

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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## JAPANESE TEMPLES.

IN Japan there are eighty-four thousand nine hundred and twenty-four Buddhist temples, and the number of priests attached to them is about fifty-seven thousand seven hundred. This does not include the Shinto temples and shrines, which are numerous. There are also many wayside shrines, where travelers stop and worship as they pass. In every heathen household there is the niche where the gods are kept, and all the members of the family daily bow before the gods, and make them offering of food.

The Buddhist temples are generally adorned with grotesque carvings, and resplendent with gilding. In our illustration is represented the gate of the temple at Shiba, Tokyo. This is quite a celebrated temple. The courtyard contains the tombs of several of the noted shoguns of Japan. The temple at Asakusa, a district in Tokyo, is also a place of note. It is surrounded by pleasure gardens, many acres in extent. In these grounds are fairs, refreshments, booths; and the people eat, smoke, dance, and engage in every gay sport and pleasure known. To the Japanese mind there is no incongruity in placing a temple cheek by jowl with a theater.

It is a regular fair, the busiest mart in the city. There are venders going about hawking their wares, beggars, thieves, pickpockets,—all mingling in the motley throng, and plying their vocations. The priests in their sermons tell the people that they can invest their money well by laying it out upon articles to be obtained in the temple grounds, such as dress, ornaments, fancy pipes, combs, strings of beads for prayers, gods made of various kinds of metal, shrines for family altars, and the like.

Before the temple gate stand two gigantic wooden demons, reminding one more of the mythological gate-keepers of the infernal regions than of the guards of a sacred place. They are adorned with straw sandals hung upon them by coolies, to propitiate them and cause them to give the donors strength in their feet. Within the temple there is a babel of noise and confusion, with filth and bad smells. There are sacred pigeons whirring here and there to the detriment of hats and clothing. There are ladies elegantly arrayed in silks, officers dressed in splendid uniforms, coolies, rustics, children with dirty-faced babies on their backs,—all mingling promiscuously in the throng, making their offerings and saying their prayers.

The main altar, behind which the chief god sits, is protected by a wire grating. The wor-

shippers must be careful to throw money into the coffer before praying to him. They write their prayers on slips of paper, put them into their mouths, chew them to pulp, and spit them out at the god. If he is hit and the wad sticks, it is considered a good omen, and they believe that the prayers will be answered. Hearing, you see, depends upon the softness of the wad and the skill of the ejector. Of course the old god is a disgusting-looking object, with these spit-balls sticking all over him.

Not far from the main altar stands the old god Binzuru, supposed to be the healer of diseases. Crowds are always gathered around him. They rub the repulsive-looking old monster, supposing that in this way healing power

elevated to their places, were made from the hair cut from the heads of the devoted women and girls of Japan! Isn't that a spirit of sacrificial devotion? If we were as ready to sacrifice for Christ as some of these people are to sacrifice for their heathen gods, it would not be long before the far East would be rejoicing in the glorious liberty of the gospel.

The Buddhist temple services are very similar to those of the Roman Catholics. The Buddhists have altars, shrines, candles, flowers, incense, shaven heads of priests, processions, beads, etc. The priests sing out the prayers and sermons in a monotonous way, while the people sit on the floor in true Japanese fashion, and nod their heads at intervals. Prayer-



GATE OF TEMPLE AT SHIBA, TOKYO.

is extracted from him, and then rub the diseased portions of their own bodies. This idol is greasy and filthy beyond description. Portions of his face are quite worn away by the friction of so many hands. They doubtless contract disease in this way. For instance, a man who has some contagious skin disease rubs the idol well, and leaves germs which cling to the hands of the next man who touches him; and so the god is a means of conveying infection.

Isn't it pitiful to think of people supplicating this monster to heal them of their bodily infirmities, and knowing nothing of God, who is the healer of soul as well as body? The Buddhists are now building a temple in Kyoto, which has already cost five million dollars, and will probably cost as much more. Why, the very ropes with which the gigantic beams were

meetings, or church services such as we have, in which the congregation takes an active part in the speaking and praying, is unknown among them. You can readily see how empty and hollow is all this show, and how unsatisfying to an earnest soul, who is really a seeker after truth.

There is nothing in heathen religions that can give the people any help or comfort amid the perplexities and trials of life, or that can shed one ray of light or consolation into the dark portals of the grave. How the great tender heart of the Master, who died for them, yearns over them in pity and compassion, as he sees them dying without the knowledge of his saving love! His commands to us are explicit: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel." Shall we not show our love to him by our obedience, and hasten to send the



bread of life to those who have not yet received it? To us has been committed the truth. Again let us remember his command: "Freely ye have received, freely give," and if we are faithful to the trust that our Lord has committed to us, it will not be long before it can be said of Japan, "The people which sat in darkness saw great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up."

MRS. J. A. BRUNSON.

#### THE COMING OF HIS FEET.

In the crimson of the morning, in the whiteness of the noon,  
In the amber glory of the day's retreat,  
In the midnight, robed in darkness, or the gleaming of the moon,  
I listen for the coming of His feet.

I have heard His weary footsteps on the sands of Galilee,  
On the temple's marble pavement, on the street,  
Worn with weight of sorrow, faltering up the slopes of Calvary,—  
The sorrow of the coming of His feet.

Down the minster-aisles of splendor, from betwixt the cherubim,  
Through the wondering throng, with motion strong and fleet,  
Sounds His victor tread, approaching with a music fair and dim—  
The music of the coming of His feet.

Sandaled not with shoon of silver, girded not with woven gold,  
Weighted not with shimmering gems and odors sweet,  
But white-winged and shod with glory in the Tabor-light of old—  
The glory of the coming of His feet.

He is coming, O my spirit! with His everlasting peace,  
With His blessedness immortal and complete!  
He is coming, O my spirit! and His coming brings release—  
I listen for the coming of His feet.

—Lyman Whitney Allen, in *New York Independent*.

#### CHRIST THE YOUTH'S SAFEGUARD.

(Conclusion.)

WHAT privileges and blessings are granted to those who have obtained like precious faith with the disciples of Christ! Nothing is withheld from them. The apostle says, "His divine power hath given unto us all things that pertain unto life and godliness, through the knowledge of him that hath called us to glory and virtue." The standard is lifted up, and yet we are to reach it individually. We may attain unto glory and virtue, though weak, sinful mortals, by learning daily lessons in the school of Christ, by becoming conformed to the divine image, by manifesting his excellence of character, by adding grace to grace, by climbing round by round the ladder heavenward, by becoming complete in the Beloved. As we shall work upon the plan of addition, by faith adding grace to grace, God will work upon the plan of multiplication, and multiply grace and peace unto us. We are to be diligent students in the school of Christ, having a knowledge of his will, and becoming active laborers in his vineyard.

The apostle describes to us the plan on which we are to work. He says: "Giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity. For if these things be in you, and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. But he that lacketh these things is blind, and cannot see afar off, and

hath forgotten that he was purged from his old sins. Wherefore the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure: for if ye do these things, ye shall never fall: for so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Wherefore I will not be negligent to put you always in remembrance of these things, though ye know them, and be established in the present truth."

If our youth would take heed to the rules laid down in this chapter, and practise them, what an influence they would exert on the side of right, whether they were at Ann Arbor, in our institutions, or in any place of responsibility! They would see this truth, and their life-work would be successful. They would realize the need of being much in prayer, of being rooted and grounded in the truth, so that by precept and example they might be living witnesses for Christ. They would then be like Paul, who after his conversion was a channel through which bright beams of light were shed upon the great plan of salvation. They would be workers together with God in re-shaping moral character, and would be instruments through which the image of God might be retraced in man. They would respond to the working of the Holy Spirit, and become one with Christ in God. No longer would the law which they have transgressed be a yoke of bondage, but it would be the law of liberty, the freedom of sonship. Having repented toward God, having exercised faith in Christ, they have experienced forgiveness, and esteem the law of God above gold, yea, above fine gold.

