THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE

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They that sealed the covenant.

NEHEMIAH, X

The points of the covenant. 25 Rē/hum, Hā-shāb/nah, Mā-a-sē/-

gavest before them, neither turned B. C. 445. they from their wicked works.

36 Behold, d we are servants this d Dont, 28. day, and for the land that thou gav- Esra 9. 0. est unto our fathers to eat the fruit thereof and the good thereof, behold,

we are servants in it:

37 And e it yieldeth much increase Dent. 28. unto the kings whom thou hast set over us because of our sins: also they have dominion over our bodies, Deut. 22.

and over our cattle, at their pleady 2 Kin. 22. 3.

2 Chr. 29. sure, and we are in great distress.

26 And A-hī/jah, Hā/nan, A/nan, 27 Măl'luch, Hā/rim, Bā/a-nah.

28 ¶ And the rest of the people, the priests, the Lē'vītes, the porters, the singers, the Neth'i-nims, f and all they that had separated themselves from the people of the lands unto the law of God, their wives, their sons, and their daughters, every one having knowledge, and having understanding ;



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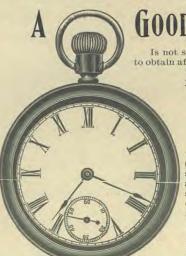
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From ELDER GEO. A. IRWIN, President Seventh-day Adventist General Conference:—

"I have just finished reading the book. 'The Coming King.' by Elder J. E. White. As the citle implies, it treats upon the thrillingly interesting and, to every living soul, important subject of the Saviour's return to this earth the second time, without sin unto salvation.

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From DR. J. H. KELLOGG, Superintendent Battle Creek, Mich., Sanitarium, etc., etc.:

Creek, Mich., Sanitarium, etc., etc.:—

"The Coming King' is the title of a recent work by J. E. White, the subject-matter of which is well indicated by its title. In a most graphic, interesting, and instructive manner it presents the whole subject of Christ's second coming and events connected therewith, and is written in an attractive and popular style. It is profusely and most appropriately illustrated, and can not full to meet with appreciation. Popular works of this kind which are free from lengthy and prosy dissertations are the special needs of the time. The writer knows of no work which contains so much information upon the subject in so small a space, and presented in so attractive any-readable form. The author of this work has for years been engaged in an extensive missionary work in the South, which has been almost wholly self-supporting. The entire proceeds from the sale of this book are devoted to the promotion and support of missionary work among the colored people. This fact, together with the intrinsic merits of the work, ought to

enlist the interest of Christian people everywhere to aid in the circulation of this valuable book."

From ELDER J. N. LOUGHBOROUGH:

From ELDER J. N. LOUGHBOROUGH:—
"I have just completed a careful reading of the book, 'The Coming King,' from the pen of Brother J. E. White. It gives a view of the plan of salvation as wrought out through Christ, from the fall of man to the final possession of the kingdom by the saints of God. Many and instructive illustrations are interspersed through the book. It emphasizes, with clearness, the many signs of the near approach of our coming King. It is written in a manner to rivet the attention of the reader; and is one of those books that, when yon begin to read, you are not satisfied until you have read it all. It is a book the mass of the people need at this very time, and it should have a wide circulation."

From DR. E. J. WAGGONER, of London, England: -"I have given your book, 'The Coming King,' as careful an examination as I ever give to any book, and can honestly say that, taken as a whole, I am pleased with it. Thise the plan of the work; it is simple, direct, easy to be understood, and, withal, evangelfent. Of the attractive appearance of the book, I need not speak; for it speaks for itself; but I have felt moved to congratulate you on your success in breaking away from stiff conventionalism in illustration; it is really a pleasure to look through the pages. The book is one that every lover of truth will rejoice to see have a large circulation, for it can not but do good."

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BIOGRAPHICAL



SIMON POKAGON.

The original Americans, those whose ancestors inhabited this country before the advent of Euro-

peans, are usually regarded by the latter as greatly inferior to them in every way. Those, however, whose hearts have been drawn out in sympathy for the poor, dying race, because of the countless and ceaseless injustices perpetrated upon them, are glad to notice that among this people are those who far outrank their egotistical judges in the qualities that make good human character. Of such was the subject of this sketch, who was buried January 29, at Hartford, Mich.

He was born in an Indian village on Pokagon Creek, near its convergence with the St. Joseph River, in Berrien County, Mich., in 1830. He inherited from his father, Leopold Pokagon, who held the position for forty-two

years, the office of chief of the Pokagon band of Pottawattamie Indians. His mother tongue was the only language he could speak until he acquired English while attending school at Notre

Dame, near South Bend, Ind. He began studying here at the age of fourteen, remaining three years. His natural desire for education, which here began to bear fruit, was still further cultivated by a year in Oberlin College, Ohio, followed by an intellectual harvest of two years at Twinsburg, in the same State. These advantages were largely the result of his own efforts, his father having died

when he was ten years old, and his mother being able to help him but little. He was acknowledged to be the best-educated and most distinguished full-blooded Indian in America.

After Abraham Lincoln became president of the United States, the first red man to visit him was Pokagon. Thirty years previous his father sold to the government the land on which Chicago has since been built, and this visit was to obtain the money due the tribe for this property. In 1866, after a second visit to the president, he succeeded in obtaining a partial payment of thirty-nine thousand dollars. Later he visited President Grant for the same purpose, and several years afterward

several years afterward one hundred and fifty thousand dollars of the remainder due was allowed by the Court of Claims. An appeal was made to the United States Supreme Court against this award, but after much opposition the decree of the lower



Chief Simon Pokagon

court was affirmed. The amount was not paid, however, till a little over two years ago. It is claimed that there is still valuable property in Chicago to which the Pottawattamies have a right. Charles Pokagon, only son of the deceased chief, has been selected to succeed his father, and will take up and prosecute these claims.

Simon Pokagon spent many years, for the good of his people, in securing these appropriations from the government, but he died in comparative poverty, having received only an equal share in the apportionment with all the members of his tribe. In answering a question concerning this division of the allotment, he said, "The last child born received the same as I."

Great disappointment filled the heart of the old chief at the opening of the World's Fair because no appropriation was made for a congress of his people. As he visited the place, and saw all nations provided for, and the Indians-the true Americans - unrepresented, he was nearly heartbroken. Under the influence of this feeling, he wrote "The Red Man's Greeting," a pathetic recital of the woes of his race. This booklet is made of the bark of the white birch, and has received many words of appreciation both on account of its unique make-up and the striking sentiments expressed. It was placed on sale at the great Exposition. The lamentations expressed in it inspired Mayor Harrison and other readers to invite the author to attend the fair again, as the guest of the city. This he finally consented to do. He was received with much attention, and asked to make a speech to the vast audience assembled on "Chicago day," which he did. He it was who rang the great liberty bell on that memorable morning. He told the interested crowd of the killing of buffalo and deer by his father on the very ground where they were standing, and of selling the land afterward to the whites, for three cents an acre. The present relations of the Indians to the whites were considered, and a desire expressed for universal peace.

Preceding this speech the venerable mayor spoke feelingly of the life and work of the aged chieftain. He called Pokagon a brother, and to support this claim of relationship announced to all that his veins carried Indian blood as a descendant of the renowned Pocahontas, a member of the same race. The two names have the same origin, coming from the Algonquin word "Poka," a shield, or defense.

Soon after going home, Pokagon was again summoned by the mayor to return, and assist in

the closing ceremonies of the Columbian Exposition. He did so, only to learn on arriving in the city that the kind-hearted executive had been cruelly assassinated the night before. The chief was almost incapacitated for his part in the exercises, so great was his grief.

The literary work of Pokagon was considerable. Besides the birch-bark booklet already mentioned, he furnished many contributions to the leading magazines, which elicited complimentary comment both in this country and in Europe. His latest work is now being printed at the office from which the Instructor is issued each week. It is called "Queen of the Woods," after the bride of his youth, to whom he gave that appellation. The book contains a picture of the chief; a sketch of his life, by the publisher; and a history of his people and his experiences with them, by the author. He tells, with words almost equaling in conciseness the language of Moses in Genesis, of hunting game in his youthful days, and withholding with superstitious awe the arrows when seeing the white, or albino, deer.

His words telling of his first meeting with Lonidaw, the young maiden who afterward became his wife, contain a delicacy of manner and purity of thought rarely met in stories of love written by white men. The alphabet, notation, and many words and phrases of the Algonquin tongue are given, with the hope to perpetuate, partially at least, the language of this people, even after Pottawattamies as a nation have passed away.

A study of the life of this poor red man, rich in intellectual attainments, must prove an incentive to youth to make the most of their opportunities. His efforts to obtain an education by which he acquired a knowledge of several languages, including Greek and Latin, are worthy of imitation. His labors for the interests of his fellows are especially commendable.

H. E. Simkin.

A MARKED difference between success and failure in life is this: he who attains the first will create good precedents for others to follow, while he to whom comes the latter is satisfied simply to follow precedents set by others.

