

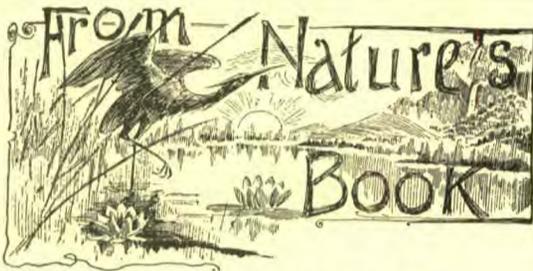
THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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LEAVES IN THE TREE TOP.

MURMURING leaves in the tree tops,
Rustling and rippling all day,
Whispering leaves in the poplars,
O what are you telling, I pray?

Do soft, summer winds sweeping o'er
you
Breathe secrets mysterious and sweet?
Do you, leaning each to the other,
The wonderful story repeat?

Among you the sunbeams are show'ring
Tremulous jewels of light;
You sparkle with laughter till even,
And rock in the breezes all night.

Dear little leaves in the tree top,
Your mission on earth you fulfil;
You belong to the joy of the summer,
And are part of the infinite will.

You live your short life with rejoicing,
And then, when the year has grown
old,

You go to your rest in the autumn
In glory of crimson and gold.

May we be as joyful in duty,
Though lofty our station, or low;
And, passing through life's changeful
journey,
Shed blessings wherever we go.

And if God call us hence from our
labor,—
For naught earthly abides and en-
dures,—

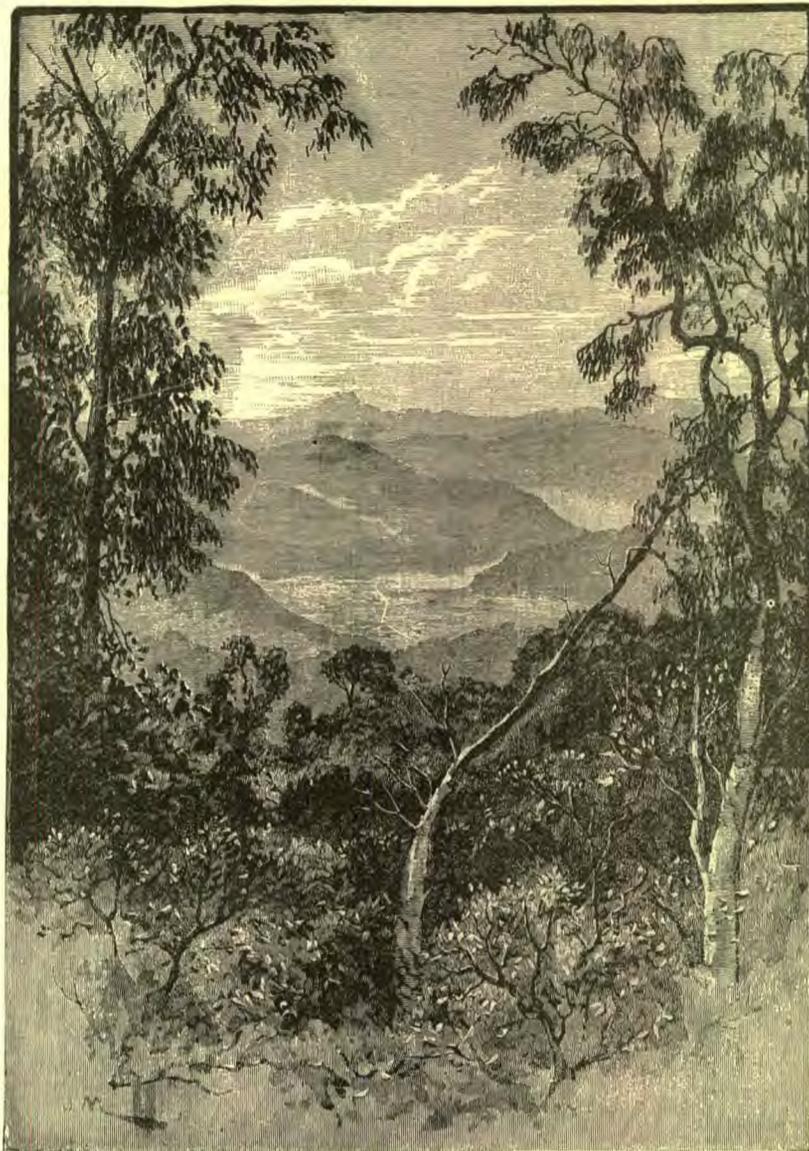
Then, O beautiful leaves in the tree top,
May our last days be lovely as yours!
VIOLA E. SMITH.

TRAINING CARRIER-PIGEONS.

DE WITT C. LOCKWOOD writes an account of the "Carrier-pigeons of Santa Catalina," describing the rapid mail service established between the two places, in the *St. Nicholas*.

He says: "It must be understood, however, that in certain pigeons, especially those known as the Belgian variety, the homing instinct is developed to a remarkable degree; and it is the birds' intense love of home, and the almost unvarying certainty of their return thither after having been taken some distance away, and then released, which make them valuable as carriers. The methods used in training a pigeon for special service are not by any means similar, as many people seem to think, to those employed in teaching a dog to run

after a stick or a white-spotted pony to dance the polka. A carrier's education consists in conveying him away from home, and letting him go, when he simply flies back to the loft where he belongs. This sounds almost as thrilling as the story of the enterprising mouse that first ran up the clock, and then ran down again; and of course it conveys no idea of the immense amount of care and patience involved in the rearing and breeding of the birds—the special cultivation of those qualities which produce the best results, and so on.



"In training the birds for Catalina, three or four were usually placed together in a paste-board box, perforated with holes about the size of a two-bit piece—a quarter of a dollar. Then they were carried to a spot a mile or so from the loft, in a direct line for the coast and Catalina, and released. A few days later the same birds were taken a greater distance away,—say three or four miles from home,—and liberated. In this manner the several succeeding journeys were gradually lengthened until San Pedro, the seaport of Los Angeles, twenty-

two miles distant, was reached. Then the pigeons were taken aboard the steamer, and set at liberty a few miles out at sea, increasing the distance upon the four occasions that followed, until at last the end of the route was reached, and the birds would fly, without fail, across the sea and over the land to their home. While these birds were taking their first lessons in geography, another set were being domesticated in Catalina, and later were taught by the same process to convey messages the other way—that is, from Los Angeles to Avalon.

"The message, when sent by the Catalina carriers, is always written on sheets of tissue-paper four inches wide and ten inches long. Four of these slips will contain enough written matter to fill a column or more of an ordinary daily paper, by which it will be seen that the birds can carry a very considerable amount of correspondence. It may be interesting to know that during the Franco-German war, when large numbers of carrier-pigeons were employed with great success, the messages were printed by microphotography on fine waterproof films, by which method an almost incredible amount of correspondence could be forwarded by a single bird. According to a French newspaper, nearly two million despatches were carried by pigeons during the siege. The birds were taken out of Paris in balloons.

"There are various methods of attaching the message. After folding the written slips together lengthwise in the middle, then over and over three or four times, the whole may be rolled up tightly into a drum-shaped pellet, secured with a bit of twine, and then tied to the bird's leg; or else the narrow folded slips may be wound round and round the leg, exactly as you would apply a bandage to a sore

finger. Sometimes the message is attached to the wing or tail feathers, or fastened about the body of the bird, but not always with the best results."

