

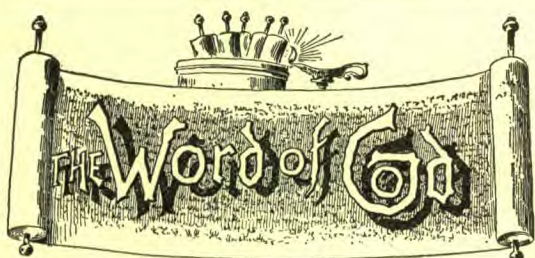
THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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THANKSGIVING HYMN.

We thank thee, O Father, for all that is bright —
The gleam of the day, and the stars of the night ;
The flowers of our youth and the fruit of our prime,
And blessings that march down the pathway of time.

We thank thee, O Father, for all
that is dear —
The sob of the tempest, the flow
of the tear ;
For never in blindness, and
never in vain,
Thy mercy permitted a sorrow
or pain.

We thank thee, O Father, for
song and for feast —
The harvest that glowed and the
wealth that increased ;
For never a blessing encom-
passed earth's child,
But thou in thy mercy looked
downward and smiled.

We thank thee, O Father of all
for the power
Of aiding each other in life's
darkest hour ;
The generous heart and the
bountiful hand,
And all the soul help that sad
souls understand.

We thank thee, O Father, for
days yet to be ;
For hopes that our future will
call us to thee ;
That all our eternity form,
through thy love,
One Thanksgiving day in the
mansions above.

— Will Carleton.

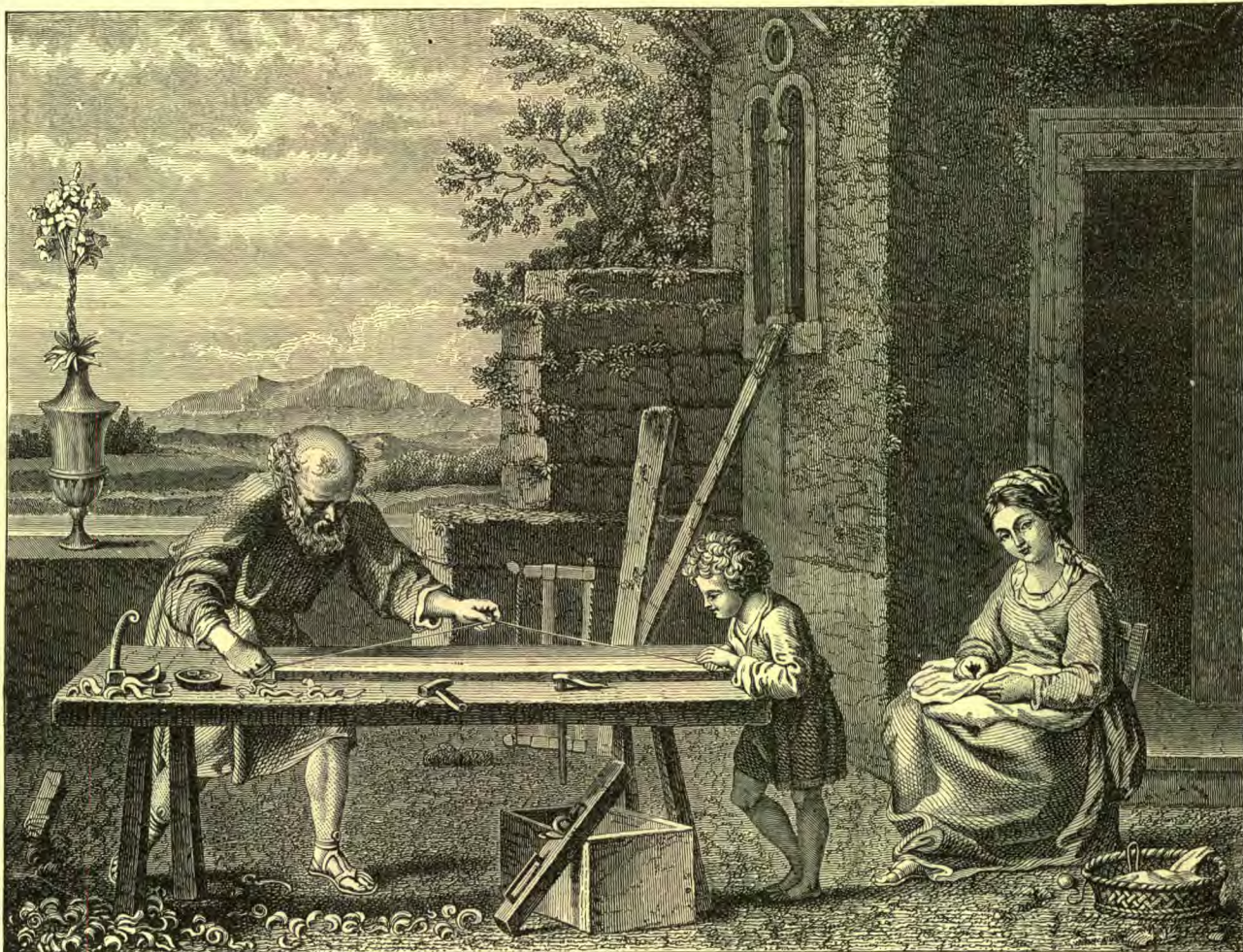
CHILD LIFE OF JESUS. — NO. 1.

BEFORE he came to this earth, Jesus was a great king in heaven. He was as great as God, and yet he loved the poor people of this earth so much that he was willing to lay aside his kingly crown, his beautiful robe, and come to this earth as one of the human family. We cannot understand how Christ became a little, helpless babe. He could have come to earth in such beauty that he would have been unlike the sons of men. His face could have been bright with light, and his form could have been tall and beautiful. He could have come in such a way as to charm those who looked upon him ; but this was not the way that God planned he should come among the sons of men. He was to be like those who belonged to the human family and to the Jewish race. His features were to be

like those of other human beings, and he was not to have such beauty of person as to make people point him out as different from others. He was to come as one of the human family, and to stand as a man before heaven and earth. He had come to take man's place, to pledge himself in man's behalf, to pay the debt that sinners owed. He was to live a pure life on the earth, and show that Satan had told a falsehood when he claimed that the human family belonged to him forever, and that God could not take men out of his hands.

Men first beheld Christ as a babe, as a child.

appears. How can it be that the helpless babe in Bethlehem's manger is still the divine Son of God? Though we cannot understand it, we can believe that he who made the worlds, for our sakes became a helpless babe. Though higher than any of the angels, though as great as the Father on the throne of heaven, he became one with us. In him God and man became one, and it is in this fact that we find the hope of our fallen race. Looking upon Christ in the flesh, we look upon God in humanity, and see in him the brightness of divine glory, the express image of God the Father.



CHILD LIFE OF CHRIST.

His parents were very poor, and he had nothing in this earth save that which the poor have. He passed through all the trials that the poor and lowly pass through from babyhood to childhood, from youth to manhood. Nearly two thousand years ago a voice was heard in heaven from the throne of God saying, "Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire : mine ears hast thou opened : burnt offering and sin offering hast thou not required. Then said I, Lo, I come : in the volume of the book it is written of me, I delight to do thy will, O my God : yea, thy law is within my heart."

The more we think about Christ's becoming a babe here on earth, the more wonderful it

From his earliest year, Christ lived a life of toil. In his youth he worked with his father at the carpenter's trade, and thus showed that there is nothing of which to be ashamed in work. Though he was the King of heaven, he yet worked at a humble trade, and thus rebuked all idleness in human beings. All work done as Christ did his work is noble and honorable. Those who are idle do not follow the example that Christ has given ; for from his childhood he was a pattern of obedience and industry. He was as a pleasant sunbeam in the home circle. Faithfully and cheerfully he acted his part, doing the humble duties that he was called to do in his lowly life. Christ became one with us in order that he might do us good. He lived

such a life of poverty and labor as would help the poor to understand that he could sympathize with the poor. He himself had shared the burdens of the lowly. The world's Redeemer did not live a life of selfish ease and pleasure. He did not choose to be the son of a rich man, or to be in a position where men would praise and flatter him. He passed through the hardships of those who toil for a living, and he could comfort all those who have to work at some humble trade. The story of his life of toil is written so that we may receive comfort out of it. Those who know the kind of life Christ lived, can never feel that the poor are to be despised, and that those who are rich are better than the humble.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING, AND EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE.