BETTER remain ever in the valley land of humiliation and defeat with integrity intact, than to reach the mountain-top of far-famed achievement through the avenue of dishonest means.



WHAT?

"I DIED to save you, sinner,
I died to set you free."
The voice of Jesus softly asks,
"What hast thou done for me?"

C. F. LADD.

AS CHRIST WOULD HAVE DONE.

It was a lovely home, and to look in upon the inmates generally, you would say they were a happy family; and so they were. There were four of them,—Henry Newcomb, an elder in the church, his wife, and their two children, Harry and Louise, both of whom had publicly professed Christ for nearly a year. But these young people, especially Louise, had one serious fault, which was a source of much perplexity and grief to their father. While anxiously considering how he could present it before them in a way that would be of lasting benefit, he thought of a plan which he determined to put into execution at the first favorable opportunity.

It was early evening. A light meal was prepared, and all were ready, except Louise, who had started out early in the afternoon to call upon some friends, and had not yet returned. The family, deciding to wait no longer, had just sat down when she entered the room. Her cheeks were flushed from walking; and as she took her place at the table, with a pleasant smile, she made a pleasing picture—so they who were already seated indulgently thought.

"Well, my dear, you must have had a delightful time this afternoon, judging from your late arrival," remarked her mother, smilingly.

"Yes, sis; and now you may relate your experiences," her brother chimed in, a little patronizingly.

"O, I've had a pleasant time, I suppose; though I can't say that making calls is particularly enjoyable; for I always have to call upon so many I care nothing about."

"Why, how is that?" inquired her father. "I supposed you young ladies all had great admiration for one another; at least, appearances always seem to indicate that, when I happen to see a bevy of you together."

"Now, papa, I thought you understood my disposition well enough to know that I can have only one or two real dear friends. Of course

I've lots of acquaintances, and it is necessary for us to call upon one another. Why, there would n't be any sort of society if we didn't. But I try to be careful even in selecting my acquaintances, thanks to my mama's excellent training," she added, quite complacently.

"But, really, I was so annoyed this afternoon. I called again on that Simpkins family you were so anxious to have me get acquainted with, papa. The same little girl came to the door,—a real sweet little thing, if she didn't have such ugly hair,—and said her sisters were n't at home. I was sure I saw one of them peeping through a window up-stairs when I went into the yard."

"But why didn't you go in and see Mrs. Simpkins? Weren't you invited?" asked her father.

"Yes," Louise answered; "but I went there to see the young ladies. Mama may do the calling on the older portion of the family."

"I am sorry," her father replied, quietly. "I admire Mr. Simpkins very much, and he has been quite urgent in asking me to have you call upon his girls; for he is anxious to have them become acquainted with a religious class of young people. But, of course, when they were not at home, you could not see them, though I can not see why that should be any great source of annoyance to you. Could you not have left word, setting a definite time to call upon them?"

"I can not say that I've been favorably impressed with the young ladies, myself, what little I've seen of them," said Mrs. Newcomb. "I don't believe Louise need be in any hurry to get acquainted with them, until time proves a little better what they are."

"But, my dear, we have just taken the parents into church fellowship with us," said Mr. Newcomb.

"That may all be," returned his wife, with some spirit. "But that does not indicate the sort of family they may have."

"O, and will you believe it," said Louise, now eager to dismiss the present subject, "Sadie Anthony treated me so coolly this afternoon! Ever since she made a new start a few weeks ago, she has been trying to make up. Of course, I've been kind and pleasant all the time, but I've been a little slow about going to see her; for I felt in my bones she would treat me just the same as ever if we were alone. The other day she urged me to come and see their new conservatory, and promised me some flowers. So I thought I would run in a few minutes this afternoon. You

know the big musicale at the Slades comes off tomorrow night, and I was wishing for something a little different from our scarlet geraniums to wear. I did feel so disappointed when she gave me just a little bunch of violets!"

"I remember hearing a certain young lady remark the other day that it is considered the best taste to wear violets nowadays," said Harry, with a little wink at his mother,

"O, but there were quite a number of lovely tea-rosebuds that were just perfect. They would have looked so sweet with my new blue dress, while the violets will hardly show at all. The worst of it all was I had hinted just ever so little the kind of flowers I would especially like, if she wished to give me some."

"Perhaps Sadie wishes to wear the buds herself," Mrs. Newcomb remarked.

"No, she doesn't; for I heard her tell Annie Slade just yesterday that she could n't attend the musicale. It is just the way she always has of tantalizing,—leading you on to think she will do something specially lovely for you, and then letting you drop. At least, that is the way she always makes me feel."

"But what about the new conservatory? You have n't told us anything about that yet," pleasantly interrupted her father.

But another interruption occurred just then, which put a stop to any further conversation at the tea-table. Two young friends called to spend the evening with Harry and Louise, and it was not until the hour for prayers—half past nine—that the family were again by themselves.

It was their custom to read around, but this evening Mr. Newcomb remarked, as he took up his Bible, that he had something which he would like to read alone.

"First, however, I want to tell you, my daughter," laying down his spectacles as he glanced over to Louise, "that I believe I know something about those rosebuds you were feeling bad about. Miss Sadie called at the office this evening just before closing time, and gave me some beautiful flowers, rosebuds, I think, with some feathery kind of green stuff, and asked me to give them to Mr. Simpkins when he quit work. They were for his mother, an aged woman, who has been a helpless invalid for years."

Then, again putting on his spectacles, he began to read, as if from the Bible:—

"And Jesus went forth, and saw a great multitude, and was moved with compassion toward them, and he healed their sick. And when it was evening, his disciples came unto him, saying, This is a desert place, and the time is now past; send the multitude away, that they may go into the villages, and buy themselves victuals.

"And Jesus said unto them, Send ye them away, and come ye apart with me where we can rest a while; for I have somewhat to say unto thee. And when they were come unto a place of rest, and had partaken of the few loaves and fishes, he began to speak unto them, saying, Ye see how great a multitude have been healed to-day, and have listened to the words of my teaching. Many there be who will want to fellowship with us, not alone for the miracles, but because they will think it an honor to follow in our company. Beware how ye mingle too freely among them, except it be for personal profit, and at all times keep in your minds the holy mission for which I have set you apart. Some may desire especially to walk with you, but let all your associates be chosen with discretion. Many have come out from among publicans and sinners, and it is but wisdom that they first prove themselves true children. Greet all with kindness and a pleasant countenance; but again I say, Beware whom ye select to mingle among you as brethren, lest ye be called a friend of publicans and sinners."

It is doubtful how much longer Mr. Newcomb might have continued reading, with grave and measured tones, had not Louise, with eyes full of tears, interrupted him with—

"Please, papa, do not read any more. I know what you mean. But can it be that I am as bad as that? I had no idea that I was representing Christ in such a light."

"Louise, dear, I am sure the lesson was for my benefit also," said her mother, who had grown very pale while listening to the reading.

"Well, now, I thought I was the proper one to listen to the most of that reading," said Harry, who was blinking suspiciously.

"My dear family, we are all guilty, in one way or another, of thus misrepresenting the life of our Saviour. While the inspired record, thank God, does not read in that way, I fear we often make Christ's life appear in some such light to those who know him not; for, you see, we are professing to follow in his steps."

Then followed a long, earnest season of heartsearching and confession; and when they finally knelt in prayer, a blessing was received, the influence of which was felt by many others in the better days that followed.

MRS. ELIZABETH M. PATTON.



SIGHTS and SCENES ABROAD



PARIS AND VERSAILLES.

HAVE you ever seen any real boulevards? That which would give the best idea of what they are in Paris, is Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, D. C. They are immensely wide avenues, frequently with double rows of trees and sidewalks. These great thoroughfares run around Paris, and there are four sets of them. When the city was small, a wide avenue, or boulevard, ran around it. When it expanded to a certain degree, another boulevard was constructed. It must not be understood that these are all in geometrical lines, but they are easily followed.

One feature of Parisian life which is quite surprising is that of sitting outside the restaurants to eat and drink. You will often see as many as sixty or seventy tables out in the open air, and there these light-hearted people sit and eat and drink, smoke and chat.

Versailles is so intimately connected with Paris that a visit to the latter is not complete without seeing the former. Versailles is fifteen miles from Paris; it can be reached either by street-cars or steam-cars, and one passes through the historic and pretty places of St. Cloud and St. Germain. Versailles is associated with the name of Louis XIV, under whom it reached its height as headquarters of the French court. Such was the lack of natural surroundings necessary for the development of a park, that the sums expended for its building and support seem fabulous; for instance, the palace and park cost Louis XIV two hundred million Thirty-six hundred men and six thousand horses were employed at one time on the terraces of the garden, and in building a road to Paris. Water had to be brought a distance of over thirty miles. Even now the views, the arrangement of flowers, shrubbery, and statuary, and the lakes, are almost intoxicating in their beauty. There are in the palace, which is now an art gallery, some exquisite paintings and statuary. In the Trianon, which Louis built as a residence for Madame de Maintenon, many relics of great value are exhibited, such as the household furniture of Napoleon I.