Jesus is the sin-bearer. He takes away our sins, and makes us partakers of his holiness. O what tender, pitying love dwells in the heart of Christ toward the purchase of his blood! He is able to save unto the uttermost all who come unto God by him. There is power in these precious promises, and we should coöperate with the working of Christ, devoting all our God-given talents to the service of the Master, that the Holy Spirit may work through us to the glory and honor of Christ.

Students should have a growing, expanding idea of what it means to be a Christian. To be a Christian means to be a learner in the school of Christ. It means the connecting of soul, mind, and body with divine wisdom. When this union exists between the soul and God, we are taught of God, who gives wisdom and knowledge. His Spirit imparts thoughts that are clear and holy, and gives the knowledge that lives through eternal ages. Those who are consecrated, diligent, persevering laborers, putting to use every ability, employing all their faculties for the glory of God; who are not slothful in business, but are fervent in spirit, serving the Lord, will reap an eternal reward. But it is our part to be courageous, to exercise firm faith in God.

The end is near, and students should make most diligent effort to carry forward the work of acquiring knowledge that they may impart to others. If the converting power of God should come upon these souls, if they should come to realize that they need a power out of and far above themselves, they would not remain a day longer like mere machines, but would have a desire to work for God. Has the truth been lodged in the soul? Has the love of souls for whom Christ died become a living principle in their hearts? Unless they become vitally connected with God, they can never resist the unhallowed effects of self-love and self-indulgence and temptation to sin. If they

were soundly converted to God, they would experience the love that dwells in the heart of Jesus; and under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, it would well up like an irrepressible stream, refreshing their own sterile lives, and refreshing all those who are connected with them. I long to address the young men and women who are so willing to reach only cheap standards. O that the Lord might influence their minds to see what perfection of character is! O that they might know the faith that works by love, and purifies the soul! We are living in days of peril. Christ alone can help us and give us the victory. Christ must be all in all to us; he must dwell in the heart; his life must circulate through us, as the blood circulates through the veins. His Spirit must be a vitalizing power that will cause us to influence others to become Christ-like and holy.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

#### WATCH THE LITTLE THINGS.

IN my childhood a faithful teacher taught me this memory verse: "Lost, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered; for they are gone forever." Many, many times since, I have repeated that verse with deep regret because of the consciousness that I had lost forever much valuable time that I might have saved. Our lives are made up of little things. There are no trifles.

"One little grain in the sandy bars;  
One little flower in the field of flowers;  
One little star in a heaven of stars;  
One little hour in a year of hours,—  
What if it makes, or what if it mars?"

"But the bar is built of the little grains;  
And the little flowers make the meadows gay;  
And the little stars light the heavenly plains,  
And the little hours of each little day  
Give to us all that life contains."

Those who learn in youth to estimate rightly the value of the moments, and to be intensely resolute in doing little things well, will save themselves many defeats in the warfare of life. The world worships heroes; but true heroism is not found alone in those whom the world calls great. The truest and grandest heroes are unknown to fame. Those who are truest to duty, whatever it may be, display the greatest heroism. It is our privilege to be heroic in whatever station in life our lot may be cast. Many of us can never do the great things of which we dream, but we can all be faithful in doing with our might whatsoever our hands find to do.

Our lives take on the color and tone of the little things scattered through them. The little things which we say, and the little things which we do, are the warp and the woof, which when woven and interwoven in the great loom of life, come out the finished fabric—character. The little things we say and do each day should be right, painstakingly right. Then watch the little things. The care of the pennies, that they may multiply into dollars; the watchfulness of the moments, that they may combine into useful hours; the proper attention to trifles, that they may contribute to the success of the whole,—this is what is required of us.

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.

THE poet utters, the thinker meditates, the righteous acts; but he who stands upon the borders of the divine world, prays, and his prayer is word, thought, action in one.—*Balzac*.





## AMERICAN SWINDLES.

AMERICA claims to be great in all good things; and while this may be, it is also very probable that it has the greatest rogues in the world. Our great cities are full of the keenest and most unprincipled swindlers, who, if it were possible, would deceive the very elect. Advertisements of the most glowing description, setting forth the vast profits that may be made, are sent out by millions, and then these sharks proceed to "work" those who respond to these advertisements for all that can be got out of them.

One very common way is to pretend that there has been discovered a great estate in England, or some other foreign country, the heirs of which are in America. Not a week passes but some American family is keyed up to a high pitch of excitement because of some prospective millions in store for them, when they shall be able to prove their relationship to the deceased foreigner, whose enormous estate or immense amount of personal property is awaiting the appearance of the lawful heirs. All these are frauds, pure and simple, and all the money received is by the sharp lawyer-swindler. The American spider feasts on the American fly; that is all.

Some years ago an American minister to England (we think it was General Schenck) authoritatively announced to the people of his country that there was no property in England for American claimants. He received so many letters from Americans asking for information in regard to property which they had been led to believe they possessed in England, that he was obliged to have blanks prepared to lessen his work of replying to these letters. There are many men who walk the streets of our cities, clad in the latest tailor-made suits, with silk hats, kid gloves, and gold-headed canes, who get their money by deceiving ignorant people into believing that a few dollars, and just a few more, paid to these human vampires, will secure a fortune!

Another American system of gaining money fraudulently is by the sale of bogus lands,—lands which have no real existence. The law, or absence of law, in some of our States is such that a man may have a river or a lake surveyed (in imagination), bounding his claims by "metes and bounds," and not by objects, get it recorded, and then sell his land, giving deeds all regularly made out and recorded in good business order. Chicago swindlers are now selling land (?) half a mile out in Lake Michigan. Such land is too unstable for building purposes, and too damp for agriculture! It may be said, however, that it needs no irrigation! We knew a man who took two Chicago lots at five hundred dollars apiece, which were both in the Chicago River! Another friend bought a lot in Florida, which proved to be located in the center of a pond full of alligators! It is remarkable that the agent for this land did not represent that it was already stocked! Yes; the American swindlers are sharp and totally unprincipled; but it is hard to say which is the most noteworthy,—the sharpness of the swindlers, or the credulity of those who are taken in by them! Look out for swindlers; and do not buy property that you cannot see, and know that it is as represented.

## AN UNHAPPY OLD MAN.

LEO XIII, pope of Rome, and head of the Roman Catholic Church, is generally credited with being a much better man, morally at least, than many of his predecessors, and he has consented, in some measure, to allow the church to come into harmony with the spirit of this progressive age. He has a grand palace of some thousands of rooms, galleries of art, extensive and priceless libraries, is the acknowledged head of the Roman Catholic Church in every part of the world, is amply,—yes, elegantly,—supported, and is at perfect liberty to go where he pleases, and come when he pleases; and still he is not happy! There is a Mordecai in the gate, and that Mordecai is the occupation of Rome by the king of Italy as his capital, and the loss of the temporal power.

