

# Youth's Instructor

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No. 10.

## I WAIT.

If only the rain would cease to beat,  
If only the wind would cease to blow,  
If only the clouds would beat retreat,  
And the summer sunshine glance and glow,  
I should be perfectly happy, I know.

All day, and every day, I wait  
For something or other to come  
and go.

To make my pleasure a perfect state,  
To make my heart a summer glow  
Of sure delight that will never go.

But all day, and every day, I wait,  
And the days run by, and the days  
run low,  
And everything seems too soon or  
too late,  
And I never find what I seek, you  
know,  
Never get just what I want, you  
know.

There's always something or other  
amiss,  
The tide is at ebb when I want it at  
flow.

A fleck and a flaw to mar the bliss  
That might be easily perfect, I  
know,  
If I could but make things come  
and go.

I've waited now so long and so late,  
That the hope I had, like the tide,  
runs low,  
And I begin to think that I shall wait  
Forever and ever like this, you  
know,  
For the things to come, that al-  
ways go.

And I begin to think that perhaps—  
perhaps,  
When time is so swift, and joy so  
slow,  
I'd better make most of the hours  
that elapse,  
And the best of the days that come  
and go,  
Or the years will be gone or ever I  
know.

And I shall sit weary and old and  
sad,  
Like a little weary old woman I  
know,  
And think of the days I might have  
been glad,  
Of the pleasure I dropped, the  
things I let go,  
For the things I never could find,  
you know.

—Nora Perry, in the Youth's  
Companion.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

## THE BAMBOO.

IN tropical countries where periodical rain-falls saturate the earth, the variation and profusion of vegetable life seems almost limitless. In keeping with the variety is the great size to which plants and trees attain. Ferns, which in our climate are small, grow in the tropics in unrestrained luxuriance, the tree-fern often reaching to the height of thirty feet.

The trees are put to a variety of uses to which it would be difficult to adapt any one species of the temperate zone. Perhaps the most useful of these is the

palm. "Palms in unending variety of form and fruit," says one writer, "present the most striking feature of a tropical scene. The masses of the people in our own latitude get their daily bread, literally, from the grass family. Here palms furnish the people with food, clothing, and building material."

The bamboo is remarkable for its rapid growth. Says a well-known writer, "In the Royal Botanical Garden of Edinburgh, a bamboo was observed to increase six inches a day in a temperature of from 65° to 70°. The *Bambusa gigantea* (gigantic bamboo) of Burmah has been known to grow eighteen inches in twenty-four hours; and as the *Bambusa Tulda* in Bengal attains its full height of seventy feet in a single month, its average increase cannot be less than an inch per hour." "The culms (or single stems) attain a thickness of six inches, the single joints are twenty inches long, and the leaves are of indescribable beauty. . . . Sometimes a hundred culms spring from a single root, not seldom as thick as a man, and towering to a height of eighty or a hundred feet. Fancy the grace of our meadow grasses, united with the lordly growth of our Italian poplar, and you have a faint idea of the beauty of a clump of bamboos."

In India, China, and the East Indian Archipelago, the bamboo is cultivated with great care. Shoots are placed in a pit two feet deep, in the autumn or early winter, and the pit filled with rich soil and sulphur. All growth for the first three years is cut back, but the shoots of the fourth year are allowed to grow.

All this care is well bestowed upon the bamboo, which is put to an almost endless number of uses. The tender shoots in spring are served up like asparagus. They are salted and eaten with rice, preserved in sugar as a sort of jelly, or made into pickles. The seeds of this plant are also used as food.

But it is the stem of the bamboo which is made most use of. Bows are made of it, the light, slender stalks serving as arrows. The larger joints form water buckets, and the smaller ones bottles; the Dyaks of Borneo using them as cooking vessels. Lengths of bamboo are made hollow, joined together end to end, and serve as pipes to carry water.

Bamboo is also useful as timber, and many houses are made entirely of this material. For posts and columns, undivided stalks are used. The split stalks form floors, rafters, and roof, and are woven into lattice-work for the walls.