THIS is an old adage, but it will never wear out. It needs to be written in large letters both outside and inside every home; but my remarks at this time will be confined to the house. There is no habit to which children are addicted that causes more inconvenience and vexation than the habit of throwing things down instead of putting them in their proper places. It not only causes trouble for those who practise it, but for the whole family.

How often do we see boys and girls just as the last bell for school is about to ring, hunting for their hats! They are very anxious to get to school in season, but would not like to go bareheaded. Every one of the family is running from room to room in search of it. Soon the bell rings, and the hatless ones burst into tears because they know they will be late to school, and that means a great deal, you know, especially to those who are interested in their studies.

Now just stop to think, children, how much confusion this has caused. In the hurry and anxiety that you should be at school in season, every one has left his work; every door has been left open; every box and clothes-basket has been rummaged for the missing article; and after you are gone, all these things must be set right. Besides this, each member of the family has lost time, and will have to work so much faster to make up for that lost time.

But there is another thing which is worse than all the rest, because it is sin. Very often boys and girls get so impatient at such times that they say unkind words. Ought you not to try to overcome this habit, when it makes so much trouble? You should have a place for your hat, and then you should cultivate your memory so that you will always put it there; and when you have gained that point, it will be easier to follow out this rule with everything else.

You want to do this for mother's sake as well as your own benefit. Girls, before you go to school, set your room in order; leave nothing down for mother to hang up. She has care enough. Do this for your own sake; it will be a gain to you all through life. This careless habit causes you to be behind time with everything.

I know there are a good many girls in this world, and there may be some that read this article who do not have a bureau or wardrobe; but you can get a dry goods box, and paper it nicely. Then put some shelves in it and a curtain in front. This will serve in place of a bureau. For a wardrobe a wide corner shelf with a curtain across the front and nails underneath to hang garments on

does very well. If you would like a table for books and writing material, take a box long enough so that when turned on the end it will be of sufficient height to write upon with ease; then turn a long shallow box down over it, and you have a table. Throw a spread over all, and let it reach to the floor, and no one will know but that you have a mahogany table underneath.

Do not say, "I have no place for anything," while you have hands to use. Girls that have brothers can sometimes get them to do these things; but often they are otherwise engaged; and it is a good thing for girls to learn to depend upon themselves. This has been the writer's experience. I can look back with pleasure to my youthful days, when we settled upon government land in Illinois, and our furniture was mostly home-made. I took solid comfort in manufacturing, by my own ingenuity, things both useful and ornamental, with which to make our home comfortable and attractive.

And then when you have a place for everything, and keep everything in its place, you will have accomplished something that will be a blessing to you as long as you live.

MRS. JULIA LOOMIS.

"COME TO ME."

LONG ago in old Judea
Came the sick, the blind, the lame,
To the far-famed healing fountain
Where the angel footsteps came.
How they watched, so sad and lonely,
For the troubling of the pool,
When the angel, flying earthward,
Brushed the waters, calm and cool!

But that pool in old Judea
Angels left long years ago,
When the nation's mighty Healer
Stooped from bliss to earthly woe.
Now to all the heavy-hearted
Comes his tender, loving plea:
"Seek the magic fount no longer;
I will heal you. Come to me!"

MYRTA B. CASTLE.

A WONDERFUL MEMORY.

I WRITE these lines in La Rochelle, France, a seaport on the Atlantic Ocean, formerly a Protestant fortress, or city of refuge. It is a quaint, old-fashioned city; its public monuments, built in the thirteenth century, bear on their faces the marks of time and war. The street from which I write, named "Jean Guiton," recalls the horrors of the siege by Cardinal Richelieu in 1628, when the Protestants, led by the man after whom this street is named, surrendered after having been reduced, by disease and hunger, from twenty-eight thousand to five thousand.

One thing struck me here, and that is a noble, gigantic cedar of Lebanon, stretching out its large limbs horizontally over the two streets, at the corner of which it is planted,—a fit emblem of the protection of God over men, if they would recognize his goodness. Instead of that, men seek their strength in their own arm, as evidenced by the many soldiers seen in the city.

But I must come to the chief item of interest seen here so far, and that is a man who actually and practically *knows the Bible by heart*.

I had read about him a year or two ago, and having occasion to spend one day in this city, I took pains to look him up yesterday. He is not a myth at all; he is a good-sized, fleshy man, with a clean-shaved, smiling face.

Mr. Jules Tostée was born in Rochefort, on the twenty-second of July, 1827. He was deaf and dumb until he was thirteen or fourteen years of age. From that time his faculties seem to

have concentrated themselves on the memory and the power of reckoning figures. He seemed perfectly willing to have his powers of memory tried. I first read him a list of scriptures, of which he immediately gave me the book, chapter, and verse. Then I gave him book, chapter, and verse of another list of passages, which he repeated by heart very accurately, all this with only once in a while stopping a second or two to think, before giving the answer. I here give the two lists, so that you may get an idea of what the test was. First list:—

Ps. 107:33; Num. 23:5; Lev. 13:31; 2 Chron. 11:20; Eze. 42:13; Ps. 109:2; Ps. 77:6; Prov. 4:12; Jer. 51:6; Zeph. 3:13.

Second list:—

Matt. 24:20; Mark 10:15; Luke 17:26, 27; John 14:23; Acts 2:10; Acts 23:33; 2 Cor. 10:10; Gal. 5:16; Eph. 5:9; Col. 4:6; 1 John 4:15; 1 Peter 1:13; Rev. 12:12; Judges 8:10; Amos 1:14; Hab. 3:14.

I might have continued indefinitely, as far as he was concerned.

About psalm 107, Mr. Tostée added that it was No. 7 in the Hymn Book. About Num. 23:5, he remarked that the same words were also in verse 16. In several places he told the contents of the verse before and the verse that follows the one named. On Lev. 13:31 he added that leprosy is a figure of sin. On 2 Chron. 11:20 he remarked that chapters ten to twelve give the history of Rehoboam; and so on, at almost every verse telling either something in the line of comment, or where the same declaration which is found in the Old Testament occurs in the New, or saying how a word is rendered in another version.

"Can you repeat Neh. 3:4?" I asked.

"I do not quite remember in order the names of those who rebuilt Jerusalem under Nehemiah, the governor of Judea under Artaxerxes Longimanus from the twentieth to the thirty-second year of that king."

"Where do you find the length of Nehemiah's administration?"

"Chapter 5, verse 14."

"Where is it that it says that God's righteousness shall never be abolished?"

"Isa. 51:6."

"How many verses are there in the Bible?"

"This is a secondary question. I have counted 31,189. Some count more or less."

"How do you read the Bible?"

"Consecutively, so as to read it through each year. It takes two or three chapters in the Old Testament and one in the New, daily, to do that."

"Did you always read the Bible?"

"As much as I could, all my life through. It is my light and salvation, my comfort and my joy. I find in it a sure hope of a life beyond this."

My introducer then asked him the following question:—

"I was fifty years of age, September 5. How many minutes does that make?"

The answer came as quick as lightning:—

"You were born in 1845; that makes 18,273 days (to-day is the fifteenth); 18,273 by 24 makes 438,552, which multiplied by sixty makes 26,313,120 minutes."

It is too short a time since this astonishing interview for me to make any comments. I will leave them for the reader to make.

JEAN VUILLEUMIER.

THERE is nothing so small but that we may honor God by asking his guidance of it, or insult him by taking it into our own hands.—*Ruskin*.

Timely Topics

CUBA.