The pope is not satisfied with being head of the Roman Catholic Church; he wants to be a king, and to send ambassadors who shall represent the papacy, both civilly and religiously, to the different nations. He would be pleased to have Monsignor Satolli represent the papacy to the *government* of the United States, instead of representing the pope to the American Catholics, as the legate now does. The pope would be glad, through these ambassadors, uniting with the Catholics of each country, to influence governments to make laws favoring the spread of Catholicism, and hindering the propagation of every other religion. He would like a concordat with every nation, by which the nations should be pledged to maintain the Roman religion, to support Catholic schools, pay Catholic priests, and thus bring all the nations of the world into a kind of feudatory relation to the papal see. In short, to use a well-known Americanism, "He wants the earth;" and because he has not got it, he is unhappy, miserable, and life is almost a burden.

Lately he has suffered more than common, and he has given vent to his feelings in a most doleful complaint. The immediate cause of this latest agony is the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Italian occupation of Rome, which occurred September 20. The assembling of fifty thousand people at Rome on that day, in one vast audience, the booming of cannon, the speech of Crispi, and the unveiling of the statue of the great liberator, Garibaldi, on the Janiculum Hill, was, to the aged pontiff, like the last feather which breaks the camel's back; and like one of old time he seems to have exclaimed, "My punishment is greater than I can bear!" Poor old man! all his troubles come from assuming a false position, and trying to occupy a place which God never designed that any man should fill,—the headship over the church.

He now especially mourns the loss of the temporal power. This was gained by an abuse of the spiritual power, and he now fears that the loss of the temporal power is but the prelude to the loss of his spiritual authority. The temporal power of the papacy was gained in A. D. 753. Since then, until 1870, the popes were kings as well as popes. But many royal families have gone down by revolutions and wars since 753, and why should the papal kingdom not share the fate of other kingdoms? When the papacy entered the arena of the world as a *civil* power, it added a new danger to itself; as a civil power it has given and received blows; and if it is finally knocked out in a fair fight, it has no reason to complain. It now has much more power than legitimately belongs to it, or than is conducive to the peace and well-being of mankind. The pope's temporal power is gone, let us hope forever.

## UNCLE SAM'S POOR INVESTMENT.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Chicago *Herald* tells a curious but apparently truthful story of the way the United States has been cheated out of a large sum of money by the State of Arkansas. The story grows out of the founding of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, D. C. In 1827 Mr. James Smithson, fellow of the Royal Academy of London, died in Geneva, Italy, and bequeathed to the United States of America his private fortune, to be used "to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among mankind."

The United States government made the necessary effort to secure this gift, was successful, and in July, 1838, the money, eleven boxes of gold sovereigns, was delivered at New York City, and was soon placed in the United States treasury. This money, coined over into United States currency, amounted to \$508,318.46.

That the money might be invested, and not lie idle until the wish of the donor could be carried out, it was proposed in Congress that it be invested in State bonds at five per cent interest, and the State of Arkansas got the money, giving bonds for the same. There is not much more to tell. Not only were the bonds never paid, but not a cent of the interest has ever been received by the United States. The bonds, fifty years old, with the interest coupons still unclipped, are in the United States treasury at Washington. In a fit of remorse, Congress, in 1846, voted a sum of money to build the Smithsonian Institution, and every year since the sum of thirty thousand dollars has been appropriated to keep up the Institution, but not a cent of the Smithson money was used in its construction.

At the present time, Arkansas owes the United States two million dollars, principal and interest of this money, and Arkansas State officials are proposing a settlement which will make this money practically a gift from the United States to Arkansas! In view of this transaction and the Pacific railway schemes by which the government was cheated out of millions of dollars, it looks as though it would pay the national government to employ a good common-sense lawyer to look after its affairs. If a man should do business so carelessly, upon the demand of his heirs the courts would appoint a guardian over him! Does Uncle Sam need a guardian?

## IN THE ORIENT.

SEVERAL very interesting events have lately occurred in the far Orient. The Japanese are drawing a net of military positions around the "Black Flags," and the surrender of these hardy mountaineers to the Japanese forces is daily expected. While this success is gratifying to the Japanese, their pride is humbled in another direction. Russia has issued another peremptory demand for the immediate evacuation of Port Arthur and the peninsula on which it is located. This demand is supported by both France and Germany. It is even hinted by Russia that the indemnity to Japan will be much reduced. This will increase the hatred, already very bitter, of Japan against Russia.

There is a revolution in Corea; the queen has been murdered in her palace, and it is said that the deed was done by disguised Japanese. Marines from Russian, British, and American warships have been landed to protect their respective consulates, and to maintain order. Russia will be glad of an opportunity to interfere in Corean affairs, and oust the Japanese from the country.

M. E. K.





J. H. DURLAND, }  
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### LIFE IN GOD'S WORD.

CHRIST said that the words which he spoke were spirit and life, but they only bring forth fruit in those who receive and believe them. There is life in the tiniest seed. It is entirely beyond our comprehension how the germ of a new life is wrapped up in the seed, but we know that it is. We also know that unless the seed is put in a proper place, it will not grow. The best wheat will not grow where there is no moisture; but there is life in the seed just the same. Place it in the warm, moist earth, and the life will appear. So of God's word; it must be received into the heart. The believing heart is as perfectly fitted to receive the word of God and bring forth good fruits, as the best soil and finest climate are suitable to cause the wheat to grow and bring forth a bountiful crop.

The parable of the sower (Matthew 13) was told to illustrate this truth. The seed was all good, but there was a marked difference in the crop. In one case the seed had no moisture; in another, it was choked, and there was no perfect fruit. The good ground,—the trusting, believing heart,—allowed the seed to develop and bring forth good fruit.

### THE BLESSING OF THE MEEK.

"BLESSED are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth." Matt. 5:5. True meekness is one of the fruits of the Spirit of God, and its possession by an individual is an evidence that he has had at least some portion of Christian experience. Meekness is defined to be "the state or quality of being meek; gentleness of disposition; forbearance; submission to the divine will; humility." Upon people of this character a blessing is pronounced, and a promise is given them that they shall inherit the earth. Meekness is not one of the *natural* endowments of man since the fall. Mankind is not naturally gentle, forbearing, or submissive to the will of another, human or divine. To have our own way is a desire deeply implanted in every human heart; and it is only in hearts that have been changed by a power from above, a power beyond the power of man, that meekness dwells. We must be able to distinguish the difference between outward reverence and obsequiousness and real humility. The first may be put on,—assumed as a garb of meekness for a purpose to be secured in this life. The latter is real; it is *being*, not *seeming*; and in it there is no evil desire or selfish motive.

There is only one way and one experience through which we can pass that will produce in the heart the true meekness that brings the blessing of God and the promise of the inheritance. That way is the way of the cross, and that experience comes by the knowledge of our own sinfulness. If our conduct is such that we are justly doomed to die; if an examination of our hearts reveals the fact that sin, and only sin, is there, what is there then to nurse our pride, or make us satisfied with ourselves? This is our true condition, and it is the work of the Holy Spirit to reveal to us the

condition of our own hearts; not to discourage us, but to encourage us to seek for a better life.

The same Holy Spirit which reveals to us the hidden springs of evil within us, at the same time presents to us the true ideal of all perfection in Jesus Christ, and promises us a divine and infinite power to aid us to step from the low level of sin to the exalted plane of holiness. We cannot be truly meek until the false light which a depraved nature has thrown upon our hearts and actions is dispelled by the light of God's word and Spirit. Then we become poor in spirit; then we mourn because of our sins; then we are comforted by the promises of God.

