THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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

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OTHER LANDS

WOMEN OF INDIA.

IN no country is the freedom of woman more restricted than in India. Why, one may not ask a man how his wife is; the nearest he may come to it is to say, "Is your house well?" Except among the lowest classes, women are never allowed to be seen in public.

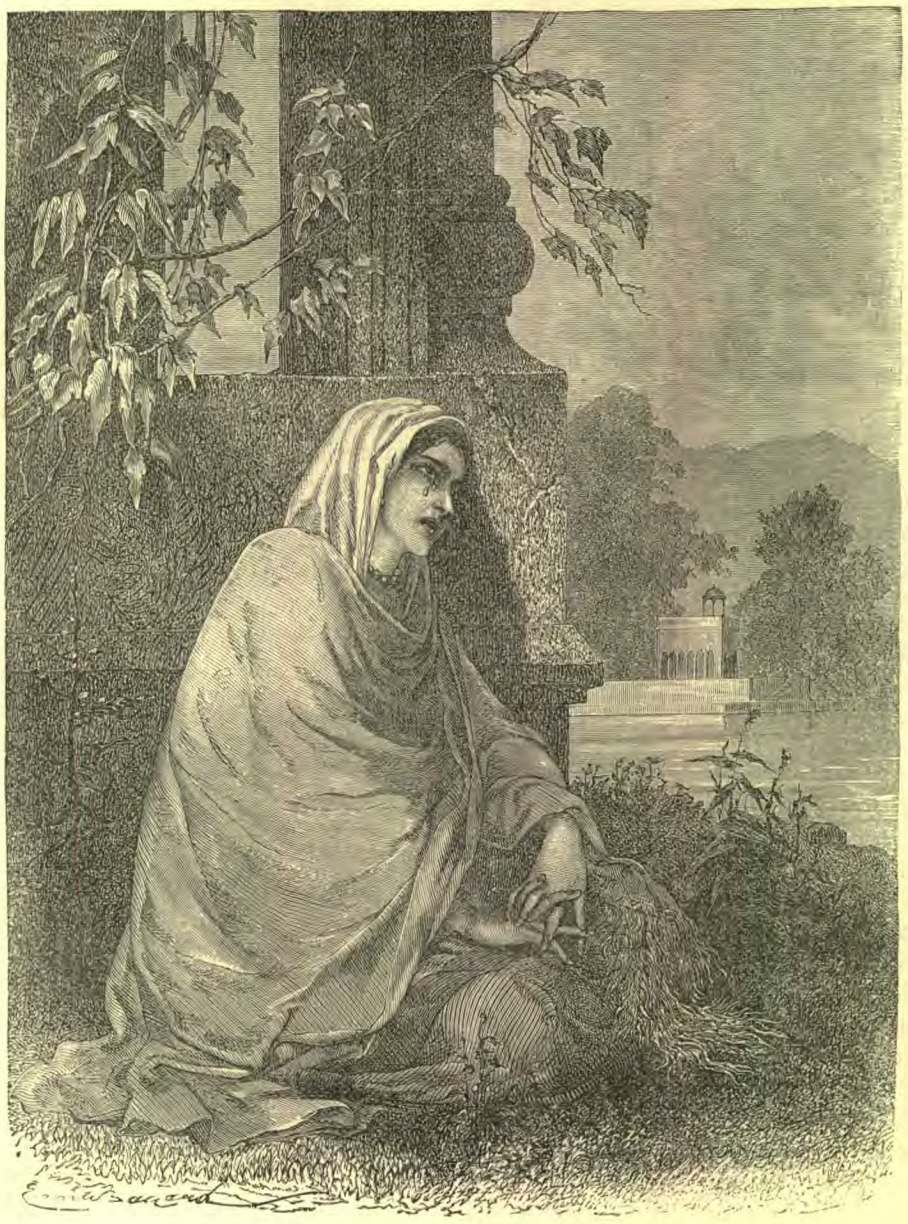
The wife in India occupies a position in the household very similar to that of one of her children. She lives in absolute obedience to the law of her husband, and if the rod is used to enforce discipline, it is applied to her as readily as to one of her daughters. The right of a husband to punish his wife is never questioned.

The Hindu wife is not allowed to eat with her husband. The food is prepared and set before the master of the house; and it is the wife's duty to wait upon him while he eats, and her privilege to eat what he has left. If there are children, the boys eat with the father and the girls with the mother.

The condition of Hindu women is thus described by one of their own writers: "The daughters of India are unwelcomed at their birth, untaught in childhood, enslaved when married, accursed as widows, and unlamented when they die."

The dress of the women is very simple, consisting of a single piece of cloth about one yard in width and five or six yards long, so arranged as to cover the whole person gracefully, and requiring neither buttons nor pins. The right arm is left free, and the right shoulder is partially exposed. This costume is very pretty. It is generally white, often with a narrow border of blue, red, or yellow.

The women of all classes are very fond of jewelry. They wear bangles on their arms, great massive rings on their ankles, and necklaces, earrings, nose-rings, toe-rings, and the like. Some of the toe-rings have little bells attached, so that the wearer literally "makes music wherever she goes," or at least makes a jingle. The poorer classes, who cannot afford the precious metals, array themselves in heavy pewter or earthen-ware ornaments. The poor man's bank is his wife. If he is able to save any money, he invariably buys ornaments for her. He is thus able to keep his money safe, and please his wife at the same time! These he can sell again, if necessary, for almost the same price he gave for them.



A HINDU WIDOW.

Formerly it was not the custom in India to teach girls anything; and even in the richest families a woman could hardly be found who could read or sew. Women and girls of all classes are despised; and although those belonging to the upper class have more money, they are all equally ignorant.

When missionaries first came to India, they could not reach the women, because of these sad customs. It was necessary that there should be Christian ladies to go into these homes and teach the women. The part of the house where Hindu women and girls live is called the zenana, and the ladies who visit them and teach them in their homes are called zenana missionaries.

The children are taught in the mission school to sing hymns, and repeat verses from the Bible in their own language; and then they talk to their mothers and sisters of what they have learned. One poor heathen woman had a little girl who was taught the "Old, Old Story" at school; and the child repeated it so often that her mother, who could not read, learned it. One day this woman was on a visit to some friends, and there heard a girl repeating the same hymn; and she said, "I can say that, too; my little girl, who is now dead, taught it to me." So in this way, by the children's singing at home the Christian songs and telling the stories of Christ, the mothers learn of the Saviour, too.

GEORGIA A. BURRUS.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

DOUBTLESS few cities of the world combine such natural advantages and beauty of situation as Constantinople. Near the mouth of the Bosporus a body of water half a mile wide extends three and one-half miles into the European shore; this is called the Golden Horn. Between the Golden Horn and the Sea of Marmora is a cone-shaped peninsula, quite elevated in the center throughout its entire length. It was at the point of this tongue of land that ancient Byzantium was founded as a Greek colony, by the citizens of Megara, a city near Athens.

Under Constantine and later Roman emperors, the city was extended westward till it occupied the whole peninsula. Being surrounded on three sides by water, the city was easily fortified by a wall three and one-half miles long across the base of the peninsula. Much of the old wall still remains, and marks the limits of the present Turkish quarter of Constantinople, called Stamboul. It was at the extreme point of this peninsula that the grandeur of Constantine's new capital was centered. Lined with palaces of marble and gardens beautified with cypresses, the city must have been a charming sight from the sea.

Even now, it presents a view not easily surpassed.

Of the old city, there are but few remains; chief among these are the walls, St. Sophia's, and a few columns of the forum. Of the present city there are no buildings of note except the mosques and the palaces of the sultan. Some of the latter, situated on the water's edge, and built of white marble elaborately and delicately sculptured, are the most beautiful royal palaces in Europe.

