. 5: 2-11.
6. How many of these would the world call blessings?
7. How many are really blessings? Why so?—Because of the results.
8. With how many spiritual blessings has he blessed us? Eph. 1: 3.
9. What is pronounced in Mal. 3: 9?
10. Why the curse? Verse 8.
11. What are the conditions of the blessing? Verse 10.
12. What the result? Verses 10, 11.
13. Name another spiritual blessing. Isa. 56: 2.
14. Then what would the observance of either of these requirements bring to us?
15. To rob God of his tithe, is to rob ourselves of what?—A spiritual blessing.
16. How can we be blessed with *all* spiritual blessings if we refuse to receive this one?
17. To refuse this blessing knowingly brings what? Mal. 3: 9.
18. Then what shall we gladly do? Verse 10.
19. This blessing includes what? Verse 11. (See note.)

NOTE.

This language necessarily implies the precious promise that if we bring all the tithes into the storehouse, and thus prove him, as he asks us to do, he will pour us out a blessing that there will not be room enough to receive it. Those who prove or test the Lord always find him true to his promise. We are not to conclude, however, that the Lord will necessarily shower temporal blessings upon us because we are faithful in paying tithes. He will give us just such blessings as he sees will be for our best good and for his glory.

JEWISH SYNAGOGUES.

It is not till we begin to read the New Testament that we find the word "synagogue" in the Bible. There is only one exception to this general rule, and this is found in the eighth verse of the seventy-fourth psalm, where the writer pleads with God to deliver his people from captivity, and reminds him that his sanctuary has been defiled and cast down to the ground.

Jerusalem was chosen as the great center for worship for Israel, and there, three times each year, the people met to bring their offerings and receive religious instruction. If they neglected these gatherings, there was no regular system by which they were instructed in their duty to God. Sometimes there was an awakening,—or, as we might call it, a revival,—and good kings were raised up who sent forth special messengers to instruct the people. Jehoshaphat was one of these, for he sent princes, priests, and Levites, "and they taught in Judah, and had the book of the law

of the Lord with them, and went about throughout all the cities of Judah, and taught the people." Hezekiah sent letters containing warnings and special invitations to attend the feast of the passover; but there were long periods when the people did not receive help of this kind.

After the captivity, when Ezra was at Jerusalem, it seems that he devised a system of local worship. When Jesus came to this earth, we know that there were many synagogues, and there was a well established system of worship. It is impossible to tell when this system was first devised and when synagogues were first erected, but none place it earlier than after the return from the captivity when Ezra visited Jerusalem. No doubt as time passed by, the sacred buildings became more numerous than at first, and the service more complete. In time each synagogue had its own regular meetings, reading of the Scriptures, and the power to excommunicate members. In towns and cities buildings were erected, and set apart to the worship of God, and were known as the "house of God," "synagogue of God," or "place of prayer."

The size of the buildings thus consecrated varied; but they were usually built on high ground, and a tall pole rose from the roof, which made the building conspicuous. Rawlinson says of them: "The synagogue was in all cases so constructed that the worshippers, as they entered and as they prayed, looked toward Jerusalem. The internal arrangements followed the type of the tabernacle. At the upper, or Jerusalem end, stood the ark,—the chest which, like the older and more sacred ark, contained a copy of the law. It gave to that end the name and character of a 'sanctuary.' This part of the synagogue was actually the place of honor. Here were the 'chief seats,' after which Pharisees and scribes in later times strove so eagerly (Matt. 23: 6), and to which the wealthy and honored worshiper was invited. James 2: 2, 3. Here, too, in front of the ark, still representing the type of the tabernacle, was the eight-branched lamp, lighted only on the greater festivals. Besides this, there was one lamp kept burning perpetually. Others, brought by devout worshippers, were lighted at the beginning of the Sabbath. A little farther toward the middle of the building was a raised platform, on which several persons could stand at once; and in the middle of this rose a pulpit, in which the reader stood to read the lesson, or sat down to teach. The congregation was divided,—men on one side, women on the other, a low partition five or six feet high running between them. Within the ark, as above stated, were the rolls of the sacred books. The rollers round which they were wound were often elaborately decorated, and the cases for them embroidered or enameled, according to their material. As part of the fittings, we have also to note another chest for the *Haphtaroth*, or rolls of the prophets; the alms-boxes at or near the door, after the pattern of those in the temple,—one for the poor in Jerusalem, the other for local charities; notice-boards, on which were written the names of offenders who had been 'put out of the synagogue;' and a chest for the trumpets and other musical instruments used at the New Years, Sabbaths, and other festivals."