And for the inside furnishings of the house, its uses are many; it goes to form all the furniture, baskets, cages, chairs, beds; writing paper is made from the inside pulp, and pens, or reeds, from the slender stems; and one Oriental species is so hard that it can be used for a knife, and is also employed as a whetstone. Indeed, the bamboo is "one of the most wonderful and most beautiful productions of the tropics,

But no less useful than the palm is the bamboo, found in nearly every part of the tropical world. It belongs to the grass family,—one of those arborescent grasses,—half grass, half tree. Its jointed stems are formed not unlike those of the wheat and other grains; but they shoot up to a height of forty, sixty, or even eighty feet, taking on the woody nature and appearance of a tree.



and one of Nature's most valuable gifts to uncivilized man."

But we do not need to go across the seas, nor out of our own home to study the economy of Nature. Within a stone's throw of our own doors the returning spring will soon work miracles wonderful beyond all telling, but unnoticed and unappreciated many times, because they are so silently performed. Who will have eyes to see what is done? W. E. L.

#### OBSERVATION AND THOUGHT.

EXCLUSIVE of animal decay, we can hardly arrive at a more absolute type of impurity than the mud or slime of a damp, overtrodden path in the outskirts of a manufacturing town. I do not say mud of the road, because that is mixed with animal refuse; but take merely an ounce or two of the blackest slime of a beaten foot-path, on a rainy day, near a manufacturing town. That slime we shall find in most cases composed of clay (or brick dust, which is burnt clay), mixed with soot, a little sand, and water. All these elements are at helpless war with one another, and destroy reciprocally one another's nature and power, competing and fighting for place at every tread of your foot, sand squeezing out clay, and clay squeezing out water, and soot meddling everywhere and defiling the whole. Let us suppose that this ounce of mud is left in perfect rest, and that its elements gather together, like to like, so that their atoms may get into the closest relations possible.

Let the clay begin. Ridding itself of all foreign substance, it gradually becomes a white earth, already very beautiful, and fit, with the help of congealing fire, to be made into the finest porcelain, and painted on, and be kept in kings' palaces. But such artificial consistence is not its best. Leave it still quiet, to follow its own instinct of unity, and it becomes not only white but clear; not only clear but hard; not only clear and hard, but so set that it can deal with light in a wonderful way, and gather out of it the loveliest blue rays only, refusing the rest. We call it then a sapphire.

Such being the commission of the clay, we give similar permission of quiet to the sand. It also becomes, first, a white earth; then proceeds to grow clear and hard, and at last arranges itself in mysterious, infinitely fine parallel lines, which have the power of reflecting, not merely the blue rays, but the blue, green, purple, and red rays, in the greatest beauty in which they can be seen through any hard material whatsoever. We call it then an opal.

In the next order the soot sets to work. It cannot make itself white at first; but, instead of being discouraged, tries harder and harder, and comes out clear at last, and the hardest thing in the world; and for the blackness that it had, obtains in exchange the power of reflecting all the rays of the sun at once, in the vividest blaze that any solid thing can shoot. We call it then a diamond.

Last of all, the water purifies, or unites itself; contented enough if it only reach the form of a dew drop; but, if we insist on its proceeding to a more perfect consistence, it crystallizes into the shape of a star, and for the ounce of soot which we had, by political economy of co-operation, a sapphire, an opal, and a diamond, set in the midst of a star of snow.—*Ruskin.*

#### A PRESCRIPTION FOR WEAK FINGERS.

Mrs. H. E. BROWN in her book, "Beautiful Hands," has some sensible words for school-girls. A group of girls were talking about and comparing their hands, when one of them came to say:—

"Housework is a lady's finest accomplishment, and it's the very best exercise in the world for school-girls. Mix it up with study, my mother says, and the one helps the other. When we are tired of brain work, muscle work comes in as a change and rest; and while we are getting knowledge of books, we get a knowledge of useful household arts; and what is a woman worth without both?"

"Housework isn't genteel," sneered Belle.

