

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LVIII

February 8, 1910

No. 6

The Three Graces

FAITH opens wide the Book divine
And tells of wondrous power,—
How God created creatures all,
And keeps them every hour;
Though Satan's darts are often hurled
Against the chosen here,
They ever fall and miss the mark
When faith has conquered fear.

Hope elevates the mind of man
Above the cares of life;
It buoys up 'gainst wind and wave,
And shields in every strife;
It helps the tired and weary soul,
When all is dark and drear,
To have a stronger faith in him
Who brought salvation near.

And charity still reigns supreme
O'er all the graces given;
Without her kind and fostering care
We should from hope be driven.
So then if we would heaven gain
And with the ransomed be,
We all must have the graces three,—
Faith, hope, and charity.

JOHN FRANCIS OLMSTED.

Marengo, Ohio.



Santa Filomena

WHENE'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp,—

The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore.

—H. W. Longfellow.

Blessed Boon of God

[The following quotation should have accompanied Elder O. F. Butcher's lesson, "The Sabbath the Test of the Ages," which appeared in last week's INSTRUCTOR, but was omitted because of lack of space.—EDITOR.]

"BLESSED Sabbath of God! Thou hast survived the wreck of nations, the turmoil of time, and the storms of ages. Thou didst come from thy Creator fair and pure, not knowing the stain of sin. The glories and beauties of a sinless Eden were about thee. No noisy strife, no din of labor, no oath profane, no word of hate, broke upon the sacred stillness at thy birth in the paradise of God. Thou wast consecrated by the rest and blessing of thine Author, the happy songs of sinless beings, and the glad praise of a sinless world. Thou hast seen the rebellion of the race, the curse of sin, the rise and fall of mighty nations, the

suffering of thy Maker. Thou hast suffered under the hand of the enemy, been trodden underfoot, and like thy divine Lord, wounded in the house of thy friends, crucified between two thieves, Mohammedan sixth day and papal Sunday. But thou shalt come forth again clad in eternal beauty. The coronet of immortality will be placed upon thy brow. Thou shalt dwell forevermore in the earth made new, in the paradise of thy God restored. Thou hast seen Eden lost; thou shalt see it redeemed from the curse.

"Be thou still our friend. Speak to us of the love and power of God the Creator, of God the Redeemer. Tell us of the love of God in giving man his sinless home. Cheer us with the promise of glorious rest to tired frame and fevered brain by and by, when weary toil will be over; when the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea; when our God shall dwell with his people; when we shall 'see the King in his beauty,' and shall share in his glory. And may the Lord of the Sabbath help us to use thy sacred moments so well, so to remember thee at all times, that we shall never forget him whose thou art; that our calling and election shall be made sure to the Eden of God, where 'from one Sabbath to another, shall all flesh' come up to worship the Lord of hosts. Even so, amen."

"In the hoary winter of my days
Forever green shall be my trust in Heaven."

Jerry McAuley

JERRY MCAULEY began the life of a thief in New York when a boy. At nineteen he was sent to Sing Sing for fifteen years. One Sunday, while there, a noted prize-fighter, "Awful Gardner," who had been converted, told how Christ had saved him, and as he did so, the tears streamed down his face. The truth gripped Jerry's heart, and going to his cell, he got out a Bible and tried to find the scripture used by Gardner. While he failed, he found others that the Spirit used. That night he paced his cell, and then falling on his knees, he began to pray. Soon the light of heaven filled the cell and his darkened soul, and the Saviour appeared to him, and told him that his sins were forgiven. His joy was so great that he began to shout: "I have found Jesus! I have found Jesus!" He was used in winning multitudes to Christ.—*Selected.*

Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES

The Three Graces (poetry)	1
Santa Filomena (poetry)	2
Blessed Boon of God	2
Jerry McAuley	2
The Story of the Heavens—No. 6	3
More Than a Prophet	5
The Queen of Nurses	7
The Silver Lining—No. 6	10
Did You Notice?	12
"I'll Stick"	14

SELECTED ARTICLES

A Monarch's Restless Night	4
The Blue Jay	10
He Always Sees	12
The Daughter's Decalogue	14
The Bird a Teacher	16
A Man's Market Value	16
Awakened by a Falling Acorn	16
The Healed Lamb	16
Missionary's Wife and Black Baby	16

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

Lesson XIII—Regeneration	13
No. 17—"My Garden Neighbors"	13
No. 17—The Preparation	13

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LVIII

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., FEBRUARY 8, 1910

No. 6

The Story of the Heavens—No. 6

H. U. STEVENS

The Solar System—Mercury and Venus



THE planets are eight in number, and revolve around the sun at various distances. The actual distance in each case varies somewhat, in some planets more than in others; but the *average* distance of each planet is invariable. The average distance of each planet from the sun,—both in miles and in comparison to the earth's distance (or, as an astronomer would say, in "astronomical units"),—and the amount it varies from the average, is given in the following table:—

	Name	Symbol	Semi-Major Axis of Orbit	Mean Distance Millions of Miles	Sidereal Period (mean solar days)	Period in Years	Orbital Velocity (miles per second)
Terrestrial Planets	Mercury . .	☿	0.387099	36.0	87.96926	0.24	23 to 25
	Venus . . .	♀	0.723332	67.2	224.7008	0.62	21.9
	Earth . . .	♁	1.000000	92.9	365.2564	1.00	18.5
	Mars . . .	♂	1.523691	141.5	686.9506	1.88	15.0
Major Planets	Ceres . . .	(1)	2.767265	257.1	1681.414	4.60	11.1
	Eros . . .	(433)	1.4581	135.5	643.10	1.76	12 to 19
	Jupiter . .	♃	5.202800	483.3	4332.58	11.86	8.1
	Saturn . . .	♄	9.538861	886.0	10759.22	29.46	6.0
	Uranus . . .	♅	19.18329	1781.9	30686.82	84.02	4.2
	Neptune . .	♆	30.05508	2791.6	60181.11	164.78	3.4

Most of the planets, you will notice, lie farther from the sun than does the earth, or, a little more scientifically, lie outside of the earth's orbit. But two are nearer; and it is to these that we will now turn our attention.

Mercury

Mercury, insignificant as it is in size, holds the place of honor nearest the sun. It is a strange little body, darting hither and thither about its mighty ruler like a rat terrier pulling at his chain in the vain attempt to break away. Its climatic conditions, too, offer many startling peculiarities that excite our wonder.

The planet itself is a midget in size, more like a satellite than a planet, being only three thousand miles in diameter,—our moon's diameter is two thirds as great, and Jupiter and Saturn each have attendants which are greater by hundreds of miles.

Isaiah, you will remember, speaks of the Lord as weighing "the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance." Well, not only the mountains, but the worlds have been "weighed" by scientific research, and we know that if the earth were placed in one pan of such a mighty balance, it would take about twenty-one planets like Mercury to balance it. Now, you ask, what good is such information?

If we know the size of the planet and its "weight" (or more strictly its "mass"), we can calculate its gravitational attraction (what is gravity?) for other bodies, and thus determine how much bodies weigh on its surface. A body on Mercury weighs about four tenths as much as it does on the earth. A man weighing 150 pounds here would weigh only 60 pounds there; if he could jump 10 feet here, he could jump 25 feet there; if he could throw a distance of 100 yards here, he could throw 250 yards there. Thus, you see, conditions on other worlds are very different from those we find on our own planet.

Mercury's order of seasons, too, is anomalous, since

it is due, not, as in other planets, to the inclination of the axis which distributes the almost constant amount of heat in varying quantities to different parts of the planet as it rotates around the sun, but altogether to the amount of heat the planet as a whole receives. Referring to the accompanying table, you will see that Mercury varies nearly fifteen million miles in its distance from the sun, which is more than one third its average distance. The planet being on the average much nearer the sun than the earth, the average amount of heat received is higher. These two factors are so related that the amount of heat varies from something over four and a half times in Mercury's midwinter, to above eleven times, in Mercury's midsummer, that received upon the earth. And all this change takes place in the short interval of six weeks, Mercury's year being only eighty-eight days, or about twelve weeks, long.

Mercury is erratic in another way also. Every point on the earth's surface habitable to man, save a few places near the polar regions, has an invariable succession of day and night; but on one side of Mercury the sun never shines, the land being wrapped in "ever-during night," lighted only by the fixed stars and moving planets, while on the other side it always shines, seven times hotter than a tropical noontide sun. Between these two parts is a belt where the sun rises and sets, but never, as on earth, passing completely overhead, rising in the east and setting in the west. On one side of the planet in this belt the sun rises and sets in the east; while on the other side it rises and sets in the west. It merely comes out of the horizon, mounts to a certain distance into the heavens, stops, stands for a moment, and then moves back over the same path it came, and sinks from sight, — a queer-acting sun, isn't it? You will think it is rather sluggish, too, in its motion when you learn that it drags the day and night through not twenty-four short hours, as our sun does on the earth, but twelve long weeks, for the "day" on Mercury is equal to its "year."

All these strange conditions rise from the fact that Mercury always keeps the same face toward the sun, — a fact discovered in 1889 by an Italian astronomer, Signor G. V. Schiaparelli by name, the director of the observatory of Milan. He satisfied himself concerning the certainty of his observation in 1889, and communicated the intelligence as a secret to a small group of astronomers; but before giving it to the world he determined to make doubly sure. Early in 1890 his purpose was accomplished, and, withdrawing the pledge of secrecy from his friends, published his discovery to the world, — a strange discovery, wasn't it? — a *world with two faces!* one bathed in everlasting day, blistering under a scorching sun, the other wrapped in night eternal, freezing under the bitter cold of empty space.