Do you say sin is too strong for you? It is not too strong for Omnipotence that dwelleth in you. I do n't want so much to be afraid of going to hell as to be afraid of sin, and then I need not be afraid of going to hell.—Rowland Hill.



BOOKS OF THE BIBLE.

MEANING OF THEIR NAMES.

NEXT in order after the first five books already spoken of, is the book of Joshua. It will be interesting to young readers,—to all, in fact,—to know that the book of Joshua is called, in the Greek, the book of Jesus, son of Nun. You have doubtless noticed that we are told in Heb. 4: 8 that “if Jesus had given them rest, then would he not afterward have spoken of another day.” Also in Acts 7: 45 we read, “Which also our fathers that came after brought in with Jesus into the possession of the Gentiles, whom God drove out before the face of our fathers, unto the days of David.” The one here mentioned as Jesus is simply the Joshua of the Old Testament, the successor of Moses. It is an interesting fact that the successor of Moses was named Jesus. Moses told the people, as stated in Deut. 18: 15: “The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a Prophet from the midst of thee, of thy brethren, like unto me; unto him ye shall harken.” That Prophet was Jesus, born more than fourteen centuries later. And Jesus gives his people rest; he will bring them at last into his heavenly, eternal rest. He also gives them rest here. He says, “Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” Matt. 11: 28. It is true, however, that the Jesus who was the immediate successor of Moses was in a certain sense the person through whom the Lord gave the people rest; for we read in Joshua 23: 1: “And it came to pass, a long time after that the Lord had given rest unto Israel from all their enemies around about, that Joshua waxed old and stricken in age.” In our study of the Bible we so closely associate Moses with Jesus the Redeemer that it certainly is an interesting fact to notice that the next book after the books of Moses is the book of Jesus, “Joshua” in Hebrew and “Jesus” in Greek being the same name.

The next book, Judges, covers a period of three centuries. You will doubtless remember that it was the Lord's design that his people should be ruled by judges. Deut. 16: 18. He did not intend that they should have an earthly king. The Lord himself would be their king. 1 Sam. 12: 12, 17. He told them when they were in the wilderness that when they should get into the promised land, they should not do as they did at that time—every man that which was right in his own eyes. Deut. 12: 8. But we read in the book of Judges that that was exactly what they did do under the rule of the judges. They did every man that which was right in his own eyes, and this is stated in a way to indicate that this was because they had no king. Judges 17: 6; 21: 25. The fact that the people failed to do that which the Lord intended they should do under the rule of the judges, and thus made it seem necessary for them to have a king, does not prove that God's way was not the best; it only proves how much men fail to appreciate and use the blessings and favors that the Lord gives them.

The little book of Ruth follows next. While there is only one book in the Bible besides this that bears the name of a woman, these two

instances are sufficient to show that in God's plan neither sex has the exclusive right to prominence in his work. This is far different from the teachings of most heathen systems of religion on this point.

The books immediately following this are called the First and the Second book of Samuel. In the Greek version these are called First and Second Kings, and if you will examine the names as we have them in English, you will see that the same names are given them in our authorized version. The first book of Samuel is called not only by that name, but, as is stated in the title, it is “otherwise called, the first book of the Kings.” These four books give us the history of God's people during the time when the monarchs, or kings, ruled over Israel and Judah. As God's people abused the gracious privilege they had under the rule of the judges, which he himself had ordained, it seemed that on account of the hardness of their hearts they must have some more strict system of government. So it is with us; if we wickedly take advantage of the privileges God gives us, and use them in a careless way, or to our own selfish ends, it will be necessary to restrict our liberties, and bring us under regulations that are not so convenient as those God himself chose for us to have.

The books called First and Second Chronicles are perhaps not so interesting as other portions of the Bible. They seem to be made up so largely of genealogies and long names, hard to pronounce, that some who are reading the Bible through by course feel tempted to skip over these chapters as of no account; but surely the Bible being every part of it the word of God, these records must be inserted for some purpose. If we pass them by unnoticed, we will quite likely omit something that will be very necessary for us to know. If we were searching for gold, we would be willing to spend much time in excavating and digging through layers of earth and other mineral in order to get at the precious metal. We do not mean that any part of the Bible is like the earth in the illustration; but even if it were, we see that there is no part of the word of God to be passed over unread. There is one thing that must certainly impress itself very forcibly upon our minds in reading these genealogies. How many readers of the INSTRUCTOR can give the names of their ancestors farther back than their grandfather or great-grandfather? No doubt you would think it a wonderful advantage if you could give the names of your forefathers back for twenty or thirty generations. This is just what we find in the book of Chronicles concerning people who lived a few thousand years ago. Whatever we may claim in the way of modern improvements, advanced learning, etc., we find we are much behind the people of that age, who kept correct family records for centuries and even thousands of years. The books of Chronicles contain some very important church history, especially in reference to the disobedience of God's professed people, and the result of the disobedience in the captivity of the people.

The books immediately following, Ezra and Nehemiah, give us the account of the restoration of the people—how they came back, after their captivity, from the land of Babylon to their own country, to rebuild the city of Jerusalem and the house of God that lay desolate.

The book of Esther is the other book that bears the name of a woman. One remarkable thing about this book is that the name of God is not mentioned in the entire ten chapters of

the book. Neither is the Lord directly referred to in any verse; and yet there is perhaps no other portion of the sacred writings that shows so plainly the direct providence of God in looking after the welfare of his people in so many ways as this book does. This shows to us that the Lord can be praised and kept in mind and his name honored by us, though we may not all the time make repeated mention of his name. The planets and all the worlds on high move noiselessly in their course, and yet they plainly proclaim to us that God is their Maker, and that his constant care keeps them in their places. And so in this remarkable book of Esther the Lord is seen in his dealings with the nations. So we may recognize him in his dealings with us today, if we will only carefully consider how he has cared for us all our lives.

F. D. STARR.

“JUST AS I AM.”

At a mission service held at a seaside place by an earnest servant of God, this familiar hymn was given out to be sung. Before it was begun, the gentleman who was conducting the meeting urged very solemnly that none should join in singing the words without really meaning them.

Thus cautioned, an officer who was sitting in one of the rows cast his eye down the verses, and thinking them over, he came to the determination that he could not stand up and sing, “O Lamb of God, I come.” He had never really meant anything by it when he had sung it before, and decided not to sing a lie again.

A moment more, and the sudden blessed thought came, “I must come now!” He did not hesitate because his life had been careless before, or because his life might in future be one of difficulty or temptation. He just closed with the loving Saviour's free offer of salvation, and trusted him for the rest. He sprang to his feet and sang, meaning it, “O Lamb of God, I come!”

And from that day that officer found the Lord Jesus true to his word, able to save him from his sins, to make him a new creature; the life which before had been careless and godless, was now one of happy and blessed service to the Saviour whom he loved; old things had passed away; all things had become new.

It may be the same with you. If you will but come to an earnest determination that, as Christ is a Saviour of sinners, he must be your Saviour; if you will but speak in truth to him, and tell him that you want him to save you, depend upon it there is no natural difficulty that can be too great for his saving grace.

Friendly Greetings.

THE PRICE OF CHRIST'S DEPARTURE.

CHRIST said that it was expedient that he should go away, because if he did not go, the Comforter would not come. The Spirit, the Holy Spirit, the one who stands over against those subtle elements in the human soul which we call the spiritual instinct or sentiment—this Holy Spirit comes to take the place of Christ, and crown us sons in the kingdom of God. This is infinitely better than that Christ had continued on the earth in his physical form. O throne of grace where He sits regnant who is my Brother! O Jesus, crowned not for thine own glory, but with power of love for our struggling spirits, thou art my Christ—my Brother—my Father's Son!—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Timely Topics

AN INTEROCEANIC RAILWAY.