"Genteel! And supposing it isn't; who is going to sacrifice a real good to gentility? Not I, for one. Isn't Miss Montgomery genteel enough for you? And isn't she intellectual and accomplished? You know what a magnificent pianist she is, well enough. And she is just as magnificent a housekeeper."

"Housekeeper!" retorted Belle. "She lives with her father and mother, and they're rich as Cræsus; guess you're mistaken in the person."

"Don't be so fast, my dear," calmly replied Nellie. "I am well acquainted with the family, and know whereof I affirm. She has had the whole care of the housekeeping for five years; makes all the bread that is eaten in the house, to say nothing of cakes and pies and knick-knacks, and does nearly all the chamber

work and sweeping. And I can tell you, too, why she does it, why she began to do it. She had a great talent for music, and Rossini told her she never could succeed until she had more strength in her fingers. She asked him how she could make them stronger. 'Make beds,' said he, 'sweep rooms, knead bread.' And she began to do it; and she told me it was a perfect marvel to herself and every one how much her hands improved in the first six months. The prescription worked to a charm, and she has kept it up ever since; and the fact that she is such a splendid player to-day, yes, and singer, too, is owing to her housework. She irons, too, and sometimes washes. She says it is splendid exercise for the hands and arms to do either of these."

For the INSTRUCTOR.

#### FRED'S MISTAKE.

FRED GRAHAM sat staring into the fire, but it was evident from the pucker on his forehead that he was not engaged in his favorite pastime of watching the pictures formed by the glowing coals. For fully ten minutes he sat motionless on the rug; and any one who knew him could have told you that that was a long time for Fred Graham to sit still.

For nearly a year he had been eagerly looking forward to a visit from his cousin, Ralph Ray. Ralph was a lad of thirteen, who lived in a distant city, and was supposed by Fred to know everything,—in short, was his *beau ideal* of a boy. And now he was really coming,—would arrive on the morrow. All day there had been a pleasant bustle of preparation.

But what was it that troubled Fred? So thought his mother as she stood in the doorway, unobserved by him. "What is it, Fred?" said she at last.

"Well, mother," he replied, in a burst of boyish confidence, "I'll just tell you all about it. You know some of the boys laugh at me, and call me 'mamma's girl,' when they see me washing dishes or helping you in any way about the housework? Well—you know—I thought—now, mamma, I just couldn't bear to have Cousin Ralph ridicule me; and don't you think you could get along without my help while he is here?" He threw his arm coaxingly around her neck.

She looked gravely into the fire for a moment, and then said, "Yes, Fred, it shall be as you wish."

But as he gave her a good-night kiss, he fancied her face wore a pained expression, and he was not altogether happy as he went off to bed.

With the exception of baby Lucy, he was his mother's only child. He was extremely fond of her, and had always helped about the housework as handily as if he had been a girl. But of late some of his associates had foolishly ridiculed him; and he supposed that surely city-bred Ralph would look with contempt upon "girl's work."

Ralph came the next day. In appearance he was all that Fred had imagined him to be,—tall and manly, with bright, dark eyes, and an easy, graceful manner. He was jovial and fun-loving, and the boys were soon fast friends. The first day or two was spent in roaming over the farm, which to Ralph was a world of wonders.

On the morning of the third day, Fred burst into the kitchen, where his mother was busy at work, saying, "O mother! can't we go down to Taylor's pond to skate this morning? The boys say there is splendid skating there."

His mother gave her consent, and he went to the wood-shed to put on his skates, calling to Ralph to "hurry up and come on." To be sure his conscience smote him a little, as he passed the sitting-room door, and heard the doleful cries of baby Lucy, as she sat in her crib with no one to amuse her. That had always been his task, but now he would not allow himself to think of it.

He put on his skates, and waited so long for his cousin to come that he went into the house to see what was the matter. Imagine his surprise to find Ralph seated in the rocking-chair with the baby on his knee. Mrs. Graham was just saying, "I believe you must exert some magic influence upon her; she is so quiet." Fred could only stare in shame-faced astonishment at his cousin, who was doing what he himself had been ashamed to do.

"You see," said Ralph, in answer to Fred's surprised look, "I am used to taking care of baby at home."