But we must not stop longer with Mercury, only

to say that the planet can be seen as an evening star in the western sky for an hour or so after sunset. For the exact date see Dr. Ayer's almanac. Look for it near the horizon: it never wanders very far from the sun — twenty-eight degrees at the most.

Venus

Venus, the twin of the earth, is the nearest like her of all the planets that compose the solar system. Her diameter is very little less than the earth's,—only two hundred miles. In fact, if the two were suspended side by side in the heavens at such a distance that their disks resembled that of the full moon, the eye would notice no inequality between them.

Their size and "weight" are so related that the surface gravity on Venus is about eighty-five one hundredths its value on the earth. A man weighing 150 pounds on the earth would weigh about 127 pounds there. This you see would be no inconvenience, only an agreeable variation for him.

Venus, like Mercury, is nearer the sun than the

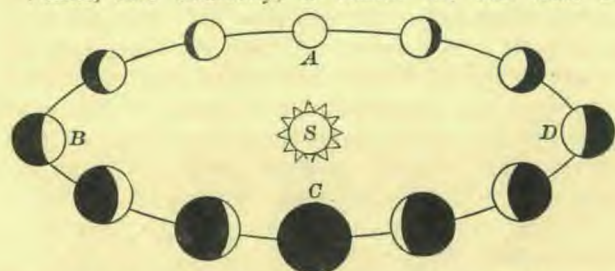


FIG. 1.— PHASES OF MERCURY AND VENUS

earth, and consequently can be seen only in the morning and evening sky. But its range of distance from the sun is greater than that of Mercury, amounting at times to as much as forty-seven degrees. It is a beautiful object, and is by far the brightest of any of the planets, and far outshines any of the fixed stars.

Its color is silvery or golden. The distinction of its appearance in a dark sky is so great that no eye can resist its attraction. An unexpected glimpse of Venus has been known to put an end to an animated conversation, and to distract, for a long time, the attention of a party of ladies and gentlemen from the social occupation that had brought them together.

Venus offers one peculiarity when seen through a telescope which Mercury also presents, but which can be seen better in observations on the former than the latter. These planets go through, in one of their respective years, all the phases that the moon goes through in a month. Fig. 1 shows how this strange appearance is accomplished. Only a small telescope is necessary to enable one to see the phases of Venus for himself. Look for the planet as an evening star in the western sky. For the exact date see Dr. Ayer's almanac. Sometimes the planet is bright enough to be seen in the daytime, but generally it will escape the eye unless one knows just where to look.

Some prominent astronomers seem to think that Venus, like Mercury, keeps the same face toward the sun; but the evidence is not conclusive, and, in fact, seems to favor a period of rotation nearly equal to that of the earth, giving a succession of day and night in about twenty-three hours. But the axis about which Venus turns does not incline as much as does the axis of the earth. In fact, there seems to be very little, if any, inclination from a line perpendicular to the plane of the planet's orbit. This, you see, would cause the sun to follow very closely the planet's equator in its yearly eastward motion among the stars. (Do you

remember how the sun moves with reference to the equator on the earth?)

Since this inclination of the earth's axis, combined with its yearly motion around the sun, causes the changing seasons on the earth, an interest naturally arises concerning the seasons in Venus. Notice in the table on page three that Venus varies much less than the earth does from its average distance from the sun. This varying distance from the sun, which we have just learned causes the seasons on Mercury, is therefore not operating in the case of Venus. Venus's variation of seasons, consequently, must be very slight for any one place on the planet. The sun's unvarying position on the equator causes it to send a constant supply of heat to every point on the planet, which will keep that place at a constant temperature.

This does not mean, however, that every place on the planet has the same conditions of climate,—far different! The actual conditions would be a frigid zone near each pole, a torrid zone on each side of the equator, with all graduation of climate between. There would, however, be no ever-changing temperate zone, such as we find on earth; but simply a uniform temperature corresponding to that of March and April in the latitudes corresponding to our temperate zones.

There is much more that we could learn about these most interesting planets, but our treatment of them must necessarily be brief. Next week we will study Mars, in many ways the most interesting of all the members of the solar system.

A Monarch's Restless Night

A GERMAN count, who had plotted against Frederick William III of Prussia,—even attempting personal violence,—was imprisoned in the fortress of Glatz, Upper Silesia. His story, translated from the Practical Commentaries of Dr. Besser, pastor of Waldenburg, was printed forty years ago in the *Boston Christian*. The count had no other reading-matter than a Bible, which he was in no mood to open, as he was opposed to religion. But after a long time of solitary confinement he began to read the Book. Gradually it touched his life. The account says:—

"On a rough, stormy November night, when the mountain gales howled around the fortress, the rain fell in torrents, and the swollen and foaming Neisse rushed roaring down the valley, Count M— lay sleepless on his cot. The tempest in his breast was as fearful as that without. His whole past life rose before him; he was convicted of his manifold shortcomings and sin; he felt that the source of all his misery lay in his forsaking God. For the first time in his life his heart was soft, and his eyes wet with tears of genuine repentance. He rises from his cot, opens his Bible, and his eye falls on Ps. 50: 15: 'Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.' This word of God reaches to the depth of his soul; he falls on his knees for the first time since he was a child, and cries to God for mercy; and that compassionate God who turns not away from the first movement of faith toward him, heard the cry of this sufferer in the storm-beaten dungeon of Glatz, and gave him not only spiritual, but temporal deliverance."

And this is how the deliverance came, by the providence of God:—

"The same night [of the count's surrender], in his castle at Berlin, King Frederick William III lay sleep-

less in bed. Severe bodily pains tormented him, and in his utter exhaustion he begged of God to grant him a single hour of refreshing sleep. The favor was granted; and when he woke again, he said to his wife, the gracious Louise: 'God has looked upon me very graciously, and I am thankful to him. Who in my kingdom has wronged me most? I will forgive him.'

"The count of M——," replied Louise, 'who is imprisoned in Glatz.'

"You are right," said the sick king; 'let him be pardoned.'

"Day had not dawned over Berlin ere a courier was despatched to Silesia, bearing to the prisoner in Glatz pardon and release."

The incident reminds one of the word of Esther: "On that night could not the king sleep, and he commanded to bring the book of records;" and out of the troublous night came deliverance to the Jews.—*W. A. Spicer.*

More Than a Prophet

OF a discredited man, whose followers had mostly forsaken him, and whose life-work had been closed by a prison sentence, Christ said: "What went ye out into the wilderness to see? A reed shaken of the wind? But what? . . . A prophet? yea, I say unto you, and more than a prophet."

And while the character of Edward Irving, herald to England of the second advent, is in many respects very unlike that of John the Baptist, yet in the light of his work and of his sorrowful end,—shunned and aspersed by his one-time fellow laborers, yet gentle, firm, and trustful in God,—we may say of him also, "What saw ye? a reed shaken of the wind? Nay, a prophet, and more than a prophet."

We in America, at least, do not hear so much of Edward Irving in the '44 movement as of Wolff, Miller, and even Himes and Litch. I remember the vague curiosity excited in my mind many years ago when I first came across his name, a bare mention, a lone record in my scant adventual literature,—those words in "The Life of Miller,"—"Those . . . who had read with pain the termination of the career of the eloquent Edward Irving in England," who by the context seemed to have been some one of talent but lack of mental balance, engulfed in fanaticism that disgraced the advent cause.

It is true that the reputation of men is not a chief concern in the work of God. Those who devote their lives to the affairs of heaven on earth do not ask of men a vindication; and it is not for their comrades to blare their virtues in the public face. But privately we may find profit and pleasure in discovering the falsity of an evil public fame, and in finding whenever we may that the Spirit which moved a man to proclaim Christ was not disappointed in his private life.

So with Edward Irving. While, in reading his life, we must lament that ardor, coupled with trustfulness, which made him for a time the dupe of a fanatical crowd, we rejoice to know that in his last days he repudiated his errors, and yet endured with patience and Christian trust the contumely it had invited, while he clung firmly to the truths he had preached. And this record is in pleasant contrast with that of others, more famed, who forsook their ground after disappointment. Wolff repudiated the message which

he had carried to half the world; Himes, fearful of fanaticism, stood still, the motionless leader of a bewildered people; Litch rejected every point of advanced light, and finally his own famous interpretation of the prophecies, until he stood wholly apart from his people. But Edward Irving, like William Miller, kept his faith to the last, and the grace of God which he had preached was sufficient for him in his closing hours.

Edward Irving was born Aug. 4, 1792, at Annan, Dumfriesshire, Scotland. It is to his mother, a woman of superior abilities and great force of character, that he seems to have owed those qualities which made him the great power he became in the United Kingdom.

His earliest teacher, in his native village, was old Adam Hope ("a strong-built, bony, but lean kind of man, of brown complexion, and a pair of the sharpest, not the sweetest, black eyes"), whose influence on young Irving, besides giving him a decided bent toward mathematical studies, had perhaps not a little to do in the development of that radicalism and impatience of formalism so manifest throughout the whole of Irving's after-life. For old Adam Hope was a Dissenter; and the ten-year-old Irving, against his parents' mild protest, went often with him of a Sunday, trudging the six dusty miles to Ecclefechan, where they could find a preacher of the Free Kirk.