The Lord has often been obliged to lead his children through very severe trials, to cause them to lose their selfishness and become meek. We read in the Bible: "Now the man Moses was very meek, above all the men which were upon the face of the earth." Num. 12:3. But Moses was not always noted for meekness. He was educated at the court of Egypt as the prospective heir to the throne, which would be very likely to encourage his vanity and pride. Indeed, when he learned that he was not an Egyptian, but an Israelite, he was far from being meek. He thought he was just the man to deliver Israel; and filled with vain confidence, he slew an Egyptian. Then he had to flee for his life, and he spent forty years in the humble occupation of a shepherd, among the hills and mountains of Midian. There, amid the grand scenes of nature, he learned God's power and his own weakness; and when by this experience he was fitted for the great work of leading his people from Egypt and bondage to Canaan and liberty, he shrank from the task, and declared himself unable to do the work. But God knew his abilities better than he knew them, and in meekness he did the work which his experience and changed relation to God enabled him to do. Paul knew something of this experience, for he said: "Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake: for when I am weak, then am I strong." 2 Cor. 12:10. To distrust our own powers is a step toward confidence in God's might. Then God, who always seeks the humble instrument by which to magnify his power, can use us for his own glory and the good of our fellow men.

"Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth." The earth was given to man; it was the first dominion. It was lost through sin; but Christ, through the humility of the cross and the righteousness of his life, redeemed it. It is his by creation and by redemption. Not only does he redeem the earth, but he redeems man,—all of the human race who will avail themselves of the plan of salvation. He gives them a part to act in the work of saving themselves; they must give up their hearts and wills, be submissive to him, and take an active part in the salvation of others; and then they become partakers with him in the inheritance. They are heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ. While the inheritance is still future, we may have the blessedness now. If we are Christ's, we are heirs to a glorious inheritance,—the earth, purified and redeemed from sin, and watered with a flowing river which shall make glad the city of God. All this will be given to the meek. They have come into harmony with God, and nothing that he has will be denied them. "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne." Shall we be among the overcomers?

### LOVE FOR MOTHER.

WHEN Jesus was dying upon the cross, he thought of the one to whom, as far as human ties were concerned, he was bound by the strongest tie,—his mother. He was to pass through the dark valley of death for mankind, and then ascend to the Father; but his mother must be left for somebody to care for in her old age. To the care of some one of his disciples must be committed his mother, who had rocked him to sleep in infancy to the songs of David, relating the wonderful dealings of God with his people. All his disciples were poor; there were none of them possessed of fine houses, and even what little they had, might soon be taken from them. But if there is love in a home, it will be happy, even if there be poverty; while without love the finest palace is but a dreary prison.

It is probable that in that hour of agony Jesus made a hurried mental estimate of his disciples. Where would his mother be made the most comfortable and happy? His mind rested on John, the "beloved disciple," and he said to his mother, "Woman, behold thy son! Then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy mother! And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home." John 19:26, 27. This was his last earthly act; these were his last earthly words, except the words, "I thirst." Thus it is recorded in God's book that the last thoughts of the divine Son of the infinite God, before dying for the sins of all mankind, were of his mother; his last words were to provide for her welfare!

When we read the letters of John, we can better understand the love of Jesus for him, and his action in committing his mother to John's care. No other gospel writer magnifies love as does John. To him God was love, and to walk in love was the all in all of Christianity. This peculiarly kind, loving disposition of John may be seen in his report of the words of Christ. Other apostles wrote of Christ's parables and of his miracles,—the great things which he did; but John wrote his words, in which his love is revealed. No other apostle records the words of Jesus to Nicodemus, when he said that "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. And no other apostle records that wonderful prayer of Jesus for his disciples in all ages, in which a love too deep to be fathomed is seen. John 17. Those manifestations of love were more to John than walking on the water or stilling the tempest. He recognized the power; but the love which controlled all the manifestations of divinity, made the greater effect upon the heart of John. This cannot be accounted for on the ground that he was naturally better than the other disciples. He must, however, have been a better scholar in the school of Christ, drinking deeper at the fountain than the others.

It is almost unnecessary to point out the lessons which should be drawn from these interesting facts, they are so clear to be seen. Two, only, will be noticed; the readers may draw as many more as they please: 1. Mother is worthy of the purest love and the kindest attention. 2. Jesus committed his mother to a home where he knew love dwelt. Would he commit her to your home? and if he would not, will he go there himself? He has left us this promise: "If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." John 14:23.



# BIBLE LESSONS AND NOTES

## LESSON 7.—THE TWO REALMS.

(November 16, 1895.)

1. WHAT is the highest power, or kingdom? — God's.
2. What are the higher powers? — Earthly powers, or kingdoms.
3. How many are commanded to be subject to the higher powers? Rom. 13:1.
4. Does this include Christians?
5. Who is supreme in civil affairs? Eccl. 8:4. (See note 1.)
6. Who is supreme in religious matters?
7. Are there not, then, two distinct realms? Matt. 22:21.
8. To whom are we commanded to render tribute? Rom. 13:7.
9. To whom is tribute due? — Cæsar, or earthly rulers.
10. Why is tribute due to them? Matt. 22:17-21; Rom. 13:4-6.
11. To whom are we to render honor? Rom. 13:7; 1 Peter 2:17. (See note 2.)
12. When men become Christians, does God require them to cease rendering to Cæsar those things which belong to Cæsar, and render them to him? — No; the instruction given in Matt. 22:21 and Rom. 13:1-7 forbids this.
13. To whom are we to pay the vows we have made to the Lord? Ps. 50:14; 76:11.
14. To whom does the tithe belong? — To the Lord. Lev. 27:30.
15. To whom does the Sabbath belong? Ex. 20:10.
16. Has civil government the right to require any one to render to it the things that belong to God? — No; debts cannot be discharged in this way, by paying to one what we owe to another.
17. What infallible rule does the Saviour lay down by which we are to be governed, in determining to whom we are to render any service or obligation? Mark 12:17.
18. In any case, therefore, what is the only question to be decided in order to know to whom an obligation of any kind is to be rendered? — Whose is it? To whom does it belong? See Matt. 22:20.
19. Although commanded of God, why has not the state a right to compel men to pay tithes, pray, etc.?
20. Why may not the state command men to be baptized, attend church, and partake of the Lord's supper? (See note 3.)
21. Why has not the state a right to compel men to observe the Sabbath? (See note 4.)
22. Why has not the state the right to teach religion, or to require the performance of any religious act or ceremony? (See note 5.)

### NOTES.

1. In 1 Peter 2:13, 14 Peter recognizes the king as "supreme" in the realm of earthly governments. And this realm is confined strictly to this world, to the ordinances of men, and the relations which they sustain to each other as *citizens*, which are civil relations. The ordinances of God belong to another realm. In this God is supreme, as Peter and the other apostles plainly declare. (See Acts 4:19; 5:29.)

2. We are commanded not only to "honor the king," but to pray "for kings, and for all that are in authority." 1 Tim. 2:1, 2. Acting in their sphere, they are "God's ministers" (Rom. 13:4-6), ordained by him to promote peace among men by being a terror to evil doers and a praise to them that do well,

and we are to respect that which God has ordained.

3. Baptism is religious. It is for the remission of sin, which is a transgression of God's law, and hence belongs to God. To him it should be rendered. To attend church is likewise an act of religion, and should therefore be rendered to God. The Lord's supper, as its name indicates, belongs to God, and this determines to whom it should be rendered. Any supper the state might command men to eat would be a *state* supper, and not the Lord's supper at all.