But Mrs. Graham was soon at leisure, and having relieved him of his burden, the boys started for the pond.

This was not the only time Ralph showed himself helpful. He was often seen, dish-towel in hand, wiping dishes when his aunt was particularly busy. Fred felt himself in a rather curious position; and when, a few days later, a letter came from Ralph's mother to Mrs. Graham, in which she told how much she missed

her helpful son, Fred's discomfiture was complete. He felt as if he must make a clean breast of the whole matter to Ralph. So when they were alone, he suddenly asked, "Don't the boys where you live ever make fun of you for doing girl's work?"

Ralph laughed a little, and said, "Well, yes; some of the fellows do."

Then Fred told him the whole story of how he generally helped his mother, and how he was afraid Ralph would ridicule him if he did so while he was there.

Ralph laughed heartily, and then said: "Well, I used to feel just as you do about being ridiculed; but I long ago came to the conclusion that it is cowardly to be afraid to do anything that is right; besides it seems to me very unmanly for a big, strong fellow to allow his mother to tire herself out working for him, and then be ashamed to help her."

"Cowardly! Unmanly!" Just the words Fred would have shrunk most from having applied to him. Was it possible he had been both? The next morning Fred stole down stairs early, and went into the kitchen. His mother was getting breakfast, and putting his arms round her neck, he begged her to forgive him for being so cowardly and weak. From that time forward he was her own helpful boy again.

VIOLA E. SMITH.

#### A DANGEROUS PROVERB.

"It is better late than never,"  
May incline to error great;  
Since delay, how slight soever,  
Often means forever late.

#### THE TURNING-POINT.

It was the beginning of the holidays when Mr. Davis, a friend of my father's, came to see us, and he asked my parents to let me go home with him. They consented, and I was much pleased at the thought of going out of town. The journey was delightful; and when we reached Mr. Davis's house, everything looked as if I was going to have a nice time. Fred Davis, a boy about my own age, took me cordially by the hand, and all the family seemed like old friends.

"This is going to be a holiday worth having," I said to myself several times during the evening. We all played games, asked riddles, and laughed and chatted as merrily as could be.

At last Mrs. Davis said it was bedtime; then I expected family worship, but we were soon directed to our rooms. It seemed strange to me; for I had never before been in a household without the family altar.

"Come," said Fred; "mother says that you and I are to be bedfellows." I followed him upstairs to a nice little chamber which he called his room. He undressed first, and jumped into bed.

I was much longer about it, for new thoughts began to rise in my mind. When my mother put my portmanteau into my hand just before the coach started, she said, "Remember, Robert, that you are a Christian boy." I knew very well what that meant, and I had now just come to a time when her words were to be remembered. From a little boy I had been in the habit of kneeling in evening prayer.

"Why don't you come into bed, Robert?" said Fred. "What are you sitting there for? Can't you undress?"

Yes, yes, I could undress, but ah! I was afraid to pray and afraid not to pray. It seemed to me that I could not kneel down to pray before Fred. What would he say? Would he not laugh? The fear of Fred made me a coward. Yet I could not lie down on a prayerless bed. If I needed the protection of my heavenly Father at home, how much more abroad. I wished a thousand things—that I had slept alone, that Fred would go to sleep. Perhaps struggles like these take place in the bosom of every one when he leaves home and begins to act for himself, and on his decision may depend his character for time and eternity. With me the struggle was severe.

At last, to Fred's cry, "Come, boy, come to bed," I mustered courage to say, "I will kneel down and pray first; that is always my habit."

"Pray!" said Fred, turning himself over on his pillow, and saying no more.

His propriety of conduct made me ashamed. Here I had so long been afraid of him, and yet when he knew my wishes, he was quiet and left me to myself. How thankful I was that duty and conscience triumphed! That settled my future course. I believe that the decision of the Christian boy, by God's blessing, made the Christian man; for in after years I was thrown amid trials and temptations which must have drawn me away from God and from virtue, had it not been for my settled habit of secret prayer.—*Selected.*

ERRATUM. In No. 10 of "Glimpses of Switzerland" the language mentioned as Roumanian should have been *le romanche*.