Arrived at young manhood, Irving went to Edinburgh University, which he passed through with increasing honors and fame, that reached back at least to his own home district, and to the envious ears of one poor young lad who afterward became his close friend,—Thomas Carlyle.

But it was in the days that followed, when Irving's successful and much-discussed school methods, in his work at Haddington and Kirkcaldy, had made him well-known over all educational Scotland, that Carlyle first met him. And the dyspeptic, ungracious writer, then himself a struggling young teacher, could never say enough of the graciousness and kindness of the great Irving, whose natural dignity was tempered with a very real loving-kindness and interest in all his fellow men. "Irving," writes Carlyle, "was the natural king among us, and his qualities of captaincy . . . were indisputable." He "did not want some heat of temper, and there was a kind of joyous swagger traceable in his manner in this prosperous young time, but the basis of him at all times was fine manly sociality and the richest, truest good-nature."

But Irving had studied for the ministry, and his teaching was only a preliminary. In 1819 he was called to Glasgow, to act as assistant to the greatest of modern Scotch preachers and reformers, Thomas Chalmers. Here Irving entered into the great schemes of his leader in bringing the gospel, along with better social conditions, to the poor weavers and other artisans of the lower city districts. He worked indefatigably among these people, and with great success, his gracious manners bringing him into close touch with them. "He broke at once into sociality and frankness; would pick a potato from their pot, and in eating it get at once into free and kindly terms." Beginning already that literalness of Scripture interpretation which led him so far in later life, he always saluted the household, be it poor or great, with the words, "Peace be with you,"—and sometimes he got savage answers. "Ay, sir, if there's plenty wi't," angrily retorted a little weaver one day, from the floor where he sat. That was in troublous times, the like

of which is seen in the days of our labor strikes. But Irving "succeeded in pacifying him, and parted with him on soft terms."

Irving's preaching at this time is characterized as forceful, clear, and usually startling in its appeals to practicality, not infrequently giving so rude a jolt to the self-satisfied parishoner that he "with long swift strides, and face and big eyes all in wrath, came tramping and sounding along the flags . . . and vanished out-of-doors with a slam," the imperturbable Irving taking no notice thereof. Thus Carlyle sums up the tenor of his sermons: "If this thing is true, why not do it? You had better do it. There will be nothing but misery and ruin in not doing it."

His direct methods seemed to appeal more to the Englishman than to the conservative Scot, however. He was soon called away, in 1819, from Glasgow to London, where he very shortly made the Caledonian Church, in Hatton Garden, famous. Struck with a sight of iniquity to which his Scotland was a comparative stranger, he preached vigorously against the vices and the shamelessness of the great capital, sparing neither high nor low in his denunciations, and calling upon all to repent. Instead of bringing down maledictions upon his head, this called him into great fame, so that in those days not only was the church packed of a Sunday, with a prime minister in the audience and a countess sitting on the pulpit stairs, but the whole square was wedged with people who could not gain entrance. In some lives his labors wrought, though curiosity and the love of eloquence were the cause of much of the great world's praise.

Under the strain of this work, Irving grew more thoughtful, more deeply studious, seeking for power to move men's souls. And in his Biblical studies, which grew more profound each day, he was led to the prophecies and the imminent fulfilment of some of the most important. Thus it came at last, in 1825, that he began to preach, first to London, then to all England and Scotland, the speedy return of the Lord Jesus Christ in 1847, a three-years' difference from the date of American Adventists. He was soon joined by many others, among them Joseph Wolff, who in 1826 returned from a five-years' missionary tour in the Levant. With Irving and others, Wolff studied the prophecies at a great conference at Albury Park, the summer home of Henry Drummond, a merchant prince who was a follower of Irving. From that conference Wolff went out shortly to the great Eastern world to proclaim the message of Jesus' coming.

Of Irving, Wolff always retained the most profound admiration, not only for his qualities of greatness in public life, but for the manifestation of simple and true Christian graces.

He relates an anecdote that illustrates this simplicity of Irving's. Wolff, at the very first of their acquaintance, stayed overnight with Irving, then in the heyday of his London popularity. He requested Irving to find him a barber to shave him in the morning.

"At what time," inquired Irving, "will you have him?" And the hour was set. Promptly at the hour Wolff was awakened by a rap, and opening the door for his barber, "Here, behold," he says, "gravely stood the great Irving, arrayed in apron, with instruments in his hand to serve as barber to his guest." And every morning during Wolff's stay, he performed this menial service for his humbler guest, an act that reminds us of the Saviour's "ordinance of humility."

It had, indeed, become a part of Irving's creed that all the offices and practises of the early Christian church were perpetual. And so, in addition to the great message of the Saviour's coming, which he was then preaching, he began to declare that all the gifts of the Spirit, enumerated by Paul, were the due of the modern as well as the ancient church. Among these was the gift of prophecy. So far Irving was not only right, but in advance of his collaborators.

In England many embraced these views of his, but most who had followed him thus far with delight began now to turn away, and to revile him with the charge of heresy and fanaticism. He was tried by his Scottish church, found guilty of heresy, and excommunicated. But the most of his flock in London held to him, though now his following was largely from among the middle and lower classes. The days of adulation, with the extravagant praises of lords and ladies of high degree, were past. He was pointed at as the great man, the eloquent preacher, who had gone off upon fantastic interpretations of Scripture not suitable to the present age of advancement.

But loss of popularity and increase of vituperation did not affect his lofty soul. He found strength in communion with the Saviour he hoped so soon to see, and he endured with patience the assaults of even those who had been his friends. Carlyle tells how he himself took Irving to task for a severe half-hour, with the greatest pain to both. "During all this, which perhaps lasted about twenty minutes, Irving sat opposite to me, within a few feet, . . . with head downcast, face indicating great pain, but without the slightest word or sound from him till I had altogether ended. He then began, with the mildest low tone, and face full of kindness and composed distress, 'Dear friend,' and endeavored to make his apology and defense, which did not last long or do anything to convince me, but was in a style of modesty and friendly magnanimity which no mortal could surpass, and which remains to me at this moment dear and memorable and worthy of all honor. Which done, he went silently his way, no doubt with kindest farewell to us."

This was, indeed, at a point where fanaticism had unmistakably broken out in Irving's church. He had preached that the gift of prophecy belonged still to the church, and certain of his followers, of weak minds, began to manifest symptoms of what they termed "the gift of tongues." This manifestation was first seen in western Scotland. Irving sent representatives to investigate, and these men reported the manifestations genuine, without doubt the work of the Spirit of God. Irving accepted the report, and believed. The "Spirit" was manifested in different ways, sometimes being supposed to give prophetic interpretative power to the one affected, he thereupon breaking out into rhapsodical interpretations of Scripture passages. In others it was "a speaking in unknown tongues," very similar to the fanatical manifestations recently seen in our own country. The performers spoke nothing intelligible in any tongue. Indeed, there was little to their speech but a repetition of vowels and liquid consonants,—*"Lah lah lall,"* in a babel of sound.

The practise rapidly spread, and soon came to be manifested in Irving's own London church. There he endeavored to control it, ruling it out of order when it interrupted the regular services. But he came so far under its influence as to believe it a divine

manifestation, and he would permit it in special meetings at his own house. His position seemed to be that, having proclaimed the perpetuity of the gifts, he must be careful not to fight against any possible manifestation of God's Spirit. So, without experience in such things, his guileless spirit suffered at the hands of brainless but arrogant persons.

This was in 1832. Two years remained to Irving's life, years filled with ardent labors, great sufferings, and slowly declining health. The cares of his position bore him down, doubts caused by the effects of the evident fanaticism assailed him; and yet he bore up with a benignity born of heaven. His base fellows, having climbed over the form of their noble leader to heights in the new "Irvingite" church, took pleasure in humiliating him. He was censured for preaching, minus their license, to certain congregations without the pale, and was condemned to sit dumb in a place of penitence among them for a week, to expiate his sin, a penalty he meekly endured. We may wonder at his acquiescence in such mummery, and perhaps he would not have approved had the penalty been proposed for another. But it shows his meekness and humility that he would not refuse whatever was laid upon him.

Soon, however, his health became too greatly impaired to permit his further labor. He was sent to one and another place,—the country, the seaside, the baths,—but to no avail. It was no ailment of the flesh, and for the spirit there was no balm on earth. Yet through all this he appears, as ever, gentle, self-forgetful, thinking only of others. At last he returned home to Scotland to die. Carlyle, with simple pathos, describes his last view of the great preacher, when Irving called to bid them farewell. "His manner was sincerely affectionate, yet with a great suppressed sadness in it." "With a fine simplicity of lovingness he bade us farewell. I followed him to the door, held his bridle while he mounted," and "he was off northward in a day or two."

In those last hours at Glasgow, he wrote to his misguided flock, the sheep that had led him, the too gentle shepherd. They were letters filled with counsel, and in them he questioned deeply the truth of the manifestations which had led him astray. Here, in the calm of his last hours, out of the whirl of the great world wherein he had so long lived, and away from the seething religious fervor which had held him so grippingly, he seemed to come into a clearer light from the presence of God, and to be able to detect the error whose glare had blinded him. He prayed his flock to be humble, to search the Scriptures, and to look to God for guidance."