Much of the modern city lies north of the Golden Horn, and is known as the European quarter. All the foreign ministers and consuls are located here, and the sultan himself lives here, in a palace about a mile up the slopes from the Bosporus. He seldom leaves this palace. Once a year, at the great fast and feast of Ramazan, he visits a mosque in Stamboul, the Turkish quarter. During the remainder of the year, he goes to a mosque near his palace for prayers every Friday. At this time there is a grand military display, the way from the palace to the mosque being lined on both sides by hundreds of soldiers, while a large body of cavalry is drawn up in the distance. A large crowd of spectators assemble to see the sultan; but they usually see only the display, as he rides in a closed carriage. The present sultan never visits his dominions, and is never seen even in Constantinople, except under very strong guard.

The European quarter of the city is connected with the old part by two bridges across the Golden Horn. Below the first bridge is the commercial harbor, and above the second is the war harbor. Here lie a dozen or fifteen gunboats, most of them small, and some of them quite old in appearance.

The streets of the city are narrow, crooked, wretchedly paved, and full of filth and dogs. The most of the people are a fit complement of the whole scene. From before daylight until after dark, the streets are full of hawkers vying with one another in screaming out their wares. All kinds of fruits and vegetables are carried by these in large crates on the back, or trays on the head; others balance on the shoulder a long pole strung with sheeps' heads or lungs; while still others carry a whole dry-goods store in two boxes with shelves, balanced, like saddle-bags, on a donkey. Sometimes the shouting of these on the streets renders it difficult to understand ordinary conversation in the house. Scarcely has the din ceased in the evening, when the dogs awake from their drowsiness, and spend the night in barking and fighting. Then the night-watchmen pass, every few minutes, thumping hard on the pavement with heavy iron-shod clubs.

It requires some time for one to become accustomed to sleeping in Stamboul; but the inhabitants do n't mind the noise. In fact, it is *life* to them; they complain of the quiet of American cities, saying that they are monotonous and dead. This is but another illustration of the fact that "there is no place like home."

I have never visited a capital which is in such a miserable condition as Constantinople. Everything seems to be on the verge of ruin, and a standing temptation to an earthquake. On visiting the place, one is impressed with the feeling that it is a thousand pities that such a magnificent opportunity should be so miserably used. H. P. HOLSER.

UNLESS institutions are souled by earnest and capable men, they have no more chance of prosperous and beneficient activity than dead bodies have of climbing mountains.— *Peter Bayne.*

1896.

THE old year dead? Nay, say not so!
It is but born anew,
To bring fresh joy, and love, and peace
To all whose hearts keep true.

MYRTA B. CASTLE.

ISLANDERS OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

THE islands of the Pacific Ocean are inhabited by two entirely distinct peoples, differing in racial characteristics as widely as the Indians and negroes of North America. Indeed, one of them resembles the African negro so closely that no one familiar with that people would fail to call them negroes at first glance. They are black. Their hair is black and curly, and many of them have the broad, flat nose of that race. These occupy the westerly groups in the South Pacific, though a few of them may be found scattered more or less throughout the islands.

Ethnologically speaking, the dwellers in the eastern part of the Pacific are not colored. Some of them are as light as dark-skinned persons who may be seen in the United States, while none of them are darker than some Turks. The geographical line separating these two races in the southern ocean very nearly coincides with the "day line," one hundred and eighty degrees west from Greenwich.

Generally speaking, the islands east of this line are inhabited by the light natives, while the islands west of the line are inhabited by the black race. People who have lived among them generally believe the blacks to be far inferior to their lighter neighbors. Though certain of the western groups are not yet well known, some of them still remaining in their original heathenism, the natives are believed to outnumber by far the inhabitants of the more enlightened easterly islands. A sea captain who trades among the Solomon Islands, told me that there are uncounted myriads of natives there, perhaps millions, who have given up cannibalism, but who are still practically heathen.

These light-skinned natives were doubtless originally of Malay parentage, since their color, form, and language so nearly resemble those of that people in southern Asia. Their traditions, too, point to Asia as their original home. A few days ago a chief of Raratonga repeated for me a part of a song said to have been handed down to them by their ancestors, which clearly states that "Atia [Asia; they generally substitute 't' for 's'] is the trunk of the tree from which we came." A couplet of another song which used to be sung in heathen times in idol worship, says,—

"Atia is the original land
From which we sprang."

The time that has elapsed since the settlement of these South Pacific islands by their present inhabitants, must be little more than a matter of conjecture. The Rev. William Wyatt Gill, in his "Life in the Southern Isles," estimates the settlement of the Cook Islands at five or six centuries ago. Before their discovery by Europeans in the eighteenth century, these people used stone axes and other stone implements. The present inhabitants of Pitcairn occasionally find these axes in different parts of that island. When the mutineers of the "Bounty" settled there near the close of the last century, the island was uninhabited. How long it had been so no one can tell; but the axes distributed in various parts of the island give evidence of a former fixed settlement. The similarity of these axes to those found in other parts of the Pacific suggests a common origin for their makers. I have in my possession an ax found on one of the Chatham Islands, near New Zealand. It is identical in appearance with those found on Pitcairn. The facts above named, particularly the wide distribution of those who used these and other stone implements, suggest a longer period since the settlement of most of the islands than that named by Mr. Gill for Cook Islands.

There are some very interesting similarities between some words in the Polynesian languages and words in the Hebrew. *Mara* means "bitter"—Hebrew, *marah*. *Mate* means "death"—Hebrew, *muwth*. *Rapaau* means "to heal"—Hebrew, *rapha*. *Pae* means "side"—Hebrew, *pa'ah*. *Ina* means "behold"—Hebrew, *hinneh*. It makes no difference that these, and other such words, are not spelled alike; they sound alike when spoken, and have the same meaning. When these islanders were idolaters, they had no written language. The remarkable thing is the coincidence of sound and meaning. The word for "sun" in the South Pacific dialects is *ra*, the same as in the Egyptian tongue, under which name that ancient people made it their object of worship. J. E. CALDWELL.

RUSSIA.

RUSSIA is a land of marvels. It lies in two continents, and is situated in the far North Temperate and Arctic zones.

Unlike China, its Oriental neighbor, it is thinly peopled, containing only about one fourteenth of the inhabitants of the globe, while the area comprises nearly one sixth of the land surface of the earth. Much of this territory lies in the region of intense cold, and almost perpetual snow.

The cold of Siberia is so great in winter that nearly every kind of perishable provision is kept by simple freezing. Milk is offered for sale in solid cakes or bricks, with a string frozen in one corner by which to carry it. Frozen chickens, partridges, and other game are thrown together in heaps like firewood. Meat cannot be cut with a knife, after the cold has worked its will upon it. Many butchers place their animals in fantastic positions before freezing. Frozen fish are piled in stacks. Cold is supreme, and frost is king, in these high northern regions.

The Russians are a musical people. All the monks of the Greek Church are singers. Bass voices in Russia frequently reach an octave below the usual range, and are remarkably deep and powerful. The imperial chapel in St. Petersburg has a choir of one hundred and twenty singers, the finest in all Russia, and perhaps in the world. The members of the choir have no other business, and take the utmost care of their voices. Their time is occupied with constant musical study and practise. The result is marvelous. Some travelers have thought that no such music can be heard anywhere in the world outside of St. Petersburg.

The Greek Church is the established form of religion in Russia. There is no liberty for any other form of worship, and many sects are bitterly persecuted, even to banishment and death.

The government is oppressive. Siberia is a vast prison-land for the unfortunate ones who have aroused the suspicion of government officers.

The present czar seems to be more inclined toward liberty and progress than those before him. The world is watching to see what he will accomplish in this direction.— *Sunshine.*

Timely Topics

THE OLD YEAR.