SINCE the failure of the French ship canal across the Isthmus of Panama, another plan for transportation from ocean to ocean across the comparatively narrow belt of land which separates North from South America, has been suggested. Captain Eads projected a railway which would carry the largest ships across the isthmus, but the plan has never got beyond the paper period. Probably the death of Captain Eads caused the interest in his plans to cease. Another project, much favored in this country, is for a grand canal across the Isthmus of Nicaragua. A company has been formed, surveys made, and, we believe, a little work has been done; but there the matter stands for the present. There is a strong sentiment in this country that such a canal should be built, and that the government of the United States, as the greatest power in the West, and as the natural guardian of the interests of the feebler nations of this hemisphere, should control it. Perhaps the next United States Congress will give the matter some attention.

But while these plans, involving very difficult and expensive works, are under discussion, the Mexican government has built a railway across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec from the Gulf of Mexico to the Atlantic Ocean, which will for a time obviate the necessity of any canal at all. True, this railway will not carry ships, but it offers a shorter route for all northern vessels than the old Panama route, and though at the present time lighters will be used to transfer the cargoes from ship to rail, the plans when completed embrace good harbors at each end of the railway. This route is six hundred miles nearer San Francisco on the Pacific side than the proposed western terminus of the Nicaragua canal. From New Orleans to the Pacific coast it will always be a favorite route. The railway passes through a fertile and level country, well watered by several rivers. This land will be thrown open to settlement.

The Mexican government deserves much praise for this creditable work. It is entirely on Mexican soil, and it is owned and controlled by the Mexican government. Success to President Diaz and to the land of the Aztecs!

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

THE gathering of forty thousand of the G. A. R. at Louisville, Ky., during the week ending September 14, was a great occasion, marred only by a frightful accident, the bursting of a caisson, illustrating in a vivid manner the horrors of war which the G. A. R. recalled to memory. Many of the soldiers who wore the gray were also there, and both parties have related to each other the stories of their campaigns, rejoiced in a united country, and pledged their support to the old flag and what it represents. These reunions and the genuine friendliness which characterizes them are unmistakable evidences that we are and were, even during the war, one people. Slavery was a curse to the country. It came down to us from the colonial period; it was part of the legacy which we received from the mother country.

It grew with our growth and strengthened with our strength. Like many other evils, it began

small, but grew to such proportions and fastened its roots so deeply into our political system that it seemed as if the destruction of slavery would involve the destruction of the republic. Some of our greatest statesmen, like Henry Clay, saw and deplored the evil, but could see no safe way out of it. The South is conservative; change is not pleasing to the people of that section of our country. For this reason slavery once entrenched in the customs of that people was hard to dislodge. The wisest men did not know what to do, but God knew that nothing but an armed conflict would accomplish what should be done. The war came, slavery was destroyed, and now, after thirty years of difficult readjustment of the relations of the master with the former slave, which necessarily followed the destruction of slavery by such violent means, the people of the North and South, one people in reality, are beginning to understand and appreciate each other. The southern people are accepting the new conditions brought about by the results of the war, and find them vastly to their advantage, and the North rejoices in their prosperity.

It is a fact that age sometimes has the effect to soften the heart and render people more sympathetic and friendly toward those for whom, in their younger days, they entertained a different feeling. The soldiers of the Blue and the Gray are experiencing some of this feeling. In one sense all of them are wearing the gray now; for age has put its mark upon the boys of '61. At such a time of life, so soon to hear the last roll-call which will summon them all to the silent camp across the river, it is no time to cherish resentments or to fan to life a smoldering spark, if such there now be, of the hatred and strife of former days. It is a good time to cultivate a forgiving spirit, to bury forever the hatchet of sectional hate, and to labor together for the upbuilding of a united country. The reunion at Louisville will have that effect. All is now "quiet along the Potomac," and God grant that it may thus continue.

INTERNATIONAL CONTESTS.

IF the amount of space given to any one matter in the newspapers is an evidence of its importance, a perusal of the papers of the past week would indicate that yacht racing was the most important thing which was occurring in this country. Even the great question of finance has been obliged to stand aside and wait for further public discussion while two yachts tried their speed off New York harbor. Yachting is a very popular form of sporting and pleasure, and it is a clean, open air, and invigorating sport. Very few, however, have the means to take their recreation that way, though the number who can do so seems to be increasing. As a trial of skill in the art of boat building, and of seamanship to get all out of a boat that there is in her, it has a strong hold upon the people, especially so in England and the United States.

In 1851 the Royal Yacht squadron of England offered a grand cup for a prize to contesting yachts in British waters. The cup was won by the American yacht "America." Since then nine yachts have come to this country to regain the cup, but so far without success. This latest effort is also a failure. America still holds the cup, and though there is a little grumbling by Lord Dunraven, owner of the English yacht "Valkyrie III," public opinion in both countries accords it to be a fair race. The English press say that they would rather be beaten by the United States

than by any other country, and that no other country can do it. They also express the wish that the cup may remain in America until it is fairly won.

A contest upon the railroad has also taken place between the two countries. The English train ran from London to Aberdeen, a distance of five hundred and twenty-seven miles in five hundred and twenty minutes. This run was made in 1890. The railway officials of the New York Central Railroad decided to beat this record if possible, and September 11 they ran a train from New York City to Buffalo, a distance of four hundred and sixty-one and a half miles in four hundred and seven minutes. The train on the Central was nearly twice as heavy as the English train, and was run much of the way against a wind blowing thirty miles an hour, which must have had the effect to lessen the speed to a considerable degree. As the road-beds of England cannot be surpassed, the American engines must be superior. The people of the United States will now claim that they have the fastest ship of war, the "Columbia," the fleetest yacht, and the most speedy railroad train in the world.

While these international contests seem to be a useless waste of energies which might be better directed, they are so much better than our former contests of "red artillery" with our "mother country," that we can bear them with a considerable degree of complacency.

THE PASSING SEASON.

A FEW days ago, glancing out of our office window at the trees in the park, we noticed on some of the trees the red and yellow leaves, which are the first premonitions of the autumn. We could hardly believe it at first. It seemed but a few days since those same trees were bursting out in new leaf after a long and rigorous winter. But as spring succeeds winter, so autumn follows summer; and now the signs of the autumn are seen in the land. We are reminded of the words of the poet,—

"With what a glory comes and goes the year!"

And there always seems a peculiar glory in the autumn. If the spring is lovely and the summer beautiful, the autumn is glorious. More than loveliness, more than beauty, is the gorgeous glory that may be seen in—

"the autumn days,
When to gold and scarlet turning,
All the maple woods seem burning,
And the distant hills are hidden
By the purple haze."

Nature is then at her loveliest, especially in our Eastern States, where the light green of the hardwood, and the red, purple, and yellow of various tints, all in natural patterns, are mingled with the darker hue of the evergreen, which comes down from the mountain slopes to clasp hands and mingle with the trees of varied hues. We have climbed a mountain in Vermont in October, and from its summit looked away a hundred miles upon such a scene of variegated beauty and wealth of color that it is indescribable, and must be seen to be appreciated. The invigorating exercise, the pure air, the beauties of nature, all made a day and a scene not to be forgotten. These beauties of nature should have the effect to lead us to love the God of nature.