4. Whose is the Sabbath? To whom does it belong? The settlement of this question must determine to whom the keeping of it is to be rendered, and therefore who alone has the right to command its observance. The fourth commandment does not say the seventh day is the English Sabbath, or the Dutch Sabbath, or the Puritan Sabbath, or the "American Sabbath." It says: "The seventh day is *the Sabbath of the Lord thy God*." Therefore, in accordance with the command of Jesus Christ our Saviour to render to God the things that are God's, we are to render all our Sabbath observance to the Lord our God, to whom the Sabbath belongs. The Sabbath is the Lord's own day (Ex. 20:10; Isa. 58:13; Mark 2:28; Rev. 1:10), and hence should be rendered to him. Were Sunday the Lord's day, as many erroneously hold, the principle would apply just the same; the keeping of it should be rendered to the Lord, and not to the state. Therefore, the state has no business with the enforcement of any Sabbath-keeping whatever.

5. Governments were ordained to keep men civil, and not to make them religious. While a thing may be admirably adapted to meet certain ends, it may be wholly unsuited to accomplish certain other ends. Because civil governments, through their laws and schools, do not make Christians, is no more an occasion for just complaint than the fact that a bake-shop does not make pianos instead of loaves of bread. They were not established for that purpose.

### SABBATH-SCHOOL HINTS.

GIVE close attention during the recitation.

Your attention may be the means of impressing the truths of the lesson on some heart.

Remember that an earnest class will make an earnest teacher.

If you are in earnest to receive a knowledge of the truths of God's word, and have your lessons well learned, your teacher will soon find that unless he is filled with good things to give you, he will have to give up his place to some one who is alive, and filled with the Spirit.

Improve the opportunities you have in the class for learning, so that you may soon be able to teach others. You need not spend your time in aspiring to the position of teacher; but be an earnest, prayerful student, full of life, and an example of what you are learning, and the *position will soon seek you*.

THE LESSON.—There are twenty-two questions and five notes in the lesson this week. There are twenty-three Scriptural references to look up. Let us suggest the following plan for study: 1. On the Sabbath when you recite Lesson 6, spend a part of the afternoon in turning to the scriptures that form a part of Lesson 7. Either go over them slowly, so that the thought of each is fastened in the mind, or read them over two or three times. 2. During the next four days,—from Sunday

to Thursday,—make a careful study of *four* questions each day, and the accompanying notes. 3. On Friday study the remaining questions and notes *four* and *five*; also review the entire lesson. 4. On Sabbath morning have a season of secret prayer for the blessing of God on your teacher, that you may receive a greater blessing from the lesson than you have already received. J. H. D.

### JACOB'S LADDER.

THERE is a ladder between earth and heaven on which angel messengers carry up our prayers to God, and bring his answers down. Nay! this is but the hope of our dreams; the reality transcends it, for God is here, and needs neither ladder nor angel to communicate with us, or open to us communication with him—here in our hours of sorest need, of bitterest loneliness, of self-inflicted sorrow, of well-deserved penalty, of more poignant remorse; here as he was in the burning bush to Moses, and in the mysterious visitor to Gideon, and in the still small voice to Elijah, and in the child wrapped in the swaddling clothes to the stable guests, and still by most of us unseen and to most of us unknown. But when the veil is taken from our faces, and we see him, then the ground becomes consecrated ground, the stable a sacred place, the lowing of the cattle an anthem, Horeb a sanctuary, the land of Midian a holyland, our pile of stones a Bethel. — *Lyman Abbott*.

### THE DAILY ROUND.

LIFE to every one is a common round of continual beginnings and endings. Each day is a little circle returning where it began. Each year is a wider circle linking on its last day to its first. We lived within the same limited, circumscribed horizon. We have to perform, day after day, the same actions, to repeat the same duties, to go round and round in the same routine of daily tasks. Our range is as narrow as that of the ox that treadeth out the corn among the heap of sheaves. And all this is apt to become monotonous and wearisome. Some are so consumed by *ennui* that life has lost all relish for them; and some have grown so tired of pacing the irksome daily round, that they have put an end to it by violent means. But surely it gives a new zest to life if we realize that all this constant doing of the same things, this constant going round and round the same little circle of daily duties, is not a treadmill penance, a profitless labor like weaving ropes of sand, but is designed to bring out and educate to the utmost perfection of which we are capable all that is best and most enduring in us. And surely it heightens the interest immeasurably to be assured that God has not merely ordained this long ago as part of his great providential plan for the world, but that he is daily and hourly superintending the process of our discipline and education by his personal presence, compassing our path, going round with us in the circle of life's toils and duties, and causing all our experiences, by his blessing, to work together for our good. — *Dr. Mac Millan*.

No wave on the great ocean of time, when once it has floated past us, can be recalled. All we can do is to watch the new form and motion of the next, and launch upon it to try, in the manner our best judgment may suggest, our strength and skill. — *Gladstone*.





## THE KITTY'S TEETER.

Now, pussy, you've taken your place over there,  
So now for a seesaw we'll each have a share.  
We will teeter and teeter, up and away.  
We're having a picnic; we'll stay here all day.  
There's a basket of apples all ready to eat,  
With a napkin spread over,—I know they are sweet.  
I like good sweet apples, but oh, it's too bad  
You can't eat an apple! I wish that you had  
A bowl of nice milk, and a big piece of bread;  
But when we go home, you shall surely be fed.  
Oh, we go up so high! I'm almost a man!  
Don't fall off, my kitty; hold on if you can.  
But mama is calling, and home we must go;  
I'm tired and sleepy, and you're hungry, I know.

EMMA L. KELLOGG.

## HIS SISTER'S KEEPER.

"BAH!" Hartley Plummer happened to glance up from the Thoreau he was devouring, and through the car window at a row of girls on the sidewalk. They walked arm in arm, five abreast, forcing the people they met into the street; and as Hartley looked up, they turned to smile and simper at a flashily-dressed young man who had just gone by. In spite of himself, Hartley's eyes refused to keep to the page. He looked again, and the hot blood came up into his face. He could not be mistaken; one of those girls was Fay—his own sister. He drew a long breath. She was a family disgrace! Well, just wait till he should see his mother! He went back to "Wild Apples," but they had lost their flavor. Fay! Shame on her. His mother's temper was as sharp as his own, and he was glad to think she would deal severely with such behavior.

But it was a long ride to Liberty street, and Hartley found himself wondering how it happened that Fay was in such company (he did n't know the girls), and how long she could have walked the street in this way, unknown to his mother.

He remembered he had picked up a paper a day or two before, and read something about a girl who had won her brother from bad company, and he had sneered a little to think of a girl's having to uphold a boy. How about turning the tables? His mother went out a great deal. In fact, it seemed as if she was almost always out, or somebody in; but he had never cared so long as he had his books and his workshop. And Fay? Really, he had never thought whether she was out or in. "It's a rather queer way we live, now I think of it," he said to himself, as he got off the car at the Natural History building, with some new ideas starting in his mind.

For the next hour he was busy with birds, but at supper time he had leisure to no-

tice Fay. Two ladies were taking tea with Mrs. Plummer, and they were going to some convention directly after. There was no chance to say anything, and Hartley went on thinking. He heard Fay ask her mother if she could go over to May Titcomb's a little while. May was a new girl who had just moved into the next block, Fay explained. Mrs. Plummer was arranging her hair over her forehead at the hall mirror, and trying to hear what Miss Barstow was saying in the parlor about the eligibility of somebody for president of something, and she answered hastily: "Did you practise this afternoon? Yes, a little while, but come home by nine o'clock;" and then she gave all her attention to her hair and Miss Barstow, and presently, after they had all kissed Fay, and her mother had charged her to be a good girl and come home early, the front door banged behind them, and Hartley felt that the battle was with him. He wondered if they would have been like this if

elegant in Fay's eyes. It had never occurred to him—he had little taste for music—that a music teacher was anything but a music teacher, but it seemed that there were differences.