Each congregation appointed its own officers,—those who had charge of the house and of the worship conducted in it. These consisted of, first, a body of laymen called elders or pastors. One of their number presided over this body, and was called the Archisyna-

gogos, or "Ruler of the Synagogue"; secondly, the officiating minister who offered up the chief prayers for the congregation; thirdly, one whom we would call the sexton, who cared for the building; and, fourthly, ten men who were called "men of leisure." These were expected to be present at all services so that there might always be a congregation.

The services of the synagogue consisted of reading the Scriptures, with comments by the reader, of which an example is given in Luke 4: 16-27; the singing of psalms; and prayer. The establishment of such methods of worship did much to keep the knowledge of God in the minds of the people, though it is true that they came to trust the outward forms of piety and devotion, instead of the inner work of grace upon the heart.

MRS. VESTA J. FARNSWORTH.

A PLEASANT REMEMBRANCE.

ABOUT thirty-five years ago a minister came into our vicinity who brought to the children (at least to me) a revelation. That man was Elder S. W. Rhodes.

From my mother's life and teachings I had imbibed beautiful ideas of the Saviour and his love, and of *mother's kind* of Christianity; and although I succeeded but very imperfectly, I tried to imitate them; but of ministerial and public religion I had very different conceptions. A minister was a much-to-be-dreaded personage—good, very likely, with such a cold, severe, critical sort of goodness that it made me shudder to think of it, and with it I hoped to come in contact as little as possible. I believe I would have run half a mile, at least, rather than encounter a "preacher." But when Elder Rhodes came into the neighborhood, matters began to appear different. Here was a man who *loved the children*, and who could come down to them, and become one with them.

The idea of a real live minister's petting the domestic animals, and actually taking dinner with the children out in a little girl's playhouse, tending and complimenting her best doll,—*this* was something I had never dreamed of. Meanwhile he was improving every opportunity of teaching us religious truths, particularly our duties as children.

I think there was scarcely a child in the community who did not have a card or slip of paper with the ten commandments printed on it, which Elder Rhodes had given them. Mine was cherished as a precious relic for many years; but in the various changes and moves of life it has finally been lost, which loss I keenly regret.

I do not remember whether it was he or some one else who left an early volume of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR at our home, but I do know that it was considered a prize.

And I believe that when good old Father Rhodes awakes in the resurrection of the saints, to be taken with them to the kingdom of God, he will find many to greet him who loved him as children, and who can say that his influence was an important factor in the means which led them to place their feet in the path of life eternal.

JULIA H. DUFFIE.

"WHAT God may hereafter require of you, you must not give yourself the least trouble about. Everything he gives you to do you must do as well as you can, and that is the best possible preparation for what he may want you to do next. If people would but do what they have to do, they would always find themselves ready for what came next."



ABELARD.

(Conclusion.)

AFTER his triumph over William of Champeaux, Abelard had not an obstacle in his path to glory. The straws which his rival cast before him were swept idly away. His star was in its zenith; its decline was soon to begin.

