

world for all time. If we travel in Chaldea now we will hear from the natives many references to Nimrod, who, after his death, was worshipped by his people as a god. After Nimrod there was a king named Uruk, who built many beautiful temples; and some time later a great conqueror named Kudur-Lagamor, or as in Genesis 14, Chedorlaomer, was king of Chaldea, and after conquering the surrounding regions and making their kings subject to himself, he engages those kings to join him in a great expedition against Syria. Palestine, which Chedorlaomer had conquered fourteen years before, had dared to rebel against him; terrible will be its punishment. Proudly the king marches at the head of his army; he is thinking how he will sacrifice the leaders of the rebellion to his gods, and other principal ones he will lead away captive with hooks in their lips; he has never been defeated, and has he not conquered all the country around about him as no king has ever done before? And now he has a large powerful army and subject kings to help him—surely he need not fear.

His march is one of triumph. The rebels are glad to submit to him and agree to any terms he may exact. And now with a long string of captives and a great amount of spoil he is nearly ready to return home. But what are those strange altars he has passed twice? A simple pile of stones—nothing to show what god is worshipped there; and when he asked a herdsman what they meant the man stared at him strangely, spoke a few words in a low tone to one of his captives and ran rapidly away. Why had he not stopped the man? But after all it could amount to nothing, and arranging his captives for the night, he soon sought repose.

LYDIA J. MOSHER.

[To be continued.]

Maintain your integrity as a sacred thing.

## OUR COSY CORNER.

Playhouse, 8th mo., 14th, 1891.

Dear Cousin Julia.—We must hasten and come right away to visit thee by letter, for we feel that thy heart is sad indeed, yet we are not sure that we can say anything to cheer. However, if we delay to try we surely will do no good. Our instructions are to

“Do all the good we can,  
To all the people we can,  
In all the ways we can,  
In all the places we can,  
Just as often as we can.”

So here we come, the whole band, to peep through thy shutters into thy cosy corner and surprise thee with the merry, laughing, dancing sunbeams upon the floor. In wonderment thou wilt arise from thy easy chair and open the shutters, when in we will bound upon thee like a flood of light, surrounding thee with a halo of love, imprinting caresses upon thy brow and cheek; to chase away the shadows, which have gathered upon the face and settled around the heart. When the heart is comforted the countenance will be bright with sunshine.

Perhaps it may be helpful if thou art told that the writer for the little ones, who cannot write for themselves, knows something of life's sorrows, seeing father and mother besides others of close kindred, and many more have gone to the mansions prepared for them in the life beyond—therefore some thoughts expressed may seem to thee to be prematurely old—but dear Cousin Julia thou knowest how these things which make one's heart sore, if taken rightly, makes us think more deeply and solidly than we otherwise would.

These trials, however severe they may be, are best, just as God orders them. When we have suffered then it is we learn to know how to feel for others' woes. Again I think thou would'st be helped more abundantly if thou had'st seen the tears which fell on