The return to Paris is most beautiful. Against the purple haze, through which one can just distinguish the outline of Notre Dame, shines brightly the golden reflection of the gilded towers and domes, while nearer looms up the gigantic Eiffel tower, by which meanders the ever-winding Seine.

The beautiful park of Paris, the Bois de Boulogne, contains about twenty-two hundred and fifty acres of forest, field, and roadways. One may take a bus from the Place de la Concorde, and ride out along the Champs Elysées, by the great Arch of Triumph, and so on, to the Bois. The Champs Élysées is a wonder itself, over a mile in length, straight from the Place de la Concorde, of immense width, and flanked by rows, or rather groves, of trees, it forms the most fashionable promenade and drive in the city. The Arch of Triumph is the largest triumphal arch in existence, and can be seen from any part of Paris. The whole thing is one hundred and sixty feet high, and the arch is sixty-seven feet high. There are twelve avenues radiating from this place.

As to the Bois itself, one could hardly imagine that it was at one time in such evil report as to be the resort of robbers, thieves, suicides, and duelists; but such was the case for a long time, until it was developed, and many princely mansions were built in its vicinity. Now it is a most attractive and well-kept park. It lies on the west side of the city, just outside the ramparts.

In the opposite direction, away over in the east, is the principal of twenty-two burying-grounds, the cemetery of Père la Chaise. It is in reality a city of the dead, and a densely populated one at that. It contains one hundred and ten acres, and has about twenty thousand monuments, many of which are deeply interesting as memorials of illustrious persons.

G. E. M. Taylor.

THE MASTER'S FACE.

No pictured likeness of my Lord have I;
He carved no record of his ministry
On wood or stone.
He left no sculptured tomb nor parchment dim,
But trusted, for all memory of him,
Men's hearts alone.

Sometimes I long to see him as of old Judea saw, and in my gaze to hold His face enshrined.

Often, amid the world's tumultuous strife, Some slight memorial of his earthly life I long to find.

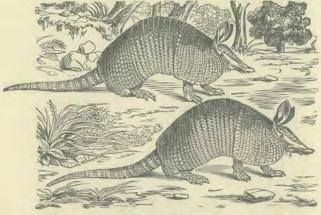
Who sees the face sees but in part; who reads
The spirit which it hides sees all; he needs
No more. Thy grace—
Thy life in my life, Lord, give thou to me;
And then, in truth, I may forever see
My Master's face!

- Wm. Hurd Hillyer.

THE REALM OF NATURE

TOOTHLESS ANIMALS.

ALL the mammals are vertebrates, for they have a back-bone. The Pocket Animals, which we studied in our last lesson, are the lowest and



THE ARMADILLO.

queerest of the vertebrates that we shall study. The Toothless Animals are curious creatures, and are thought to have but little sense. They received the name, "Toothless Animals," because some of them have no teeth at all, while with others the teeth are absent from the front part of the jaw. These creatures are unknown to most of you because they live in foreign lands. They are interesting creatures, however, so we must have a short study about them, even if we may not have the privilege of seeing them. I shall describe only three of the most interesting ones,—the sloth, the ant-eater, and the armadillo.

The sloth is so named because of its lazy habits; and yet if it wants to move, it can get about as lively as most animals. It lives entirely among the trees, passing from tree to tree, hanging on the under side of the limbs by its four legs, instead of scampering about on the top of the limb, as do the squirrels and monkeys. When the day is quiet and calm, it sleeps suspended under a limb; but just as soon as the wind begins to blow, it moves about. Then is the most favorable time; for the swaying of the trees by the breeze causes the branches of different trees to come closer together. The feet of the sloth are so constructed that it can not walk on the ground, for they have no soles, but consist usually of two or three long claws, which are very useful in climbing. If the sloth is placed on quite rough ground, it drags its body along very clumsily. It is no more at home on the ground than a hen would be in the water. The sloth is wholly a vegetarian, living on leaves and fruits. Its home is, for the most part, in the tropical regions, ranging from the southern portion of Mexico to Rio de Janeiro, in South America. The sloth tribe are few in number, and live in gloomy forests, where poisonous snakes take up their abode, and where dismal swamps, with thorny bushes and shrubs, obstruct the steps of civilized man.

The armadillos are also found in South America, but differ much in appearance and habits from the sloth. The armadillos are burrowing animals, and for this purpose they are provided with strong digging claws. The upper surface of the body is covered with a heavy coat of mail, which is formed of hard bony plates united at their edges. This peculiar covering causes them to look something like a rat running away with a turtle's shell. Their food consists partly of animal and partly of vegetable substances and fruits. The giant armadillo is over three feet in length, but the others are quite small.

The ant-eater, as the name signifies, is a lover of ants. Most of the ant-eaters have no teeth; if any are present, they consist of a few molars; but they have long cylindrical tongues covered with sticky saliva, which furnishes the means for entrapping the prey. The body is covered with hair, and some of the ant-eaters have long, bushy



THE ANT-EATER.

tails. Their bodies are sometimes three or four feet long. Some of the ant-eaters, when threat-ened with danger, will roll themselves up like a hedgehog.

M. E. Cady.



Thappy Thours at Thome



MAKING HOME PEACEFUL.

XV.

"I PRESUME you can get a job over at Mosely's, after a little. I heard he needed a clerk, and I'll speak a word for you."

"Thank you, sir," replied Tom. But it was with a sinking heart that he opened the little front gate that lonely night, wondering what Maggie would say — poor Maggie.

Tom had been brother, father, and mother, three in one,—to his delicate sister, who was four years younger than he, ever since the death of their mother.

"Well, Tommie, hurry up! I 've just outdone myself in generosity, and kept a nice piece of that shortcake you liked so well at dinner, in the warming-oven for you—why, what's the matter, Tommie? Something's happened. What is it, brother?"

"O, nothing, Maggie," replied Tom, feigning a carelessness, for his sister's sake, which he did not feel. "Nothing—only—"and then followed the whole miserable story.

"I was afraid of this when I told Mr. Beardsley," he explained. "But I could not endure to have little Tim Mallory bear the blame; and now that the poor child is dead, I should never have forgiven myself if I had refused to tell what I heard, and I knew you'd want me to do it; for you always say, just as mother used to: 'Do right, Tom, and never mind the consequences.' I'd have told you before, only I could n't bear to worry you over what might never happen."

The thin cheek of the slender-looking girl by his side grew white, but there was a brave ring in her voice as she answered: "You did right, brother; I'm sure mother would have approved; I—I always test hard questions by that standard. You'll be sure to find work, Tommie. I know God will never let us suffer because you did what you thought right. Come now, while you eat your supper, let's talk it all over, and see if we can't make up our minds what can be done. Harrisburg is quite a large place, and I believe you'll find something to do, if we both only keep well," and she tenderly kissed the broad, white brow, from which the shadows were already retreating.

Before they slept, they had formulated their plans so nicely that they felt sure fortune would smile on them; and as Tom crept into bed that

night, after saying his prayers, in which thanksgiving and gratitude had a large place, he felt far more hopeful than he had at first thought it possible to feel.

"Maggie's such an inspiration!" he said to himself. "God bless her. I hope she'll not get sick; but the dear girl is so slender. Someway I feel as if everything would turn out right. Still I wish I had a little more money saved up; but with Maggie's doctor bills, and my small wages, it's been hard to save much. I think Mr. Beardsley would have paid me more this spring if I had stayed; but-it will be all right I 'm sure;" which conclusion was but the natural product of youthful spirits, good health, and a clear conscience. But could the brave young heart have felt that night half the sorrows it was destined to feel before many weeks, it would have been a sore trial to the faith which now seemed so firm. But he was trusting in God, and it is written that they who trust in him shall be as Mount Zion, which can never be removed, but abideth forever.

We will not attempt to follow our young hero through the weary days of disappointment and weeks of trial which ensued after his dismissal. More than once he had almost regretted telling Mr. Beardsley who had taken the servant girl's money. What was it to him, anyway? Why need he to have cared so much, even if the blame was laid on an innocent child, he sometimes reasoned. Then he remembered that God's word was pledged that he would protect and care for those who make him their refuge; and his heart would once more be filled with that sweet peace that passeth understanding.

The next day after leaving the employ of James Beardsley, Tom visited the office of Mr. Mosely, as his late employer had suggested, only to find that the vacant place had been filled the week previous. Disappointed, though not discouraged, he called on many of his acquaintances, men who had always given him a kind word and a pleasant smile, hoping that some vacant place would offer itself. But poor Tom soon learned the lesson, which is always so hard to learn, and which each must learn for himself, that it is one thing to find an apparent friend in days of prosperity, when skies are sunny, and sweet flowers of hope and cheer are blooming in our path, and quite another to find that true friendship that is indeed "born for adversity," and which "loveth at all times." Indeed, he was quite at a loss to understand the averted looks and the cool answers that he so often received from some who had heretofore professed themselves his friends. But the mystery was clear enough "after many days," when he found that the cruel tongue of slander had not been silent, and that cunning falsehood had forged her subtle chain of hypocrisy and deceit, link after link, until every helpful avenue had been hedged up. For Reginald Beardsley had not been satisfied with the obnoxious clerk's dismissal, but he had been careful to set sundry mysterious stories afloat concerning him, and the reason of his leaving Mr. Beardsley's employ.