BY the time this number of the INSTRUCTOR reaches our readers, the year 1895 will have passed, to join itself to the long procession of the years which have preceded it. We do not know that the past year can lay claim to having been any more remarkable or eventful than the years immediately preceding it.

There has been something of a stagnation of business, especially in this country, but this was the inheritance received from the preceding years. A few great political changes that have occurred during the year may be noted. By the death of the czar Alexander, his son Nicholas has become the ruler of Russia. His reign, at first mild, now appears to be settling down into the regular Russian way of autocratic government. Italy has passed through a very critical time safely, and has celebrated with great heartiness her attainment of unity by the suppression of the temporal power of the pope. In Great Britain the Liberals suffered a great defeat. The Tories now have the field, and home rule for Ireland now seems to be an event impossible of attainment. In this country the Republicans have swept the country like a tidal wave. In South America about the usual amount of successful and unsuccessful revolutions have divided and distracted the people without any material results.

Of wars, there have been two,— one between Japan and China, and one between Spain and the rebels against her government in Cuba. In the Eastern war the Japanese were successful, but they were prevented from gaining all they desired by the jealousy of the powers of Europe. By this war Japan has suddenly sprung into prominence as a first-rate power, the only first-rate power whose inhabitants are not professedly Christian since the decadence of the Ottoman empire. The war is still going on in the island of Formosa, whose inhabitants refused to acquiesce in the treaty which gave the island to Japan. The war between Spain and her rebellious subjects in Cuba is still in progress. Spain has lost many of her troops by battle, and more by disease, and the insurgents are apparently as strong as ever. This war so near our shores excites much sympathy from the American people for the people struggling for greater freedom, but it is the policy of this government to maintain a strict neutrality. The troubled condition of Turkey, almost amounting to civil war between the Mohammedan and the Christian population of the empire, is the great question now before the world for settlement.

Religiously the world evidently is moving on in about the usual lines. Missionaries are making some progress among the poorer classes in India. In Africa and among the islands of the sea their success is greater. Japan bids fair to receive a kind of national Christianity which will do her more harm than good. China is yet practically untouched by Christianity. Little impression is made upon the old religions of Hinduism and Mohammedanism. Still, enough is being accomplished to warrant the hope that at least the gospel of the kingdom will soon be preached in all the world for a witness to all people, preparatory for the final end.

Among professed Christians, the growth of the Catholic Church is very marked, but other churches claim as great growth in this country. The most noticeable thing in religious affairs in the United States is the tendency toward a national religion, and the opposition to it. There are many skirmishes between the opposing forces, but the church-and-state party is evidently making slow but sure progress. As a church-controlled country is as sure to be practically godless as a heathen land, the outlook for America is not bright religiously.

So the years pass on with their burden of joys and sorrows, of hopes and fears, of good and evil, as they have done heretofore. We cannot stop them in their swift flight; but we should be careful that they bear no record of evil against us, and we should look well to it that "our little span of life may be well trod."

CONSTANTINOPLE.

NOT for many years have the eyes of the civilized world been directed toward this ancient and historic city as during the past few weeks. It is the seat of empire of an ancient kingdom, boasting a long line of powerful monarchs. But the power of the Ottoman empire long since passed away; and so weak has it become, that, compared with the robust governments of western Europe, Turkey has not inaptly been called "the sick man of the East." Not only is Turkey the sick man, but the sickness is evidently unto death; but as people suffering from mortal sickness often outlive all the calculations of those who are anxiously expecting their demise, so the Turkish power clings to life, to the surprise of the world waiting in daily expectation of the end.

There are two main causes which operate together to hold the Turkish empire from destruction. The first is the jealousy of the great powers of Europe for each other. They cannot agree among themselves as to the disposition of the sick man's effects upon his decease. The sultan and his advisers know this, and they are thus able by magnifying to each power the evil intentions of the other, to maintain the empire. Russia wants Constantinople and the strait upon which it is located. England and Austria, also, would each be glad to gain that important position. Other of the powers, who can have no hope of securing it, would be pleased to see it made the capital of a smaller power, protected by Europe, and the strait free for navigation by the ships of all countries. It is likely that Russia will never consent to any division of Turkey that will not give her the exclusive right to Constantinople and the strait from the Mediterranean to the Black Sea. Strengthened by these cross purposes of those who are agreed in wishing him out of the way, the sultan still maintains with dogged pertinacity his position on the throne of Othman, founder of the Ottoman empire.

The other principal reason that the empire is still preserved may be found in the staying power of the Turks as a people, resulting from their fanatical faith in the religion of Mohammed. There is nothing like an intense religious faith to sustain and keep a nation from falling. In the year 1402, Tamerlane swept down upon Bajazet, sultan of the Turks, at Angora in Asia, and entirely routed him. Gibbon, describing this war, says that the Turkish empire was like a giant tree bent to the ground by the blast, but upon the passing of the storm it again straightened up in its place as before. This inherent vitality, which enabled the Turks to hold their position among the nations, is the fruit of their religion; and even if the Turks should be driven from Europe, this would not mean the immediate destruction of the empire.

At the present time all the energies of the Turkish authorities are absorbed in doing two things,— maintaining order in the provinces, and preventing the fleets of the powers from entering through the Dardanelles and the Bosporus into the Black Sea. There are two great water gateways to Constantinople,— one from the Mediterranean into the Sea of Marmora, called the Dardanelles; the other from the Sea of Marmora into the Black Sea, called the Bosporus. These channels are commanded by strong forts, and are lined with torpedoes. England and Italy have been demanding a firman, or decree from the sultan, allowing their ships to pass these gateways by Constantinople into the Black Sea, for the protection of missionaries and Armenians. The firman was granted, and afterward taken back, the sultan claiming that there is not now any necessity for such action. So great is Russia's jealousy of England and Italy, that it is said that if the fleets of England and Italy should force their way through the Dardanelles, the fleet of Russia would at the same time come down through the Bosporus to meet them at Constantinople. The latest accounts declare that after all this long delay the sultan has issued a firman granting the freedom of passing the Dardanelles to an extra guard-ship for the foreign embassies, and a few gunboats also have passed through for their protection; but the powers have gained a barren victory. Such is the present condition of affairs. The crisis in the provinces appears to have passed; but Constantinople is now the theater where a tragedy that will move the world is likely to occur at any time.

WHAT OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY?

A SHORT time ago a young man of education and ability, and who possessed enough of the world's wealth to make him quite a figure in social and commercial circles, suddenly enlisted in the United States regular army as a private soldier. The furor which this simple affair created is surprising. That a young man with any prospects in life should so demean himself as to enlist as a soldier in the service of his country is looked upon as almost an aberration of mind sufficiently grave to warrant an examination as to his sanity!

The particular thought that impressed itself upon our mind when we read of this occurrence was this: If the enlistment of a young man of intelligence and some prospects of life into the United States regular service is so remarkable an event as to call for so much attention in the newspapers, of what is the rank and file of the United States army composed? And then we remembered to have read that there were three or four thousand desertions from the army in one year! This would indicate a surprising lack of honor in the men composing the army. In other countries it is considered an honor to serve under the flag, and the conscription by which the European armies are supplied with recruits spares no one. The rich man's son and the peasant boy must take their places side by side. At the time of our civil war, when the country was in danger, the finest men took their places in the ranks without thought of promotion; but now in these piping times of peace it is thought remarkable for a gentleman to enter the army. From these facts we fear that the United States army is composed of poor material, and that in case of war it would not be up to the standard of European armies.

M. E. K.

THE INSTRUCTOR

Established, 1852.

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

SWEARING.

THE sinful practise of swearing, which is so common in the streets and around public places, is often mere bravado. Boys think it sounds manly to be profane, and men who swear think it gives force and character to their sayings. Unlike most other vices, it is done openly, and is intended for other people's ears. Boys hear men utter oaths, and think it is an evidence of courage and bravery. But such is not the case. Oftentimes a profane man is the greatest coward.