Thus passed away, Dec. 7, 1834, Edward Irving, leader of the advent movement in England and Scotland, leaving a record faulty indeed, but a soul clothed with the robe of Christ's righteousness. We may well conclude in the devout words of the undevout Carlyle:—

"And in the end is the terrible, mysterious, god-like, and awful; what Patmos could be more so? It is as if the vials of Heaven's wrath were pouring down upon a man; yet not wrath alone; for his heart was filled with trust in Heaven's goodness withal. It must be said Irving nobly expiates whatever errors he has fallen into. Like an antique evangelist he walks his stony course, the fixed thought of his heart at all times, 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust him.' And these final deluges of sorrow are but washing the faithful soul of him clear." A. W. SPAULDING.

The Queen of Nurses

A FEW years ago, at a dinner given to the naval and military officers who had served in the Crimean War, it was suggested that each guest should write on a slip of paper the name of the person whose services, during the late campaign, would longest be remembered by posterity. The papers all bore the same name — "Florence Nightingale," for all time "the Queen of Nurses."

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command;
And yet a spirit still and bright,
With something of an angel light."

She has been called "a song-bird from the land of flowers," owing to the remarkable coincidence of her names. She was born on the twelfth of May, 1820, in Florence, Italy, whence she derived her name. Her father's name was William Edward Shore, but he assumed the name of "Nightingale" five years before the birth of his illustrious daughter, when he succeeded to the estate of his great-uncle, Peter Nightingale of Lea.

When Florence was five years of age, the family took up their abode at Lea Hurst, and it is with this lovely home that her life is most closely associated.

It was from Lea Hurst that she departed on her mission to the Crimea, and it was to Lea Hurst that she returned afterward, weary and worn in body, but undaunted in spirit.

Repeated ministrations to the poor in her own parish, and attendance upon the members of her own household through several severe illnesses, early developed her faculty for nursing. She was regarded as



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

an angel of mercy in the humble homes of the poor.

Encouraged by the measure of success she had achieved, she determined to add to her store of knowledge, already extremely broad for a woman of her day and generation, a systematic study of the art of nursing. Accordingly she visited the hospitals of London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, and a little later, in a tour abroad, studied the hospital system for the sick in France, Germany, and Italy. The comparison that existed was not at all favorable to her own country: on the Continent the nursing was in the hands of the sweet-faced Sisters of Charity, pious, educated, trained; while on English territory the nursing was largely done by the coarsest type of woman, not only untrained, but utterly callous in feeling.

After pursuing her investigations from city to city, Miss Nightingale enrolled herself as a voluntary nurse in the Deaconess Institution at Kaiserwerth-on-the-Rhine. Here she studied under Pastor Fliedner in his Protestant institution, obtaining the good points which she had so admired in the Roman Catholic sisterhoods, without their restrictions.

Three years were yet to pass before her great call

to service, but her friends had already begun to regard her as a woman for whom the future held some great destiny.

The war's dread strife that was to lift Florence Nightingale into undying fame, began in the early spring of 1854. On the twenty-eighth of March Her Majesty's formal declaration of war was read amid scenes of the wildest enthusiasm, from the steps of the Royal Exchange. France was England's ally for the protection of Turkey against Russian aggression, and vigorous preparations for the campaign proceeded on either side of the Channel.

In due time tidings came of the victory of Alma, and tidings came also of the brave boys lying wounded and uncared for; the sick untended, and the dying unconsolated. In the midst of the nation's rejoicing over victory, a cry of indignation arose in behalf of her soldiers.

There had been gross mismanagement in the war administration. *The Times* war correspondent, William Howard Russell, voiced his indignation when he wrote: "The commonest accessories of a hospital are wanting. There is not the least attention paid to decency or cleanliness. The stench is appalling; and for all I can observe, the men die without the least effort to save them."

Soon came the appeal which aroused English women and their country to a sense of duty, and the honor of uttering it belongs to the same veteran war correspondent of *The Times*:—

"Are there no devoted women among us, able and willing to go forth and minister to the sick and suffering soldiers of the East in the hospitals of Scutari? Are none of the daughters of England, at this extreme hour of need, ready for such a work of mercy?"

"France has sent forth her Sisters of Mercy unsparingly, and they are even now by the bedsides of the wounded and the dying, giving what woman's hand alone can give of comfort and relief. Must we fall so far below the French in self-sacrifice and devotedness, in a work which Christ so signally blesses as done unto himself? 'I was sick, and ye visited me.'"

Mr. Sidney Herbert was at the



Hannah Adams, the first American woman to earn her living by writing books.—*American Magazine*.



Mary Lyon, the founder of Mount Holyoke College, South Hadley, Mass. The key-note in her life was given in the second from her last talk to her girls, "There is nothing in the universe I fear but that I shall not know all my duty or shall fail to do it."—*American Magazine*.



Margaret Mercer, who after her father's death freed her slaves and sent them to Liberia. In this work she used her entire fortune, and for the rest of her life supported herself by teaching.

head of the war department, and at this time his thoughts naturally turned to his honored friend, Florence Nightingale, as the one woman in all England who was fitted by position, knowledge, training, and character to organize a nursing staff and take its members to the aid of the suffering soldiers. Accordingly he wrote and asked her to consider the undertaking of this great responsibility.

In the meantime the one woman in all England deemed worthy of this high trust, was pondering the stirring words of Mr. Russell of *The Times*: "Are there no devoted women among us, able and willing to go forth and minister to the sick and suffering soldiers in the hospitals of Scutari?" Her heart responded, "There are!" and her offer of service crossed the white-winged messenger already on its way to her from Mr. Herbert. This unique circumstance gave a rounded completeness to the call of Florence Nightingale, which came as the voice of God speaking through her tender woman's heart.

The official position accorded Miss Nightingale by the government was "Superintendent of the Nursing Staff in the East," but the title by which she was familiarly known was that of "Lady in Chief." Although in charge of eight hospitals in the East, the chief scene of her personal ministrations was the great Barrack Hospital at Scutari.

It was a heart-breaking experience for the "Lady in Chief" when she made her first rounds of the wards at Scutari. The men were lying in their uniforms, stiff with blood and covered with filth. The beds were reeking with infection, and vermin crawled about the floors and walls of this dreadful den of dirt, pestilence, and death to which they were consigned. On either side of the endless corridors, the wounded men lay closely packed together, without the commonest decencies or necessities of life. As they were disembarked at the ferry below the hospital from the vessels bringing them from the battle-fields of the Crimea, the wounded either walked, were dragged, or were carried up the hill to the hospital. Surgical cases, cholera, and fever came along the road together in one

long stream of suffering humanity. It was the testing moment of her life. Had she failed at this crisis in personal endurance, or in power to inspire her subordinates with a like courage, her mission would have sunk into a benevolent futility.

When Christmas day dawned, two months later in that terrible war winter of 1854, it at least found the suffering inmates of the Barrack Hospital lying in cleanliness, with comfortable surroundings, and supplied with suitable food. When the "Merry Christmas" was passed from man to man, and the queen's health was drunk, in some cases from medicine glasses, each man, in his heart, coupled with the loyal toast the names of the Lady in Chief and her devoted band. The New-year of 1855 brought no surcease of toil to the noble workers. Though there was no longer the influx of wounded from the battle-fields, disease was making fearful ravages among the soldiers now engaged in the prolonged siege of Sebastopol. Long hours, lack of sleep, exhaustion, and exposure brought a train of evils in their wake. Frost-bite, dysentery, and an increase in cholera and fever kept the hospitals more crowded than ever.

At this time the original thirty-eight nurses were reinforced by fifty more under Miss Stanley. These proved a welcome addition to the hospitals of the East. Week after week the fearful scourge of cholera continued, until the avenues to the wards were never free from the two streams of stretchers,—one bringing in the stricken, the other carrying out the dead. Typhus fever, too, was on the increase, so that the "men with the spades" had no cessation from their melancholy toil. For a time the death-rate stood at sixty per cent. Out of eight surgeons belonging to the hospital staff, seven died of the disease.

Hitherto Miss Nightingale had been spared the sorrow of seeing any of her own band stricken by death, but just when the sweet spring-time was lifting the gloom of this winter of terrible experiences, the call came to three of the best beloved of her nurses.

After six months' continuous labor in establishing a good hospital system at Scutari, Florence Nightingale determined to visit Balaclava. She was anxious to see how the remnant of the "noble six hundred" and the many others who were "stormed at with shot and shell," were faring at the actual seat of war. It was also her duty, as "Superintendent of the Nursing Staff in the East," to inspect the hospitals in the Crimea.

While here, she was seized with an illness which the doctors pronounced the worst form of Crimean fever. For a short time her life was despaired of, but soon more hopeful tidings gladdened all hearts. *She attributed her first step toward convalescence to the joy of receiving a bunch of wild flowers.*

The autumn of 1855 brought the final act in the great drama of the Crimean War. On the morning of the ninth of September, the tidings spread far and wide that the mighty stronghold had fallen, and the power of the enemy was broken. The long night of war was over, and white-robed Peace stood on the threshold.

Before leaving the Crimea, the Lady in Chief received from Queen Victoria a beautiful jewel designed by the Prince Consort of England. On the back of the jewel an engraved inscription relates that the gift was bestowed by Queen Victoria in memory of services rendered to her brave army by Florence Nightingale.