As the time for the assembling of the United States Congress draws near, the Spanish government officials are showing their fear that that body will so express itself in regard to Cuban affairs as will give great comfort and perhaps material assistance to the insurgents. General Campos warns the Spanish government that unless self-government is given to Cuba, the temper of the American people is such that Congress will be compelled to take some action in Cuban affairs. The Spanish home government replies that the ministers are thinking of doing so, but expresses the fear that the Cubans will not now accept it if offered. The war has taxed the strength of Spain to the uttermost, and there are yet no signs of any permanent defeat of the insurgents.

CRIMES AND CRIMINALS.

It is not often in this, or any other country, that two such criminals as Holmes and Durrant are on trial at the same time; nor does it often occur that two men are found guilty of such terrible crimes so near together in point of time. There are men who commit brutal murders for whom we may express some degree of sympathy because of their early training in vice, which gave their minds a strong bias toward crime before they were really masters of their own actions. Hundreds of such persons grow up in the slums of our great cities, criminals from childhood.

It is true the law makes no distinction between their cases and those of others who have had better opportunities; but in the cases of these slum-raised and untaught children, who, in the language of the Scriptures, may be said to go astray from their birth, speaking lies, there is a difference which every thinking man must recognize; and the responsibility for the crimes committed by them must eventually be divided and apportioned among many persons, the most of whom no doubt imagine that they are not at all to blame.

But it is not so in the cases of Holmes and Durrant. Both were men of ability and education. They had stood well in the community where they resided. One of them was the superintendent of a Sunday-school, and was active in church work. Against every good influence, they steeled their hearts until their entire loss of moral sense is the wonder of the day. Conscience with them is more than asleep; it is dead and buried; and there appears to be no reason to doubt that if they had not been detected in their crimes, they would have gone on in the same way indefinitely. How many more men there are of this character who are yet unconvicted and unhung, God only knows; but no doubt there are others. It is also likely that they will yet be discovered; for it is an old saying that the devil takes great pains to get people into difficulties, but that he makes no effort to get them out. This is true. But even if such men are not now brought to justice here, there is an appointed day when every hidden crime and sin will be revealed, and a just judgment will be rendered by a God of infinite knowledge, justice, and power. That great court will bring every human being to trial, will review all cases, and will render to every man according to his works.

THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

THE Woman's Christian Temperance Union, generally referred to as the W. C. T. U., held its twenty-second annual session at Baltimore, Md., the first meeting occurring October 18. The chief event of the session was the address of the president, Miss Frances E. Willard. The cause of temperance, which gave rise to this society, gained for these women and their work the sympathy and support of the great mass of the people of this country; but the course pursued by the society of late years in making a fight against intemperance secondary to other real or fancied evils, which the society hopes to remedy, is alienating the sympathy of very many people, and many reputable journals, which once had only good words for the society, now turn upon it the keenest shafts of their ridicule.

The reading of the annual message of the president, Miss Willard, which she lately delivered at Baltimore, will show that there is good reason for this change of opinion. In her address Miss Willard, instead of devoting her remarks to the subject which caused the organization of the society and gave it the sympathy of all good people, alluded to a score of topics, from the revival of Napoleonism to the financial problems of the day, with the design of committing the society to the policy in these matters which she had outlined. To illustrate, she would commit the wives of gold men to free silver! The *Chicago Inter Ocean* refers to her address as a "crazy quilt," so many and various are the things discussed and recommended by this president to her congress.

It is unnecessary to say that she could not make her address without alluding to "Lady Henry Somerset," since she does this in about all her utterances for the public, whether by voice or pen; but she excelled herself on this occasion, for she also referred to the marriage of Lady Somerset's son. And all this under the name of temperance! Among other great projects of reform in prospect is a trip of Miss Willard and Lady Henry Somerset round the world, which is only deferred by the marriage before mentioned. The world surely will be sobered by the sight and knowledge of so great a feat performed by such worthy ladies.

One of the things proposed at the congress is that the Prohibition party, which is a kind of annex to Miss Willard's society, change its name to the Home Protection Party; but if the W. C. T. U. persists in making the cause of temperance but one point in its work, and it is further determined to go on in its present course, meddling with everything under the sun, the W. C. T. U. should change its own name to something that will truly represent its principles and work. It has no right to pose as a temperance organization when it devotes so much of its strength and means to so many other objects.

It is disheartening to those who love the cause of temperance to see such an organization lose its bearings and allow itself to be so diverted from its course, which gave it for a time the sympathy of all temperance people, and made it a power for good. We sincerely wish it would not waste its energies discussing the revival of Napoleonism, free silver, the single tax, nor the French conquest of Madagascar, but would be truly what its name implies, a Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Then it would be what its name signifies, and the best people of all the parties would bid the society God-speed.

SHOCKING BARBARITY.

WHILE the barbarities of the Chinese upon the Christian missionaries in that remote country and the murder of Armenians by fanatical Mohammedans are exciting the good people of the United States to such a pitch that many of them want to see the government of this country do something more energetically than it yet has done for these suffering peoples, such shocking cruelties have lately been perpetrated in this country that should make Americans cease to throw stones until they themselves move out of their glass houses. We allude to the torture and murder of colored men in the South, notably those which have lately occurred in Kentucky and Texas.

We would not intimate that the circumstances surrounding the revolting barbarities in the other countries referred to and our own are precisely the same. They are not; and yet in one particular point there is a decided similarity. Race prejudice is the cause. In the Eastern countries this prejudice is intensified by difference of religion, but it is as unwise to charge the murder of Armenians to the religion of Mohammed as it would be to charge the murder of a Kurd by an Armenian to Christianity. Many cruelties that the Christian world charge to the religion of Islam are really chargeable to natural ferocity and race hatred.

That the negroes who were recently tortured and murdered in the South deserved death, we freely admit. We also admit that the terrible crimes committed by them gave great provocation to the people; but at the same time, it is a terrible blot on our so-called Christian civilization that a criminal is not allowed a trial, but is tortured with a barbarity excelling the ferocity of the ignorant Kurds or Bashi Bazouks of the sultan's Asiatic dominions. That there are white men in our land who will not only take the position of self-appointed judges and executioners, but will also deliberately torture a prisoner before killing him, is enough to make every lover of his country and his country's honor hang his head for very shame. In Kentucky the colored murderer's ears and fingers were cut off before he was hanged up to be riddled with bullets; but far worse was the fate of the negro murdered at Tyler, Texas. Think of it! a human being tied to an iron fence in the sight of ten thousand people, and tortured with fire for fifty minutes before mercy enough to kill him was shown! That a few personal friends and relatives of the murderer's victim should be so enflamed with madness as to desire to torture him is not so very remarkable, considering the nature of the crime and the innate cruelty of men; but that thousands should have congregated to see it as to a holiday, that women and children viewed the brutal scene with apparent satisfaction, is almost incredible! It is awful beyond expression.

By such scenes the impressionable youth are made familiar with the most atrocious crimes, and their minds are given a brutal turn. Crimes cannot be prevented or made less by other crimes; and the torture of criminals by infuriated mobs will only intensify the feeling of antipathy between the races, leading to the constant repetition of similar scenes. When such things are happening in our own country, we should be careful how we point out the cruel Kurds or the Chinese "vegetarians" as specimens of the people of foreign countries in contrast with the good people inhabiting this land; for it is very evident that we have little of which to boast. There are lawless and wicked people here as well as in other lands.



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

A PRECIOUS LEGACY.

IN thousands of families there are precious relics of their ancestors, which have come down from father to son through long generations,—the sword carried at Bunker Hill, the family Bible with the letters of antique design, containing the family history written by those now turned to dust, and all cherished as of great value. But when He who was at once the richest and the poorest man died, he left no legacy of an earthly nature for his spiritual children. His clothing, all his earthly effects, was divided or ruffled for by the unfeeling Roman soldiers, and when worn out, was thrown away as useless rubbish. Perhaps it were better so than that it should be saved to become the object of idolatrous worship by an ignorant and credulous people, to the neglect of the truths which the same divine Teacher had taught. If he had given earthly, natural things to his children, he would have given as the world gives; but his gift, his legacy, to all his children, is of a different character.