A little girl, on seeing an apple-tree in full blossom, exclaimed: "See God's big bouquet!" A beautiful thought; but in the autumn the whole country looks like a gorgeous picture, filled with lovely and beautiful designs from the hand of the master Artist.

M. E. K.



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

TALKS WITH BOYS AND GIRLS.—NO 5.
GAMES.

DEAR CHILDREN: This week we will have a little to say on games. Most all youth love games of some kind. Some become so infatuated with them that they neglect their work and their lessons to engage in their games. Of late years the mania for different kinds of games has become so great that men of inventive minds have turned their attention to inventing new games to supply the demands of the times. Enter any book store, and you will find a multitude of parlor games for old and young. Many of these are educational in their nature, but too many are calculated only to amuse.

While there are many new games coming into the market, and many that have had but a short life are dropping out of sight, there are a few old and tried games that still hold their places, although some of them are quite ancient. Among these are bat and ball, top-spinning, marbles, blind-man's buff, pull-away, etc. The newer games, such as lawn-tennis, foot-ball, croquet, etc., do not entirely crowd out the games that our grandfathers enjoyed. This leads us to the consideration of an important question,—

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF GAMES?

When we understand the true object, we may be better able to decide what games are hurtful in their tendencies, and why we should discard such altogether.

As every boy and every girl is given a body and mind to be developed so as to glorify the Creator, it is very important that both should be furnished with that training that will fit them for the work they should do. Either the body or the mind may be overworked by close and constant attention to any one line of work. A change, even for a short time, is restful, and strengthens both body and mind for their regular work. Children who are attending school and applying themselves closely to their studies can accomplish more during the day if they have an hour or two devoted to some game that will take their minds entirely from their studies, and give their bodies the exercise they need after hours of confinement. Sometimes fifteen minutes at ball and bat or blind-man's buff gives new life to the student for the remaining hours of the day.

There are many games that in themselves might be very beneficial both mentally and physically, but which are surrounded by associations that destroy all the good that might be derived from them. Such games as are connected with gambling houses are of this class. Even when played by those who would scorn the idea of going to a place of gambling, they carry that spirit with them. The gambler's expression, "I bet you," is very common, although there may be no money risked on the game. Such association has a tendency to an education that is poisonous to the young mind, so we can be clear in avoiding all games that have a tendency to lead to betting.

There may be other games that are innocent in themselves, and which are not connected with gambling, that are not always safe. They may amuse and give exercise, and in that way

be beneficial in resting the body and mind; but if they are only stimulating in their nature, and the mind becomes so taken up with them that studies and necessary work are neglected, they are detrimental, and should be given up. Such games are like intoxicating drinks that lead to drunkenness.

It is not necessary that a list of games be given in order that we may make the right choice. It is better to decide all these things from principle than by some other person's judgment. If a game so infatuates that it absorbs the mind so as to take it away from your studies or work, it is time to consider carefully the advisability of giving it up.

Many boys and girls might get all the exercise they have in many of their games by running errands, waiting on the aged and feeble, and at the same time be more useful. The rule that will decide all these things is found in Col. 3:23, 24. Please read it.

J. H. D.

FLATTERY.

FLATTERY is a very common defect at the present time. Although the Bible speaks very positively against this evil, even those who are professing Christianity are practising it. Many young men and women fall into the habit of praising each other, not in terms that express the true qualities of the individual, but in terms that will be pleasing, and cause the flattered one to think more of the flatterer.

It is not wrong to speak encouragingly of the efforts and attainments of those who are seeking to reach a higher perfection of manhood or womanhood. A kind word at a time when discouragements are heavily bearing down upon the one that has been striving to develop the God-given faculties, may be the means of raising the wearied one from despondency, and helping him to make a success in life. A word of approval of some attainment already made may encourage the discouraged one to press on and reach the standard to which every young person should attain. This work is not flattery.

The true idea of flattery may be learned by a study of the Scriptures. In Ps. 78:35-37 we read of its character: "And they remembered that God was their Rock, and the high God their Redeemer. Nevertheless they did flatter him with their mouth, and they lied unto him with their tongues. For their heart was not right with him, neither were they steadfast in his covenant." Here it is stated that flattery is connected with lying. It is deceit. It is selfishness. Read Prov. 2:16; 20:19; Job 32:21, 22.

J. H. D.

SIN LEADS TO DEATH.

LIFE is made up of actions, either good or bad. Some may think that there are actions which are neither good nor bad; but as there is always a motive underlying everything we do, there is a line, though by us unseen, between the good and the evil. There is often good in very little things. If it were not so, there would be but little good in our lives; for they are all made up of very little events. It has been said that "trifles make the sum of human things," and it is also true that little duties bravely borne make the sum of human duties.

Nor should we forget that it is not necessary for anything to be terribly bad, as the world looks at it, for it to be on the side of evil. What is not distinctively good tends to evil, and what tends to evil is evil itself. In our relations to whatever is wrong, the proper way

is to keep as far from it as possible. Dallying round the edges of sin is a very dangerous practise, and if we do it we shall be in danger of repeating the experience of others who have done this, and have fallen through the power of temptation. The flitting moth thinks the candle a beautiful object, but a too close inspection proves it to be a very undesirable and dangerous acquaintance. So of sin; it may look very pleasing and attractive, but the sting of death is found within its pleasing features.

A gentleman once advertised for a coachman. Three applicants presented themselves. They were questioned as to their ability to drive near a precipice. Could they drive near, and still not drive off? One thought that he could drive within a foot of the edge; another, not to be outdone, was sure that he could run the wheels of the coach on one side within six inches of the edge! The third man declared that he would keep as far away from danger as possible! Said the gentleman, "You are the man that I want for my coachman." Surely this was a wise decision. But no precipice is so dangerous as sin; for sin means eternal death; it is placing the soul which indulges in it in direct opposition to God; the sinner opposes himself against the Almighty.

Then why not leave sin at once and forever? God has made a way through Jesus Christ by which we can bid a final adieu to sin, not reluctantly, as though we love it, but joyfully, because we hate it, and we see something so much better,—the blood of Jesus Christ which cleanseth from sin, and his righteousness given to us and wrought in us by the operation of the Holy Spirit. Says an apostle, "For the time past of our life may suffice us to have wrought the will of the Gentiles." Yes, why not? There is nothing desirable in sin; it is a partner with death. If we choose the first, we must have the last, for they are inseparably connected. So why not say the time past of sin suffices us, and thank God that it *is* past, and by the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ in whom is our life, live the new life of faith and freedom? If we will do it with all the heart, and look to the Saviour and trust his promises, it will be done.

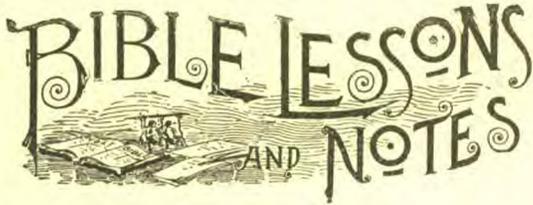
M. E. K.

A VALUABLE PEARL.

A FEW days ago a poor man in Pennsylvania by accident found what appears to be a very valuable pearl. It was taken from a black clam-shell, deep in the mud. The pearl is three quarters of an inch long, opal-shaped, and very beautiful. The finder showed the pearl to Tiffany, the great jeweler of New York City, and Mr. Tiffany offered him a good sum for it; but the lucky finder, thinking there is more in it than was offered him, declined to sell it, and is holding it for a larger sum.