The war was ended, but the victims still remained. It was not until the last of these had been discharged that Florence Nightingale returned to Lea Hurst. It was expected that she would become an active leader in the nursing movement which her brilliant example had initiated, and had her health permitted, she would have gladly responded to the call. The spirit was more than willing, but the flesh was weak. It was hoped that a few months' rest would restore her health, but it soon became apparent that never again would she be permitted to lead the old active life. It was, indeed, a hard cross to bear, and as the first years of waiting passed, she drank deep of the cup of disappointment. But she faced the situation with noble resignation, and in this the soldiers' nurse showed the soldier's heroism.

Though compelled to be a recluse, not a day of her time passed unoccupied. Her sick-room might have passed for an adjunct of the war office, so filled was it with schemes of army hospital reforms, and communications from all sorts and conditions of soldiers. Her pen was rarely idle, and her writing dealt with the subjects so near her heart — of hospital reform, sick nursing, and household sanitation. "The requirements," she says, "for a trained nurse are that she be sober, honest, and truthful, without which there is no foundation on which to build. She should be capable of adopting habits of punctuality, quietness, trustworthiness, and personal neatness."

The shadows of evening have fallen around her life. Although she has been confined to her London home for more than a decade, her mind is still unclouded, and she follows, with the old eager spirit, the events of the day, particularly those which relate to the nursing world.

Her name has encircled the globe; her deeds are known in every clime, and people cite her noble heroism without even knowing that she still lives, at such pains has she been to keep herself in strict seclusion. The power of her fame, the brilliance of her example, and the wisdom of her counsels are a national heritage. No honor or title could make the name of Florence Nightingale more peerless. It is ennobled by virtue of her deeds. [See Longfellow's poem, "Santa Filomena," on the second page of this number.]

MRS. LAVINIA QUINN.

Saved From Suicide by a Tract

A LITTLE girl knocked at the door of a house just as the woman inmate was about to commit suicide. Hearing the knock, she stopped, went to the door, and the child gave her a little tract, the reading of which changed the whole life of the woman, and she became a Christian.—*Selected.*

Opportunity

SOME years ago a young woman newly married moved with her husband into a pioneer community in which her family expected her to find not one congenial friend. "Poor, poor Adeline," wrote one of the sisters to the mother at home, "she was always so active in Christian work, and I venture to say she has gone where there isn't another Christian in the place. She won't know what to do with herself." Presently a letter came from Adeline herself. "Mother! can you believe it? I am the only Christian in the place — Frank and I. Think of my opportunity!" — *Our Bible Teacher.*



Which One Are You?

SOME men are pencils, some are pens,
A clever friend once said;
A pen, you know, has to be driven;
A pencil must be lead.

— Selected.

The Blue Jay

THE blue jay is a terror to other birds, and does not receive any credit for the good he actually does. One of the worst things charged up against the jay is that he robs other birds' nests and eats the eggs. He is a natural-born scrapper, as the boys would say, and delights in a fight, and is a loud-mouthed, arrogant bird that wants everybody in the woods to know exactly where he is. And right there is where he does something for the other birds and animals of the forest.

When the jay discovers a snake or a hawk or a crow, or anything that might do harm to the other things that live in the woods, he screams and yells and carries on at a great rate. The other birds have learned that, and when they hear the jay fussing, they would better get out of the way.

A man may be sneaking through the woods very softly, trying to get within range of a squirrel, when a jay discovers him. Then the bird begins squalling at the top of his voice, and the squirrel runs and hides. In that way he befriends the squirrel, of course, and it is possible that is why nature gave the jay a disposition to quarrel and to make a to-do over everything and everybody.

He is a beauty in coloring, and as he stays with us all the winter, he adds cheerfulness to the landscape when everything looks dead and dreary. His general color is light-purplish blue, the under parts whitish, and he wears a half collar or crescent of black. There are black bands on the wings and tail, and there are white bars. A single feather from the tail or wing of the jay affords an interesting study in coloring.

The jay builds a substantial nest of sticks and straw, lined with fiber and down, and lays from five to seven eggs, of a pale-bluish green, with little freckles upon them.— *George E. Burba.*

The Silver Lining — No. 6

THE evening was cloudy and cool, and the refugees stole softly out of the city, in little groups, carrying small bundles containing their most valued possessions. Nearly all were on foot, but hidden away farther on were a few horses, on which the more feeble women and small children were to ride. All went quietly along, and when they reached the meeting-place, awaited the arrival of the later comers.

At last all were assembled, and the word was given, "Forward!" Suddenly a terrific tumult arose, on all sides. Yells, screams, shots, and blows re-echoed from wall to wall of the rocky cañon; and the poor refugees, taken entirely by surprise, were helpless, and were struck down like sheep. When silence once more reigned, and the moon came out

from behind the clouds, of the three hundred people who had gathered in the chapel but twenty-four hours before, twenty-five stole affrightedly away in the direction of the refuge in the mountains.

Elder Clark and the pastor, Pedro Sanchez, had gone on with the horses, and hearing the tumult, started back to ascertain the cause of the outburst, and to help if possible. When they met the fleeing survivors, being convinced that they could do nothing for those left behind, they assisted the new arrivals on the horses, and all started on their sad journey. They were not molested, their enemies evidently supposing that they had exterminated the whole company.

The meeting between the bereaved friends was affecting in the extreme; and as Elder Clark read the words of Paul, "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed," they all testified that they held not their lives dear unto themselves, but counted it all joy to suffer the spoiling of their goods, and even the loss of their lives, for His sake.

Said one: "The seed sown in Tepic, and watered with the blood of the martyrs, will bring an abundant harvest. Let us not be crushed by this blow, but go to work with renewed energy to build up the cause of Jesus Christ."

Johnny was deeply impressed with the love of these poor ignorant people for their Saviour, and then and there he consecrated his life to the service of the Master. Carlos and his mother did all in their power to alleviate the sufferings of the survivors by sheltering and feeding them and caring for the wounded.

Elder Clark was obliged to return to Guadalajara, and Mr. Black thought best to go with him, so an Indian offered to guide them through the mountains by paths known only to his tribe.

Johnny decided to remain with Carlos and help the destitute little band. When Don Ramon rejoined his family at the hacienda, it was thought best for the refugees to go farther into the mountains, and they were offered an asylum by the friendly Indians who inhabited a beautiful secluded little valley. Thither Johnny went with them, and as only a few of the Indians understood Spanish, he and Carlos, who was with them most of the time, began studying their dialect. The boys taught them the Bible and improved methods of tilling their very fertile soil. Johnny taught a little school until order was restored, three months later, and the Protestants were permitted to return to their homes. The Indians then begged to have a teacher left with them. One of the young men of the company volunteered to remain, and he lived with them many years, acting in the capacity of teacher, counselor, and friend.

As the refugees were preparing to return to their abandoned homes, one morning a man rode into their village and asked for "*el muchacho Americano.*" When Johnny came, he recognized the man as the bandit who had eaten supper with them the memorable night of their capture. He greeted Johnny eagerly,

and after a few questions concerning his health, asked him to go with him for a hunting trip, and he, without a thought of fear, assented, although wondering what the robber could possibly want of him. Soon they were riding away together over the lonely trail. Then his escort began talking, telling him that they had read the Bibles bought that night, and were living, as a result, in a secluded little cañon to the north. "For you know," he said, in explanation, "that after reading of the gentle Saviour and his work upon earth for men, we could not follow the old way. Five of us gave our hearts to the Lord who died for us, and left the band. We are now trying to help all those with whom we come in contact. And all this has come to us through your hands and those of the kind old señor with you. Tell me, muchacho, were you not afraid when we pointed our guns at your heads and demanded your money?"

"Yes, in truth I was afraid at first, but not so the brave señor. He fears nothing. He is so full of the love of Christ that he thinks not of himself, but only of telling others of this same love. How happy he will be when he hears of the reformation in your lives through his influence! I can see his face beam and his eyes shine now, and hear him say, 'Blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

"Now perhaps you can guess why I have asked you to come with me. We must know more, and want you to explain more of the Holy Word to us."

On their arrival at the camp, Johnny was heartily welcomed. They listened with eagerness to his teachings. The next morning they all asked him to accompany them a short distance from the camp, where they showed him a mine they had just opened.

Johnny was much interested, for, though he had heard much mining talk at his uncle's, he had never actually been in a mine. He picked up pieces of rock, in which he could see the shining particles of gold, and exclaimed, "Actually gold! Why, this mine must be very rich indeed!"

One of the leaders approached him, and said, with a low bow, "This is your mine."

Johnny, accustomed to the courtesy which made it customary to offer one anything one might happen to admire, but with no expectations of its being accepted, said, "*Muchisimos gracias*" (many thanks).

"No," said the leader, "we mean this. We have opened this mine for you, and are working it for you. One day in each week we all work here, and this is what we have made so far," handing him a small bag full of gold-dust and nuggets. "You must take it,"—seeing him hesitate,—"our children come here and work with us, digging and washing out the gold with their little hands, 'for our Juanito.'"

Johnny was so affected by their simple devotion that he could not speak at first, but when he had mastered his emotions, he thanked them with all the words at his command, saying, "Yes, I will accept this, and go home and study so I can come back here and spend my life among you to help you and these dear children."

They said that they would send the products of his mine, which they had named the "Juanito," to Guadalajara to Elder Clark every few months, to be forwarded to Johnny, but asked him to say nothing to any one else on the subject.