What is his great gift? and how does he give it? Here are his own words as found in the will: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." John 14:27. We fear that many do not understand nor appreciate this gift. If they do not understand it, they certainly cannot appreciate it. Jesus's peace, what is it? It was a soul at rest, because fully conscious of perfect rectitude and strong in faith in the Father, in whose eternal justice and love he could securely abide. His peace was not a calm exterior, while secret forebodings were gnawing the heart-strings of life. His peace was like the river. The winds might play upon the surface, but the deep undercurrent was unchanged. Here, then, was the secret of that peace which the clamors and insults of the people, the defection of his own disciples, the rank injustice of the chief priests, and the haughty bearing and cruelty of the Roman governor and of his soldiers could not disturb. He knew that he was of God, and the storm-beats of trial and persecution deepened his hold upon God, and made his peace sweeter as he was carried farther toward the attainment of his object—the proof of his love for mankind and their hope of salvation by the sacrifice of himself. Thinking of this seriously for a few moments, can we not say that we are satisfied with the legacy, and that nothing else could have pleased us so well?

This peace he gives to us; not one like it, but the same peace. It is *his* peace, because we receive it not from our own efforts, not by our own works, but from him. Christ brought peace into the world. His ambassadors preach peace between God and man. "He is our peace," because he made provision for the removal of our carnal hearts and sins, which are the weapons of our warfare against God. If we will allow him to work in our hearts and to control our lives, he will dwell in our hearts; and where he is, peace dwells. Having him, we cannot fail to have peace. "Being justified [declared just] by faith, we have

peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." There can be no peace in the heart, in the family, in the community, unless there is obtained by the individuals composing the family and the community, peace with God. One such heart, inhabited by the living Christ, blesses a community; many such make a heaven here on earth.

Paul and Silas had this peace. With lacerated and bleeding forms, and with feet fast in the stocks, they sang praise to God, and the vibration of that song of joy and peace reached heaven, entered the ear of the God of infinite love and justice, and there were crushing walls, trembling, fearing hearts, and the thought of suicide and death; but Paul, at peace with God, said, "Do thyself no harm; for we are all here;" and that frightened, restless jailer found rest in Jesus and "rejoiced, believing in God with all his house."

This blessed rest and peace is for every one. It was not confined to the twelve, nor to the seventy. It has been experienced by millions since the days of Paul. Countless martyrs have been upheld and sustained by it, a marvel to the world and to themselves. Luther found it at the monastery at Erfurt; Bunyan experienced it in Bedford jail. It is Christ's legacy, inherited alike by all his true disciples. Do we have this peace? Do you, dear reader, make the words of the promise, "My peace I give unto you," as a personal promise? It was meant for *you*; take it and rest in it. The world cannot give it; the world cannot take it away. It is the Christian's legacy, more precious than the coronets and crown jewels of the greatest sovereigns of earth. Receive it, prize it, keep it. It is the pledge of immortality, soon to be bestowed upon the children of God.

JOY IN THE GOSPEL.

YES, joy in the gospel! Why not? The gospel is good news; it is the news that God has provided a way of salvation for us poor sinners. He provides it freely to us, though it cost the sufferings and death of his only begotten Son. The Lord wants everybody to know the good news; so he sends those whom he has especially commissioned to tell what he has done and will do for every sinner. To them he has said: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." And he wants every one who hears the good news to believe it, and to be so glad that he will at once join in the same work of telling the good news to others. "Let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Sometimes when people in this world make a grand party, they appoint a very few persons to act as a committee of invitation, and by that committee a few select persons are invited; but the Lord has no favorites. We are all equally needy, and it is good to know that we are all equally loved by him. And he wishes every Christian to be one of this committee of invitation, saying, "Come, for all things are now ready."

It is certain that if professed Christians did realize in their own experience the joy there is in truly believing the message of love from our heavenly Father which may be seen in the gospel, the world would be moved as it has not been moved recently. If people get the idea that Christians are hopeless and joyless, they will not desire to become Christians themselves. The early Christians were a happy people. When the disciples returned from the Mount of Ascension to Jerusalem, it is written that they "returned to Jerusalem with great joy: and

were continually in the temple, praising and blessing God." Luke 24:52, 53. When Philip went down to Samaria and preached to the Samaritans the good news of salvation,—preached the same Jesus who a few years before had sat upon Jacob's well near their city,—and many believed, "there was great joy in that city." Acts 8:8. If Paul and Silas could sing while, with bleeding backs, they lay in the "inner prison" at Philippi, with their feet fast in the stocks, think you they did not sing at other times? Paul once said, "I am exceeding joyful in all our tribulation."

Why should not Christians be happy and joyful in the Lord? Nothing can separate them from Christ. He is with us always. Troubles cannot last forever. The sun is shining above the clouds, and soon the clouds must part; the light will force its way through.

"Afflictions may press me; they cannot destroy.
One glimpse of his love turns them all into joy.
And the bitterest tears if *He* smile but on them,
Like dew in the sunshine grow diamond and gem."

And then again these trials here below must soon close. Every passing day makes one day of trial less—one day less of earth, one day nearer our everlasting reward. The trial of yesterday or to-day can never come again. At the close of each day we may know that heaven and home are one day nearer. Finally, at the coming of our Lord we shall be led—

"Out of the shadow of sadness
Into the sunshine of gladness,
Into the land of the blest;
Out of a world very dreary,
Out of the land of the weary,
Into the rapture of rest."

GOOD BEHAVIOR.

SOMETIMES when children are reprovved for noise or rude conduct in which two or more are engaged, they try to lay the blame off themselves, and they say, "I'll behave if he will behave." Now we may as well recognize this fact first as last, that if we make our good behavior dependent upon what some other person does, it will never be good. To behave well when all others do so may be easier, but as long as we cannot always depend upon others to behave well, and as another's behavior really has nothing to do with our duty, we should have some other rule to go by.

The following would be a good rule for children, and grown people would be benefited by it also. Behave well when others behave well; and when others behave ill, behave so well that they will be ashamed. It will never do to make our good behavior dependent upon the good behavior of others. The Lord is best pleased when, against the strong current of opposing influences, we do right because it is right; and the ill behavior of others will never be a good excuse for us to do as they do. To excuse ourselves for doing what we ought not to do, by telling what some one else did, is, however, one of the most natural traits of human character. It is not confined to children; people with gray hairs resort to it with surprising eagerness. Adam laid his disobedience in the garden directly to his wife, Eve, and indirectly upon God himself: "The woman whom *thou* gavest to be with me, *she* gave me of the tree, and I did eat." The woman, not to be outdone, laid it upon Satan. "The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat." And so the people of the world have gone on ever since, laying the blame for their own misconduct upon others. It takes much moral courage to say, "I am wrong," or as David said, "I have sinned." M. E. K.

BIBLE LESSONS AND NOTES

LESSON 10.—WHO PERSECUTE, AND WHY?

(December 7, 1895.)