One of the parables of Jesus was in regard to a man who was seeking goodly pearls, and of his experience in so doing. In that parable we are told of a "pearl of great price," and one lesson to be drawn from this parable is that each of us may obtain such a pearl, but that it will take earnest effort,—yes, all that we have,—to secure it. But if it takes all, it is worth all it costs. Salvation!—who can estimate its worth? All the wealth of this world would not buy it. Jesus purchased it for us by his own precious blood, and he offers it to all who seek for it. To those who by patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory, honor, and immortality, he will render eternal life. Will not he who finds eternal life gain something of the greatest value? Seek and find.

M. E. K.



LESSON 3.—THE GENUINE PRINCIPLE OF LIBERTY.

(October 19, 1895.)

1. WHOM are we to serve? Matt. 4:10.
2. What is the character of God? 1 John 4:8, 16.
3. What is the character of the law of God? Gal. 5:14; Rom. 13:10.
4. What ought we to do? 1 John 4:11.
5. Is it possible to love God and not love our brother also? Verses 20, 21.
6. To what will such love lead? Gal. 5:13.
7. Will the motive that prompts such service be the hope of reward from man? Col. 3:23, 24; Eph. 6:5-8.
8. Does the Lord regard the person of the master as above the servant? Eph. 6:9.
9. How did Job show his regard for the rights of his servants? Job 31:13-15.
10. What proclamation did the Lord command Israel to make at the beginning of the year of jubilee? Lev. 25:10.
11. What kind of liberty was this to be?—Universal liberty. (See note 1.)
12. Was God pleased with Israel when they failed to carry out this instruction? Jer. 34:17.
13. What judgments were pronounced upon them because of their failure? Same text.
14. What does this show?—God's displeasure at men's disregard for the rights of others, and that his judgments come on account of these things.
15. How far is our love to extend? Matt. 5:43, 44; Gal. 6:10.
16. What will love do? Rom. 13:10.
17. What is it declared to be? Verses 8, 10.
18. What result does the keeping of the law bring to the individual himself? Ps. 119:44, 45. (See note 2.)
19. If all had perfect love, would not all enjoy perfect liberty?
20. Since the keeping of the law of God insures liberty both to the individual himself and also to his neighbor, what is this law most fittingly called? James 2:12. (See note 2.)
21. As the law can be fulfilled only by love, what is the fundamental principle of true liberty for all men?

NOTES.

1. To proclaim liberty throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof would be universal liberty. This was the proclamation God ordered to go forth in Israel at the beginning of the year of jubilee, ordained to be celebrated every fifty years, when all property was to be restored to its original owners, and all persons held in servitude were to be made free.

It is not difficult to proclaim liberty for ourselves. Even the most selfish man may plead for his own rights and his own liberty; but to plead for the rights of all men is quite a different thing. It is God's purpose that men shall proclaim liberty "every one to his brother, and every man to his neighbor." This means true freedom.

2. It is true in civil government, as well as in the spiritual realm, that obedience to law insures liberty to the individual. Under just administration it is only criminals, or law breakers, who lose their liberty. But the keeping of the law of God (which is possible

only through faith in Jesus Christ) means the recognition of the rights of others, or liberty and freedom to them, as well as to ourselves. Therefore law-keeping tends to universal liberty,—liberty for *us* and for our *fellow men*. The law of God is therefore most fittingly styled "the law of liberty."

SABBATH-SCHOOL HINTS.

ALWAYS be on time.

Enter the school quietly; for angels are present.

Begin the study of the lesson early in the week.

Always study the lesson for your individual benefit.

Do not let a day pass without giving a few moments to the study of some portion of the lesson.

Converse with other members of your family during the week in regard to the most prominent features of the lesson.

Look up the Scriptural references and meditate upon the texts, and consider whether they teach you the thoughts that are expressed in the lesson when considered alone.

Just before leaving your home, spend a few moments in secret devotion, asking God's blessing upon your teacher, that thoughts may be brought out that shall be food to each member of the class.

LIBERTY.—"The state of being exempt from the domination of others, or from restricting circumstances; opposed to 'slavery,' 'subjection,' or 'bondage.'"—*Standard Dictionary.*

CHARACTER OF GOD.—The character of the Father was revealed to the world through Jesus Christ. In the sun we see the glory of God, in the flowers his beauty, in the fields his goodness, in the ocean his power, in the seasons his wisdom; but to acquire just conceptions of his character therein, we must take all his manifestations, as far as we can, and consider them in their entirety and harmony. It is only in this way we approach a righteous, finite judgment of him whose "kingdom ruleth over all."

CHARACTER OF CHRIST.—As Jesus was "the very image of His substance," it is evident that he came to this world to represent the character of God in the world. It was God's will that his creatures should live godly lives in this world. In doing this they would be like him. They would represent his character. In order that man might know that this life could be lived on earth, Jesus Christ left heaven, and took upon him the "likeness of sinful flesh," and in that flesh, lived the life on earth that is acceptable to God. In doing this he revealed the character of God on earth in the sight of men.

The character of Christ was not made by imitating others that preceded him, or those that were contemporary with him. As flowers that grow in nature are not imitations of wax flowers that are made by art, so he was no imitation. Neither was his character formed by study and contrivance on his part to please others. He did not conform to social prejudices, or yield to public opinion. He did not seek the favor of popular parties to acquire power to effect his plans. He was not *politic*, in that he followed certain lines of life with a view to attain personal ends which he had set before him. He ignored all this scheming, and lived far above the hypocrisies of his times.

The character of God as revealed in Jesus Christ did not possess the traits that constitute the natural character of men. He was not ambitious. He was not selfish. He was not a lover of money. He neither flattered nor sought flattery. He was no partizan. He never deceived. He never sought the aid of the state to carry forward the gospel. He never sought to oppress men's consciences in matters of religion. He said, "If any man hear my words, and believe not, I judge him not."

POWER OF LOVE.—The foundation of the character of Jesus Christ was love. But God himself is love. (See 1 John 4:8, 16.) Love has more power than the strongest batteries of the mightiest nations on the earth. The largest armies cannot stand before it. As has been said by another, "Love is the greatest thing in the world." "Now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love." 1 Cor. 13:13, R. V.

"As you have seen a man of science take a beam of light and pass it through a crystal prism, as you have seen it come out on the other side of the prism broken up into its component colors—red, and blue, and yellow, and violet, and orange, and all the colors of the rainbow—so Paul passes this thing,—love,—through the magnificent prism of his inspired intellect, and it comes out on the other side broken up into its elements. And in these few words we have what one might call the spectrum of love, the analysis of love. . . . The spectrum of love has nine ingredients:—

- Patience 'Love suffereth long.'
- Kindness 'And is kind.'
- Generosity 'Love envieth not.'
- Humility 'Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.'
- Courtesy 'Doth not behave itself unseemly.'
- Unselfishness 'Seeketh not her own.'
- Good temper 'Is not easily provoked.'
- Guilelessness 'Thinketh no evil.'
- Sincerity 'Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth.'

—Henry Drummond.

Love has power to give every man the right to serve God as he thinks best. It is the foundation of that rule which Christ gave to all men: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets." Matt. 7:12.

LAW OF LIBERTY.—The same law may be a law of bondage or a law of liberty. To the person who has violated the law and whose heart is enmity to it, it puts him in bondage. A law has nothing for the transgressor but its penalty. But to the one who is obedient from the heart, the law is a witness to his obedience, and he is free from its penalties; therefore to such a one it is a law of liberty. Such a state of things cannot exist where there is forced obedience. God has never compelled men to render obedience to his law, nor authorized any man or set of men to compel others to keep his law. To do this would put every man and woman in bondage. He has a better plan,—to have the principles of his law in the renewed heart, making it a pleasure to render obedience to his precepts. In this way the law is a law of liberty. It bears witness to the fact that the believer is free from condemnation. He is no longer in bondage unto death, but is free in Christ Jesus. "If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

J. H. D.



THE PUNCTUATION POINTS.