When the refugees and the family of Don Ramon went back to Tepic, Johnny accompanied them, and it was decided that Carlos should go home with him

and attend school, as the two boys had both decided to consecrate themselves to the work of the Master in the ministry. Johnny knew that his dear old dean would be very glad to give them all the help in his power. He assured Señora Moreno that his mother would love and care for Carlos as her own, and that they would be very happy together.

"I can trust my boy with you, Johnny, because you have the love of the meek and lowly Saviour in your heart. May he keep you both in his tender care," said the faithful mother at parting.

The journey to Mexico City was made without incident, and the boys received a royal welcome from Johnny's uncle and his family. The girls were never tired of asking about their adventures. "*O Juanito, primo mio*," laughed Thelma, "your letters were models—of brevity. You did not tell us anything."

"My dear primita Thelma," responded Johnny, gaily, "if you had seen us sometimes, you would have thought yourselves fortunate to get any word at all."

He gave his uncle the little bag of gold, and told him the story of the mine.

"My dear boy!" he exclaimed, after examining it, "you will have plenty of money to pay all your expenses at school if they continue this."

"I hope," said Johnny, "that I can repay my parents for their self-sacrifice, and help them to live comfortably. I am impatient to be off for home now."

"You will go to Vera Cruz much easier and quicker than you came up, for the railroad is finished now. Our good friend the consul has wired me that the 'Santiago' is in port, so we will all go with you as far as Vera Cruz." Neither Johnny's cousins nor Carlos had ever been on a train before, so it was quite a novel experience for them.

When they embarked, Johnny, who had been a favorite with the captain on the outward journey, approached him: "How are you, Captain Jennings?"

"And who is this big Mexican?" inquired the captain. "Can this be poor little Johnny Turner?"

"No, sir," laughed the boy. "It is Mr. John Turner, at your service, sir."

"I can scarcely believe this fine young man to be the delicate invalid of a year ago. But what have you gained in Mexico besides health?"

"O so much! First, a knowledge of Spanish; and of vastly more importance, a knowledge of my Lord and Saviour. I now expect to return to prepare myself for the ministry. When I left home, my sole ambition was to become a great and wealthy man, and now my desire is to serve my Master by bringing others to him," said Johnny, with great earnestness.

"O, I always thought you would be a preacher! Why, when he went down with me," turning to the listeners, "he spent nearly all his time on deck with a little old red-bound book which I took to be a Bible."

Let us leave our young friends, happy in their work and looking forward to the time when they can return to their beloved Mexico to begin their life-work.

It was New-year's day in Tepic. The sun shone in an unclouded sky, the breeze was soft, and tempered the heat. All nature seemed rejoicing. In the study of the mission sat four men.

"Yes, Brother Clark,"—one is saying, and we recognize our old friend Mr. Black,—"six years ago it appeared to human eyes that the Protestant work was wiped out here; but as one of our company said then, 'Every drop of blood spilled now will bring forth a

bountiful harvest by and by.' so it has proved. We are now respected, and our work is on a permanent basis."

"A great deal of this is due to our beloved pastor," said Elder Clark, turning to a tall young man who was quietly listening to the conversation. "You and your estimable father have helped to build up the work wonderfully."

The young man's face flushed with pleasure, and he said, modestly, "I am sure I have done very little in the year that I have been home; those who remained after that terrible massacre and bore the heat and burden of the day deserve the credit."

As Carlos finished speaking, Mr. Black turned to Johnny, as he still liked to call him, and questioned, "Well, Juanito, do you now see the silver lining of that once very dark cloud?"

"I can truly," answered Johnny. "'God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform.' I can see his guiding hand all along the way, and we surely testify from our hearts, 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.'"

"Have you been out to see the Indians since your return?" asked Elder Clark.

"O, yes, sir; they are rejoicing over their new schoolhouse and chapel provided by the liberality of our friends—the ex-bandits. They have brought their families into the settlement to put their children in school, and are working the mines with good success. Yes; my mind often turns to my dear mother's oft-quoted proverb, 'Every cloud hath a silver lining.'"

MAY McCULLOCH CARR.

Did You Notice?

DID you notice the summary in last week's INSTRUCTOR? Could you have made the report from your conference better? Have you stopped to think that your individual report affects the world-wide summary? It really makes a difference whether or no you report. It is a serious matter when a few bricks fall out of a wall. Now your report is a brick in the great wall built by our faithful Missionary Volunteers all over the world, and every time you fail to report, you are pulling a brick out.

This wall, which is built from the Missionary Volunteer reports every quarter, is a memorial of God's willingness to use the youth in his great work. And everywhere the INSTRUCTOR goes, the summary tells the sweet story of loving service for others. Your report is not boasting; it is a confession of what God has enabled one of his willing children to do. Mr. Compton was once on board a ship. He was down in his little cabin when he heard the cry, "Man overboard!" There was a general rush to the deck; but Mr. Compton remained below and held his lamp up to his little cabin window. The light from that window enabled the sailors to cast the life-line right to the drowning man. It was a small matter to hold a lamp to the window, but some one has related the incident, and it has inspired hundreds to be faithful in little things. Is your personal report too small to pass on? Be sure it is big enough for God to use to press another into service; and in this way you will be fulfilling his command to provoke one another unto good works. Do not pull the brick out again.

The Reading Course

How are you getting on with the Reading Course? I trust you are among the many who say that they

are enjoying it very much. In a certain conference seventy-five young people are keeping abreast of the course; but a few days ago I heard of some one who is thinking of *giving up* the reading. Now I am doubly sorry for that young person. He is robbing himself of some valuable information concerning the Moslem countries and the growth of our denominational work; and more than that, the bad habit of *giving up* is again defeating his good habit of *sticking to it*.

It is well to resolve to do a good thing. This we should do. But every time we break our resolution, we are weakening the character forces with which we must resist the temptations about us. If we conquer the *giving-up* habit this time, it will be easier to persevere the next time our good resolutions bring us to a hard place. And to pull through hard places is, after all, what develops the sterling qualities in young men and women. When John comes home from school in the spring and plunges into hard farm work, his muscles at first become very sore; but he never thinks of *giving up*; and soon he finds that the very work which made his arms ache, has developed his muscles, and he labors on with ease. This same law, we are told, rules the mind.

But what does it matter if you do *give up*? It is hard to tell. What if Cyrus Field had given up when his cable broke? What if Columbus had turned back when it seemed so useless to press forward? What if Carey had given up studying his Bible and the books that taught him to love the heathen world? What if — One thing is certain, *giving up* will in time rob a person of his God-given possibilities, and lead him into mental and spiritual bankruptcy; for, in all things, perseverance is the price of success.

MATILDA ERICKSON.

If you think you've missed the mark, use a smile;
If your life seems in the dark, why just smile.

Don't give up in any fight;
There's a coming day that's bright,
There's a dawn beyond the night, if you smile.

—Selected.

He Always Sees

LAST week the king of England on one of his many official visits was passing by a company of children at Norwich, drawn up to greet him. After His Majesty had gone past, one of the little girls was found by her teacher to be bathed in tears.

"Why are you crying?" asked the teacher. "Didn't you see the king?"

"Yes," sobbed the little girl, "but, teacher, he didn't see me."

It is not enough for any loving or admiring soul to see the object of its affection and admiration. We want to be loved as well as to love. If there is no response, we may as well have regard for a cold, dead idol as for a human being.

No Christian can read this story of King Edward and his loyal little subject without thinking of what happens when "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." Our King always sees. Our King always hears. It is not necessary for Bartimæus to shout at him. Zachæus, though a little man, is discerned among the branches. Even the timid touch of a woman's finger upon the hem of his garment is felt by our King.

"Thou God seest me" is to some a dread-inspiring sentence; to the true lover of Christ it is an ever-springing song of joy.—*Christian Endeavor World*.



M. E. KERN
MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary
Corresponding Secretary

Society Studies in Bible Doctrines

Lesson XIII — Regeneration

SYNOPSIS.—There are about four steps in the change from the natural man to the child of God:—

CONFESSION	CONVERSION
CONVICTION	CONTRITION

Conviction is brought about by the law of God through the operation of the Holy Spirit. Rom. 7:7; James 2:9; John 16:8, 9. This is a call to repentance (Acts 2:37, 38), which God gives to such as will receive it. Acts 5:31. Repentance, or contrition, is genuine sorrow for our sins. 2 Cor. 7:10; Job 42:6. God is pleased with those who are contrite, and has promised to dwell with them. Ps. 51:17; 57:15. This leads to confession of our sins to God (1 John 1:9), which he forgives. Ps. 32:5. We should also acknowledge our faults to one another (James 5:16), confess to those whom we have wronged, and as far as possible make restitution. Eze. 33:15; Luke 19:8.

The one who truly does these things, with faith in God, is freely forgiven. Ps. 103:12; 1 John 1:9. A complete transformation is wrought in his life (Prov. 28:13; Isa. 1:16, 17); and the law of God is written on the heart. Jer. 31:33. This change in the life is represented in the Bible as change of heart (Eze. 36:26), a new creation (2 Cor. 5:17), conversion (Acts 3:19), a new birth, or regeneration. John 3:3; Titus 3:5.