"What does Miss Miller say about it?" he asked, rubbing out a line in his drawing, and bringing himself back to the subject with some difficulty.

Fay was playing part of a popular street air now, and it struck Hartley that Miss Miller might have cause for complaint, if this was a specimen of Fay's practise.

"What? Oh, about my touch?" Fay laughed. "She says: 'What's touch, if you don't know what to touch?' Catch her praising anybody!"

Hartley smiled grimly. He thought Miss Miller's query had a wide application, but he said nothing. Fay fidgeted on her stool, went out for a drink of water, peeped out of the window to see if there was a moon, and after announcing in a tone of satisfaction that her hour was almost up, began playing her exercises again in a way that rasped even Hartley's uncultivated ear. He began to feel that he had undertaken more than he had guessed. He grew irritated. Fay was light. She hadn't really practised fifteen minutes of the hour; and now she slipped off the stool, closed the book with a knock and a bang, and came to the table with, "What is it, Hartley? What are we going to do? I won't go to May's, if we can do something nice at home."

Hartley forced a smile as he looked up,—he was sure it was a miserable grin,—but Fay was too little accustomed to any attention from him to be critical.

"O dear!" he said; "I wish there was something in your lesson that bothered you as much as this bird does me!"

Fay watched him a moment in silence. "There is one place I know Miss Miller will scold about," she said presently, in a low tone.

"Well," Hartley looked up again, and the smile came more easily this time, "I wish you'd go over that as many times as I've gone over this line. Won't you play a little longer—just that one hard place while I wrestle with this bird? and the one that is perfect first may give the other a holiday."

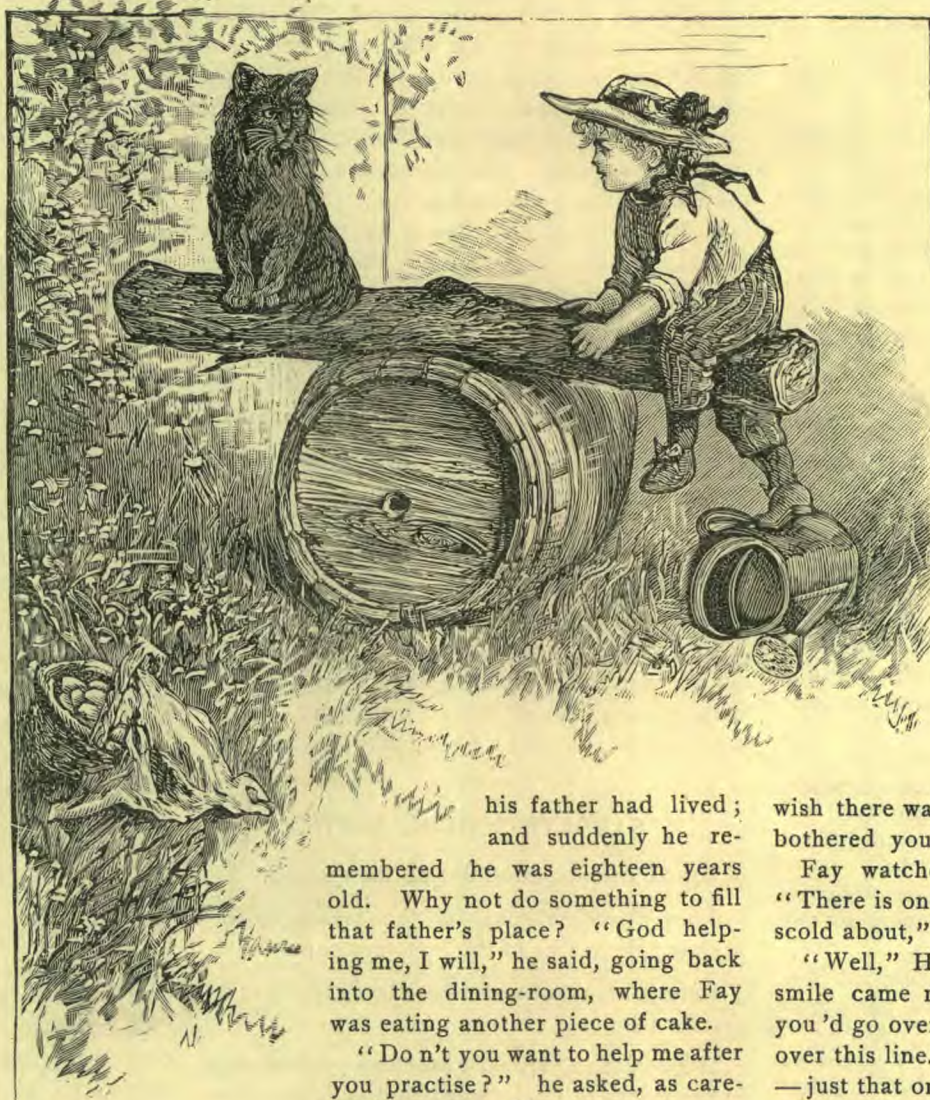
Fay went back to the piano reluctantly, but the point was gained. They both worked steadily for twenty minutes, when Fay cried, "Done!" and Hartley put down his pencil, and asked her to go over the whole exercise. "I do n't know much about music," he said, as she stopped, "but it seems to me that you have a good touch, Fay. I'll ask Miss Miller what she really thinks. Why—"

But little Fay's eyes overflowed, and the tears ran down her face. "You never praised me before, Hartley," she choked.

Hartley had the grace to be ashamed, but he did n't know how to talk about it, so he called Fay to see his drawing.

"Oh, the sparrow," she said, taking up one of the sketches. "That is Venus's bird, you know."

"What's that?" asked Hartley, who was no mythologist; and then Fay was proud to



his father had lived; and suddenly he remembered he was eighteen years old. Why not do something to fill that father's place? "God helping me, I will," he said, going back into the dining-room, where Fay was eating another piece of cake.

"Do n't you want to help me after you practise?" he asked, as carelessly as he could.

Fay looked up in open-eyed astonishment. "You have to practise, don't you?" he said, wondering at himself. He had noticed what his mother had not noticed,—that Fay made no reply to the question of afternoon practise.

"Yes, I s'pose so," she said, slowly, finishing her cake, and going into the parlor; "but I hate Miss Miller," she added, with a pout, as she arranged the music-stool and loitered over the music. "She's just as particular about everything! She's fussy!"

Hartley found himself all at once interested in Miss Miller.

Fay played a bar, and then ran her fingers lightly down a scale. "May Titcomb's teacher,—Arth—Mr. Stevens,—is just elegant. He says I have a splendid touch. He's teaching May and me a duet."

Hartley made a mental resolve to see this Mr. Stevens, and learn what made a man



be the teacher, and out of the talk grew the idea of making a bird game. "And then I could learn something about birds, without studying," said Fay, "for I don't like to study, though I want to know something; and if we could only have somebody come in here sometimes, Hartley, and you would play games—I get so lonesome—" and poor Fay drew a long sigh, and looked at her brother, half-frightened that she should have said so much.

"My brother's keeper," thought Hartley; "I guess 'brother' means 'sister' this time;" but to Fay he only said cheerily: "Of course we can, and I'll tell you, Fay, we'll go to the Schumann concert next week; that is, on one condition—when anybody asks you to go anywhere, you'll say, 'I must see first if my brother does n't want me to go somewhere or do something with him.' Is it a bargain?"