He was now nearly forty years old. His life had been ardently devoted to study and work. It seems that his zeal to reach the highest pinnacle of learning had left no leisure and no inclination for the pursuit of any other of the objects which attract mankind. But now he was drawn aside into an attachment for that woman whose devotion has made his name more famous than all his learning could have done,—Heloise. She was a woman, or rather a girl, of rare attainments for that age. Hers was not only beauty, but superior intelligence. She was an orphan, related to the noble house of Montmorency, and was the niece of a canon named Fulbert, who had educated her so well that, when Abelard met her, she read not only Latin, but Greek and Hebrew. Abelard was a churchman,—a canon if not a priest,—and churchmen were forbidden to wed. He married in secret. Fearing to ruin her husband, Heloise denied the marriage. This made trouble between her and her uncle, and she fled to the convent of Argenteuil. Fulbert then began to plot revenge against Abelard. He had assisted in the flight, and Fulbert believed that he intended to desert his wife. Through the machinations of the enraged uncle, Abelard was soon overwhelmed with shame and ruin, and, seeking only to hide from the world, he entered the monastery of St. Denis. Before he took his vows, however, he insisted that Heloise should first enter the monastic life, and, amid a crowd of weeping friends, she took the black veil, being only twenty.

Abelard did not long remain at St. Denis. The calls to teach became too pressing to be refused. It was urged upon him, perhaps he felt, that his misfortune had been sent by God to humble and refine him, that he might do a greater work. "You have taught the philosophy of man," said Abbé Adam of St. Denis; "perhaps Providence has been preparing you, and now calls you, to teach the new and higher philosophy,—the philosophy of God." Leaving the monastery, the humbled dialectician went to his friend Foulke, at Compiègne, and there, in the abbey of Maisoncelle, began to teach. The history of former days repeated itself. He was soon surrounded, according to the original authorities, with four thousand pupils. But his enemies were no longer helpless. His ruin had weakened his cause forever. It was not long till he was summoned before a council of the church at Soissons; his teaching was condemned, and he himself was sent back to his own monastery.

Perhaps it was in no submissive spirit that he returned to St. Denis. At any rate, he soon made enemies of his brother monks. The discipline in that monastery was very lax. It had been founded and was sustained by the royal favor, and thus it had come to be "rather a monastery devoted to Cæsar than to God." Abelard could not endure the abuses which he witnessed daily, and it was doubtless

his protests that brought upon him the dislike of his fellows. An incident soon occurred which brought this dislike to a focus. The monastery was said to have been founded by St. Denis, or Dionysius, of Athens. The monks of St. Denis believed that this was the same whom Paul had converted by his speech at the Areopagus. One day Abelard, coming across a passage in the writings of the Venerable Bede which states that Dionysius the Areopagite afterward became bishop of *Corinth*, pointed it out, smiling, to some of his brethren. An angry protest arose at once. The abbot was called, who proved from the writings of a former abbot of the monastery that its founder was indeed Dionysius the Areopagite, bishop of *Athens*. Abelard ridiculed the authority, and made invidious comparisons between his fame and that of Bede. Abbé Adam threatened to send him to the king for an insult so unheard of to the dignity of the place. Apology and entreaty were alike vain; to the king he must go. The king, fortunately, cared little for the honor of St. Denis, and Abelard was not only acquitted, but released from his obligations to the monastery.

He now repaired to Troyes, and built himself a hut of straw in the midst of a wilderness, where he hoped to find the peace and quiet his soul longed for. Not so. How quickly a thing could be blazed abroad in those days when all established communication was very slow, is marvelous; no sooner was Abelard's whereabouts known, than students began to gather about him as before, and to build their huts beside his. He could not but teach; they would have nothing else. They built him an oratory of stubble, which he called by the name of the Paraclete, the Comforter, because he had found rest after his troubles and afflictions. But even this selection of a name brought forth criticism, because no one could remember that ever before a church or convent had been called by the name of the Holy Spirit. In this oratory he lectured to greater crowds than ever before. His fame had spread throughout Europe, and from every land pupils came to hear him. His tone of lecturing had changed, too; his lectures were more devotional, and appealed more to the heart and life.