One time a man was in company with another who used oaths quite frequently in his conversation. The man said to the blasphemer, "I will give you *three dollars* if you will go into the graveyard at twelve o'clock to-night, and swear the same oaths you have uttered in my hearing, when you are alone with God." "Agreed," said the other; "this will be an easy way of earning three dollars." "Well, come to-morrow and say you have done it, and you shall have the money." Midnight came. It was a night of great darkness. As the blasphemer entered the cemetery, not a sound was heard; all was as still as death. The gentleman's words came to his mind. "Alone with God!" rang in his ears. He did not dare to utter an oath, but fled from the place, crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" Is it not better to heed the words of Christ, "*Swear not at all*"?

J. H. D.

GREAT GIFTS.

THERE is a record in the word of God of a poor woman who placed in the treasury of the Lord "two mites, which make a farthing." Others were giving large sums, for "many that were rich cast in much." It is also on record that "Jesus sat over against the treasury, and beheld how the people cast money into the treasury." It pleased the Lord upon that occasion to refer directly and pointedly to one of the donors in terms of the highest praise. Whom did he mention? "O," says one, "of course he mentioned the one who gave the most." We admit this; he mentioned the one who gave the most. But now come more interesting questions, Who gave most? and, Did the Lord measure the gift by the amount of the gift, or by the ability and heart of the giver? In other words, How does God measure offerings to his cause? Here is the answer: "And he called unto him his disciples, and saith unto them, Verily I say unto you, That this poor widow hath cast *more* in, than all they which have cast into the treasury: for all they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living." Mark 12: 41–44.

We draw from this the comforting thought that the smallest acts of mercy are noticed by the Lord, and that they are more worthy to be noticed than the greater works which often draw all the praise. In other words, the greatness of a work of love consists in the spirit of sacrifice which prompts it, and the difficulty of performing it, owing to the condition of the one making the sacrifice.

But in spite of these words of Christ's and the manifest lesson, the world will not look at things in that way, and Christian people persist in measuring gifts by the size of the gift. Those who give much, after the world's standard, are praised for what they do. We recently saw an illustration of this way of valuing gifts. A magazine devoted to benevolent purposes gave a considerable space to telling what a wealthy patron of a certain benevolent object had done. The person referred to could not but feel flattered at the attention which was called to his donation. In the same number was printed the names of other donors to the same purpose, and the amount of their donations. Glancing over the list, one of the first names we saw was that of a poor girl who works for a living at low wages, and who is obliged to practise close economy. The sum placed opposite her name was small, to be sure, but it was much greater than that of the wealthy donor, if we measure it by the rule given us by the Saviour. To her it represented real self-denial,— perhaps the giving up of something really needed. No doubt the same might be said of others whose small donations stood in the same company.

It is not our purpose to make any invidious comparisons, but simply to impress a principle taught by our Lord. We do not say that the gift of large sums of money may not be prompted by the best of motives; but we wish to call attention to the fact that the gifts of large sums generally get the praise here, and that the Lord has another way of measuring gifts. Know, then, that as of old the Lord stands over against the treasury,— where money and gifts of any kind for every good work are received,— and notices what each one does. In this, as in other things, he "seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." The gift of the two mites of the poor widow was recorded in the archives of heaven. So is every other humble gift, bestowed for the love of the Master and for mankind. And when the judgment shall be set and the books shall be opened, many gifts that have seemed great in the world will not look so great, and O, how many small gifts will be surrounded with a halo of glory, since they will represent the love and the sacrifice of the givers! The greater portion of God's children are poor, rich only in faith; but the faith adds value to the gift, for faith leads to works which are pleasing to God.

A KINDLY MANNER.

THE word of God has admonished us to "be kindly affectioned one to another." While this surely applies to the family and the church relation, it does not stop there. It applies to our relation toward every person. How sweet was the manner of our Saviour toward all who came in contact with him, especially if they were in want or in trouble of any kind! His face must have shown his sympathy and interest toward those for whom his miracles were wrought. True, he denounced sin, but he treated the sinner kindly. He knew the hearts of men, and thus was able to reprove with severity the scribes and Pharisees, who, as he knew, were determined to reject the truth. But it is not given to us to know other people's hearts; and sad to say, we often do not know our own; and then we try to judge and condemn other people, treating them with no consideration, for doing things of which we are as truly guilty as are they! We should remember that if others have done wrong, it is not at all likely that we have always done right. We cannot always grant every favor asked of us; but we can at least treat the applicant so that he will be convinced we feel no emnity toward him, and more, that we are his friend.

Sometimes favors are granted and real kindness shown to people, but the manner of the one conferring the favor is so harsh that the good effect of the favor is entirely spoiled. We once saw a policeman in an Eastern city show a kindness to a little girl, which was spoiled by his rudeness. She wanted to take a train for another city, and he told her how to do it. She was to sit in such a place, and wait so long, until the ticket-office window would open. The ticket would cost just such a sum; the train would be on such a track, headed such a way,— in short, he was very painstaking to make it so clear that she could make no mistake; but his manner was so cold and harsh that after he had gone, the little girl had a long cry to herself, to relieve her overwrought feelings.

Now if the policeman had unbent from his dignity, taken her by the hand, and in a kindly manner imparted to her the information she sought, his act of kindness would have been a comfort to her on the journey; and who can say but that she would have remembered it as long as she lived? for children's minds are very tenacious to retain acts of kindness shown to them.

We have often admired the manner of the chief captain, as recorded in Acts 23. The Jews were determined to kill Paul, and this plot became known to Paul's nephew. The nephew reported the matter to Paul, and he at once called a centurion, and requested that he would bring his nephew to the chief captain, as he had something of importance to communicate. So the young Jewish youth was brought before the Roman officer, who had the chief command in the city. Did he receive the boy in a pompous way?— Not at all. "Then the chief captain took him by the hand, and went aside with him privately, and asked him, What is that thou hast to tell me?" This was kindness itself; and how well was it calculated to place this young Jew perfectly at ease, so that without embarrassment he could tell what he desired to make known. Yet how often those who profess the religion of Christ do not show the civility of this Roman heathen!

We make friends by showing ourselves friendly; and when persons have no strong personal friends, it is undoubtedly because they live so to themselves,— are so absorbed in their own purposes,— that they never cultivate the kindly amenities of life which would draw others to them. Some people scarcely have a friend in the town where they live, and where they are the best known. Other men in the same town have friends everywhere. They have manifested a kindly spirit toward others, and that spirit has been recognized and reciprocated. And if we want to benefit people spiritually, to help them toward the kingdom of God, we must first convince them that we have a friendly, personal interest in their welfare. One may have the tongue of an angel, and still not be able to draw any one toward salvation.

More than anything else, we must have kindly hearts if we would affect others for good. Said the apostle: "I Paul myself beseech you by the meekness and gentleness of Christ." The Saviour was gentle; he was kindness itself. When we have his spirit, we will have a kindly spirit toward all; people will be drawn to us, and our sphere of usefulness will be greatly enlarged.

M. E. K.

BIBLE LESSONS AND NOTES

LESSON 2.—THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL.

WHAT IT IS—ITS POWER.

(*January 11, 1896.*)

1. WHAT announcement is made by the angel of Rev. 14 : 6, 7?

2. What is the meaning of the word "angel"?—Messenger or minister, and it may apply either to heavenly or earthly messengers. (See Heb. 1 : 7, 14; Rev. 22 : 9.)

3. Is there any particular time when the proclamations of these three angels are to be given?—Just before the second coming of Christ. (See Rev. 14 : 14.)