Questions

1. What are the four steps in becoming a child of God?
2. How is conviction brought about? Rom. 7:7; James 2:9; John 16:8, 9.
3. When convicted of sin, what should the sinner do? Acts 2:37, 38.
4. How does genuine repentance come to an individual? Acts 5:31.
5. What does repentance mean? 2 Cor. 7:10; Job 42:6.
6. How does God look upon the contrite ones, and what has he promised them? Ps. 51:17; Isa. 57:15.
7. To what does genuine repentance lead? 1 John 1:9; Ps. 32:5.
8. What should be the attitude of the repenting sinner toward those whom he may have wronged? James 5:16; Eze. 33:15; Luke 19:8.
9. What does God do for those who take these steps? Ps. 103:12; 1 John 1:9.
10. What takes place in the life? Prov. 28:13; Isa. 1:16, 17; Jer. 31:33.
11. How is this change represented?
 - (a) Eze. 36:26.
 - (b) 2 Cor. 5:17.
 - (c) Acts 3:19.
 - (d) John 3:3; Titus 3:5.

Notes

2. "Steps to Christ," chapter on "Repentance," paragraph 10.
4. "Steps to Christ," chapter on "Repentance," paragraph 8.

5. "Steps to Christ," chapter on "Repentance," paragraph 2.

7. "Steps to Christ," chapter on "Confession," paragraph 4.

10. "Steps to Christ," chapter on "Confession," paragraph 7.

Junior Reading Course No. 2

No. 17—"My Garden Neighbors," pages 29-58

Notes and Suggestions

WHAT lesson may we learn from Dickey One Leg? How did he manage to keep alive through the cold winter? Do you see any reason why the bluebird should be called the national bird? What lesson does the bluebird teach us? When does it come north? Why did the bluebirds have a hard time finding a home? How were the cats kept away? On page ten of this paper you will learn something of the blue jay.

"There is something about a sparrow that every boy ought to admire. Everything and everybody is its enemy. It is not even against the law to kill it. People dislike it and chase it out of the vines; cats lie in wait for it; boys throw stones at it, and shoot at it with air rifles. And yet it stands its ground and increases in numbers and chatters and chirrups and fusses and lets you know that it is here to stay. That quality of the English sparrow is worth something. It shows what may be accomplished with the whole world against you if you only have the courage to fight it out."

Missionary Volunteer Reading Course No. 3

No. 17—The Preparation

GENERAL TEXT: "The Great Second Advent Movement," chapters 4 and 5.

SPECIFIC TEXT: Pages 77-98, 108-117.

SYNOPSIS.—"The time of the end," beginning in 1798 A. D., is the period God has allotted for the proclamation of the second advent of Christ and the closing of earth's history. At the coming of this time, in accordance with prophecy, knowledge of the prophecies was increased, significant signs in the heavens and on earth appeared, and all over the world men were inspired to give the message of Jesus' coming:—

1. The prophetic periods of Daniel were opened more fully to the understanding, a notable point being the determination of the date when the 2300 day-years of Dan. 8:14 began, thus fixing the close of the longest and latest prophetic period.

2. Of signs, there appeared the darkening of the sun, the falling of the stars, and other celestial phenomena, and on earth the beginning of the predicted distress of nations.

3. In different parts of the world men were independently moved upon to proclaim the near approach of the judgment, notably Miller in America, Irving in England, Wolff in Asia, Africa, and Europe, and various others upon the European continent and in all other parts of the earth.

Study

1. Show at what date "the time of the end" began.
2. When was the date for the beginning of the 2300 years discovered, and how?
3. Give a brief outline of the 2300-day (year) prophecy, showing when those years began, when they closed, and what was the nature of the event to take place at their close.

4. Describe the darkening of the sun and the falling of the stars. Fix the dates in your mind. See also "Great Controversy," pages 305-308, 333, 334; "Thoughts on Daniel and the Revelation," pages 418-432.

5. Describe some other signs in the heavens.

6. How widely was the advent message proclaimed, and by what means?

Notes

You will notice that this first assignment in "The Great Second Advent Movement" does not take up the first three chapters. These chapters are good, but as they do not deal directly with our denominational history, the reading will not be required. The "general text" gives the chapters that broadly cover the topic for study, while the "specific text" gives the exact pages and order of study. First read through the complete chapters, then follow the specific text in closer study, and in connection with the synopsis and the study.

Stress has by some been laid upon the supernatural nature of the signs. We need not insist upon this, since supernatural and natural are alike to God. It may not always be possible to establish the supernatural character of God's signs, nor is it necessary. If he has set an event as a sign, it is equally significant whether supernatural or most natural. Yet it is profitable to note the peculiar features of any of these phenomena when such exist.

The Years

EACH life is like a changing flower—
Like petals, pale or colored free;
The years drop softly, hour by hour,
And leave rich seeds of memory.

— Selected.

"I'll Stick"

A SAILOR boy was once listening to a temperance lecture given by Frances E. Willard. His eyes grew big as she compared the liquor traffic to the surging sea, and the efforts of temperance workers to the dikes of Holland. "Miss," he said, "I aint nothing in the world but a cobblestone, but if you put me in, I'll stick."

And so I hope every one of you will *stick* — *stick* to your good resolution to study those verses in the Morning Watch Calendar faithfully. Every one of them is an arrow with which you can route the enemy in the hour of temptation; but the only quiver in which you can conveniently carry these arrows is memory's casket. Perseverance will put them there, and hold them ready for use.

M. E.

The Daughter's Decalogue

LOVE your mother above all women.

Don't have thoughts which she can not know, nor commit acts which she should not see.

Declare yourself in fault rather than lie hypocritically.

Be in your house the one who with love and merriment vanquishes bitterness and sorrow.

Strive to be modest before being beautiful, and always amiable.

Have sincere conviction, pure faith, solid knowledge, and inexhaustible charity.

Work at home as if you did not have the help of your mother. Act all your life as if she were present.

Learn the art of hearing with patience, talking without anger; suffer with patience, and be joyful without excess, and you will have nearly attained happiness.

Believe your house the best of homes, and consider your parents your best friends.

Remember that she who is not a good wife and who is not a good daughter, will never be a good mother.— *Selected.*



VIII — Jesus Dines With a Pharisee; Jesus Teaches His Disciples

(February 19)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Luke 11:37 to 12:12.

MEMORY VERSE: "Ye are of more value than many sparrows." Luke 12:7.

The Lesson Story

1. "And as he [Jesus] spake, a certain Pharisee besought him to dine with him: and he went in, and sat down to meat. And when the Pharisee saw it, he marvelled that he had not first washed before dinner." Our Lord had not gone to the table with unclean hands; but the Jews had many ceremonial rules about washing. Jesus said unto the man at whose table he sat: "Now do ye Pharisees make clean the outside of the cup and the platter; but your inward part is full of ravening and wickedness."

2. "But woe unto you, Pharisees! for ye tithe mint and rue and all manner of herbs, and pass over judgment and the love of God: these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone. Woe unto you, Pharisees! for ye love the uppermost seats in the synagogues, and greetings in the markets."

3. "Then answered one of the lawyers, and said unto him, Master, thus saying thou reproachest us also. And he said, Woe unto you also, ye lawyers! for ye lade men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers."

4. "Woe unto you, lawyers! for ye have taken away the key of knowledge: ye entered not in yourselves, and them that were entering in ye hindered. And as he said these things unto them, the scribes and the Pharisees began to urge him vehemently, and to provoke him to speak of many things: laying wait for him, and seeking to catch something out of his mouth, that they might accuse him.

5. "In the meantime, when there were gathered together an innumerable multitude of people, insomuch that they trode one upon another, he began to say unto his disciples first of all, Beware ye of the leaven of the Pharisees, which is hypocrisy. For there is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed; neither hid, that shall not be known. Therefore whatsoever ye have spoken in darkness shall be heard in the light; and that which ye have spoken in the ear in closets shall be proclaimed upon the housetops."

6. Jesus knew that many of his followers would be martyrs and suffer because they loved him. To such he says: "And I say unto you my friends, Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do. But I will forewarn you whom ye shall fear: Fear him, which after he hath killed hath power to cast into hell; yea, I say unto you, Fear him.

7. "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God? But even the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not therefore: ye are of more value than many sparrows.

8. "Also I say unto you, Whosoever shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of man also confess before the angels of God. But he that denieth me before men shall be denied before the angels of God."

Questions

1. As Jesus was speaking to the people, what was he invited to do? When he sat down to eat, at what was the host surprised? What rules of the Pharisees did Jesus not observe? To what did Christ compare those men who were so careful in their observance of rules, while their minds were full of evil? Luke 11:37-39.

2. About what duties were the Pharisees very strict? While they tithed even their smallest garden products, what important matters did they neglect? Did Jesus say they ought, or ought not, to be so particular about the tithe? How did Jesus rebuke the people for their pride? Verses 42, 43.

3. What did one of the teachers of the law then say to Jesus? What did the Saviour say these lawyers were doing? Verses 45, 46.

4. What was the influence of these false teachers over persons who tried to get a knowledge of right? In what way did the scribes and Pharisees try to provoke Jesus? For what reason did these leading Jews talk to him? Verses 52-54.

5. How great were the crowds of people who came to hear Jesus? To what did he again liken the wrong teachings of the Pharisees? How did he tell his disciples to regard hypocrisy, or deceit? Why is it useless to attempt to deceive? Luke 12:1-3.