The weeks passed slowly by, and lengthened into months. Finally, one afternoon in early spring, the pitiless tramp, tramp, for employment had come to an end. The hand that the weary boy laid upon the latch of the little front gate as he came home that evening, trembled with exhaustion, and the brow that his devoted sister tenderly and tearfully bathed was hot and burning with fever.

Mr. Beardsley had proved himself a friend all through the weary days, and had been the means of Tom's securing the little work he had found,—just enough to keep them from absolute want,—and Maggie's health had been much better than for a long time; so they were just beginning to hope that with the coming of spring, brighter days would be in store for them.

But now Tom threw himself upon his bed, and in utter loneliness and discouragement, gave way for the first time to bitter tears. What to him was the coming of "beautiful spring"? What to him were the songs of birds and the sweet-scented flowers? Weary, discouraged, sick, a burden to his delicate sister, a burden to himself. Thus the weary days passed slowly away.

James Beardsley heard, with a sad heart, of his young friend's illness, and many little dainties found their way to the sick-room. But if he hoped that his wife's hard spirit would soften toward the young man, whom he felt sure she had deeply wronged, he was doomed to disappointment. Ellen Beardsley only shrugged her shoulders, and remarked that she didn't know as she was to be blamed because Tom Willis had been taken sick. She had considered him a deceitful, canting hypocrite—so she considered him still. And she had concluded her remarks by saying that she certainly did not think herself indebted to him after the manner in which he had treated her son.

So deceitful, so unfair, so unchristlike is selfishness. Woe to that human heart in which it takes up its abode. Woe to the life that is affected by its

accursed influence. It palsies the hand of charity, and silences the tongue of kindness. It closes the eye of pity, and dries up the springs of tenderness and love in the heart where its accursed presence is found. Shall we cherish it - you and I? Shall we bid it welcome to our hearts? Shall we permit its blighting shadow to fall across our paths to darken our own lives, and to blast the lives of others? Or shall we bid its hateful presence begone, and so fill our hearts with the sweet influence of the blessed Spirit, whose fruits are love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance, that there shall remain no room in which the throne of selfishness, envy, and malice can be set up, and no foothold for its vile presence?

MRS. L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE.

(To be continued.)

A PLEA FOR SPAIN.*

"Come over, . . . and help us."

SAFE have we reached the shore,
Praise God on high!
But through the tempest's roar,
Hark to that cry!
'T is from companions brave,
Battling still against the wave;
Hear how for life they crave:
'' Help, or we die! ''

Shall these our brethren sink—
And we so near?
Can we from danger shrink—
And they so dear?
Hastel ere it be too late;
Souls are drifting to their fate!
Dare we still idly wait,
And give no ear?

Christ, let it not be thus;
Be thou at hand!
Dear Lord, who died for us,
Now by us stand!
Teach us the lost to seek,
Help the strong to help the weak;
Safe through the waters bleak,
Bring all to land!

Then shall fresh anthems rise—
All dangers past!
Nor will despairing cries
Then pierce the blast,
As we, through endless days,
With our dear companions raise
To thee triumphant praise,
In heaven at last! Amen.

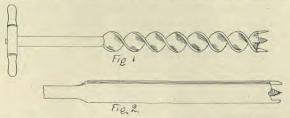
^{*}This stirring hymn, which should find a ready response from every Christian heart, was written by Lord Plunket, the Protestant archbishop of Dublin. It may be sung to "Vigil" ("Hark! 't is the watchman's cry"), or "Happy Land" ("There is a happy land").

* How Th

How Things Are Made

POD-AUGER DAYS.

I THOUGHT I would give you a little talk about augers and bits. A great change has been made in this kind of tool, within my recollection. You will see in Fig. 1 the picture of an auger used at the present time. Fig. 2 shows the same kind of



auger before it is twisted. The point is first made on the end, and the cutting part is ground. The steel is then heated hot, and twisted, as you see in Fig. 1. The auger is then tempered, polished, and put on the market. I have a two-inch auger of my grandfather's, that was among the first twisted augers ever made.

Fig. 3 shows an auger that would be a curiosity to many of you boys. It is called a pod-auger. It is made of a piece of steel hollowed out like a gauge, and having a lip upon the end. See α , Fig. 3. I never saw but one pod-auger. My grandfather had a one-inch auger of that kind.

I remember, when a boy, of hearing an old shipcarpenter say that he used pod-augers in shipbuilding. He first took a mallet and a gauge, and chipped up a little place to start with, and then he could bore a straight hole.

In Fig. 4 you will see a convenient tool. It is a hollow brad-awl handle. The top screws off, and the handle is filled with a number of different awl points, together with a wrench, by which you may screw them into the handle.

I can not resist the temptation to give you a little piece of poetry about pod-auger days. It first appeared in the Rochester, N. Y., *Democrat* about fifty years ago, and it is more appropriate to the times now than then; for humbugs and trusts are more plentiful:—

"I saw an aged man at work—
He turned an auger round;
And ever and anon he 'd pause,
And meditate profound.
'Good morning, friend,' quoth I to him;
'Art thinking when to raise?'
'O, no!' said he, 'I'm thinking on
The old pod-auger days.

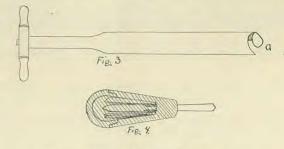
"'True, by the hardest then we wrought,
With little extra aid;
On honor were the things we bought,
On honor those we made.
But now Invention stalks abroad,
Deception dogs her ways;
Things different are from what they were
In old pod-auger days.

"Then homely was the fare we had,
And homespun what we wore;
Then scarce a niggard pulled the string
Inside his cabin door;
Then humbugs did n't fly so thick
As half the world to haze;
That sort of bug was scarcely known
In old pod-auger days.

Then men were strong, and women fair
Were hearty as the doe;
Then few so dreadful feeble were
They could not knit and sew;
Then girls could sing, and they could work,
And strum gridiron lays;
That sort of music took the palm
In old pod-auger days.

"Then men were patriots,—rare, indeed,
An Arnold or a Burr,—
They loved their country, and in turn
Were loved and blessed by her.
Then Franklin, Sherman, Rittenhouse
Earned well the nation's praise;
We've not the Congress that we had
In old pod-auger days.

"'Then, slow and certain was the word;
Now, de'il the hindmost take:
Then, buyers rattled down their tin;
Now, words must payment make:
Then murder-doing villains soon
Were decked in hempen bays;
We did n't murder in our sleep
In old pod-auger days.



"''So wags the world; 't is well enough,
If wisdom went by steam,
But in my day she used to drive
A plain old-fashioned team;
And Justice, with her bandage off,
Can now see choice in ways;
She used to sit blindfold and stern
In old pod-auger days.' "

W. K. Loughborough.



SHUT THE DOOR.

BE careful to shut the door after you, but, while you are shutting it, shut it carefully. Did you ever notice the difference in the way doors are treated in the various households with which you are acquainted? When traveling on railroad trains, have you ever observed how some brakemen throw the car door to with a deafening crash, which threatens to knock the end of the car out on the platform; while others close it so carefully and quietly that those who are not looking are unaware that they have entered the car? Which brakeman would you prefer should have charge of your car? In which household would you prefer to live, - where the doors are slammed, or where every one takes thought to close them quietly?

Have you dined in different restaurants or hotels in large cities, and noticed the money value of elegant quietude and refinement? In some places you have paid for your entertainment perhaps twice as much as in others, and yet your bill of fare was not much different, but the way it was served gave you a far different sensation. In the first place, you felt as if you were taking your meal, feeding, among the scullions in the kitchen, in the midst of slamming doors, and stamping feet, and rattling dishes; while in the other, and more expensive, not a footstep was heard, every door swung on velvet, no two dishes ever seemed to touch. You enjoyed the quiet, the calm, and the peace; and when you looked at your bill, you realized that thoughtful and elegant quietude has a money value. To the proprietors of that hotel or restaurant, and to the waiters and others who serve there, this quiet has a money value; for there are many of those who have money to use who are willing to pay twice the money for the same food when the service is quiet and refined. The proprietor realizes his profit, and the waiters appreciate their higher wages, and the generous "tips" of their pleased and satisfied patrons.

There is a lesson in this. Young people who shut the door with a slam do not realize how far the sound and wind of that banging door may carry until it deafens ears that otherwise might listen to their requests for preferment, and blows away many bright prospects of success which

seemed so possible of fulfilment. Boys and girls, young people, shut the door, and shut it quietly. Let that act be indicative of your gentle, thoughtful carefulness through life; and many doors, which you desire to enter, will be opened to you, which otherwise would be locked against you.

M.

ART AS AN AIM.