1. WHAT is the meaning of the term "persecute"? (See note 1.)
2. For what did Christ come? John 12: 47, last clause.
3. What spirit must actuate every child of God? Rom. 8: 9.
4. How will this be manifested?—By love, forgiveness, forbearance, patience, kindness. (See Gal. 5: 22, 23.)
5. How will love lead us to treat our neighbor? Rom. 13: 10; Matt. 22: 39.
6. What instructions in this respect will true Christians follow? Matt. 5: 44. (See note 2.)
7. Who is it, then, that persecutes? Gal. 4: 29.
8. And who are the persecuted? Same verse. (See note 3.)
9. Have not the professed people of God persecuted? Acts 7: 52.
10. What charge did Christ bring against Jerusalem? Matt. 23: 37.
11. What do those who persecute God's people bring upon themselves? Jer. 26: 14, 15; Matt. 23: 34, 35.
12. What is the result of such a course? 2 Chron. 36: 16.
13. Since the true child of God is led by the spirit of Christ, and that is love, by what spirit are those led who persecute? Eph. 2: 1, 2.
14. What did Christ say of those who were seeking to take his life? John 8: 44.
15. What did Satan do when he saw that he was cast into the earth? Rev. 12: 13; compare with verse 9.
16. Upon whom does he make war? Rev. 12: 17.
17. Why do men persecute? 1 John 3: 11, 12.
18. What is given to God's people? Phil. 1: 29.
19. How many are to suffer persecution? 2 Tim. 3: 12.
20. Why does God permit persecution to come upon his people? Dan. 11: 33, 35.
21. How long will it exist? Dan. 7: 21, 22. (See note 4.)
22. What spirit should we manifest under persecution? Matt. 5: 11, 12.
23. How did the apostles regard it? Acts 5: 41; 2 Cor. 12: 10.
24. What is the promise to those who suffer persecution? Rom. 8: 17; Matt. 5: 10.

NOTES.

1. *Persecute*.—“(1) To pursue in a manner to injure, vex, or afflict; to cause to suffer pain from hatred or malignity; to harass; to beset in an annoying way. (2) Especially to afflict, harass, or punish for adherence to a particular creed or system of religious principles, or to a mode of worship.”—*Webster*.

The punishment of criminals through the enforcement of right laws can never be persecution. To hang murderers or imprison thieves is not persecution. From the very nature of the case, persecution implies an injustice done by one person to another.

2. The love of God in the heart leads one to act like God. Of him we read that he makes his sun to “rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the un-

just.” Matt. 5: 45. He is “long-suffering to usward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.” 2 Peter 3: 9. Unlike the persecutor, he takes no pleasure “in the death of him that dieth.” Eze. 18: 32. He blesses all, he loves all, and is patient and kind and long-suffering to all.

3. This is an important point. This text (Gal. 4: 29) throws great light on the subject of persecution. It shows who persecutes and who are persecuted. He that is born of the flesh, of the carnal mind, which is not subject to the law of God (Rom. 8: 7), he it is that persecutes. His old, unrenewed, selfish nature leads him to despise and treat with contempt and violence those whose lives, by their purity and holiness, differ from his life. Those who have been born “again” “from above” (John 3: 1-7, margin), “of the Spirit,” these will bear the fruits of the Spirit, which are “love, joy, peace, longsuffering,” etc. (Gal. 5: 22.) These will not persecute.

4. “Persecution in its varied forms is the development of a principle which will exist as long as Satan exists and Christianity has vital power. No man can serve God without enlisting against himself the opposition of the hosts of darkness. Evil angels will assail him, alarmed that his influence is taking the prey from their hands. Evil men, rebuked by his example, will unite with them in seeking to separate him from God by alluring temptations. When these do not succeed, then a compelling power is employed to force the conscience.” “The Lord permits conflicts to prepare the soul for peace.” “Let there be a revival of the faith and power of the early church, and the spirit of persecution will be revived, and the fires of persecution will be rekindled.”—“*Great Controversy*,” pages 610, 633, 48.

SABBATH-SCHOOL HINTS.

“GRIEVE not the Holy Spirit of God.”

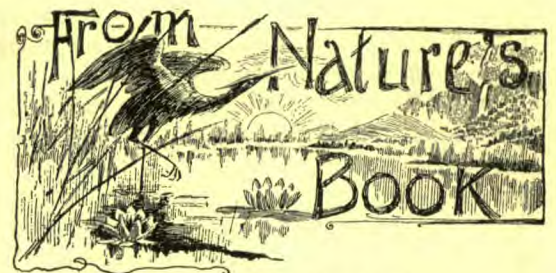
The Lord is more willing to give us his Spirit, than we are to give good gifts to our dearest friends.

“If we will open the door to Jesus, he will come in and abide with us; our strength will always be reenforced by his actual representative, the Holy Spirit.”—*Mrs. E. G. White*.

The Spirit speaks to us through the Scriptures; therefore we should study them prayerfully, that we may be able to recognize the voice of God in them to us. “Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life.”

“We may tarry all night in the fields, like Jacob, but unless we know the Scriptures, we have not the ladder whose top reaches unto heaven, along which our thoughts, like angels, may ascend and descend.”—*Gordon*.

We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against the prince of darkness. We need divine power to meet this adversary. Luther relates one of his experiences with Satan as follows: “Once upon a time the Devil said to me, ‘Martin Luther, you are a great sinner, and you will be damned!’ ‘Stop! stop!’ said I; ‘one thing at a time. I am a great sinner, it is true, though you have no right to tell me of it. I confess it. What next?’ ‘Therefore, you will be damned.’ ‘That is not good reasoning. It is true I am a great sinner, but it is written, ‘Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners;’ therefore, I shall be saved! Now go your way.’” J. H. D.



THE NORTH AMERICAN PIGEON.

[WHEN the writer was a boy, nothing was more commonly seen in the spring and autumn than were these birds. About forty years ago they nested in great numbers in the woods in the Province of Quebec, close to the border of Vermont. At that time the very light of the declining sun was obscured by vast flocks of these birds, when in the afternoon they returned from their foraging to their nests at the foot of the mountain. Hunters took them there by thousands. They were knocked off the trees with poles, and strung on sticks like fish, and so brought out of the woods on the hunters' backs. After that for many years they were constant visitors, and “pigeon stew” was a common dish on farmers' tables in those days. No wild bird excelled them in beauty and swiftness of flight, and to this day we recall the sound of the sudden rush of wings, as one of those swift couriers of the air passed us, and was a half mile away before we could look up to see which way he had gone. But they are never to our knowledge now seen in northern Vermont, where they used to be so plentiful, and we have not seen one since 1872, when we saw a few in northern New York. We have often wondered what has become of them, but the following interesting article by Chief Pokagon, which appeared in the *Chautauquan* of November of the present year, shows that these beautiful birds, like the American bison, have perished by the hands of the unscrupulous hunters.—M. E. K.]

The migratory or wild pigeon of North America was known by our race as “o-me-mewog.” Why the European race did not accept that name was, no doubt, because the bird so much resembled the domesticated pigeon; they naturally called it a wild pigeon, as they called us wild men.

This remarkable bird differs from the dove, or domesticated pigeon, which was imported into this country, in the grace of its long neck, its slender bill and legs, and its narrow wings. Its length is sixteen and one half inches. Its tail is eight inches long, having twelve feathers, white on the underside. The two center feathers are longest, while five arranged on either side diminish gradually, each one-half inch in length, giving to the tail when spread an almost conical appearance. Its back and upper part of the wings and head are a darkish blue, with a silken, velvety appearance. Its neck is resplendent in gold and green, with royal purple intermixed. Its breast is reddish brown, fading toward the belly into white. Its tail is tipped with white, intermixed with bluish black. The female is one inch shorter than the male, and her color less vivid.

It was proverbial with our fathers that if the Great Spirit in his wisdom could have created a more elegant bird in plumage, form, and movement, he never did.

When a young man, I have stood for hours admiring the movements of these birds. I have seen them fly in unbroken lines from the horizon, one line succeeding another from morning until night, moving their unbroken columns like an army of trained soldiers pushing to the front, while detached bodies of these birds appeared in different parts of the heavens, press-

ing forward in haste, like raw recruits preparing for battle. At other times I have seen them move in one unbroken column for hours across the sky, like some great river, ever varying in hue; and as the mighty stream, sweeping on at sixty miles an hour, reached some deep valley, it would pour its living mass headlong down hundreds of feet, sounding as though a whirlwind was abroad in the land. I have stood by the grandest waterfall of America, and regarded the descending torrents in wonder and astonishment, yet never have my astonishment, wonder, and admiration been so stirred as when I have witnessed these birds drop from their course like meteors from heaven.