## For Our Little Ones.

### SOMETHING SURE.

"WHAT a pity nothing ever  
Has a beauty that will stay!"  
Said our thoughtful little Nellie,  
Stopping briefly in her play.  
"All these velvet pansies withered,—  
And I picked them just to-day."  
"And there's nothing very certain,"  
Answered Bess, with face demure;  
"When it rains, we can't go driving,—  
I wish promises were truer!"

I could rest if I were certain  
Of a single thing that's sure!"

Grandma smiled from out her corner,  
Smoothing back a soft gray tress,  
"Sixty seconds make a minute;  
Did you know it, little Bess?—  
Sixty minutes make an hour,  
Never more, and never less.

"For the seconds in a minute,  
Whether full of work or fun,  
Or the minutes in an hour,  
Never numbered sixty-one!  
That is one thing that is certain  
Ever since the world begun.

"Though the rose may lose its crimson,  
And the buttercup its gold,  
There is something, through all changes,  
You may always surely hold:  
Truth can never lose its beauty,  
Nor its strength, by growing old."

—Mrs. Julia P. Ballard.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

### LYNN'S SNOW-SHOES.

LAST summer Lynn moved from Florida to Canada. He had never seen any snow in all the six years he had lived. He could not think what it was like. He was impatient for winter to come.

It was summer time when he came to Canada. As the weeks flew by, the days grew shorter and the nights longer. The weather became colder and colder; and one morning he waked up to find snow on the ground. It was fluffy and white, like the soft down on his baby sister's cloak. He hurried to dress, and ran outdoors. But he found the snow was cold, and melted when he took it in his warm hands, or brought it into the house.

He could hardly wait to eat his breakfast. He was continually jumping down from his chair to run to the window. At last his mamma dressed him in his gay toboggan coat and cap, and sent him outdoors.

Lynn did not know much about snow. He thought he could walk off on top of it the same as he could on the ground. His mamma did not tell him anything about it; she thought he would like better to find out for himself.

Lynn ran off the clean-swept porch into a drift. He went into the drift up to his knees. The snow flew up to his cap and into his eyes. "Oh! Oh!" he said. He did not know whether to laugh or to cry. You never saw such a surprised little boy. He looked up at the window where his mamma stood laughing. Then he laughed too, and his mamma came and helped him out. He wanted to wade in the snow all day, but she would not let him.

When Lynn's papa came home to dinner the next day, he brought him a queer present. At least, Lynn thought it was a strange one. His papa told him they were snow-shoes, and that after dinner he might put them on.

The shoes were made by bending a stout strip of hickory in an oval form. The ends of the hickory strips were fastened together in a point behind. The frame was made firm by stout strips of hickory, and the whole was filled in with strong thongs, or strips, of leather, netted together. There were straps to fasten the shoes on the feet.

Lynn said he did not want to wear such shoes. They were not pretty; nobody else would have such strange things on their feet. And he pouted, like a naughty boy, all through dinner time.

Papa laughed. "All right," he said; "we will wait till some other day."

It was more than two weeks before Lynn thought of his shoes again.

It kept on snowing for several days. The snow got quite deep. It was hard work for Lynn's papa to wade through it. It thawed a little, and froze a good deal. This made a crust on the snow that almost bore Lynn up.

Then Lynn's papa brought out the queer shoes.

"Now," said papa, "I will put on these new shoes, and show you what they are for."

He strapped them on, and started off on the crust. Lynn was delighted. "Come back, papa! come



In general appearance, its head and body are not unlike those of the goat. But it has a more slender neck, and no beard; and its horns are black, and stand erect, being curved into hooks only at the tips.

The chamois is not only very swift of foot, but very surefooted. Its cup-shaped and sharp-edged hoofs have been specially made for the mountains, on which it loves to dwell. It makes its way up and down the face of very steep rocks. It bounds swiftly from crag to crag, springing fearlessly to the top of the sharpest rocks, if only it can find room to place its four feet close together.