"ART for art's own sake" is the dogma of not a few of its most ardent devotees. Those who hold this view and act in harmony therewith make art the aim of their existence, and will sacrifice all else of value or worth upon the much-adorned altars of this most fascinating goddess. Those who do this sadly fail in comprehending the origin, the nature, and the purpose of all true art. What, then, is the genesis of art? By successfully answering this question may we not also learn the truth both as to its nature and proper end?

No one, however prone to doubt, dissents from the declaration of Scripture that, in the beginning, "the earth was without form, and void "-chaos. Now, as every one knows, we have cosmos, characterized by orderly arrangement, adaptation to its uses, and last, the crowning glory, beauty. But how was this transition effected? The divine record says: "And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." Thus did the great Master Builder prove himself the great Master Artist of all the centuries. Thus was shown forth the marvelous handiwork and the peerless art of God. But was this transcendent art manifested for art's sake alone? Was this divine art without object? Let Isaiah, the great prophet-poet, make answer: "For thus saith the Lord that created the heavens; God himself that formed the earth and made it; he hath established it, he created it not in vain, he formed it to be inhabited."

The exquisite beauties revealed in nature,—the gorgeous sunset; the scintillating, far-distant stars; the high up-rearing mountains, crowned with eternal snows, and the bright-hued and fragrant flowers nestling at their feet; the wide-spreading, verdant valley; the singing of the birds; the lowing of the cattle upon a thousand hills; the gurgling of the forest streamlet; the soughing of the summer breeze; the merry prattle of little children,—all these, through the medium of the senses, find access to the inner sanctuary of the human soul, where impressions more or less enduring are recorded. Man's successful efforts to give expression to these impressions is the art of man. As God's object in beautifying this world

was and is to make it a desirable place of habitation for the race, so should man's object, in making reflections of nature's manifold beauties, be to make the surroundings of his fellow mortals such as will make them happier and better,—such as will lead them ever onward, through the delightful avenues of the beautiful, up to the good and the true.

The history of art proves that many of its most celebrated adepts have looked upon art as an end, not a means, have not sought to make it a vehicle for the dissemination among the multitude of benefit, blessing, joy, peace, happiness, and inspiration to nobler aspiration and better life. Too often has the fee-"current money with the merchant," and honeyed words of praise from the favored few - been their only purpose. Even in that period when Italian art was at the zenith of its glory, only the ruling classes shared in its benefits. To the common people art was a sealed book. Truly has a noted clergyman said: "It was an age of marble for rich men, but an age of mud for peasants. It was an era of art for princes, an era of ugliness and squalor for the common people." Speaking of this time, Frederick Harrison has well said: "They [the masses] were cooped up in walled towns with narrow courts and sunless alleys. They slept in airless, windowless, pestiferous chambers, wearing the same leather garments for successive generations, piling the refuse in the back yard, walking along streets narrow and unpaved, through which man and beast trampled knee deep in noisome mire. Every church was crammed with corpses, and reeked with vile odors, even the banqueting hall of the castle being built above dungeons, where prisoners were reeking in dampness and filth."

But since that gloom-enshrouded day the spirit of liberty has, in large measure, broken the shackles wherewith the masses of the people were bound. Knowledge has been increased, stagnation has ceased, human ingenuity has been quickened, invention has resulted, the useful arts have been magnified, and thus have the people been brought in touch with the wonderful creations of the great masters. Through the marvelous progress made in the art of pictorial reproduction, we now find in nearly every home copies of the great pictures of Raphael, Angelo, and their contemporaries, portraying to us phases in the earthly life of the great Life-giver, Jesus of Nazareth. Thus, though some of these greatest artists may not have had the loftiest aim in view, God has caused the works

of their hands to glorify him and bless the children of men.

In order to make earth a pleasant, happy, and good home for his creatures, God spread over all his works a mantle of beauty. What nobler object then could the art of man have than to make happier and better and sweeter and purer the homes of all the people, and who can be more a benefactor of mankind than he who aids in making home beautiful, without and within,—beautiful in all its environs and approaches,—beautiful in its interior arrangements and appointments,—and above all, beautiful in the lives of love lived therein? In this glorious work all may have a part.

While art, in many ways, may and should minister to human happiness and betterment, yet it is nevertheless a sad fact that its fascinations are often employed by the agencies of evil in alluring men and women away from the straight path of duty into byways of sin and folly. Thus, often do the most beautiful pictures and statues adorn gilded palaces wherein midnight revelers hold high carnival, while most entrancing music lulls the gay throng into a fatal carnal security, from which they may awake only when it is forever too late.

Unfortunately, many well-intentioned people, because art is so often made to subserve evil purposes, condemn all art, and discourage all culture of the esthetic in human nature. They evidently forget that beauty and its expression by man is one of the most powerful agencies God has ordained for the betterment of human beings. All good people should heartily unite with the psalmist in saying: "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us." He in whose life this beauty, "the beauty of holiness," is shown forth can not avoid becoming an artist whom the great Master will delight to honor. Such a one finds himself in perfect agreement with these noble sentiments of Emerson: "Art has not come to its maturity if it do not put itself abreast with the most potent influences of the world, if it is not practical and moral, if it do not stand in connection with the conscience, if it do not make the poor and uncultivated feel that it addresses them with a voice of lofty cheer. As soon as beauty is sought, not from religion and love, but for pleasure, it degrades the seeker. High beauty is no longer attainable by him in canvas or in stone, in sound or in lyrical construction; an effeminate, prudent, sickly beauty that is not beauty, is all that can be formed; for the hand can never execute anything higher than the character can inspire."

American Sights and Scenes

VISIT TO A YUMA INDIAN CAMP.

In company with a friend, I started across the country in Arizona, one bright July day. As we were climbing over the rocks and boulders, up the mountainside, the sun beat down on our heads with unusual strength. When we had gained the

which is an oblong figure, representing, at a distance, Noah's ark.

We traveled on, faces radiant with hope, and feet sore from walking. In a short time we found ourselves beside a steep precipice, beneath which was a small stream of water gently murmuring a joyful song as it went on its way to the mighty ocean. We had followed this stream about half a mile when there was discovered a small irrigating ditch, which captured the contents, and made



AN INDIAN HOME,

height, our eyes wandered across the barren waste, and saw nothing except here and there a bunch of desert-willow, beyond which were the mountain peaks towering high toward heaven. Some of these peaks are very rugged, standing above the rest with a sort of commanding attitude; while others are more regular in formation, and quite feminine in their appearance. One mountain rises to a considerable height, on the top of

them minister to the productiveness of the soil.

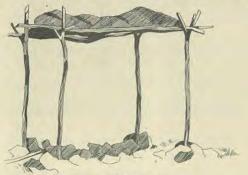
Being anxious to know who had been working in this way so far from the settlement, we followed the marks of civilization until our curiosity was fully satisfied. We soon came to a rude garden spot surrounded by a brush fence, inside of which were a few wigwams. Having never seen the like before, I remarked to my associate, "I wonder who lives in such a place as this?" He

replied that he did not know; so we decided to go through the fence, and get acquainted with the inmates.

After walking through a breach, we went bravely on till, suddenly coming into an open space, we looked to the right, and there saw a squaw, sitting in the shade of a wigwam, making tateumpsia. This dish is made of seed from the century-plant. After the seeds are gathered, they are washed, then placed in a basket over a hot fire to roast; after this they are ground by placing a handful on a flat rock and rubbing with a small stone. Just back of the squaw were two small children, about eight and ten years of age. They were very timid; and as soon as they saw us, they hid themselves behind a blanket hanging from the limb of a tree.

We sat down on a rock, and began to talk to the "lady of the house," but she was not very sociable, saying repeatedly, "Me no savy." We found that the squaw was preparing the black-looking tateumpsia for supper; and being somewhat hungry, we did according to the Indian fashion,—helped ourselves. We made quite a lengthy visit among the "Americans," and soon found them very friendly. They tried to teach us some words in their language; such as, "horse," "cow," "beans," "corn," "water-melon," etc.

After visiting this family for some time, we



AN INDIAN GRAVE.

went a short distance, and called on their neighbors. Here we found an old gray-headed Indian, who said by signs that he was one hundred and ten years old, and that his squaw was only ninety. They lived in a semicircular dwelling made of poles and brush, covered with rags, canvas, and worn-out pieces of bedclothes. The poor old squaw was sick. Her face was hot with fever, and there in the dirt she lay, with no one to care for her,—no one to give a cool drink to moisten her parched lips. Our hearts were moved to pity

as we beheld the scene. There they were, ignorant, down in the very depths of heathenism, while we were living in civilization, under the full blaze of the gospel.

After doing all in our power to relieve the sick



A WATER-CARRIER.

one, we were ready to go; and as I gave them my hand, they gave it a grasp that I shall never forget.

We went from this place up a short hill to view the burying-ground, where the braves were laid away with bright hopes of meeting again in the "happy hunting-grounds." These Indians lay their dead away by wrapping them in blankets, and then placing them on a platform made of poles. With the dead Indian are placed all his belongings; such as, blankets, guns, etc.

The day being far spent, we turned our steps homeward, where we arrived before dark.

CHARLES G. STATES.