At this time there was a man rising into influence in the church, who represented the very opposite in religious character from the nature of Abelard. Abelard was a keen and deep reasoner, who sought to prove all things. This man was a man of faith, devoted with fanatical and unquestioning zeal to what he did believe, and untiring in his endeavors to translate his beliefs into facts in all that he came into contact with. This man was St. Bernard. He was determined to reform monastic life, and earnest to advance the power of the papacy. His plan was to take a number of followers off into the wilderness, establish a monastery upon principles of the strictest asceticism, and then to send these monks into other monasteries as missionaries of reform. This monastery he established within a few miles of the oratory of the Paraclete.

Bernard was the natural enemy of philosophy and of Abelard. He could see more keenly than any one else in his times the real outcome of Abelard's teaching. He looked forward with the eye of a seer, and saw, as the result of this kind of teaching, a Luther and a reformation. He had the penetration to see that a spirit of inquiry was the subtlest foe of the church.

Abelard knew what to expect. He felt that such a neighbor was dangerous, and he fled to Brittany. The abbot of the monastery of

St. Gildas-de-Rhuys had just died, and Abelard was asked to take his place. The abbey overlooked the sea, on a wild and rocky promontory, in a wild and barbarous region, inhabited by the same race which Cæsar had found so unmanageable, when, centuries before, he accomplished the conquest of Gaul. Abelard labored long and faithfully to bring his lawless and half-savage monks to some sort of orderly and decent living, but in vain. After almost ten years of effort, he was at last compelled to flee for his life from his infuriated charges. He continued to live in Brittany for some time after this event, and at length came to Paris, and once more engaged in teaching.

But the relentless opposition of Bernard met him again as soon as he took up his old profession. He was summoned before a council at Sens, condemned, and forced to burn some of his books. He appealed to Rome, and was condemned at Rome. He then determined to go thither to seek justice in person; but got no farther than the monastery of Cluny, in eastern France. Entirely broken in health and spirit, he gave up the struggle at last. Curious crowds gazed at the monks as they passed through the streets, to catch a glimpse of the great professor, and pointed out, with pity and wonder, the bowed head and dejected figure of the man who had stirred Europe with his teaching, now the humblest and saddest of all that forlorn procession. From Cluny he was shortly removed to a neighboring monastery, where he died in April of 1142, being about sixty-three years old. After his burial, his body was taken up secretly by his friends, and carried to the abbey of the Paraclete, of which Heloise had been abbess since shortly after its abandonment by Abelard; and there it was buried beneath the chancel by Heloise and her nuns; and there, too, after many years, she came to rest beside him.

Abelard was an acute reasoner, but was not a great philosopher. He brought forth nothing new or lasting. He was too fond of action, too much in love with controversy, to produce those fruits of the mind which ripen only in quiet study. He must have been a great orator, for only the power of oratory could have drawn the multitudes which followed him. He was also a poet; and, strange to say, it is in this least of his capacities alone that he was remembered, till the restless historical investigation of the last century brought forth the details of his life. His love-songs, written in the native tongue, are among the earliest treasures of French literature. But while he has left nothing more worthy which is distinctly his own, he had yet a great influence upon his own and later times; for he started a form of thinking which was not to die out till it ended in the revival of learning and the great Reformation, and which was most visibly embodied, during the intervening centuries, in the University of Paris.

C. B. MORRILL.

THE ceremonial of the Chinese court is somewhat exacting. It used to include, if it does not now, complete prostration before the throne. Last century a Persian envoy refused to go through the degrading ordeal. Directions were given to the officials to compel him by stratagem to do so. On arriving one day at the entrance to the hall of audience, the envoy found no means of going in except by a wicket, which would compel him to stoop very low. With great presence of mind and considerable audacity, the ambassador turned round and entered backward, thus saving the honor of his country.—*London Standard*.

Gays With Gill-Children

LIFE UPON THE FARM.