It was a bargain that soon cemented itself. Sometimes Hartley got tired of giving so many of his precious hours to Fay, and was cross, for Fay had none of his devotion to work; but with his encouragement, she made great improvement in music, and after he looked and talked over her school reports with their mother, Mrs. Plummer awakened by degrees to the fact that she had something more to do than to sign them; and so she fell into the way of walking over to school with Fay, and reviving her French and history in listening to the recitations.

"Only think, Hartley, we had a lovely, lovely speech in my school to-day," Fay said one night at tea to her brother, "and you know the lady who made it."

Mrs. Plummer smiled as her son looked up, and Fay waved a teaspoon at her triumphantly.

"Will you please give me a biscuit, Hartley?" Mrs. Plummer said, blushing a little. "It was n't a great speech," she went on. "I only told a little story I read the other day. A woman who has read so many club papers, ought not to be ashamed to speak to some nice girls, surely."

"I wish you'd come and talk to the boys in my school," said Hartley gaily. "We need it; and we should like it, too," he added, after a little pause.

Hartley had grown manly in six months. Mrs. Plummer said he had taken most of her cares, and once she put her arms around him as she met him in the hall, and said, "My boy, you grow to look like your father," and her lip quivered as she turned away quickly—a little quicker than Hartley wanted.

Mrs. Plummer declined to join a new club about that time, and gave up her membership in two of the three to which she already belonged.

"There is no doing anything with her," said Mrs. Beals, one of her co-workers. "She seems to have fallen in love with her children lately, and it is almost impossible to get her out without them. The girl is a sweet little thing, but I always thought the boy rather disagreeable."

"He improves a good deal," replied Mrs. Chadborne, a near neighbor of the Plummers. "He used to appear almost gruff and surly, and he was a real bookworm; but his sister seems to have brightened him up a good deal. Her companionship is just what the boy needs. He appears very well in company since Mrs. Plummer has had evenings at home once in two weeks. I suppose she has seen what the children need, and devotes herself to them, to have one offset the other."—*Annie M. L. Hawes, in Wellspring.*



### HOW LAWS ARE MADE.—NO. 3.

#### OPERATIONS UNDER THE CALL.

WHEN it becomes important that every member of either House should be present and vote upon a bill, those who are present can compel the attendance of the absentees. We will suppose a case. Mr. Smith or Mr. Brown has a bill that is of interest to many in the State. When it comes time for the vote to be taken, some of the members have left the chamber because they do not wish to vote,—“place themselves on record.” So Mr. Brown arises and says, “Mr. President, I move a call of the Senate.” If a majority of those in the chamber second the call, it is carried, the doors are closed, the serjeant or one of his assistants is placed on guard, and no member can leave the room until the Senate adjourns, or “further proceedings under the call are dispensed with.”

The serjeant-at-arms, upon motion, is sent for the absentees, and he has power to arrest all members who are not in the Senate chamber, unless they have been excused from that sitting. Again, taking a supposable case: the serjeant has found Senator Jones, who was out in the corridor having a visit, or who had just returned from the House or from the library. The serjeant conducts the senator to the bar of the Senate, and announces the senator's name to the president. The president instructs the senator to be admitted within the bar, then asks what excuse the gentleman has to offer for not being in his seat during the session of the Senate. The Senator makes whatever excuse he sees fit, and if the Senate is satisfied, some one will rise and move that the member be excused; but if the Senate is not satisfied, the member can be fined, and the fine taken out of his *per diem*,—his daily wages.

Many comical excuses are given, and the members are usually excused unless the absence is manifestly unpardonable.

One evening during a certain session, the talk was prolonged and not very interesting, so that some of the members thought they might just as well go home and sleep, as to stay. Along about eleven o'clock, however, some one moved that there be a call of the Senate. Several members were found absent without leave, and the serjeant was sent for them. He routed some of them out of their beds, and in the course of an hour had several back. All were excused, but the session continued till long after midnight. Messengers were sent for lunches, and a recess was declared for eating. The whole thing came in the nature of a joke on some of the members who thought that the Senate was not working hard enough, and were free to say so.

#### SOME INCIDENTS.

The solemn quiet of a session is disturbed sometimes by a humorous speech or dry joke. One day the serjeant came in with a new spring suit on. The pattern of the goods was a large check, and the suit was a little inclined to be flashy. The serjeant sat on a sofa near one of the senators, who in the midst of a dry discussion arose and said: “Mr. President, it is so noisy that I can hardly hear.” The president replied that he was not aware of any noise, to which the senator responded, “The serjeant-at-arms has such a *loud* suit of clothes on that I cannot hear the others talk.” The serjeant

lay down flat on the sofa to get out of sight, while the usually sober senators indulged their mirth.

At the close of the entire session, presents are sometimes made to the presiding officers and to some of the older members of the Houses, and where fighting once had been, peace reigns supreme. The closing moments of a session are full of business, and sometimes where a resolution has been passed to close the session at a certain hour, it becomes necessary for the serjeant to turn the clock back, so as to give time to finish the work.

During the session of 18—, a bill was up for the lowering of railway fare to two cents a mile. Mr. S., who weighed about three hundred avoirdupois, was talking in favor of the bill, when Mr. W. arose and said, “Mr. Speaker, I would like to ask the gentleman one question. Does the gentleman think that the railways can afford to carry him for two cents a mile?” The question raised a laugh at the expense of the speaker, and he was compelled to forego making the rest of his speech.

During the progress of the debate on this same bill, Mr. M. made the statement that several railways in the State of New York were carrying passengers for two cents a mile. Mr. L. said there was only one in the State of New York that did so. Mr. M. brought in a railway guide, which gave several roads, as he had before said. Angry words followed, and Mr. M. said, “I do not wish to say that the gentleman lies, but he talks just as I do when I lie.” Thus do grown-up boys forget themselves, and even in the high places of the land, indulge in language that would better be left unsaid.

One morning, after a very hard fight over the seating of a new member, during which time several members had lost their temper, the chaplain chose for the Scriptural reading, “Why do the *heathen* rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?” A smile, almost audible, betokened some wonderment as to which side in the discussion the scripture was intended to refer. Next day the chaplain apologized, saying he had no idea of making any personal allusions.

All kinds of schemes are resorted to in order to get bills through both Houses, from open bribery, which is sometimes found out and punished, to the trading of votes, in a “you-vote-for-my-bill, and-I'll-vote-for-yours” way. Yet there are many truly honest men among the law-makers, and some rascals. Would that all were honest. J. G. LAMSON.

#### WALTZING MICE.

THE Japanese have a queer little domestic animal—a black and white mouse with pink eyes. The peculiarity of this breed of mice is that when other baby mice are just beginning to walk, these are beginning to waltz; and they keep up their waltzing the greater part of their waking hours all their life.

If several mice are together, they often waltz in couples; sometimes even more than two join in the mad whirls, which are so rapid that it is impossible to tell heads from tails. If the floor of their cage is not smooth, they actually wear out their feet, leaving only stumps to whirl on. These remarkable whirls seem to be as necessary to the waltzing mouse as mid-air somersaults are to the tumbling pigeon.

An upright peg forms a convenient pivot for these Japanese pets, “but even without this guide,” says *Natural Science*, “they would not, in several minutes, cover an area larger than a dinner-plate, and they easily spin under a tumbler.”





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## A FROST MEDLEY.