Six little marks from school are we,
Very important, all agree,
Filled to the brim with mystery—
Six little marks from school.

One little mark is round and small,
But where it stands the voice must fall;
At the close of a sentence, all
Place this little mark from school.

One little mark with a gown a-trailing
Holds up the voice, never failing;
Tells you not long to pause when hailing
This little mark from school.

If out of breath you chance to meet
Two little dots, both round and neat,
Pause, and these tiny guardsmen greet—
These little marks from school.

When shorter pauses are your pleasure,
One trails his sword,—takes half the measure,—
Then speeds you on to seek new treasure,
This little mark from school.

One little mark, ear-shaped, implies,
"Keep up the voice, await replies."
To gather information tries
This little mark from school.

One little mark, with an exclamation,
Presents itself to your observation,
And leaves the voice at an elevation,—
This little mark from school.

Six little marks! be sure to heed us;
Carefully study, write, and read us;
For you can never cease to need us—
Six little marks from school.

— St. Nicholas.

A PRETTY SISTER AND HER AWKWARD YOUNG BROTHER.

THE bright June light shone across the closely trimmed lawn, over the many-colored flowers in their well-kept beds, and through the sparkling water as it rose and fell in the marble basin of the fountain.

The carriage turned the curve at the corner of the house—the corner where stood the old maple tree—and a moment later I was in my mother's arms, her warm kiss on my lips, while her dear voice said, "Welcome home, my daughter!" One long, loving embrace, and then I turned in surprise to meet a tall, bashful boy, who regarded me with a half timid, half wistful expression on his face.

"Freddie!" I exclaimed, "how funny you look! Can it be possible that you are the little boy I left in knee trousers and jackets!"

He blushed as I looked him over, laughing lightly,—I was so happy I could laugh at anything,—but he looked up in my face as I kissed him, and said, with a quiver on his lips—I did not think much of it then, but I cannot forget it now—"I was so homesick for you, Mamie. You do n't look funny, only so pretty it 'most takes my breath away!"

I laughed merrily in reply, and ran on into the house to see all the familiar belongings that never seemed half so dear before, and the new ones that had become installed during the two years of my absence.

Up-stairs in my own room I found nothing changed, though many evidences of loving hands were scattered about.

My mother came as I stood with my hand on the lace curtains to still their flutterings in the soft June breeze, and my face bent over a lovely vase of fragrant roses.

"Aren't they beautiful?" she said with a

smile, as she drew the low rattan rocker up to the window, and, sitting down, took me on her lap, as she used to when I was a child.

"Yes," I replied, with a hug and a kiss. "Did you gather them for me?"

"No, Freddie did. He said you always used to love roses, and he guessed you would n't be changed, if you were a young lady."

I laughed and said: "Not in that way, surely, but I think Freddie is changed. He has grown so tall and awkward."

A pained look passed over my mother's face, and she said quickly, "Don't tell him so, Mamie. It is natural that he should change, but he is very sensitive about it, and it would grieve him to know that you think he has not improved, when he is so fond and proud of you."

That evening Freddie and I drove down to the station to meet my father. I had seen him in the city, but I could not think of missing my old custom of going for him.

I noticed on the way down how dreadfully Freddie stooped. He seemed so round shouldered, and when I left home he was very straight. I spoke to him about it several times, and he tried to sit up, but he did not succeed very well; and then he used such poor grammar, or, rather, he was so decidedly ungrammatical, I had to correct him a number of times.

He drove the ponies, and I could n't help noticing how red his hands were. I asked him why he did n't wear gloves. He said it was "too much bother."

I told him that Miss Haines, my principal at school, said nothing should be a trouble that improved a person's looks or manners. I observed on the way home that he had on a pair of gloves, but they were old, and much too large for him, and really made his hands look worse instead of better.

The next morning while I was dressing, I was startled by a loud rap at my door. I said, "Who is it?" and Freddie cried, "Me."

"Well, you can't come in now," I replied. "You should n't have rapped so furiously; you frightened me nearly to death, Fred. You should have said 'I' instead of 'me.'"

He did not answer for a few minutes; then he said slowly: "I came to see if you would n't like to go horseback-riding this morning, 'cause, if you do, I can go with you."

"Oh, yes," I cried in delight. "I'll be ready in a minute, so we can start right after breakfast," for horseback-riding was one of my favorite pleasures.

Before I went to school, Andrew, the coachman, had to ride with me, and that spoiled half my pleasure; for he was old and sedate, and would not let me ride as fast as I liked. Now my companion would be as reckless as myself, and the pleasure would be doubled.

Freddie's face fairly glowed during breakfast; but he swallowed his food at such a rapid rate, and gulped his milk down so quickly, that I felt obliged to check him several times.

We did have a lovely time, except for one or two things. Freddie would not sit up straight. He said he could n't. I lost all patience with him finally, and told him if he knew how tall and awkward he was, he "would sit up straight if it broke his back." After that he was very quiet, and in a little while said he must go home.

I said I didn't care. I could ride around alone until I was tired, and Andrew could put out my pony.

That evening a number of my young friends came to welcome me home. We soon became interested in a game of lawn-tennis.

Freddie wanted to play with us, but no one seemed to care to have him. He was much younger than the others. He did n't say anything more when he saw the set was complete, but went away. I could not forget him though, and did not enjoy the evening very much. When I passed his room on the way to mine two hours later, I felt tempted to look in and see if he was asleep, but I did not. Why do we not always follow our good impulses? I would give all I possess to-day if I had pushed that door open, if I had crept quietly into that little room, and, kneeling by the bed, had given my brother a good-night kiss, and told him that I loved him dearly, and that I was sorry I said he was "tall and awkward;" that I missed him all the evening, and that in the morning I would play tennis with him for hours and hours.

I had been home only a short time, when I received a letter containing an urgent invitation from one of my school friends to visit her.

"Shall we let her go?" asked my mother of Freddie, as she stood with the open letter in her hand, while he sat on the rustic seat at my side. He had been lying at full length on the grass, but when I told him that he looked ungraceful, he changed his position.

He did not glance at me as he replied slowly, "I thought she'd come to stay with us now. She was with that girl two whole years."

"You must n't say 'that girl,' Freddie. She is a young lady older than I am."

My mother did not say anything for a moment, and when she did speak, it was very soberly.

"I think we will let her go, Freddie. Perhaps the change will do her good," and without another word she walked toward the house.

I made my visit, and had what I then termed a glorious time, though now, in looking back, I fail to see anything about it to warrant so glowing a description; but girls fresh from boarding-school are apt to be very free with their adjectives, and perhaps I was more so than the others.

When I returned home, my friend accompanied me. Then followed another time of gaiety. We saw very little of Freddie. He had not improved any in looks, and was more bashful than ever.

Maude could not endure boys, so I always managed to keep her from being annoyed by him, feeling sensitive about anything that detracted from her pleasure. But I missed Freddie, and often wished he were a little older and less boyish, so that he could join us in our pastimes.

The days and weeks flew by rapidly. We hardly found time to eat or sleep, so completely were the hours filled with engagements.

My mother looked on indulgently, planning long, quiet evenings for rest and study when summer was over, while the daughter, with no thought in particular for the morrow, revelled in her first freedom from the restraints of school.