HAPPY the life upon the farm, far happier than elsewhere ;
 There 's freedom in the meadows ; there 's magic in the air.
 There breezes fan with healing touch, the sun shines far more bright,
 And clouds bedecked with crimson tints add beauty and delight.
 The broad expanse of blue and green is restful to the eye ;
 And mountain tops of silver sheen rise proudly to the sky ;
 And flowers, uprising from the sod, their sweetest fragrance shed ;

But O, it is so hard to choose, for all are very fine ;
 And baby counts them o'er and o'er : " One—two—three—six—eight—nine !"
 O life upon the farm is blest, all seasons of the year,—
 The winter's cold, the summer's heat, the spring's delightful cheer ;
 Abundant harvests in the fall—the barns filled to o'erflowing ;
 The golden days of harvest time—the yield of all things growing ;
 The busy days, the restful nights, where quiet reigns supreme
 Save for the hooting of an owl or rippling of a stream.
 Yes, life upon the farm brings cheer, whatever may betide ;
 It was God's plan before the fall, and ever will abide ;
 For winter, summer, spring, and fall have each a potent charm—
 There are no greater joys than those that cluster round the farm !

EMMA L. KELLOGG.

ston, "nothing could get through that netting likely to stop the passage."

"There 's no trusting to the looks of things, ma'am," said old Tom, as he began slowly to take off the wire. "Some things look very nice till you come close, and some things creep in, no one knows how, but they do, and"—

He paused and peered down the pipe, then burst into a laugh, as out jumped—a huge frog!—yes, a fine, fat frog, which seemed very much pleased to get out.

"But how did he get there?"

Ah! how, indeed! Very simply, if you come to look at it—why, as a tiny tadpole, of course!

As a wee tadpole he had got through the wire netting, and if you have ever watched tadpoles, you will remember how in a short time two little legs grow; then, soon after, off drops the tail, and two more legs appear; and then



"HAPPY CHILDREN CLIMB THE FENCE."

And feathered songsters in the trees sing joyously o'erhead ;
 And brooks meandering here and there reflect banks, shrubs, and trees,
 And glisten in the sun's bright rays ; and butterflies and bees
 Seek every blossom, far and near, to sip the nectar sweet ;
 And cattle roam in pastures green, or seek a cool retreat
 To rest themselves and chew their cuds when they have dined on clover ;
 And yellow goslings in the pond dive under and swim over.
 Old chanticler, with clarion notes, proclaims 'tis dawn of day ;
 And little lambkins skip about and round their mother play ;
 And little chickens, feathered balls, pick up the crumbs of bread,
 While doves and swallows fly about the eaves of barn or shed ;
 And bossies come to drink the milk at morn and evening ;
 And happy children climb the fence, and watch, with joy and pride,
 And point to this one here, or that, for each one has a pet.
 One likes the spotted, one the white, and one the black as jet.

WHAT STOPPED THE WATER.

"No water, James? Nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Grimston, when the news was brought him that the water supply had ceased; and then away he went to examine the cistern.

But it was empty! So a messenger was despatched to the reservoir to see if any water was there. Ah! that was all right; and as nothing could be found to cause any stoppage, they came to the conclusion that something must have gone wrong with the pipe which carried the water supply to them, and which passed through the village.

So the pipe had to come up, and Mrs. Grimston stood by while old Tom made his search.

"Nothing there, Tom," she said, laughing, as she stooped to look at the pipe, which had a fine wire netting over its mouth to prevent anything getting in which would be likely to stop the passage.

"Well, ma'am, it looks very fair, but if you take my advice, you'll let me remove this 'ere netting, and have a look down."

"But surely, Tom," exclaimed Mrs. Grim-

ston, till by and by he becomes a respectable sized frog. Once inside the netting, and growing, it was no easy matter to get out, and at last, as we have seen, the water supply stopped, and all on account of a frog!