A SCENE most fair before me lies,  
Of landscape wide, and shining skies ;  
Of forests wild, and mountains bold,  
Where castles rise with turrets old ;  
While mingled with a curious grace  
Objects both rare and commonplace,  
The rude encroaching on the fine,  
Yet harmonized by art divine,  
Conspire to form a picture grand  
Of beauty culled from sea and land,—  
A gallant ship with masts so tall,  
A ruined fort, a crumbling wall,  
A forest lake, a stream so bright,  
An iceberg gleaming in the light,  
A totem-pole so quaint and high,  
A broken cart with wheels awry,  
"A city set upon a hill,"  
A winding country road, a mill,  
A rustic bridge, toboggan slide,  
A vineyard on the mountain side,  
Electric wires with posts well set,  
A mosque with spire and minaret.  
A sphinx looks on with solemn face ;  
While clinging vines, with dainty grace,  
Are climbing, trailing everywhere.  
Gay butterflies fill all the air ;  
Bright diamond dust the sun flings down,  
Bedecking all from base to crown.  
And over all, from mountain peak,  
A sacred cross doth vigil keep.  
All this, and much beside, I see,  
Which Nature's hand, so kindly free,  
With cunning craft and sheen of frost  
Has on my window-pane embossed.

JULIA H. DUFFIE.

## THE DIFFERENCE.

FATHER TAB, in homely phrase, thus describes the difference between some sinners and other sinners :—

" 'Unc' Si, de holy Bible says,  
In speakin' ob de jus',  
Dat he do fall seben times a day ;  
Now, how 's de sinner wuss ?'

" 'Well, chile, de slip may come to all ;  
But den de diff'ence foller ;  
For, ef you watch him when he fall,  
De jus' man do not waller.'"

—Exchange.

## AN IMMENSE AMERICAN ESTATE.

HENRY MILLER and Charles Lux, cattlemen of San Francisco, confess to owning more than fourteen million acres of land in three States. As the San Francisco *Examiner* puts it, this makes an estate equal in area to the States of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut together. It is half the size of New York, and three times the size of New Jersey. It is about the size of West Virginia, and an eighth the entire area of California. It is as large as Greece with the Ionian Isles, of which Byron wrote. It is four times the area of Alsace-Lorraine, over which France and Germany fought. It is but little smaller than Ireland, and half again as large as Switzerland. It is twice as large as Belgium, and one third the size of England and Wales together. These two remarkable men are natives of one of the Rhenish provinces of Germany.

## A REVISED STANDARD.

A MAN was arraigned in a Chicago court a few days since, charged with revising, or attempting to revise, the standard of dry measure. In other words, he was selling three pecks for a bushel ! When brought before the court, he stoutly protested his innocence, and declared that according to his best information and belief there were only three pecks in a bushel ! He made an eloquent plea for himself, but it was of no use ; the facts in the case, the law, and everything, was against him, and the old standard of four whole pecks in a bushel was reaffirmed by the judge.

The public and the law will hold that no man can be innocent who tries to sell three pecks of vegetables for a bushel ; but what about those who call three pecks four pecks, and make three pecks a bushel that way ! Are they any better than is the man who pretends to give only three pecks for a bushel ? A short bushel is a short bushel, whether it is made up of three honest pecks or four dishonest ones. From what we have seen, we believe that every year millions of dollars are paid out in this country for goods that are never received, because what pretends to be a bushel will not weigh what the law demands that it shall weigh. False weights and false balances are an abomination unto the Lord, and why should not a guess measure be an abomination, too, when the article offered is guessed by the seller, and is guessed to be much more than it really is ? Our standards are all right—so many pounds to the bushel. What we want is revised honesty.

## A RECENT DISCOVERY.

It is generally thought that there is nothing more to discover in North America ; but every little while some enterprising traveler finds something of great interest, not known before. Not many years ago the great Yukon River in Alaska was discovered ; and now, if we may credit what we hear, another great river has been found in Canada. Such discoveries show that although America was discovered some centuries ago, there may still be made great discoveries in America. In regard to the newly-discovered river, the following, written to the Chicago *Times-Herald* by a correspondent from Ottawa, will speak for itself :—

"Professor Bell, of the geological survey, who returned to the city to-day, reports having discovered a river in the province of Quebec, of large dimensions. Shortly after the party crossed the height of land, they followed an unknown river, which gradually widened until it assumed a great size. They followed this river to James Bay. The river had three large branches, one of which has its source north of Three Rivers, another in the Lake St. John region, and the third near Lake Mistassini.

"This new river, for which the Indians have no name, is much larger than the Ottawa, and Dr. Bell affirms it to be the sixth of the great rivers of the world. Its average width is considerably over a mile, and it has expansions many miles in width. It runs through a level clay country, is very deep, and may be called a new Nile of the North. The river is five hundred miles in length, and great stretches would be navigable for steamers.

"Toward James Bay there are successions of great rapids, which render it useless as an inland route. These rapids cannot be ascended, except with great difficulty. The river banks are heavily wooded with pine, spruce, tamarac, balsam, and white birch. The primeval forest extends along the whole length of the stream."

## CHINESE MONEY.

It is held by some that the coinage of China was invented especially for the confusion of the foreigner. At any rate, two market villages twenty miles apart are quite certain to have a different rate of exchange, and—but this may be only a coincidence—the foreigner is not the one who profits thereby. Thus, suppose you tender one dollar at Stone Umbrella mart, and after much weighing and testing thereof, are given in exchange ten hundred and thirty brass coins strung on a string, of varying weight and thickness.

Arrived at the Plain of Peace, you buy one dollar's worth of fowls, and put down your ten hundred and thirty coins, only to be told that the exchange is eleven hundred and sixty, and you have to find the balance. Next day, having invested all your savings in cash, you return to Stone Umbrella, intending to buy up all the silver in circulation at the lowest rate of exchange.

Alas, for your hopes ! You are met with a chilling, "These coins are ten parts—one hundred per cent—worthless," and in corroboration of his statement, your would-be-victim points out, or pretends to point out, the absence of certain blurs on the horrid little rings of brass.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

## THE GREAT BELL OF PEKING.

THE emperor Yong-loh, founder of the Ming dynasty,—just previous to the present one, and contemporary with Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain,—in order to mark the removal of his capital from Nanking to Peking, and at the same time to honor Buddha, and win personal merit for himself in the future world, resolved to have cast at Peking a great memorial bell. To this end he invited to his northern capital the most skilled masters in this ancient art. In due time, after divination and consulting Buddhistic scholars as to the prayers to be embossed on the bell, and collecting vast quantities of different metals, constructing furnaces, models, and molds, the work was satisfactorily accomplished, and the event celebrated by great civic and religious rejoicings. It is in many respects the finest work of art in Asia,—the product of native skill,—and could not be duplicated by the highest ability or resources of Western foundries. It stands fourteen feet high, thirty-four feet in circumference, is nearly one foot in thickness, and weighs over one hundred and twenty thousand pounds. But what makes the bell the *chef-d'œuvre* of Asia is the fact that, without a flaw or defect of any kind, it is completely covered in relief, both inside and out, with myriads of Chinese characters, each one not an inch in size, consisting of prayers from Buddhistic classics. It is one of the vagaries of Buddhism that the prayers of the faithful may be infinitely and acceptably repeated by mechanical helps, as, for instance, when written petitions are attached to revolving wheels, as the writer has often witnessed ; so here, when the lips of this mighty and eloquent bell are moved by a fitting tongue, they breathe forth in deep, sweet, prolonged, and wonderfully vibratory voice, these prayers to Buddha, and call, as well, all devotees to worship.—*Selected*.

A DEVOUT thought, a pious desire, a holy purpose, is better than a great estate or an earthly kingdom. In eternity it will amount to more to have given a cup of cold water, with right motives, to a humble servant of God, than to have been flattered by a whole generation.—*Dr. Cumming*.