TO MYSELF. '

LET nothing make thee sad or fretful, Or too regretful:

Be still:

What God hath ordered must be right; Then find in it thine own delight, My will.

Why shouldst thou fill to-day with sorrow About to-morrow,

My heart?

One watches all with care most true.

Doubt not that he will give thee, too,

Thy part.

Only be steadfast; never waver, Nor seek earth's favor,

But rest;

Thou knowest what God wills must be For all his creatures, so for thee,

The best.

- Paul Fleming.



PHYSICAL CULTURE



"STEPPING MOVEMENTS AND THIGH WALKS."

A good change here would be to introduce the three stepping movements. The first is (with hands on hips) lightly touching the toe of the right foot to the right side on count 1. (Count, one—and—two—and—one—and—two—and, etc.) On count "and," bring the same foot in front, bearing the entire weight of the body on this foot, rising to position with a lithe, springing motion, preparatory to the same movement with the left foot. Commands for this movement are as follows:—

- "Right foot to side one!"
- "In front and -"
- "Left foot to side two!"
- "In front—and—," and so on until desiring a change.

The second stepping movement is as follows (count 1, 2, 3, 4): cross right foot over the left with easy, free swing (1); swing across to right side, same as previous step, toe touching lightly (2); placing right foot directly in front, body ris ing to forward-walk position (3); bring left foot up beside the right (4). The left foot on count I now swings across in front, over the right, then out to left side (2), directly in front (3), the body springing easily into place for right foot to be placed beside the left on count 4. Take this same movement with the right foot, then the left, and thus alternating, as long as desired. It will be noticed that three movements are made with one foot without change; and the foot that responds to count 4 is always the one to cross over in front.

The third stepping movement is similar, only with a backward swing of the leg. Count 1, 2, 3, 4. Right foot swings lightly across the left foot in front, toe touching (1); swing clear around behind the left foot (2); swing to right side (3); stepping directly in front with right foot, body poised for forward movement, weight coming up firmly on right foot on count 4, at the same time the left foot swings across in front of the right foot on count 1; swing clear around behind right foot (2); side step to left (3); left foot in place directly in front (4); then the right foot is exercised the same way, and so on. This exercise is an excellent "balance" exercise, and develops a good poise, equilibrium, and flexibility of the leg muscles. Hands should be on the hips, chest

well up, and head erect. The teacher can order by short commands, as follows: "Right foot, across! behind! side! step! Left foot, across! behind! side! step!" These same movements emphasized are known as the "thigh walk." Before taking these, however, a genuine "run" might be appropriate. "Class in place," awaits the order, "Ready to run!" and hands clenched, palms up, on side of chest, elbows well back, chest high, the run being lightly on toes. The arms should not be held so braced that no motion could be possible, but on the contrary, the arms should move forward and backward with the running movement of the feet. The music should be quick - 2 time - and the steps short. The legs should be lifted well behind, the steps being taken on the balls of the feet only. Now for the "thigh walk," No. 1. Hands on hips, trunk erect. Swing right leg behind, then across front of the left leg, then lift the thigh as high as possible, hitting the chest with the knee if able to do so, but the spine must remain erect. The tendency is to bend forward as the thigh is raised. The value of this exercise is lost if attention is not paid to this instruction. The right leg is dropped after the thigh flection, and weight falls on right foot. Repeat the exercise with the left leg, counting, "Behind, 1! across, 2! up, 3! step, 4!" The teacher should always give the order plainly, taking the movement herself, so the class may understand how to proceed. When the class is in motion, executing a movement, the teacher can observe faulty positions and correct them, as she notes those who need personal attention. This is a principle of the Swedish system especially.

If the teacher is always occupied taking the exercises herself, she can not observe as carefully as might be desired. The conscientious teacher will always be anxious to have each pupil derive the proper benefit from this work, and if unable to "do two things at once," she should first show the class the movement, giving plain directions, and then notice carefully each pupil and his individual needs.

"Thigh walk," No. 2. This is also called the "greyhound step." It is a rather difficult exercise, especially if one is "muscle bound;" that is, has an absence of elasticity and suppleness. Hands on hips, trunk erect, chest well up. The right thigh is lifted so the knee is even with the hip, the lower leg hanging limp; this on count 1. On count 2 extend lower leg straight out, with a slight spring on the left foot. On count 3 step forward on the right foot, bringing the left beside

the right on count 4. Then with the left leg, take the same movement; and then the right, and so on, for several minutes. This exercise may be followed by the "toe step," which is a simple walk, only rising slowly on each foot, and springing to the very toes, before placing the rear foot ready for action.

There is the "skip step," which is a side step of the right foot, and a quick step of the left with a second step of the right, all taken quickly. Then the same with the left foot, alternating as desired.

The "double-hop step" is a good exercise, but is not easy to describe. It is a combination of the skip step, thigh movement, and hopping. It should be taken to $\frac{2}{4}$ time. Doubtless some of our young readers of ingenuity can decipher it.

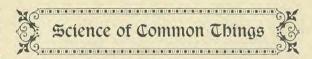
Then there is the "serpentine walk," the "statuary walk," the "clasp-hand march," the "salute march," and the "diagonal march." These will be described in the next article.

MRS. M. D. MCKEE.

THE VIRULENCE OF SIN.

IF we care to know any further than our own experience has taught us of what human sin is, we only need to go to Calvary; there we may see it as a base revolt against goodness and mercy, as a savage delights in vengeance; as the ingratitude, that rewards the Redeemer with the cross; as the outcome of God's patient love, with his chosen people visiting death on Him in whom the Father is well pleased. And we may discover also that our hearts have some kinship with the sins that nailed Jesus to the tree; that there slumbers in each one of us some part of that baseness, that hatred of the truth, that treachery to righteousness, which burst forth in fury on the head of Jesus. Men have sometimes tried to get at God's thought of sin by peering down into some dungeon of terror and fire, such as Dante saw; but it is far better to look at the cross of Jesus Christ. We belong to a race, we have been smitten with something of the poison in a race, which crucified the Lord of glory. And surveying the wondrous cross that guilty men reared on Calvary, and remembering that Jesus died for us, we may well pour contempt on all our unholy pride. - Rev. Dr. J. H. Barrows.

HAPPY is the man of whom, in life's evening, this statement is not true: "The retrospect of life swarms with lost opportunities."



THE SEVENFOLD SUNSHINE.

It had been raining all day. The showers had followed one after another in unabating persistency, keeping the children indoors. Aunt Ruth had exhausted her store of legendary lore, and books had become dull, and the children were on the verge of complaining, when suddenly, through a splendid cloud rift, shone forth the warm, cheering rays of the setting sun.

The wondrous verdure of the shrubbery and lawn, touched to a tenderer green by the warm sunshine, the delightful freshness of the evening breeze, and the dripping coolness everywhere, made the earth seem like a new creation. The even warp of the storm-cloud that had veiled the sun so completely all day, was breaking everywhere, and piling up in huge, dome-like peaks, and floating off in the wake of the retreating storm-cloud, like the commissary wagons bringing up the rear of the earthly battalions of war.

The rain was still falling, like a shower of gold lit up by the mellow sunlight, when the children hurried on their wraps, and followed Aunt Ruth to the east veranda, turning their backs on the glories of the setting sun and the beautiful sun shower, that they might behold a grander sight in the rainbow-arched east. And surely a more sublime spectacle could scarcely be conceived than that magnificent bow of blended color, painting the black background of the receding storm-cloud with a glory almost too ethereal to be of earth, and spanning the beautiful valley from bluff to bluff with its buoyant fairy arch.

The children gazed with rapturous awe too deep for aught but subdued exclamations, while Aunt Ruth murmured, "The bow of the covenant; praise God!" Edith crept to auntie, and whispered: "O Aunt Ruth, could the rainbow of God's throne be more beautiful than that?"

"Children, I had purposed to give you a lesson on color, and here it is, painted on the sky in hues of heavenly light. Walter, take your memoranda, and note the colors of that arch, in just the order of their succession, while Edith names them."

"I can hardly tell where it begins," said Edith, "but I think the first faint tint is green. The next I'm sure is yellow, then orange, red, purple, indigo, blue, and violet-blue, and then green

again, and I am sure I see a tint of yellow beyond."

"Right, Edith. Have you noted them, Walter?"

"Yes, aunt, and I can see every one of those tints in that second arch above the rainbow, which looks like its shadow."

"That is reflected color. Now, children, come in. The beauty is fading, and I want to make use of the sunshine before it is all gone. I think you understand the rudiments of color, but I will ask Edith to tell us what are the three primary colors, from which all color has its origin."

"The three primary colors are red, yellow, and blue," answered Edith precisely.

"And, Walter, what are the secondary colors, which are made by combining these three?"

"The secondary colors are orange, green, and purple," answered Walter, quickly.

"That is right. Red and yellow combined make what?"

"Orange."

"Yellow and blue?"

"Green."

"Blue and red?"

"Purple," chorused the children.