4. To whom does this proclamation go? Rev. 14 : 6.

5. What does this angel preach? Verse 6.

6. What is the "everlasting gospel"? (See note 1.)

7. What power is there in the gospel? Rom. 1 : 16.

8. What can you say of this power? Jer. 10 : 12. (See note 2.)

9. To whom is this power promised? Rom. 1 : 16.

10. How many would the Lord have receive the gospel? 1 Tim. 2 : 4.

11. How many are in need of this saving power which is found in the gospel? Rom. 3 : 23.

12. What is the wages of sin? Rom. 6 : 23.

13. By whom alone is man redeemed from sin? Acts 4 : 12.

14. What does the believer receive through the everlasting gospel in the place of his sins? Rom. 3 : 21, 22.

15. What is the outward evidence that an individual has received this righteousness? 1 John 3 : 7, 10.

16. Can the natural man, without the power of the gospel, do righteousness? Rom. 8 : 7, 8; Matt. 12 : 33–35.

17. By what means and power is this change wrought? 1 Peter 1 : 23, 25; John 15 : 3.

18. What is there in the word of the everlasting gospel that gives the believer a new life? John 6 : 63; Titus 3 : 5–7.

NOTES.

1. In Gal. 3 : 8 we are told that Abraham had the gospel preached to him in the words, "In thee shall all nations be blessed." In verse 16, this gospel is spoken of as a promise, and in Heb. 6 : 17, 18 it is said that this promise was confirmed by the word and oath of God. In Gal. 3 : 17, this same gospel is called a covenant; but the covenant with Abraham is called an *everlasting covenant* (Gen. 17 : 7); therefore the everlasting gospel which the angel heralds to the world is the promise of God in the everlasting covenant. (See Heb. 8 : 10–12.)

2. The power of God is infinite. He speaks, and it is. He said, "Let there be light: and there was light." He calls the things that are not, and they are. "By the word of the Lord were the heavens made; and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth." "He spake, and it was done." Read the fortieth chapter of Isaiah, look out upon the heavens, and after you have seen all, say as did one of old, "Lo, these are parts of his ways; but how little a portion is heard of him? but the thunder of his power who can understand?" And this power of God is the power of the gospel.

SABBATH-SCHOOL HINTS.

A GOOD recitation gives life to the whole class.

IF you wish to see a live school, aid it to be such by being prompt in attendance and recitation.

ONE live pupil in a class, who has the lesson well prepared, and a good general knowledge of the subject, will inspire the whole class with life.

HE who knows how to give three or more different recitations on a subject, will be very apt to bring into the class much valuable thought. Such a pupil assists the teacher without assuming his position, or leading the class beyond the boundary of the lesson.

THE GOSPEL.—The evidence which our Saviour proposed as proof of the divinity of the gospel system, was its practical effect upon individuals who receive and obey the truth. "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God."

THE GOSPEL AS LIGHT.—The gospel is light. This marks its origin from heaven. It is no human device, but comes from God himself. It is the truth, and for this reason it is light. It is very fitting that what is truth, without mixture of error, should be compared to the most simple substance in nature.

IT is called light because of its penetrating nature. Where it shines, there is no shade so dark that it cannot penetrate it; there is no imposture so well devised that light will not expose it; there is no conscience so callous but this light will search it.

ITS ORIGIN AND GLORY.—As to the origin and glory of the gospel, it might well be compared to an angel standing in the sun. Its territorial range and commission might be likened to an "angel flying in the midst of heaven." As to the gracious mysteries of salvation which it contains, it may be compared to the angels looking into the ark of the covenant. As to the hopes and inspirations which it warrants and sustains, it may be likened to an angel at heaven's gate, saying to us, "Come up hither." Looking upon the relations of the gospel to men in the every-day business of life, we may regard it still as an angel full of condescension and brotherly companionship—an angel mingling with us, and guiding and comforting us. It is an angel recognizing our earthly wants, and sympathizing with us in our earthly trials, like the angel who came to Abraham under the trees of Mamre, and to Lot in his house at Sodom. Thus does the gospel revealed in the Bible come home to us, and enter fully into our temporal circumstances, necessities, duties, and trials.

J. H. D.

CONSIDER HER WAYS.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise." The above injunction calls our attention to one of the smallest of the animal creation, yet all who will may learn from it one of the most important of life's lessons. We are prone to overestimate some things, and to underrate others; and sometimes the things we consider most essential are of the least importance.

God would not have us overlook the value of little things; for he who learns and does the little things in life well, is the one who can be entrusted with greater responsibilities. The pupil in beginning his education must first become familiar with the alphabet. Unless this step is taken, the important results can never be attained. This principle obtains in the life of an apprentice. He must first learn the lesson of faithfulness. His master watches him, not so much to see how much work he can accomplish, as to see whether he is trustworthy in the discharge of every duty.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." This is the lesson God would have us learn in considering the ant. There is also another part to this lesson, which we will do well to learn. It is the readiness of these little creatures to improve every opportunity that presents itself, and the wisdom with which they select their time to work. In parts of the city of New Orleans the ants are about as numerous as were the frogs in Egypt. The soil in some localities seems to be especially suited to them. They exist in millions; but few are seen, however, until something is accessible which they desire to store away. When such a find is made, a few report the discovered treasure, and the others are soon seen coming in line, in perfect order, to get the prize. When it is secured, they return in the same order, each carrying a load. As they meet the others that are coming, they stop, and put their heads together as if to report the success of the undertaking. If you leave a quantity of sugar exposed, they will persevere night and day until it is all safe in their storehouse. A paper once fell and lodged between the wall and the cupboard. This formed a bridge for them, and, although the cupboard was standing in four dishes of kerosene and carbolic acid, in the morning everything was literally covered with these industrious little creatures. In the first place we had tried to keep the ants out of the cupboard by placing the four legs in dishes of water; but this did not daunt them; they swam the water, and took possession just the same.

In the action of these minute creatures we find an example which we would do well to imitate. Life is short, and there is so much to be done that no one need be idle. If we need not work in order that we ourselves may live, there is plenty we may do to help others to live. Like the ants, be busy; watch for an opportunity to do something useful, and do not allow seeming difficulties to thwart your plans, and destroy your courage.

J. E. EVANS.

BIBLE TERMS.

HERE is a handy table which it would be well for you to cut out or copy for reference in your Bible studies:—

A day's journey was about twenty-three and and one-fifth miles.

A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile.

A cubit was nearly twenty-two inches.

A hand's breadth is equal to three and five-eighths inches.

A finger's breadth is equal to one inch.

A shekel of silver was about fifty cents.

A shekel of gold was $8.00.

A talent of silver was $538.30.

A talent of gold was $13,809.

A piece of silver, or a penny, was thirteen cents.

A farthing was three cents.

A mite was less than a quarter of a cent.

A gerah was one cent.

An ephah, or bath, contained seven gallons and five pints.

A hin was one gallon and two pints.

A firkin was about eight and seven-eighths gallons.

An omer was six pints.

A cab was three pints.—*Selected.*

DO YOU KNOW HER?

I HAVE a little friend who does n't like to mend,
To dust, or set the table, or even make a bed;
The very *thought* of sweeping nearly sets her off a-weeping,
And she always goes about it as though her feet were lead.

She "hates" to rock the baby, and says that some day, may be,
She 'll go away, and linger where they have no babies round,
To keep folks busy rocking — but really this is shocking,
And she does n't mean a word of what she says, I will be bound.

— *Selected.*

"I'LL STUMP YOU TO."

"You das n't."

"I dast."

"Well, I say you das n't."

"And I say I dast."