While feeding, they always have guards on duty to give alarm of danger. It is made by the watch-bird as it takes its flight, beating its wings together in quick succession, sounding like the rolling beat of a snare drum. Quick as thought each bird repeats the alarm with a thundering sound, as the flock struggles to rise, leading a stranger to think a young cyclone is then being born.

I have visited many of the roosting places of these birds, where the ground under the great forest trees for thousands of acres was covered with branches torn from the parent trees, some from eight to ten inches in diameter. At such a time so much confusion of sound is caused by the breaking of limbs and the continual fluttering and chattering, that a gun fired a few feet distant cannot be heard, while to converse so as to be understood is almost impossible.

About the middle of May, 1850, while in the fur trade, I was camping on the head waters of the Manistee River, in Michigan. One morning on leaving my wigwam I was startled by hearing a gurgling, rumbling sound, as though an army of horses laden with sleigh-bells was advancing through the deep forests toward me. As I listened more intently, I concluded that instead of the tramping of horses it was distant thunder; and yet the morning was clear, calm, and beautiful. Nearer and nearer came the strange commingling sounds of sleigh-bells, mixed with the rumbling of an approaching storm. While I gazed in wonder and astonishment, I beheld moving toward me in an unbroken front millions of pigeons, the first I had seen that season. They passed like a cloud through the branches of the high trees, through the underbrush, and over the ground, apparently overturning every leaf. Statuelike I stood, half concealed by cedar boughs. They fluttered all about me, lighting on my head and shoulders; gently I caught two in my hands, and carefully concealed them under my blanket.

I now began to realize they were mating, preparatory to nesting. It was an event which I had long hoped to witness; so I sat down and carefully watched their movements, amid the greatest tumult. I tried to understand their strange language, and why they all chatted in concert. In the course of the day the great on-moving mass passed by me, but the trees were still filled with them, sitting in pairs in convenient crotches of the limbs, now and then gently fluttering their half-spread wings, and uttering to their mates those strange, bell-like wooing notes which I had mistaken for the ringing of bells in the distance.

On the third day after, this chattering ceased, and all were busy carrying sticks with which they were building nests in the same crotches of the limbs they had occupied in pairs the day before. On the morning of the fourth day their nests were finished, and eggs laid. The hen birds occupied the nests in the morning, while the male birds went out into the sur-

rounding country to feed, returning about ten o'clock, taking the nests, while the hens went out to feed, returning about three o'clock. Again changing nests, the male birds went out the second time to feed, returning at sundown. The same routine was pursued each day until the young ones were hatched and nearly half grown, at which time all the parent birds left the brooding grounds about daylight. On the morning of the eleventh day after the eggs were laid, I found the nesting grounds strewn with egg shells, convincing me that the young were hatched. In thirteen days more the parent birds left their young to shift for themselves, flying to the east about sixty miles, when they again nested. The female lays but one egg during the same nesting.

Both sexes secrete in their crops milk or curd with which they feed their young, until they are nearly ready to fly, when they stuff them with mast and such other raw material as they themselves eat, until their crops exceed their bodies in size, giving to them an appearance of two birds with one head. Within two days after the stuffing they become a mass of fat, a "squab." Then the parent birds drive them from the nests to take care of themselves, while they fly off within a day or two, sometimes hundreds of miles, and again nest.

It has been well established that these birds look after and take care of all orphan squabs whose parents have been killed or are missing. These birds are long lived, having been known to live twenty-five years caged. When food is abundant, they nest each month in the year.

Their principal food is the mast of the forest, except when curd is being secreted in their crops, at which time they denude the country of snails and worms for miles around the nesting grounds. Because they nest in such immense bodies, they are frequently compelled to fly from fifty to one hundred miles for food.

During my early life I learned that these birds in spring and fall were seen in their migrations from the Atlantic to the Mississippi River. This knowledge, together with my personal observation of their countless numbers, led me to believe they were almost as inexhaustible as the great ocean itself. Of course I had witnessed the passing away of the deer, buffalo, and elk, but I looked upon them as local in their habits, while these birds spanned the continent, frequently nesting beyond the reach of cruel man.

Between 1840 and 1880 I visited in the States of Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan many brooding places that were from twenty to thirty miles long and from three to four miles wide, every tree in its limits being spotted with nests. Yet notwithstanding their countless numbers, great endurance, and long life, they have almost entirely disappeared from our forests. We strain our eyes in spring and autumn in vain to catch a glimpse of these pilgrims. White men tell us they have moved in a body to the Rocky Mountain region, where they are as plenty as they were here; but when we ask red men about them, who are familiar with the mountain country, they shake their heads in disbelief.

A pigeon-nesting was always a great source of revenue to our people. Whole tribes would wigwam in the brooding places. They seldom killed the old birds, but made great preparation to secure their young, out of which the squaws made squab butter, and smoked and dried them by thousands for future use. Yet under our manner of securing them they continued to increase.

White men commenced netting them for market about the year 1840. These men were known as professional pigeoners, from the fact

that they banded themselves together, so as to keep in telegraphic communication with these great moving bodies. In this they became so expert as to be almost continually on the borders of their brooding places. As they were always prepared with trained stool pigeons and flyers which they carried with them, they were enabled to call down the passing flocks, and secure as many by net as they were able to pack in ice and ship to market. In the year 1848 there were shipped from Chittaugus county, New York, eighty tons of these birds; and from that time to 1878 the wholesale slaughter continued to increase, and in that year there were shipped from Michigan not less than three hundred tons of these birds. During the thirty years of their greatest slaughter there must have been shipped to our great cities five thousand seven hundred tons of these birds; allowing each pigeon to weigh one-half pound would show twenty-three millions of these birds. Think of it! And all these were caught during their brooding season, which must have decreased their numbers as many more. Nor is this all. During that time hunters from all parts of the country gathered at these brooding places, and slaughtered them without mercy.

In the above estimate are not reckoned the thousands of dozens that were shipped alive to sporting clubs for trap shooting, as well as those consumed by the local trade.

These experts finally learned that the birds while nesting were frantic after salty mud and water, so they frequently made, near the nesting places, what were known by the craft as mud beds, which were salted, to which the birds would flock by the million. In April, 1876, I was invited to see a net over one of these death pits. It was near Petoskey, Michigan. I think I am correct in saying the birds were piled one upon another at least two feet deep when the net was sprung, and it seemed to me that most of them escaped the trap; but on killing and counting, there were found to be over one hundred dozen, all nesting birds.

When squabs of a nesting became fit for market, these experts prepared with climbers would get into some convenient place in a tree top loaded with nests, and with a long pole punch out the young, which would fall with a thud like lead on the ground.

(To be concluded next week.)

SIMON POKAGON, of Michigan, is a full-blooded Indian, the last Pottawattamie chief of the Pokagon band. He is author of the "Red Man's Greeting," and has been called by the press the "red-skin poet, bard, and Longfellow of his race." His father, chief before him, sold the site of Chicago and the surrounding country to the United States in 1833 for three cents an acre. He was the first red man to visit President Lincoln after his inauguration. In a letter written home at the time he said: "I have met Lincoln, the great chief; he is very tall, has a sad face, but he is a good man. I saw it in his eyes and felt it in his hand-shaking. He will help us get payment for Chicago land." Soon after thirty-nine thousand dollars was paid. In 1874 he visited President Grant. He said of him: "I expected he would put on military importance, but he treated me kindly, gave me a cigar, and we smoked the pipe of peace together." In 1893 he procured judgment against the United States for over one hundred thousand dollars still due on the sale of Chicago land by his father. He was honored on Chicago Day at the World's Fair by first ringing the new Bell of Liberty, and speaking in behalf of his race to the greatest crowd ever assembled on earth. — *Chautauquan*.



A THING OF JOY AND PAIN.

ANOTHER little wave
Upon the sea of life;
Another soul to save,
Amid its toil and strife.

Two more little feet
To walk the dusty road;
To choose where two paths meet,
The narrow and the broad.

Two more little hands
To work for good or ill;
Two more little eyes,
Another little will.