It did not take Freddie long after Maude came, to see that she did not care for his company. At first he tried to be friends with her, and gathered a bouquet of flowers for her room, but he did not do so the second time, although he never failed to bring me a fresh bouquet every day. I always found it in the vase on my stand when I came up from breakfast.

Tennis was our favorite game that summer; we played almost every day or evening on our lawn, where we had a particularly fine court. Several times when we lacked a player Freddie's name was proposed,—he generally sat near by watching us,—but I knew it would annoy Maude if he played, so never encouraged him any. After a time he did not come around when we were at tennis.

At first he often stayed in the parlor in the evenings when we had callers, especially if there was music. He was wonderfully fond of music for so young a boy, and played a number of pretty little airs himself. I used to like to hear him; his touch was exquisitely caressing and gentle. One thing he played especially well, a nocturne of Chopin's.

I heard a celebrated violinist play it in New York, and when Freddie played it, I could almost imagine I was again in the opera-house listening to the magic strains of that most voicelike musical instrument, the violin. Maude smiled rather disdainfully when I made some such remark to her, and said: "What, that boy's drumming? You have a vivid imagination, Mamie. I must confess I am not equal to it." I felt somewhat chilled, and after that kept my ideas in regard to Freddie's music to myself.

One evening when the bell rang, he was in the parlor. I had been singing for Maude, and Freddie was sitting by listening, with all his soul in his eyes.

"Fred," I whispered, as I passed him on my way to the door, "I think you'd better go out to play. These are Maud's friends who are coming this evening."

He got up quickly, and started toward the door into the back parlor. As he passed the large rug in the center of the room, his foot caught, and he came near falling at Maude's feet.

She gave a little impatient shrug, and said something about being "too awkward to live, and always in the way." Freddie's face flushed, and his feet could hardly carry him out of the room fast enough.

He never came into the parlor after that unless he was sure that Maude was absent. I learned some time later that he played ball with the boys in the neighborhood. My mother did not like to have him with them, for they were older and apt to be rough; but she was away with my father for a few days, and I did not give the matter much thought.

One day in August we young folks planned a drive to the river several miles distant, a lunch on the bluffs, and a ride home by moonlight. I felt no misgivings about going, as nurse attended to the housekeeping in my mother's absence, and I was accustomed to coming and going much as I pleased.

The day was perfect, and the drive out delightful, and I was unusually light-hearted and merry that day; but when we prepared for the ride home in the evening, a cloud had enveloped the moon, making it dark and chilly,—by no means a cheerful home-coming. I felt depressed and unnatural, and did not even try to join in with the others in their gay talk and songs. For some reason, Freddie's face would keep coming before me, with the little sober look about the eyes and mouth, that had grown so noticeable since Maude had been with us.

When the carriage reached our gate at last, I quickly jumped out, bade a hasty good-night to my friends, and not waiting for Maude, who was in the next carriage, passed up the walk and through the somber shrubbery, the round pebbles crunching under my hurrying feet.

The house looked dark and deserted. No light was to be seen anywhere, except a dim ray from the library lamp, shining out fitfully across the side piazza. I closed the front door softly after me, and, throwing my wraps on the hall table, went on up the stairs, not caring, apparently, what became of my guest. When I neared Freddie's door, I saw that it stood ajar, and I thought I heard a sound of sobbing. I stopped, holding my breath, and with one hand clinging to the banisters, listened. Yes, it was Freddie sobbing. I had n't heard him cry since he was a little boy, and the sound touched me strangely. I felt my own eyes fill with hot tears; yet I could not go to him; something seemed to hold me back.

As I stood there undecided what to do, I heard his boyish voice, trembling with the weight of his sobs, saying: "O God, please let me die. Then I won't be in anybody's way. I'm so lonely and awkward, and nobody loves me but mama, and she would n't miss me very much, when sister Mamie is here. I ain't afraid to die. It would n't be half so hard as to be called homely and awkward all the time."

How my heart ached. I waited to hear no more, but, springing into the room, I threw my arms around the dear, boyish form kneeling by the little bed, the pale moonlight making the thin face look white and deathlike; and, drawing my brother close to me, I cried: "Freddie, dear Freddie, don't ask God to let you die. I do love you, dear—O more than tongue can tell! and you shall never be called 'homely and awkward' again, or have any one say that you 'are in the way.'" Here I broke down, and sobbed so bitterly that my "little brother," as I used to call him lovingly, had to turn comforter. After that we had a long, beautiful, confidential talk, a happy, good-night kiss, and I went away to Maude.

I did not tell her about Freddie. I could not. It was too sacred. I felt that she would not understand; but during the remainder of her visit, I made it extremely plain to her that I was fond and proud of my only brother, and did not consider him ever in the way.—*Hattie Wise Andrews.*

THREE LITTLE-GIRL LETTERS—1.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: Our papa had been in Australia four years when we received a letter from him saying that Mabel and I were to come to him. So we had to bid good-by to our many friends in America, and to her who had had the care of us for five years. We were to go by the way of California, and we started with friends one night in the latter part of March.

We left Chicago for Denver on the Rock Island Railway, and traveled all night. In the morning we found ourselves in Nebraska. It was very dry and warm, although it was so early in the spring, and all day we suffered from the dust and heat. The next morning we reached Denver, where we had to wait an hour. So we took a cable-car and had a ride through the city. I think it is a very pretty place.

Then we left for Ogden, and began slowly to wind our way up the mountains. We saw Pike's Peak from various points. Its snowy summit towers far above the mountains around it. It made me think of an old man with white hair, with his children and grandchildren all around him. During the afternoon we passed the Royal Gorge. The scenery there is grand, and the railway follows the course of the Arkansaw River. The rocks rose steep on

either side of us for hundreds of feet, and in places huge rocks appeared to overhang the track, and seemed ready to fall.

That evening we left the train and stopped over till the next day, as we wished to see the rest of the scenery by daylight.

In the morning we learned that there had been a landslide, carrying away a portion of the track; so we had to ride for several hours on the narrow-gage line. All the time, now, we were slowly winding higher and higher up the mountains, on the peaks of which there is perpetual snow. For several hours we were passing through a snowstorm.

We often saw rocks which had fallen from the cliffs; sometimes they looked like the wrecks of houses or railway trains, and sometimes like the ruins of old castles. The scenery was very interesting all the way to Salt Lake City; from there we passed the most interesting places in the night.

We were six days and five nights in going from Michigan to California. At Oakland we were met by friends, and were soon presented to the people with whom Mabel and I were to make the journey across the Pacific.

We spent one day in St. Helena visiting with friends, and then on the sixth of April the "Arana" sailed for Australia. Mabel and I are on the boat now. Yesterday as we sat taking our last look at America, I wondered when we would see it again. We have left many dear friends there, but God will help us to find many others in Australia.

Your young friend,
ELLA WHITE.

A TENDER LITTLE MOTHER.

A LEAST flycatcher built its nest in a half-dead apple-tree in our dooryard. When the young ones were only a few days old, there came a very hot day, and, having no leaves to shelter them, they suffered greatly from the heat, so that their heads hung over the rim of the nest.

The mother took a position just above them, and with outstretched wings did her best to shield them from the sun. For more than two hours she kept her place, not leaving it even to bring them food.

When we noticed that she, too, was panting with the heat, we thought it time to go to her rescue. With a rake we hoisted a grain-bag over the nest to serve as an awning.

The male bird appeared at once, and the mother, finding the nest shaded, joined him in catching insects for the little ones, who quickly revived.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE STREAM TO THE MILL.