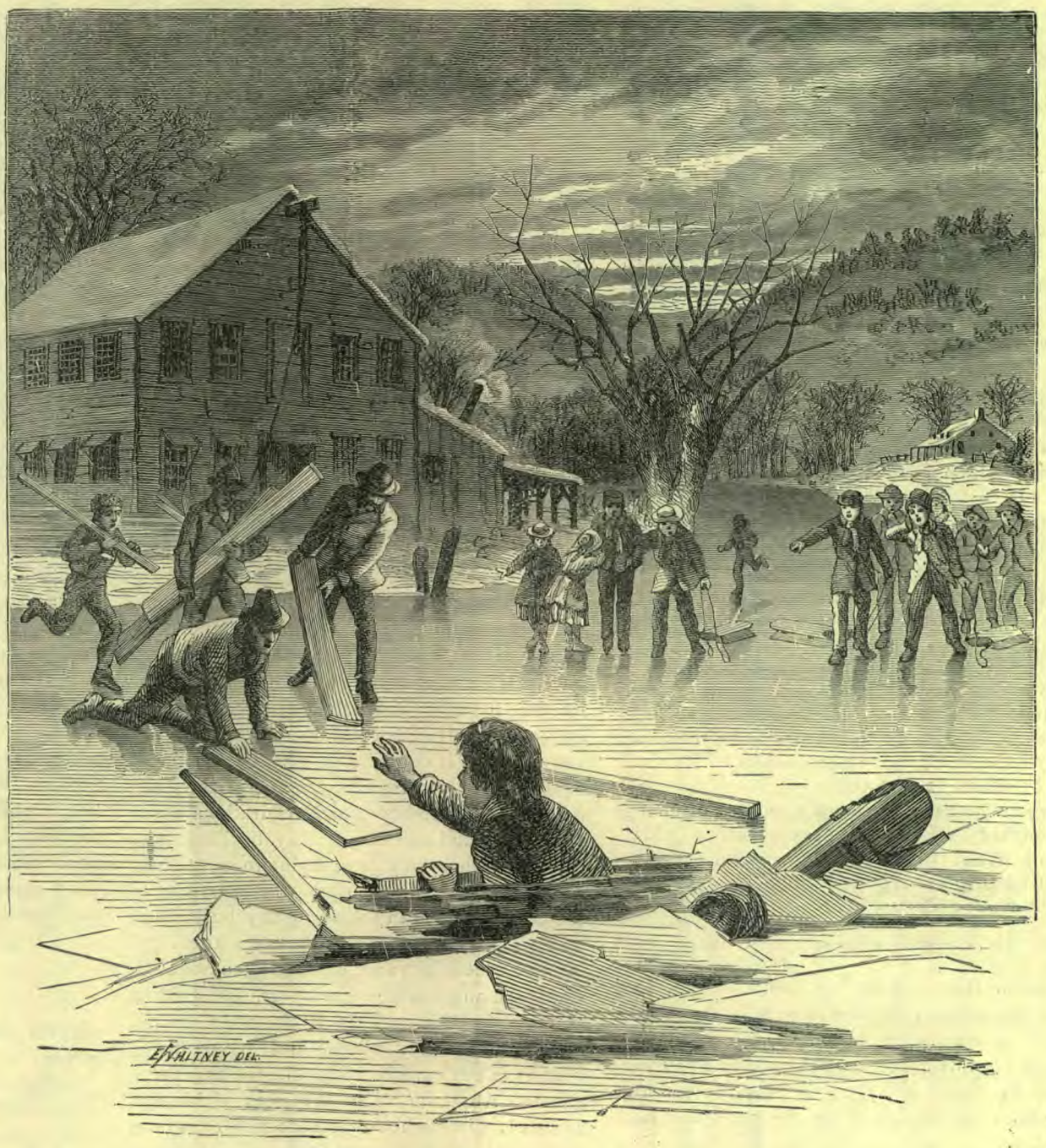
"Well, I'll stump you to."

And that was enough. No boy with any spirit would dare take a "stump." It was altogether out of the question for John to take a stump, as he was one of those lads who delighted in being called brave; and he would do anything rather than be called a coward.

Of course when Harry said, "I stump," that meant that Harry was to go first — and go Harry did.

It was by the side of a small stream in one of our inland towns, on a day in February. The ice had been frozen quite thick, and then broken into cakes about three or four feet across; and a light freeze had put a thin cement between the larger cakes. It was not far from the schoolhouse, and the boys delighted to run down there at noon, and skate or play upon the ice.

John and Harry were about the same age, — twelve years, — and worked together most of the time. As a rule there was a good-natured rivalry between them, but in the present instance it was manifesting itself in foolhardy attempts to cross the river on the ice-floes. They and the other boys had crossed and recrossed, until there was not a place in which the thin films of ice had not been broken, and the large cakes were bobbing about in the current. But there always must be some narrow escape before boys will let such things alone. John had been particularly warned this morning that he must not go near the river, and, with a thoughtless toss of the head, had said, "I won't, mother," and straightway began to forget that he had said he would not.



The boys had been at this kind of sport until both began to see there was considerable danger in it, and the climax had come when Harry had stumped John to go again. Harry succeeded in getting across; for, of course, in giving the stump, that one must do the thing himself. And now John must go or be called a coward, — and that would never do. Stepping back about a rod from the edge of the river so as to get a good start, with a quick eye he placed his steps in the centers of the ice-floes, until he was within ten feet of the opposite bank. Feeling sure that he was going to get across, the thought of how well he was doing went through his head, when his foot slipped to the edge of the cake, he could not spring to the next, and into the river he went. The boys on the bank pushed out a pole, and he arrived safely on shore with his teeth chattering, and the thought all the while pressing upon him, "You told your mother you would n't." There was about as much loss of prestige in failing to do what he had attempted as in being called a coward; while the knowledge that he had disobeyed his mother weighed upon his mind with even greater force than did his wet clothes or his danger of taking cold.

He arrived at the school in the midst of laughter at his expense, and the teacher decided it was best for John to go home; so there was a half day of school lost, a sorrowful heart at home for his disobedience, and the loss of that for which he had striven and refused to be stumped.

John is a sample, so to speak, of a large number of boys. There are very few that do not have those childish ambitions to be considered a leader; to be just as smart as some one else; to be considered one that is worthy to be looked up to in matters of prowess or daring. But now, boys, is it not true that many times when you thought you were doing so well and performing such brave feats, some accident or circumstance would show you that you were worse off than all the rest put together?

The average boy of twelve desires to be thought manly, and wishes to grow into a man very much quicker than nature thinks that he should. That desire to be a man is all right, and the earnest purpose of your heart to be one is certainly honorable; but don't you think that there are different ways in which one can become manly? and would it not be well for you to stop to think whether a certain action that you contemplate, or a certain enterprise that is suggested to you by your playmates, will really place you in a manly position, or put you ahead of others, or increase your popularity?

I believe, boys, that if you would only take time to consider these things, you would be spared many of the embarrassments which come to you during your boyhood days. I can look back now at what John did, for it was my own experience; and a flush of shame goes all through my being as I consider what my motives and desires and ambitions were in performing certain acts. In future years you will often regret such early experiences, as I now regret mine. Then stop a moment and think: "Would it be best? Is it right? Am I adding to my manliness, or am I following some foolish impulse? Is the honor of my playmates worth more to me than my parents' approval? If I were in trouble, who would come to me first, my father and mother, or a school-boy friend?" If you once acquire the

habit of stopping to think, you will never be stumped to do a thing that your mother has said not to do, and no amount of coaxing will cause you to forget that your father's counsel, as a rule, is better than that from those of your own age. J. GRANTELLE.

THE SCHOOL VACATION.

SCHOOL recesses have been so far diverted from the use for which they are supposed to be intended, that there is a respectable party among educators which favor the reduction of these periods to a much shorter time than is now given to them, if, indeed, these educators do not desire to see them banished entirely from the school calendar. It would be unfortunate if such a movement came to be regarded as necessary; though, under present circumstances, much can be said in favor of shortening holiday periods.