Another heart to love,
Receiving love again;
And so the baby came,
A thing of joy and pain.
—Household.

A REAL THANKSGIVING DAY.

"MANDY, MANDY," rang loud and clear on the crisp November air, and the echoes repeated "Mandy, Mandy," but no answer came to the call. Mrs. Jackson stood on the door-step of a commodious farmhouse. Her sleeves were rolled up above her elbows, and her large gingham apron bore traces of flour, for she was making preparations for the dinner for the next day, which was Thanksgiving day. A neighbor had stepped in for a few moments to tell the news, and had asked for Mandy.

"I wonder where the child has gone. I hope she is not in danger anywhere," said Mrs. Jackson; for she was one of those motherly souls who are always solicitous for the welfare of those around them.

"You are always worrying about the child; one would think she was your very own," said Mrs. Brown.

"She has been a great help to my husband and me all these years, and a great comfort, too, and we love her as our own; and since this trouble about the loss of the deed to the farm that grandfather Jackson bought of old Luther Smallby, and the claim that young Luther makes to the place because we can't find the deed or a record of it, we would not know what to do without her.

"Yes, it's twelve years to-morrow since Mandy came; for it was on Thanksgiving morning we found her on the door-step. We could n't bear to send her to the poorhouse, so we concluded to keep her. Grandfather did not care much for her at first, but after a little they became great friends, and it was a sight to see her golden curls close to his white hair as she went to sleep in his arms.

"One of their favorite walks was down to the old house, which the men use for a shop now. He used to build a fire in the fireplace, and they would watch it for a long time; but grandfather has been dead now for these eight years, and things have changed since then. Well, well, how time does fly! Like as not Mandy is down to the old house now," and raising her voice once more she called, "Mandy — e!"

Just at that moment a young girl with a broom in her hand came running up the path with the speed of a deer, her hair flying in the wind, and joy beaming from her eyes. As soon as she was near enough to be heard, she shouted triumphantly, "I've found it! I always thought it must be somewhere in the old house; and when I took the broom-handle to kill a big spider on the chimney cupboard, a board slipped down, and there was a paper folded up very neatly. I read just enough to know it was the deed, and then I ran home. O, I am so glad! now you and father won't have to give up the farm." And seizing the dinner-horn, she blew such a blast as had not been heard on that farm for years.

Mr. Jackson came hurrying in from the wood-lot, thinking that the house must be on fire; but he soon learned why he had been called. A happier trio never sat down to supper than

easy-chair, and was looking at the pretty pictures, when her brother Harry came and sat down beside her, and tried to look at them with her. Little Joe also came and peeped over her shoulder. "Go away!" cried Grace in a vexed tone. "You trouble me. I do n't want you here."

"But I want to see the painted pictures; do let me," begged Harry.

"Me too," said Joe.

"You can't," replied Grace. "Do go away. I do wish you would let me alone."

Joe went off crying.

Half an hour later, Harry asked Grace to let him take the book "just five minutes—long enough to see a few pictures."

"No, you shall not have it for one minute," was the unkind sister's answer. "You are always begging for something. I do n't like boys, anyway."

Harry went out of doors, and Grace enjoyed the book alone. Soon she took some paper, and began to print a letter of thanks to Uncle John; but she tipped the inkstand over, and the black ink ran down over some of the pictures, and stained the blue cover and gilt letters. "O dear! O dear! the ink is running all over my new book," cried Grace, in distress.

Harry came in, and helped her wipe up the ink, but the stains could not be got off. "Do n't cry," said he; "I'm real sorry for you."

Soon after supper an expressman left a box with strips of boards a little apart on the sides to give light and air to a black spaniel within. It was Uncle John's gift to Harry. The boy was as happy as he could be. "O you dear, beautiful doggy! I love you!" cried Harry, stroking his soft, shaggy head.

The dog jumped upon him, and licked his new master's hand fondly. The dog's name was Don, and he had a silver-plated collar around his neck.

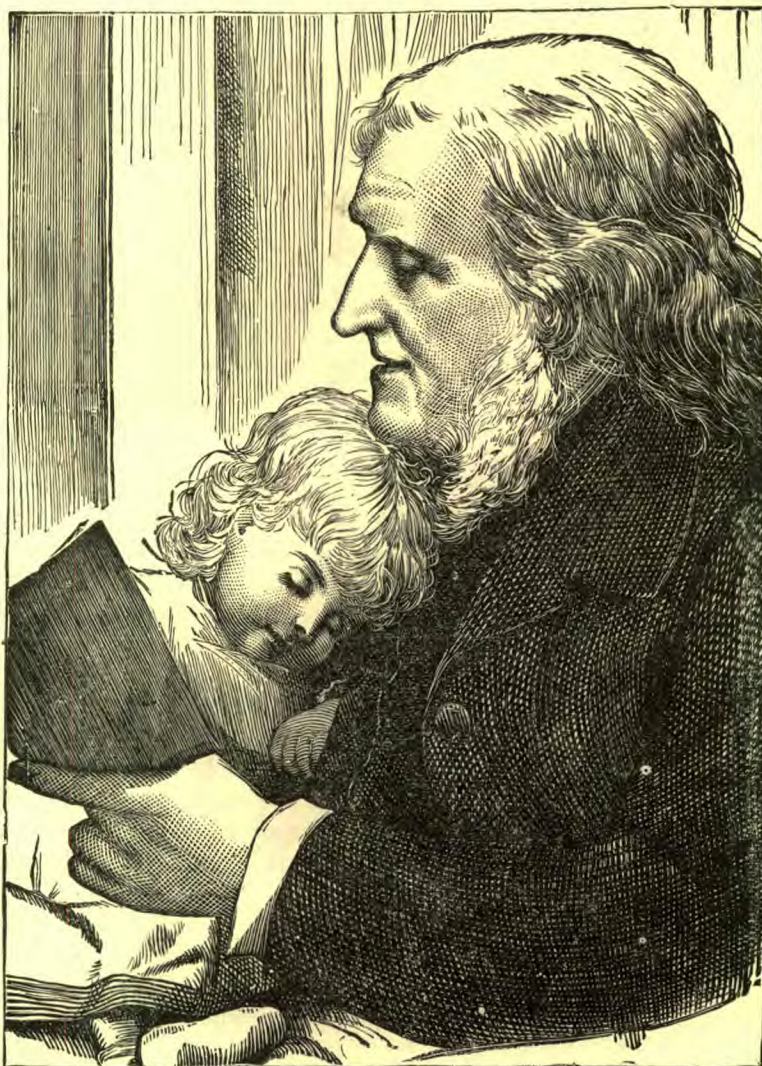
Grace stood gazing upon him, and exclaimed: "He is the prettiest dog I ever saw. He is a beauty."

"Sister, you may play with my dog all you want to," said Harry. "Don can make two happy as easily as one."

Do you wonder that Grace was ashamed of her selfishness, and asked her brother to forgive her?—*Sunday-School Visitor.*

SOMETHING FOR ALL.

THE late Robert Louis Stevenson had a happy way of applying religion to life, and showing how it should work out in practise. Talking one day to the children at a school in Samoa about the parable of the talents, he told them there were three they all possessed, — tongues, that they must use to be cheerful, and make those happy who were around them; faces, that they must keep as bright as a new shilling, so that they might shine like lamps in their homes; hands, that they must keep employed in useful work cheerfully done; and if they spent their lives in doing these things for the good of others, they might be told at last: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—*Selected.*



father and mother Jackson and their little adopted daughter, Mandy.

Father Jackson thanked God for all his benefits, and good mother Jackson could find no fault with the hand of Providence; and when the collection was taken the next day for the benefit of the poor, she gave with a liberal hand, saying softly to herself, "Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor, and to thy needy, in thy land."

EMMA L. KELLOGG.

A SELFISH SISTER.