6. How did some of the followers of Jesus suffer? What does Jesus call those who suffer for him? Whom did Jesus say his disciples need not fear? What evil worse than death will befall those who obey Satan rather than God? Verses 4, 5.

7. What small creature did the Saviour say our Father cares for? Therefore what can we trust him to do for us? Why? Verses 6, 7.

8. What more does Christ promise those who are true to him? But if any are ashamed to live before others as he teaches us to live, what will be the result? Verses 8, 9.

against them? Verses 47, 48; Matt. 23:29-31; note 4.

8. What would be charged to that generation? Luke 11:49, 50.

9. What effect did the teaching of these expounders of the law really have? Verse 52.

10. What did Jesus' words lead the scribes and Pharisees to do? Verses 53, 54.

11. What shows the great interest of the people in Jesus and his work? Of what did he instruct his disciples to beware? Luke 12:1; note 5.

12. How fully will the hypocrites be exposed? Verses 2, 3. Compare Eccl. 12:14; 1 Cor. 3:13; 4:5.

13. Whom did Jesus warn them to fear? Why? Luke 12:4, 5.

14. What illustrations were given to show God's care for us? Verses 6, 7.

15. What will be the result of confessing Christ in the life? What of denying him? Verses 8, 9.

16. What terrible warning was given to those who persistently reject every good influence? Verse 10; note 6.

17. What special help is promised to those who are brought to trial for their faith in Christ? Verses 11, 12.

Notes

1. "He exposed the mere externalism of the pharisaic law of purification, to the utter ignoring of the higher need of inward purity, which lay at the foundation of all."—*Ederheim: "Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah,"* page 211.

2. "The three distinctions of a Pharisee were: not to make use nor to partake of anything that had not been tithed; to observe the laws of purification; and, as a consequence of these two, to abstain from familiar intercourse with all non-Pharisees. This separation formed the ground of their claim to distinction. It will be noticed that it is exactly to these three things our Lord adverts: so that these sayings of his are not, as might seem, unconnected, but in the strictest internal relationship. Our Lord shows how pharisaism, as regarded the outer, was connected with the opposite tendency, as regarded the inner man: outward purification, with ignorance of the need of that inward purity which consisted in God-consecration, and with the neglect of it; strictness of outward tithing, with ignorance and neglect of the principle which underlay it; viz., the acknowledgment of God's right over mind and heart (judgment and love of God); while, lastly, the Pharisaic pretense of separation, and consequent claim to distinction, issued only in pride and self-assertion. Thus, tried by its own tests, pharisaism terribly failed."—*Edersheim: "Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah,"* page 212.

3. The lawyers were the professional interpreters of the Jewish law. As Geikie says, they sat in their chambers and schools, creating "legal rules, endless, harassing, intolerable for the people, but not affecting themselves, shut out as they were from busy life."—"Life and Words of Christ," Vol. II, page 141.

4. By building these tombs they pretended to honor the martyred prophets, thus gaining popularity; but their actions show them to possess the same spirit as that which led their fathers to kill the prophets.

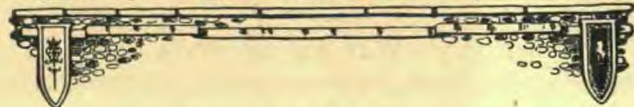
5. Hypocrisy is one of the worst forms of evil. "All shams are hateful, but a religious sham is the worst of all."—*Abbott*. Admitted into the life it will corrupt the whole nature, just as it had pervaded all pharisaism.

6. "That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." John 1:9. "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." John 6:37.

"But it is possible to drive the Spirit from us so that its pleading voice can not be heard. 'To-day if ye will hear his voice harden not your hearts,' for the sin against the Holy Spirit is the sin of persistent refusal to respond to the invitation to repent."—*Mrs. E. G. White, in Review and Herald, June 20, 1897.*

THOUSANDS of people in small positions whine because their talents are thrown away — because their ability has no elbow-room. It is not elbow-room they need; it is "elbow-grease;" it is energy and strength. Their very whining shows they are too small for the place they are in now. When the right kind of person has too small a place, he does his work so well as to make the place bigger.—*Le Baron Briggs.*

THE YOUTH'S LESSON



VIII — Jesus Dines With a Pharisee; Pronounces Woes Against Hypocrisy and Worldliness

(February 19)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Luke 11:37 to 12:12.

MEMORY VERSE: Luke 12:7.

Questions

1. With whom did Jesus dine on a certain occasion? What caused surprise to his host? Luke 11:37, 38.

2. With what did Jesus charge the Pharisees in reply? Verses 39, 40; note 1.

3. What would Jesus have them substitute for ceremonial purification of vessels? Verse 41.

4. For what three evils did Jesus pronounce woes upon the Pharisees? In what words is tithing taught in these verses? Verses 42-44; note 2.

5. For what three evils did he pronounce woes upon the lawyers, or scribes? Verses 45-52.

6. How did the lawyers bind burdens on men? Verse 46; note 3.

7. How did the monuments to the prophets witness

The Youth's Instructor

ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.,

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE DICKERSON CHASE

EDITOR

Subscription Rates

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION	-	-	-	\$1.00
SIX MONTHS	-	-	-	.50
CLUB RATE				
Five or more to one address, each	-	-	-	.75

Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post-office at Washington, D. C., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

A Wish

O THAT mine eyes might closed be
To what concerns me not to see;
That deafness might possess mine ear
To what concerns me not to hear;
That truth my tongue might always tie
From ever speaking foolishly.

—Thomas Elwood — 1639.

The Bird a Teacher

ONE warm Sunday morning the doors of a church were open. During the progress of the service a bird entered, and flew up to the vaulted roof, and tried with every effort it could to make its escape. There sat in one of the pews a woman who had been under deep conviction of sin for many months. She watched the bird, and thought how silly it was not to go to the open door of the church and enjoy its liberty at once. When its wings were weary, it lowered itself into the body of the church, saw the open door, and flew out in a moment, and was soon singing outside. After the bird had gone, this poor woman thought, "That is just what I have been doing. I have been trying and trying, and the door of mercy is open all the time," and at once she looked away to Jesus and was saved.

—C. Edwards.

A Man's Market Value

"SEEST thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before obscure men."

At ten years of age Benjamin Franklin was cutting wicks for tallow candles in a Boston chandler's shop. At seventeen, on a Sunday morning, we find him trudging through the streets of Philadelphia, with all his earthly possessions on his back and in his pockets. The sum total of his assets consisted of some old clothes, one silver dollar, a shilling in copper coin, and—himself. As he passed by, a girl who afterward became his wife, looked out of the window, and laughed at the grotesque figure of young Franklin.

But that sturdy youth had learned the lesson that all must learn, that there is in every life a work to be wrought out which places upon that life a market value, whether we will it to be so or not.

And with this thought in view, he applied himself diligently to his work. His abilities were soon recognized. He rose. By and by he became the founder of the University of Pennsylvania and of the Ameri-

can Philosophical Society. And a little more than half a century after that Sunday morning when he walked through the streets of Philadelphia, the ridicule and comment of a maid, we find him standing before the king of France, the accredited ambassador and representative of the United States of America.

—Selected.

Awakened by a Falling Acorn

A FRENCH infidel, when walking through a forest, exclaimed, "How beautiful are these trees! but how strange that so large a tree should bear a fruit so small as the acorn! If I had been God, I would have put a small fruit on small vines, and large fruit on large trees!" Wearing with the walk, the party paused to rest, and the infidel fell asleep under a large oak. The sleeper was soon awakened by an acorn falling upon his face. He said: "Had this tree borne gourds weighing one hundred pounds, I would now be a corpse." Conviction followed him from that hour, and he became a Christian.—Selected.

The Healed Lamb

I ONCE heard of a Scottish shepherd who was sorely tried by the misadventures of one wild lamb. It gave more trouble than all the flock. It seemed incorrigible. One day the shepherd took the lamb and deliberately broke its leg. Cruel shepherd! Nay. Having broke the leg, he carefully set it again, tenderly bound it up, and then lovingly carried the helpless creature in a sling about his shoulders. Day after day, while the healing was in process, the shepherd bore the lamb, giving it food and drink from his own hand. He nursed it with a mother's tenderness. When the healing was complete, and the lamb was placed upon its feet again, it was seen to be the closest follower in the flock. It never left the shepherd's side again.

"If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not?" Heb. 12:7.—*The Expositor*.

Missionary's Wife and the Black Baby

REV. C. W. ABEL, of New Guinea, had gone in a boat with his wife to a place where the people were entirely uncivilized, and where he was quite unknown. They landed and proceeded up a path toward the village. Presently he had an uneasy feeling that something was wrong. Then his wife noticed it—and he quaintly added that he would not like his hearers to think he was a very brave man under such circumstances—he frankly confessed that he was frightened, and did not at all enjoy it. Soon he saw men gathering together on both sides of the path, flourishing spears. Looking behind, he found that armed men had formed up in a line, cutting off all means of escape. It was evident they would have to go forward, whatever happened. On approaching the village, his wife noticed a woman with a baby—perfectly black and quite naked. Mrs. Abel was sorrowing for the loss of her own little girl, who had recently died of fever, and moved by mother-love, she went up to the woman, took the little black baby, kissed it, and hugged it to her breast. Immediately every spear was thrown down, the people gathered around, and Mr. and Mrs. Abel were escorted back to their boat by a friendly crowd, who overwhelmed them with presents.—Selected.