Holidays are needful. School is the drill-ground for the battle of life. The faculties of the mind are put to the stretch, to develop them to their fullest capacity. Tests of all sorts are the rules — tests in which, as in the trial run of a piece of machinery, the safety-valve is tied down, and the greatest strain possible is brought to bear. No machine could endure a daily test of this sort; nor can the mental machinery of the average youth. School work would soon become a matter of mere cram; and instead of a finely drilled and disciplined mind, the student would carry into the world a feeble, dyspeptic, and invalid intellect.

Every student knows the man who is over-working. Out of study hours he is listless, preoccupied, and sad; when others laugh, he only smiles mechanically; in society he is a bore. Vacation comes, but he tells his friends that he expects to be busier than in school-time, and he plunges at it as soon as the last examination paper is in. Happily, if his friends are wise, he is enticed into some recreation,— "just so he can study better," say his friends. It is a deep plot. They don't intend that he shall study at all. But he steps innocently into the trap, and the next thing he knows it is school-time, and nothing done. If his friends are not wise, he probably leaves school at the end of his junior year, and goes upon a ranch in the West for the remainder of his life. He has burned the candle at both ends.

The over-studious fellow is not, however, a type of the most numerous class of college men. He is as far from the common average as is the smooth-haired, high-collared, "fwatahnity" enthusiast. The average student does n't kill himself. He avoids cramming, not because he has reasoned the matter out, and knows that the man who "grinds" often grinds the edge off his intellect, but simply because it goes against his disposition to cram. He rather believes it a proper thing to "flunk" now and then, so as not to seem uppish, and so as to show himself a good fellow with the boys; but he has an exact knowledge of where the dead line is, and he is careful not to get "plucked." It is this average student who makes all the trouble about vacations. Somehow, his train never makes connections, his relatives are always afflicted with some serious illness, or he sprains his ankle, or meets some other dire mishap, just the last day of the vacation. He it is who always applies for permission to leave town two days before the recess begins. He it is who needs a week to recuperate from the effects of his holidays; and it is chiefly on his account that classes seldom get down to genuine work until several recitations after an intermission. It may be added that it is this young person who has brought the vacation into disrepute.

When he does get down to serious business, though, what an agreeable change there is in him! For the last two weeks before the holidays, his recitations were painfully mechanical. Now they are brilliant. He recites as if it were the one pleasure of his life to furnish information. His instructor sits with a genial smile, looking much as if he were at a concert, and encourages this prodigy to pour forth his wealth of knowledge. It is all the vacation.

It has been often remarked that the best students,— the men who carry off honors,— are seldom heard from in after life. They use up the mental force of a lifetime in the few years they spend in school. It is the severity of the effort to lead the class, in this case, which uses up, prematurely, the reserve power of the mind; but incessant labor, without the unbending which vacations afford, would tend to the same result; and the average student, rather than the rare candidate for honors, would be the sufferer.

It is the abuse of holidays that is complained of. If they are well employed, they may be an important part of the process of general expanding which we call education. There is a time for study, and a time to impart the results of study, not in lectures or articles, but in elevating and unaffected conversation. We do not live for our own enlargement alone, but that we may help to enlarge others. The student's friends who do not go to college look forward to his occasional visits to his home, expecting to be entertained and instructed — to share in his larger life. They ought not to be disappointed. The young man home from college owes a duty to society at home,— often the small society of a country hamlet,— a duty to his family and friends. He is admired and copied in secret by his former companions. He should not look on the vacation as an occasion for his own enjoyment merely. He should seek to bring into the lives of those at home as much as possible of the broader culture which he has received; and in so doing he will refresh his own mind, while his ideas will be acquiring a savor of originality; will be losing the musty odor of books. And above all, he ought to be on hand at the first exercise after vacation, as thoroughly prepared for it as he hopes to be for his final examination. C. B. MORRILL.

HOW THE SULTAN WORSHIPS.

AS everything in regard to the sultan of Turkey and his capital city is at the present time particularly interesting, we insert the following description of the sultan's visit to the mosque, as seen by a correspondent of the London *Chronicle*: —

"Every Friday — the Moslem Sunday, of course — those moribund sea-monsters that comprise the Turkish navy, lying moored stem and stern, unmoved for a dozen years, impotent as turtles on their backs, within the Golden Horn, fly the Crescent and the Star. The marines put on their whitest trousers, and perhaps they give a burnish to their arms. A wild sort of march, well played, sounds from near the Turkish admiralty, and the band and troops come striding up the hill. Everybody in the city, except our own military attaché, who, I am told, generally deprives this brilliant ceremony of his presence and the uniform of his queen, is going to the Selamlik, the sultan's drive from his palace to his mosque, a distance of about two hundred yards. You pass several regiments of cavalry and infantry, winding up the long hill to Yildiz Kiosk, and by the time you are received, in a small pavilion opposite the mosque and just outside the palace gates, by a glittering aide-de-camp, the wide-curving road is filling with troops. The mosque is in front of you, and the palace gates to the left. Hardly have you swallowed your cup of coffee before the bands of more approaching regiments are heard. They are all fine fellows, and they advance with the queer pointed parade-step taught them by their German instructors. Particularly noticeable are the Zouaves, their green scarfs knotted round the fez with a dexterity a Paris milliner might sigh to imitate. Soon upward of five thousand troops are in position. Men are picking up stones upon the road; others are hurrying up carts filled with sand, spreading it, and sweeping, like lackeys in a circus, wherever a horse has set his hoofs. Presently a magnificent young man, with a strong resemblance to an Italian tenor, and in a uniform of a dazzling detail, steps from a carriage before which runs a servant dressed like the smartest park 'tiger,' salutes, smiling superbly, and disappears within the palace, while a distinct hint of patchouli (an oriental perfume) fills the air. This is the son of Osman Pasha, and the dandy of Constantinople. Opposite me, in ostensible command of the armies, is a stoutish young officer, with a face as white as snow, and nervous eyes. He is the son of Abdul Aziz, and if you were the son of the last actual sultan of Turkey, who is kept under strict watch and ward in the palace of his successor, you would be as white and nervous as he.

"Now nobody is in sight but the troops; every stick and stone is gone from the road; the last sweep of the brush in the sand has obliterated the last hoof-print; the hurrying water-carrier has given to a soldier the last cupful from his dripping skin; the last officer has had his boots dusted with the handkerchief of the nearest private; and the last diplomat has hastened to his post of vantage. Followed by a servant carrying a small Gladstone bag, which contains his clothing for the mosque, his excellency Yever Agha, chief eunuch, an enormous, bloated, and unspeakably repulsive figure, passes down the hill, leaning on his stick and glancing arrogantly to right and left. Then come several carriages filled with the sultanas and ladies of the harem. One has her yashmak dropped — needless to say she is pretty. Then comes a gorgeous procession of aides-de-camp and the foreigners in the Turkish service — one wonders what they think of themselves as items in the weekly farce; then the sultan's body-guard, as fine a hundred men as I have ever seen; lastly, a dozen little manikins, in varying uniforms, with pretty white faces and merry black eyes — a few of the sultan's sons. Suddenly, when the tension and perfection of the scene have become almost unbearable, the high falsetto of the "Imam" rings out from the minaret, calling to prayer; and as the long-drawn syllables, "Allah illaha ill' Allah," die away, a burst of music from Yildiz announces the coming of the Shadow of God, the troops spring to the salute, and from all their throats goes up a sudden fierce, hoarse shout, and then another.

"A carriage drawn by two big bay horses, and driven by a black coachman in scarlet and gold, turns into view. It is a high barouche, and within it sits his Majesty Abdul Hamid II, faced by Osman Pasha. Yellow and drawn and anxious is the face of the sultan, as he stoops brokenly within the plainest military overcoat. His left hand is on the hilt of his sword, and his right touches breast, lips, and

forehead in frequent salute; not a smile, not the relaxation of a line of that inscrutable visage, as he slowly passes. Behind him come five led horses, his private Arabian thoroughbreds, saddled and bridled and clothed, in case he should desire to mount one on his return. For a moment he stands at the top of the carpeted steps. Then he disappears to his conscience and his prayers. The pageant waits patiently outside, but one onlooker wonders whether the praying padishah ever says to himself, like another uneasy monarch: —

"'My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.'