Little things sometimes make great trouble, and little sins end in great sorrows. If we keep clear of little sins, we shall not be troubled by big ones.—*Children's Friend.*

FROM the stories told of her, Alexandra, daughter of the king of Denmark and wife of the Prince of Wales, possesses the kind heart which would make her noble if she had no noble titles. Once the princess was visiting an old lady in a cottage at Sandringham. "The good dame was knitting a stocking, and the princess took it out of her hand, saying, 'You can't do the heel as fast as I can.'" It was a natty heel; for the queen, her mother, had brought her up to knit, fashion her gowns, and trim her bonnets—what all young girls should learn to do.



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UNKNOWING.

A LONELY cricket, in my closet hidden,
Sent out, amid the gloom, its plaintive lay;
And though it grieved for joys to it forbidden,
Nor knew the night had given place to day,

Within my room the sun was brightly shining,
O'erflowing from the bounteous skies above,
And all sweet nature's forces seemed combining
To render praise for heaven's tender love.

Yet while I gloried, singing in my gladness,
The little cricket dallied in the gloom,
Nor heeded that it might have fled from sadness—
Through space beneath the door—to my bright room.

"'Tis like our human nature, this delaying"
(So thought I, as I heard the sad night song)—
"This lingering 'mid the gloom, our doubts obeying,
And sighing that the night time seems so long.

"And all the time the sun of Christ's own splendor
Is shining 'round about us would we heed
The chance he gives to seek his love so tender,
And find the light to satisfy each need."
—*Mary D. Brine, in Christian Work.*

TWO VERSIONS.

A YOUNG farmer, who had great conceit, little discretion, and scarcely any education, presented himself at a Presbyterian Conference, and said he wished to be ordained as a preacher.

"I ain't had any great learnin'," he said frankly, "but I reckon I'm called to preach. I've had a vision three nights runnin'—that's why I'm here."

"What was your vision?" inquired one of the elders.

"Well," said the young man, "I dreamt I see a big round ring in the sky, an' in the middle of it was two great letters—P. C. I knew that meant Presbyterian Conference, an' here I am."

There was an uncomfortable pause, which was broken by an elder who knew the young man, and was well acquainted with the poverty of his family and the neglected condition of the farm in which his father had taken such pride.

"I have n't any gift at reading visions," said the old man gravely, as he rose from his seat, "but I'd like to put it to my young friend whether he does n't think it's possible these two letters may have stood for 'Plant Corn'?"

Fortunately this version was accepted by the applicant.—*Youth's Companion.*

DEFERENCE TO TITLES.

THE tendency of the people of this world to think that there are grades of human rank, and that some people by the very accident of birth are deserving of honor, no matter what their behavior may be, is well known.

In this country we sometimes imagine that we have got beyond this, but the way that men of titles are received here by that which calls itself "society" is proof that the old notions of deference to "blue blood" are not entirely eradicated from the American breast.

But we can hardly be credited with such worship of titled greatness as may be seen in

England, if the following from a correspondent of the *Inter Ocean* is a correct statement:—

"The best indication of how the working classes of England feel toward lords and those connected with the peerage, is shown in the fact that in so many constituencies, where the choice was between a lord of the soil and a son of the soil, they deliberately, and by large majorities, gave their suffrages to his lordship. A flood of light is also thrown upon this subject by the following skit from *Tit-Bits*:—

"Grawley—Who's that little, insignificant, dried-up, crooked, spindle-legged tailor's sign-board over there?"

"Greggs—That? Why, that's Lord Leopold Algernon Percy Fitznoodle, son of the Earl of Ditchwater.

"Grawley—Oh—aw! What a very distinguished bearing his lordship has, though, for one so slight of figure!"

"THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING."

IN visiting one of the large city hospitals, the writer asked the superintendent of nurses what was the most remarkable incident that she remembered in her long hospital experience. The lady thought for some time, and then, with a perplexed smile, said:—

"We are so used to suffering that I cannot recall any special incident, such as you desire."

She stopped while her face became grave. Then it lighted up. "I can tell you what was the most touching and impressive thing I ever saw in my hospital experience. I do n't need to think very long for that."