ONE day when Grace's father came from the post-office, he put into her hand a package with her name on it. The little girl opened it with nimble fingers, and was wild with joy at beholding a light-blue book, with gilt letters on the outside, and little stories and bright-colored pictures within. She clapped her hands, saying eagerly: "How kind Uncle John is, to send me such a beautiful present! O I am so glad!"

Grace took her book and sat down in an



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THANKSGIVING DAY.

WHAT if the gold of the corn lands
Is faded to somber gray?
And what if the down of the thistle
Is ripened and scattered away?
There's gold in the gathered harvest;
There's homely and heartsome cheer;
And so we will be full joyous—
The day of thanksgiving is here.

A sigh for the vanished splendor
Of the autumn's purple and red—
For the goldenrod that is whitened,
For the gentian bloom that is dead;
Then turn to the hearthstone cheery;
Behold, 'tis the time of year
To count our blessings and mercies—
The day of thanksgiving is here.

Bare and brown in the shadows,
The meadowland meets the gaze,
Where the bold, blithe bee went seeking
Its sweets in the summer days.
The honey is stored in plenty,
So what if the winter is near?
The time is not one for repining—
The day of thanksgiving is here.

The fruit has matured in its season,
The sunshine has ripened the seed;
Then sing to the Lord of the harvest
A song of thanksgiving indeed.
The morn and the noon have passed by us;
'Tis the sweet afternoon of the year;
So let not your tribute be lacking—
The day of thanksgiving is here.

—Hattie Whitney.

AMERICAN ADVERTISING.

AMERICANS are noted for the whole-hearted way in which they do their work, and their way of advertising is no exception to their general way of doing business. One way quite common here is for the people of a town or section of country, if it is noted for any production, to join together some day, and make a grand display of this production. The great corn festivals which have been held in Sioux City, Iowa, are illustrations of this idea. There corn was artistically made into a thousand things from furniture to pictures—a beautiful and striking display of this valuable product of America. The producers of other products are falling into line, and are advertising the specialties of their section of country. Lately we have read accounts of a fruit festival. The large village of Glenwood, Iowa, was taken possession of by the fruit farmers in the vicinity, and the town was literally painted red with fruit. The fronts of houses and the trees of the parks were festooned with fruit. Many of the designs were of the most artistic character. Three thousand bushels of apples were used, and other fruits in the same ratio. Everything was free, and all trains passing through the town that day were stopped until train hands and passengers were loaded down with fruit! It is easy to see that should any of those passengers think of moving to a fruit country, they would quickly decide where to go. Fruit buyers would also know where to go to obtain a supply. We shall expect to see other products advertised in a similar manner.

THE THIMBLE.

A THIMBLE was originally a thumb-bell, because it was worn on the thumb, as sailors still wear their thimbles. It is a Dutch invention, and in 1884, in Amsterdam, the bicentennial of the thimble was celebrated with a great deal of formality. This very valuable addition to my lady's work-basket was first made by a goldsmith named Nicholas van Benschoten, the ancestor of the American family of Van Benschotens. And it may further interest colonial dames to know that the first thimble made was presented in 1684 to Anna van Wedy, the second wife of Kiliaen van Rensselaer, the purchaser of Rensselaerwyck, and the first Patroon. Madame van Rensselaer's memory was duly honored in Holland on the occasion of the thimble bicentennial. In presenting this useful gift, Van Benschoten begged Madame van Rensselaer "to accept this new covering for the protection of her diligent fingers as a token of his esteem." It was not until 1695, just two hundred years ago, that the thimble was introduced into England by a Hollander named John Lofting, who opened a thimble manufactory at Islington.—*Harper's Basar.*

"GREAT MEN."

AMONG the lawyers of Boston who knew the late Rufus Choate, there are many stories told of his wit and his cleverness, which have escaped his biographers, although they are quite as characteristic of the man as many things which are preserved with the utmost care.

Many of these anecdotes bear upon his personal peculiarities, and not a few have reference to that handwriting which was so marvelously bad that it seems impossible that any one should ever have been able to decipher its crooked hieroglyphics.

It is said that upon one occasion Mr. George Ticknor, the well-known authority upon Spanish literature, happened to sit beside Mr. Choate in the court room when the latter was bending his brows over a bit of his own manuscript, which he evidently found it pretty hard to decipher.

"Mr. Choate," the other said, "I have a manuscript at home of which the writing closely resembles yours."

"Ah," Mr. Choate responded; "who wrote it?"

"Philip II of Spain."

"Ah!" said Mr. Choate again. "Great man, Philip II." Then he added, with that twinkle in his eye which was so irresistible, "Great man; much in advance of his time."—*Youth's Companion.*

ARE YOU A MISSIONARY?

SOPHIA had been praying for twelve years to become a foreign missionary. One day she prayed so, and the Father said, "Sophia, stop; where were you born?"—"In Germany, Father." "Where are you now?"—"In America, Father." "Well, are you not a foreign missionary already?" Then the Father said to her, "Who lives on the floor above you?"—"A family of Swedes." "And who above them?"—"Why, some Switzers." "Who in the rear?"—"Italians." "Who a block away?"—"Some Chinese." "And you have never said a word about my Son! Do you think I will send you thousands of miles to the foreigner and heathen when you never care enough about them at your own door to speak with them about their souls?"—*Selected.*

A SCOTCH VERDICT.

A GOOD story is told of a Scotchman residing in San Francisco, who had all his wits about him. He was the most argumentative and the calmest of men. They use firearms rather inopportunately at times out there, and early one morning, when the Scotchman (whom we will call Mr. M'Gregor) was returning home, he was thus accosted by an American citizen, suddenly holding up a pistol:—

"Throw up your hands!"

"Why?" asked Mr. M'Gregor, calmly.

"Throw them up!"

"But what for?"

"Put up your hands," insisted the footpad, shaking his pistol. "Will you do what I tell you?"

"That depends," said Mr. M'Gregor. "If ye can show me any reason why I should put up ma hands, I'll no say but what I wull; but yer mere requaist wad be no justification for me to do so absurd a thing. Noo, why should ye, a complete stranger, ask me at this 'oor o' the mornin' on a public street ta pit up ma hands?"

"Dash you," cried the robber, "if you do n't quit gassin' and obey orders, I'll blow the top of your head off!"

"What! Faith, man, ye must be oot o' yer heed. Come, noo, poor buddy," said M'Gregor, soothingly, coolly catching the pistol and wresting it with a quick twist out of the man's hand. "Come, noo, an' I'll show ye where they'll take care o' ye. Hech! Dinna ye try to fecht, or I'll shoot ye. By the way, ye might as weel put up yer ain hands, an' just walk ahead o' me. That's it. Trudge awa', noo."

And so Mr. M'Gregor marched his man to the city prison, and handed him over to Captain Douglass.

"It wudna be a bad idea to put him in a strait-jacket," he said serenely to the officer. "There's little doot but the buddy's daft."

And he resumed his interrupted homeward walk.—*Selected.*

KEEP OFF THE ICE.

WE do not mean by the above heading that boys and girls should never go on the ice to slide or skate; but we do mean to advise them to keep off the ice where there is deep water beneath, until it is certain that the ice will hold them. Every winter many young people are drowned by breaking through the ice, and we have seen two cases already where children venturing upon thin ice were drowned. We once visited a family living on an island in Lake Champlain. There were two noble boys in the family, of about thirteen and fifteen years of age respectively. The next year we were made sad to learn that one of those boys had broken through the ice while skating, and had been drowned. It was many weeks before his body was recovered. Children should curb their very natural desire to go skating, until the ice is very firm, and they should not indulge in foolish skating near open water. They should also listen to their parents and those older than themselves, as to when it is safe to go skating. We hope none of the young readers of the INSTRUCTOR will go upon the ice contrary to the advice or commands of their parents, or when their parents do not know they are going. Life is too precious to be lost for a little enjoyment that might be deferred until it may be had with perfect safety, a few days or weeks later. When the ice gets firm, skating may be indulged in moderately. It is a healthful exercise, but it should not be allowed to encroach upon duty.