"After a while most of the troops march off in silence; a low, hooded phaeton, drawn by a pair of immense white Arabs, is brought, and after half an hour the sultan drives himself back, with a crowd of panting officials and lackeys running by his side. Then Emin Bey, the master of the ceremonies, brings you his Majesty's compliments, and the strange scene — the strangest of all the strange scenes of the coveted city — is over."

WHAT RELIGION?

THERE is a little boy in Bulgaria, only two years old, but over him the partizans of two rival religions are quarreling. This child is Prince Boris, son of Prince Ferdinand, and heir to the throne of Bulgaria. His father has declared his intention of having him baptized into the Greek Church, but the power of the Roman Catholics of Bulgaria is so strong that his baptism, which in those countries usually takes place when the child is but a few days old, has not yet taken place. Each party accuses the other of keeping the child a heathen, but there seems to be more heathenism in those who are fighting about him than there is in the innocent child. It never seems to occur to the devotees of these very churchly religions that the boy has an undoubted right to grow up and make his own choice.

LOSING FRIENDS.

ONE of the things that most people wake up to when they are approaching middle age, is that they have lost a good many friends through their own carelessness. You receive an invitation to the wedding of one whom you knew well eight or ten years ago. He has quite passed out of your life; though, if you were living near each other so that you would meet occasionally, he is the kind of man in whose society you would find real pleasure. When the invitation comes, you express your pleasure that Dick or John is to be married, and hope that he may be happy. And that is the end of it. You do not send a present, or, what is better — and often costs more — a friendly note conveying your congratulations and good wishes. The occasion passes without any sign from you, and you have lost an opportunity of identifying yourself with your friend's happiness. He will not associate you with that epoch of his life, and very likely will resent your silence. It is the same when you fail to take note of a friend's afflictions. It is a real effort to write a letter of sympathy. But such a note may mean a vast deal to one in trouble, and by it you can bind a heart to your own with a hook of steel. The people who complain that they have so few friends, have themselves to blame for it. They have lost them through indifference or thoughtlessness. "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly."— *Watchman.*

TWO KINDS OF REFUGEES.

A TEXAS paper prints a long account, as many other papers are doing, of the way the Armenians are being driven from the province of Van. But, curiously enough, in the Texas paper, exactly opposite the heading, "Refugees from Van," is another article with this heading, "Mormons Driven Out." Under this last head the statement is made that two Mormon preachers had been preaching in a town in Kentucky, that the citizens held an indignation meeting and sent a committee which warned them to leave the State, and that they had fled into West Virginia. Now those two articles were no nearer together in the paper than the actions they described are alike in character and principle. If the dominant religion in Kentucky has the right to drive the Mormons out of Kentucky, why has not the dominant religion of Turkey an equal right to drive the Armenians out of any Turkish town? And this question prepares the way for another: Is a Christian(?) persecutor any better than a Mohammedan persecutor?

LIFE.

METHINKS that I stand by a deep, mighty river,
That silently flows toward an infinite sea;
And sometimes the waves dash in pitiless grandeur,
And sometimes they murmur like music to me.

And look! there are barges with white banners streaming,
So swiftly and silently passing along;
And the prayer of the saint and the curse of the scoffer
Are strangely commingled with revelous song.

Ah, some of the barks are enshrouded with blackness,
And some wear a halo of heavenly light,
And some are led on by the hand of an angel,
And some by the furious demons of night.
And some are in quiet, and some are in strife,—
Ah, this is a picture — a picture of life!

MRS. L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE.

AN ORIOLE'S VENGEANCE.

A LADY who was one day watching a pair of redstarts as they worked in a tree, was startled by a violent commotion that arose in the shrubbery hard by. Catbirds screamed, wrens scolded, and the robins shouted, "Quick! quick!" with all their might. A squirrel was dragging a baby catbird by the leg from its nest, and all the birds round had come to help make a row about it, including a Baltimore oriole. The screaming and the swish of wings as the birds darted about made the little squirrel abandon its prey, and then the commotion subsided as quickly as it had risen. All the birds but the oriole went about their business elsewhere. The oriole had not said a word so far, and, beyond countenancing the hubbub by his presence, had had no part in it. The squirrel, having dropped the baby catbird, cocked itself upon a limb, and began to chatter in a defiant way, while the oriole sat not far away, looking at it, but doing nothing else. But in a few moments the squirrel left its seat, and ran out on the limb it had been sitting on until it had to use care to keep its hold, and then the oriole's opportunity for a terrible assault had come. Flashing across the space, he struck the squirrel in one eye with his sharp, pointed beak, and then, turning instantly, struck the other eye in like manner. Quivering with pain, the squirrel let go the limb, and dropped to the ground, where it rolled and struggled about, apparently in the throes of death. The oriole flew away to his favorite elm, where he sang in his most brilliant fashion. The lady put the squirrel out of its misery, and then saw that the oriole had destroyed both eyes.— *Boston Journal.*

JEWELS FOR TEARS.

DR. A. T. PIERSON relates that the Princess Eugenie of Sweden was once ordered by her physician to go to an island off the coast for her health. She went, and found there some sick and helpless cripples, for whom she wished to build a hospital, but lacked the means. She wrote to her brother, begging leave to sell her family jewels for Christ's sake. He consented, and the hospital was built.

One day the princess was visiting it as was her custom, and was sitting by the bedside of a dying woman, who, with her last failing strength, raised herself in the bed to caress the hand of her benefactor, and then fell back dead.

The princess looked down on her hand, and saw the grateful tears that the poor creature had shed, glistening on it in the sunshine, and lifting her eyes to God she said, "O my Saviour, I sold my jewels for thee, but thou hast returned them, and O, how much more beautiful!"

Are there not other Christians who can obey that ancient command, "Sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come and follow me"? Are there not many jewels which if sold and given to the sick and needy might cause tears of gratitude to flow, and inward joy to spring up, and bring to the kind givers at last the gracious words, "Ye did it unto me"?— *The Christian.*

THE UNDERGROUND SWELL.

THEY tell a good story about a young man who was prone to unlimited brag about his ancestors, and who was wont to remark with annoying frequency about his splendid lineage. When he was in the country, one day, an old gentleman who had listened as long and as patiently as he could to the young man's bragging, ventured a remark: —

"Young man, you make me think of our 'tater crop."

The young man was anxious to know how he, the representative of so splendid a line, could lead any one to thoughts about this humble vegetable production.

"I 'll tell you why," the old man remarked; "it 's because the likeliest part of you seems to be underground."— *Minneapolis Journal.*

CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.

THIS number of the INSTRUCTOR closes the volume. We trust that many of our readers have saved their papers and sewed them together, so that they now will have the whole year's papers in one volume. Sometime it may be a real pleasure and benefit to take the volume of the INSTRUCTOR for 1895, and look it over. It may also be shown or lent to children with good results. The year 1895 is in the past; but time does not stay its swift course. Hard upon the heels of the flying year comes the new year 1896. New years bring new things, and we expect that the INSTRUCTOR will keep up with the times in spreading a full board every week for its hungry readers. No chaff will be allowed in the INSTRUCTOR; nothing but the finest wheat, well winnowed, will be used. That we may have a large amount of good matter from which to select, we invite all our old contributors to continue to write for the INSTRUCTOR, and new contributors to our columns will also be gratefully welcomed. We hope to make the INSTRUCTOR so worthy of patronage that every subscriber will be glad and anxious to work for its success, to the great extension of our list, and the good of many more thousands.