"Now we have six colors, and the seventh is the deeper blue, or indigo. Now, Walter, look at your memoranda, and tell me how the primary and secondary colors are arranged, and what relation they bear to each other."

Walter scrutinized his tablet with an expression of shrewd philosophical inspection that made Aunt Ruth smile, and declared: "I find that the primary and secondary colors alternate, with one exception,—the two blues."

"Now, Edith, dear, tell me what relation the secondary colors bear to the primary colors on either side of them."

"O Aunt Ruth, they are the very colors that make them. There is the orange between the yellow and red, and the purple between the red and blue, and there is the green between the blue and yellow."

"Yes, Edith, you have found it. Did you not notice in the beautiful bow how the primary colors seemed to overlap one another, and produce those delicate half-tone shades of the secondary colors between?

"Now, children, I think that you know that that exquisite bow of seven colors was in some wonderful way born of the sunshine and the sun shower, but how can the sun shining through the rain produce those seven colors on the sky?" "O auntie, I would so like to know," cried Edith.

"I will show you, dear, as well as I can, but we must hasten if we have a sunshine lessson. Here is a piece of glass with three plane sides, or surfaces, and two ends. This is a prism, and because of its three faces and three-cornered ends, it is called a triangular prism. This will analyze the sunshine for us."

As she spoke, Aunt Ruth held the glass prism in the window; and as the level rays of the setting sun touched the sharp edge of the crystal prism, a broad fan-like expansion of seven beautiful color-rays was produced on the shadow side. The children burst into ecstatic "oh's" at the splendid sight.

"There," said Aunt Ruth, "is the analysis of the sunshine. Though it looks only golden to our sight, these are the colors that compose it. You see the glass prism breaks each sun-ray up into its seven colors, and scatters them in widely divergent lines, or directions. Name them, and see if they are the same as we found in the rainbow."

"Green, yellow, orange, red, purple, indigo, violet," the children replied.

"Now the little rain-drops, like this crystal prism, break the sunbeams into their seven colors, and cast that beautiful reflection on the sky."

"But, Aunt Ruth, a rain-drop is not a triangular prism. It is a globe, a sphere," objected Walter.

"Neither is its reflection a fan of color-rays, but a sphere, is it not, Walter?"

"Only a hemisphere, aunt. It is only half a circle."

"No, Walter, it is a complete circle, if we could see it on the ground as we do in the sky. In the Vernal Fall of the Yosemite Valley, on a bright, sunny day, a circle of the rainbow can be seen in its falling spray. You can make the rainbow with the spray pump any bright morning or evening, and I have often seen its colors in the tears that would gather on my lashes on a cold bright morning."

"I do not yet understand how those colors are thrown on to the sky in a great arch like the rainbow," said Walter, with an unsatisfied gesture.

"Walter, have you ever seen the engine of a locomotive come into the station on a foggy or dark night? Have you noticed what a widely divergent shaft of light expands from the concave lens of the bull's-eye? Can you not see that if that light were powerful enough to reach to the clouds, what a vast circle of light it would make? You have seen what a large circle of light the small lens of the magic lantern, or stereopticon, throws on the curtain; and the farther away you remove the lantern, the larger and dimmer the circle becomes."

"O Aunt Ruth, I begin to see," smiled Walter.

"Now imagine one rain-drop suspended in air. It is a double convex lens of great refracting power. As the sun rays enter the convex side, they are all gathered to a focus in the center of the drop, from which they are scattered, by the concave lens of the opposite side, in every direction within a half circle, in widely divergent lines, which continue to expand and widen, fan-like, in every direction, till they reach the reflector, the clouds, where the reflection is seen as a circle of light. And not only is the bundle of sun-rays focused and scattered, but each individual ray is broken up, or separated, into its seven colors. Hence their reflection on the sky. Of course one rain-drop would not produce a reflection that we could detect at so great a distance; but when many of them are falling, each producing exactly the same reflection at nearly the same distance, the millionfold reflection becomes clear and distinct. Is that more clear to you now, Walter?"

"Yes, indeed, aunt. I have seen that bright focal spot in the center of a large glass marble, but I did not understand what a double-acting lens a crystal globe is before. Thank you for explaining it to us."

"O Aunt Ruth, it is all so wonderful!" cried Edith. "I will never forget what we have seen and learned this day."

"God grant it, my child. And remember that if you will open your heart to the sunlight of God's love, you will find that the light of the Sun of Righteousness is sevenfold also, and that you may be, like the pure, clear rain-drops, not only a receiver but a reflector of the glory of God, which is his glorious sevenfold character. I will leave you with this thought. Good night, and God bless you." RUTH GARDENER.

> FLING wide the portal of your heart; Make it a temple set apart From earthly use for heaven's employ, Adorned with prayer and love and joy. So shall your Sovereign enter in, And new and noble life begin.

- Weiszel.

Most unwisely acts he who prefers pleasure to virtue.



SABBATH-SCHOOL LESSON.- NO. 12.

(March 25, 1899.)

CONVERSATION WITH WOMAN OF SAMARIA.

Lesson Scripture. - John 4:7-42.

Memory Verses. - Vs. 25, 26.

TIME: A. D. 28. PLACE: Shechem. PERSONS: Jesus, disciples, woman and people of Samaria.

QUESTIONS AND NOTES.

1. While Jesus was resting at the well, who came there to draw water? John 4:7. What favor did he ask of the woman? Where were the disciples? V. 8.



- 2. How did the woman of Samaria look upon this request? What did she say? V. 9; note 1. Repeat the words of Jesus in reply. V. 10. What objection did she then offer? Vs. 11, 12.
- 3. Repeat the Saviour's impressive answer. Vs. 13, 14. Did the woman then comprehend the matter? V. 15.
- 4. At this juncture, what did Jesus bid her do? V. 16. What did she say to this request? V. 17.
- 5. What led the woman to perceive that Christ was a prophet? Vs. 17-19. In consequence of this, what question did she raise? V. 20. With what simple words did the Lord then reveal to her the nature of his kingdom and the requirements of true worship? Vs. 21-24; note 2.

- 6. How did the woman confess her faith in a coming Messiah? V. 25. What announcement did the Lord then make? V. 26.
- 7. Upon their return, how were they affected at finding Jesus talking to the woman? V. 27.
- 8. Where did the woman go? V. 28. What statement did she make concerning Christ, and with what effect? Vs. 29, 30.
- 9. While she was gone, what did the disciples desire Jesus to do? V. 31. What was his answer? V. 32. In reply to their questioning, what did he say to the disciples? Vs. 34-38.
- upon the Samaritans? Vs. 39, 40. What led many more to believe? Vs. 41, 42.
- 1. The hot climate of that country made a drink of water of so much value that, under ordinary circumstances, no one would think of refusing it. But continued strife for centuries between the Jews and the Samaritans had produced a most bitter and permanent hatred between the two sections. In the first place, the Samaritans were made up of people from Babylon, Cuthah, Ava, Hamath, and Sepharvaim, taken there by the king of Assyria when he carried the ten tribes of Israel into captivity. A few stragglers also, from the ten tribes, found their way back again to their native land. For certain reasons, the king of Assyria returned one of the exiled priests to that land, who taught the people the worship of Jehovah, which they added to their own worship of idols. 2 Kings 17: 24-33. When the tribe of Judah returned from its captivity, this people desired to join with them in building the temple at Jerusalem, but were not allowed to do so. The Samaritans, in consequence, built a rival temple on Mount Gerizim. Eternal enmity sprang up; greater holiness was claimed for Mount Gerizim than for Jerusalem; the Samaritans accused the Jews of corrupting God's word. On the other hand, the Jews called the Samaritans Cuthites, and forbade all intercourse with them; to receive one into the house was to bring down the curse of God.

SUGGESTIVE REVIEW QUESTIONS FOR QUARTER ENDING MARCH 25.

- 1. Tell the story of the birth of John the Baptist and his preaching in the wilderness.
- 2. Give the principal circumstances connected with the birth of Christ.
- 3. How many times did the angel Gabriel appear to Joseph? What instruction did he give him?
- 4. Tell what you know of the childhood and youth of our Saviour.
- 5. Give the story of his baptism and the temptation in the wilderness.
- Tell about the choosing of the disciples, and the events connected with the first miracle.
- Give the substance of his discourse with Nicodemus, and also with the woman of Samaria.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.- NO. 13.

(March 26, 1899.)

REVIEW.

Outline.—The advent into the world of the divine Word. Christ calls his first disciples. Christ begins his miraculous works. Christ declares his oneness with God the Father.

TIME: A. D. 27-29,—two and a half years of Jesus' public ministry. PLACES: Judea and Galilee; the cities of Jerusalem, Capernaum, Cana. Persons: Jesus the Christ, John the Baptist, disciples of Jesus, Jewish rulers and people.

QUESTIONS.