As the writer begged her to relate the story, she began: "It took place several years ago. There was a terrible accident in the city where I was then nursing, and two lads were brought in fatally mangled. One of them died immediately on entering the hospital; the other was still conscious. Both of his legs had been crushed. A brief examination showed that the only hope for the boy's life was to have them taken off immediately, but it was probable he would die under the operation.

"Tell me," he said, bravely, "am I to live or die?"

"The house surgeon answered as tenderly as he could: 'We must hope for the best; but it is extremely doubtful.'

"As the lad heard his doom, his eyes grew large, and then filled with tears. His mouth quivered pitifully, and in spite of himself, the tears forced themselves down his smoke-grimed cheeks. He was only seventeen, but he showed the courage of a man.

"As we stood about him, ready to remove him to the operating-room, he summoned up his fast-failing strength, and said:—

"If I must die, I have a request to make. I want to do it for the sake of my dead mother. I promised her I would. I have kept putting it off all this while."

"We listened, wondering what the poor lad meant. With an effort he went on:—

"I want to make a public confession of my faith in Christ. I want a minister. I want to profess myself a Christian before I die."

"We all looked at each other; it was a situation new to our experience. What should we do? A nurse was despatched at once for a clergyman who lived near by. In the meanwhile we moved the boy up-stairs to the operating-room. There we laid him on the table. By this time the minister had arrived hatless. The boy welcomed him with a beautiful smile. The clergyman took his poor hand. I had been holding it, and it was already growing cold. The house surgeons, the nurses, and

others, who came in to witness his confession, stood reverently by. The boy began:—

"I believe—' he faltered, for he could hardly speak above a whisper, he was so weak. I could not help crying. The surgeon did not behave much better. Not a soul in the room will ever forget the sight, nor the words when the boy said:—

"I believe in Jesus Christ—his Son—our Lord—and Saviour—'

"He stopped because he had not strength to say another word. Then the clergyman, seeing that the end was near, hastily put a small piece of bread in the lad's mouth, and a few drops of hospital wine to his lips; thus formally administering the sacrament and receiving the lad—from the operating table—into the company of those who profess the name of Christ. Summoning up all his strength, while the minister was praying, the boy said distinctly:—

"I believe—' With these blessed words upon his lips he passed away.

"The surgeon put aside his knife, and bowed his head. The Great Physician had taken the poor boy's case into his own hands. That, sir, was the most touching and beautiful thing I have seen in my hospital experience of almost twenty years."—*Youth's Companion.*

SAVED BY A THREAD.

AN English clergyman, the eloquent Newman Hall, has the art of making an old story new by giving it a new setting and a novel application. Preaching from the words, "Who hath despised the day of small things?" he illustrated them by a familiar anecdote.

A tall chimney had been completed, and the scaffolding had been removed. One man remained on top to superintend the process. A rope should have been left for him to descend by. His wife was at home washing, when her little boy burst in with, "Mother, mother, they've forgotten the rope, and he's going to throw himself down!"

She paused; her lips moved in the agony of prayer, and she rushed forth. A crowd was looking up at the poor man, who was moving round and round the narrow cornice, terrified and bewildered. It seemed as if any moment he might fall or throw himself down in despair.

His wife from below cried out: "Take off the stocking; unravel the worsted." And he did so. "Now tie the end to a bit of mortar and lower gently."

Down came the thread and the bit of mortar, swinging backward and forward. Lower and lower it descended, eagerly watched by many eyes; it was now within reach, and was gently seized by one of the crowd. They fastened some twine to the thread. "Now pull up."

The man got hold of the twine. The rope was now fastened on. "Pull away again." He at length seized the rope and made it secure.

There were a few moments of suspense, then amid the shouts of the people, he threw himself into the arms of his wife, sobbing: "Thou'st saved me, Mary!" The worsted thread was despised; it drew after it the twine, the rope, the rescue!—*Exchange.*

To get wealth is not given to all men, but all have the opportunity to do good; and there is no one, however humble or poor, who cannot be of service to others. If in no other way, it may be done by being an example of patience in suffering.