"I NOTICE," said the Stream to the Mill, "that you grind beans as well and as cheerfully as fine wheat."

"Yes," clacked the mill, "and why not? What am I for but to grind? And so long as I work, what does it matter to me what the work is? I am not a bit more useful when I turn out fine flour than when I make the coarsest meal. I must do whatever comes in my way, as well as I can."—*Selected.*

LEARNED men do not always appreciate the achievements of their fellows. It is said that a friend brought Milton's "Paradise Lost" to a great Scotch mathematician, who remarked, when he had finished it: "It's verra pretty; but, mon, what does it prove?"—*Argonaut.*

"LIVE as though you were going to die tomorrow; learn as though you were going to live forever."



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RULES FOR DAILY LIFE.

BEGIN the day with God ;
Kneel down to him in prayer ;
Lift up your heart to his abode,
And seek his love to share.

Open the book of God,
And read a portion there,
That it may hallow all thy thoughts,
And sweeten all thy care.

Go through the day with God,
Whate'er thy work may be ;
Where'er thou art, at home, abroad,
He still is near to thee.

Converse in mind with God ;
Thy spirit heavenward raise ;
Acknowledge every good bestowed,
And offer grateful praise.

Conclude the day with God ;
Thy sins to him confess ;
Trust in the Lord's atoning blood,
And plead his righteousness.

Lie down at night with God,
Who gives his servants sleep ;
And when thou tread'st the vale of death,
He will thee guard and keep.

— Selected.

A CENTRAL AMERICAN HOUSE PET.

IN Central America armadillos are frequently domesticated to rid houses of insect pests. They also make as nice pets as one could desire ; no animal is cleaner or less objectionable about the house. They are as desirable in this respect as well-trained cats or lap-dogs, and there could be no higher praise than this.

It is not merely the odd forms and ways of my rare pets that have made them the objects of my peculiar interest. I have been equally charmed with their intelligence and with their evident attachment to myself. If, when they are near me, I suddenly move away from them, they come trotting at my heels in their comical way, as fast as their short legs can carry them.

Their gait is always a walk or brisk trot, never a gallop. Most of their movements when in motion resemble those of little pigs. They have learned to answer to their names, and come quickly when called. Curiosity is a prominent characteristic of the animal ; if allowed free scope, they will explore every part of a strange place, trying to run their sharp noses into every opening. Much of the day-time is spent in sleeping. In lying down, one generally rests its head and forefeet on the neck or back of the other in a very affectionate manner.

Their attachment for each other is remarkable, all the more noticeable when one becomes separated from the other. If I shut Jack up in a basket, Jill goes round and round outside, at times standing on her hind feet, and reaching to the top with her nose. When Jack is finally liberated, they put their heads together for a few moments, and then off they go on one of their tours of exploration.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

WEIGHING A HAIR.

THE delicacy of the scales used at the mint is illustrated by the following, which we take from a contemporary. Perhaps some persons would rather not know how many hairs they possess than to have them shaven off. However, the thing can be done. The refiner of the assay office says :—

"To number the hairs of your head is not a very difficult task. A very close approximation can be made by weighing the entire amount of hair on a man's head, and then weighing the single hair. The weight of the whole mass divided by that of one hair of average length will of course give the desired number. If you will pluck out a hair from your beard, I can show you."

A long and straggling one was accordingly detached, the refiner putting it on the scale, which was inclosed in a glass case, and graduated with extreme accuracy.

With little weights of aluminum he piled up one arm until an equipoise was reached. The hair weighed three milligrammes.

"If you reduce this to figures," he said, "it would require eight thousand hairs to weigh an ounce ; and suppose you have six ounces, you have forty-eight thousand hairs in your beard."—*Selected.*

GIANT CORN FROM PERU.

SAMPLES of corn of a giant species have been obtained from Peru by the Department of Agriculture. The grains are four times the size of those of ordinary maize, and Secretary Morton believes that the plant may be turned to most valuable account in this country. It is very prolific, and bears ears of huge dimensions. The species is quite distinct from any known in North America, and the name "*Zea amyloacea*" has been given to it. All of our corn comes under the head of "*Zea mais*." Professor E. L. Sturtevant is now making a study of this remarkable Peruvian cereal, with a view to finding out how it may be cultivated most advantageously.

The grains are extraordinarily starchy, even for corn ; hence the name "*amyloacea*." Already ten distinct varieties of the species have been ascertained. One of them would probably be excellent for canning, inasmuch as it contains an unusual percentage of sugar. It has been named "*Zea amyloacea saccharata*." Undoubtedly the species is derived from the same source as the maize of the United States. All known varieties of this cereal, it is believed, came originally from "*Zea tunicata*," or "clothed" corn, which still grows wild in Mexico. Each grain on an ear of this primitive maize is inclosed in a little husk.—*Boston Transcript.*

TESTING SINCERITY.

THE mighty Sheik Abdullah spake one day to the court sage, old Enekazi, as follows : "You are always ready to give sensible advice, O Enekazi ; perhaps you could tell me which of my councilors are really sincere."

"A very simple matter," replied the sage, confidently. "I will tell at once, mighty sheik, how it is to be managed. Go and compose a long ballad this very day."

"Stop !" interrupted the sheik. "You forget that I am no poet."

"That's just it, mighty sheik ! Go and write at once a long ballad, and read it to your assembled councilors."

"But, Enekazi, bear in mind that I never wrote a line of poetry in my life."

"So much the better ! When you have read

the long ballad to your courtiers, you will judge of the effect yourself. To-morrow I will come again, and learn of your observations."

The next day the wise Enekazi entered, saying :—

"Did you follow my advice, mighty sheik ?"

"Certainly."

"And what happened after you had read your ballad ?" inquired the old man, smiling.

"Oh, I was completely taken by surprise. One exclaimed that this was the long-sought-for ballad of the great poet Ibu Yemin ; another, that I was a new bright luminary in the firmament of poetry ; a third craved permission to cut off a small piece of my robe in memory of the eventful occasion and the immortal bard—in a word, they were all in ecstasies, and praised my ideas and my language up to the skies."

"And what about old Henri Adin ?" eagerly questioned the sage.

"Ah, he dropped to sleep while I was reading."

"Ha, ha ! What did you conclude from that, mighty sheik ?" said the old man, triumphantly.

"What conclusion could I come to," replied the sheik, with some surprise, "if not the same as all the rest, namely, that I possess very great talent for poetry ?" Enekazi salaamed, lighted his chibouk, and—held his peace ; for he was, in sooth, a wise man.—*Exchange.*

BIBLE "MUSTS" AND "WHOSOEVERS."

"I MUST be about my Father's business." Luke 2 : 49.

"Ye must be born again." John 3 : 7.

"The Son of man must be lifted up : that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life." Verses 14, 15.

"God is a spirit : and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." John 4 : 24.

"There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." Acts 4 : 12.

"What must I do to be saved ? . . . Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house." Acts 16 : 30, 31.

"We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ." 2 Cor. 5 : 10.

"He that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." Heb. 11 : 6.

"Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin." John 8 : 34.

"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." Rom. 10 : 13.

"God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John 3 : 16.

"Whosoever drinketh of this water [earthly fountains] shall thirst again : but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst." John 4 : 13, 14.

"Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple." Luke 14 : 27.

"Whosoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it ; and whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it." Luke 17 : 33.

"Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven." Matt. 10 : 32.

"Whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven. Verse 33.

"Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Rev. 22 : 17.