- I. How did God the Son work upon earth before he came as Jesus? Lesson I.
- 2. How is Jesus the Light of the world? Lessons I, 10, and II.
 - 3. How is Jesus the Life of men? Lessons 1, 4.
 - 4. How is Jesus the Water of life? Lessons 5, 9.
 - 5. How is Jesus the Bread of life? Lesson 8.
 - 6. How is Jesus the Lamb of God? Lesson 2.
- 7. What is the crowning proof of God's love for us? Lesson 4.
- 8. What was accomplished by Jesus' first miracle? Lesson 3.
- 9. What works did God the Father especially entrust to the Son? Lesson 7.
 - 10. How can faith be increased? Lesson 6.
- 11. How closely united are God the Father and God the Son? Lesson 7.
- 12. Does Jesus care for the needs of our bodies? Lesson 8.
 - 13. From what bondage does Jesus release? Lesson 10.
- 14. What causes eternal separation between men and God? Lesson 9.
- 15. How has Christianity ameliorated the condition of the blind? Lesson 11.
 - 16. How is Jesus the Good Shepherd? Lesson 12.

HOME READINGS AND HOME WORK.

Monday.—Christ the true Light. John 1:1-14.

Tuesday.—Christ's first disciples. John 1:
35-46. Fix in mind the time covered by these lessons. Find on map the places mentioned.

Wednesday. — Christ and Nicodemus. John 3: 1-16. Recall what you can of each person.

Thursday.— Christ at Jacob's well. John 4: 5-15.

Friday.— The nobleman's son healed. John 4:43-54. Learn the truths taught in these lessons.

Saturday. — Christ's divine authority. John 5:17-27. Answer list of questions given.

Sunday.—Christ freeing from sin. John 8: 12, 31-36. Recall what evidences and testimonies to Christ's divinity have been seen in these lessons.



NOTE AND GOMMENT



PEOPLE not a few experience theology, but do not experience religion.

3

Well advanced on the road leading to the experiencing of true religion is he who has thoroughly learned this truth, beautifully expressed by Ruskin: "There is but one way in which man can ever help God—that is by letting God help him."

.58

A Great Missionary Convention. — Plans are now maturing for the holding of an ecumenical centennial missionary conference in New York City. All Protestant denominations will be invited to send delegates. The conference will convene April 21, and will remain in session eleven days. No doubt much good will be accomplished at this great convocation of active Christian workers.

38

To the Pyramids on Trolley-Cars,—Western civilization is certainly making headway in the Orient. The latest advance move is the perfecting of arrangements to introduce trolley-cars at Cairo, Egypt, and later to construct a trolley-car line to connect that city with the pyramids, and also with the city of Alexandria. Negotiations have just been completed by the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company for the building and equipment, at Pittsburg, Pa., of fourteen electric cars for use in the city of Cairo. As soon as the residents of that ancient town become accustomed to the innovation, the other lines will be built and equipped.

3%

Against Romanism.—Of late years a marked tendency has been manifest in "high church" circles of the Church of England toward the ritualism of the Roman Catholic Church, and not a few priests and bishops of the English Church have joined the Catholics. A positive reaction has more recently set in against this movement. Commenting upon the situation, a contemporary says: "It is fast becoming apparent that in the coming session of Parliament, all issues, even the vital one that is suggested by the discouraging state of British trade, will take a secondary place in comparison with the lusty cause that can be epitomized in the historic cry of 'No Popery!"

Against a Polygamist Congressman.—A storm of opposition is arising against the seating of the polygamist congressman-elect, B. H. Roberts, of Utah. In response to aroused public sentiment on this question, Congressman Clark, of Wyoming, introduced a bill late in the last session of Congress providing that no polygamist shall be a senator or congressman. Legislation of this character is in the interests of sound morals, and should be heartily commended by all good people.

.38

Telegraphy. - Great have been the advance strides made during the last quarter century in all departments of business and industrial activity, but it is doubtful if any other line has shown a more wonderful development than has telegraphy, as the following interesting item, from the Popular Science News, proves: "The wonderful growth of the telegraph business is shown in the fact that thirty years ago there were only 3,000 telegraph offices and little more that 75,000 miles of wire strung throughout the length and breadth of the land. At the present there are about 25,000 offices and over 1,000,000 miles of wire. The annual number of messages handled thirty years ago was 5,879,282; to-day it is 80,000,000. The average cost to the sender thirty years ago was \$1.047; the average cost to-day is 30.9 cents. At the start the cost to the company was more than twice what it is to-day to the sender."

. 48

Giving the Lord His Own. — God will richly bless and prosper all who will conscientiously give him that which is his own. Thus is his word pledged: "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." Many earnest Christians have tested this injunction and promise, and have proved beyond all question that God always fulfils his part with "good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over." An exchange relates an incident of a doctor at Reading, Pa., who, for the last ten years has given all of his income to the Lord. During the previous thirty-six years he gave one tenth of his income. Finding that he had been richly prospered, he decided to give him ten tenths. Should not all boys and girls learn early in life to adopt the tithing principle, from earliest childhood, giving to the dear Lord at least a tenth of whatever of value they may earn?

Publishers' Department

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BRITISH APPRECIATION.

WE are in receipt of a letter from Mr. George R. Drew, of 6a Kingsland Road, Birkenhead, England, asking for copies of the Youth's Instructor to use in missionary work. Among other things he says: -

"We sincerely hope that you will not fail to send us at least a few copies of your excellent journal for 1899. It is useful for our work, to give to poor children on ships and in the houses of the towns. With orders from their schoolmates and friends, kind wishes, we remain, etc."

Youth's Instructor now visits each week advertised through our columns. It retails the following foreign countries: Mexico, as follows:-Central America, West Indies, Brazil, British Guiana, Argentine Republic, Chili, dexed, 25 cents; the same, bound in mo-zine alone. See our offer to new IN-England, Ireland, Norway, Sweden, Den-rocco, gold stamp, gold edges, 50 cents: STRUCTOR subscribers, in last week's issue.

mark, Germany. France, Greece, Switzer- the same, bound in extra quality morocco, and the Tonga Islands.

Those desiring to assist the publishers in sending copies of the Instructor to still other parties in these countries, may do so by sending whatever means they can spare to the Missionary Department, Youth's INSTRUCTOR, Battle Creek, Mich.

A . SE

"HOW TO GROW FLOWERS"

Is the title of a splendid floriculture magazine published monthly by the Floral Publishing Company, Springfield, O. Notice our special offers in connection with this magazine, on another page. For sample copy, address the publishers as above. In regard to any of the special combination offers, address the Youth's Instructor, Dep't "H. F.," Battle Creek, Mich.

THE MARCH ISSUE

Of the New Crusade appears in its new and improved dress. The publishers promise, in their prospectus for 1899, "a more varied table of contents;" and we are confident that, with the services of the many able contributors they have secured, the magazine will make a large berth for itself among the many magazines of the day. From the March contents we quote the following: "The Coming Man;" "Wrong Posture as a Cause of Physical Defects; " "Children's Rights;" "Life Manifestations; " " A Practical Instance; " " Hygiene of the Skin, Hair, and Teeth;" "Sleep;" "A Study of Child-Nature;" "Parents' Problems," etc., etc. Published at \$1 a year (ten cents a copy), by the Wood-Allen Publishing Company, Ann Arbor, Mich. Send to them for sample copies. The New Crusade with the Instructor, one year, \$1.50; the regular price for both is \$2. See "Clubbing List." Address all combination orders to the Youth's Instructor, Department "N. C.," Battle Creek, Mich.

36 36

BOYS AND GIRLS

Can earn pocket money, and obtain a practical experience in canvassing by soliciting for the "New Webster Dictionary and Vest-It may be of interest to state that the Pocket Library," by E. E. Miles, recently

land, Syria, Turkey, Australia, Hawaii, with calendar, memorandum, and stamp New Zealand, India, China, Japan, South holder, 60 cents. For confidential terms Africa, Cook Islands, Fiji Islands, Tahiti, to agents, address your State tract society or the Review and Herald Pub. Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

> Those who desire to earn a copy of the dictionary for themselves can do so by complying with the following conditions: We give the copy first described above for one new six months' subscription to the Youth's Instructor; the same book bound in morocco is given for one new yearly subscription; the one which retails at sixty cents will be given for one yearly subscription, and ten cents additional.

NOT A FRAUD.

THE publishers desire to call attention to the advertisement of Mr. E. E. Miles, which appears on another page. Those who respond to this advertisment will receive fair treatment, and will be well satisfied with the offer made. Drop Mr. Miles a card, addressing him at South Lancaster, Mass., and let him tell you all about his

"WORD AND WORKS."

34. 34.

THE March issue of Word and Works is full of good things. "Astronomy for March" shows the position of the planets this month, and gives much other practical information. It contains, each month, the following departments: General Articles: The Word; Our Passengers; Editorial; The Storm; Home, Sweet Home; Youth and Beauty; Progress in Science; Query Corner; Business; and Children's Corner. Each department contains some excellent articles.

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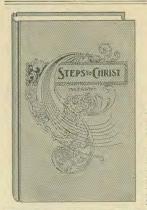
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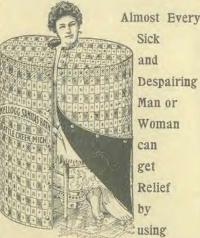
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