The flesh of the chamois is considered a great dainty by the Swiss; and its skin, when tanned, is the fine, soft leather, which is called chamois-leather.

Chamois-hunting is a favorite pursuit in Switzerland. The sport is attended with very great peril. The hunter has often to spend days and nights alone upon the mountains. He has to pass over dangerous rocks and precipices, and often his rashness costs him his life.

The chamois has the greatest love for her young; and, when they are in danger, she shows wonderful sagacity in planning means for their escape.

A Swiss hunter, while pursuing his dangerous sport, saw a mother chamois and her two kids on a rock above him. They were sporting by her side, leaping here and there around her.

The hunter, climbing the rock, drew near, intending, if possible, to take one of the kids alive. No sooner did the mother-chamois see him, than dashing at him furiously with her horns, she tried to hurl him down the cliff. The hunter drove her off, fearing to fire, lest the young ones should take to flight.

He knew that there was a deep chasm beyond, by which he believed the escape of the animals to be cut off. What was his surprise, therefore, when he saw the old chamois form with her body a bridge across the chasm, which she could just span by stretching out her fore and hind legs! As soon as she had done this, she called on her young ones, and they sprang, one at a time, on to her back, and reached the other side in safety. She sprang across after them, and was soon beyond the reach of the hunter's bullets.—*The Nursery.*

For the INSTRUCTOR.

### BENNIE.

BENNIE was a fat, rosy boy nearly three years old, full of life and play. He had two brothers

and three sisters older than he. They liked to play with him at home; but when they went away for fun, they did not want to take him, though, strange to say, that was just the time he wanted to be with them.

Their house stood back from the road, and behind it the ground sloped away into pleasant fields. On the other side of one of these fields, lived their little cousin, who was always glad to have these playmates come for an hour's romp in the barn, on warm summer days. They would open the big doors, so the breeze could come through, and would play hide and seek, or climb up on the haymow and take the breathless jump into the "bay" below, or play tag all around the barn floor or the farm-yard.

They thought they could not take care of little Bennie in such play as this; but in truth they were too selfish to want to, so this is the way they managed.

Going out of the door together, with Bennie as usual bringing up the rear, they would run around the house three times, as hard as they could go, poor Bennie puffing after, and calling,—

"Wait for me! Wa-a-it!"

But the third time around, he was always so far behind that when he came in sight of them, they would be running cross-lots, with their sun-bonnets and hats in their hands, and almost to the farther fence.

Then the tired baby feet would carry him to the one

back!" he shouted; "I want to put them on."

Papa came back and put the shoes on Lynn. "Now go slowly," he said, "and be careful not to trip up."

"I can do that easy enough," Lynn replied. He was not careful; he wanted to walk as fast as his papa did. The very first step he hit one snow-shoe on his ankle. It hurt, but he would not cry. At the next step he set the edge of one shoe on the other. Then he could not lift his foot; he lost his balance, and went over into the snow.

Papa helped him up. "It is not so easy as I thought it was," Lynn said.

"Do you want to give it up?" his papa asked.

"No, sir," said Lynn, "I mean to try it every day, until I can walk as well as you do."

He has kept at it, and now he can walk on them very well.

Where Lynn lives, the winters are long and cold. The snow gets very deep, and the crust thick. The Indians and the trappers, and many other people, wear snow-shoes. If it were not for these useful articles, it would be very difficult for them to go anywhere.

W. E. L.

### THE CHAMOIS.

THE chamois is found in all the mountains of Europe which bound the valley of the Danube; but it makes Switzerland its chief home.

place where his welcome was never worn out—his mamma's arms.

One day when they ran away from him, he did not go into the house, and the busy mother did not miss him till the boys and girls came home; then she asked,—

"Where's Bennie?"

"We left him home," said Mary, the oldest.

"You did? I have not seen him. Where did you leave him?" she said, severely.

"He was running around the house after us, crying," replied Mary, hanging her head.

"Oh, shame on you! to treat your little brother that way! Go right off and look for him."

They hunted all over the house and yard. They looked in the cistern, and in the well, and under the bushes; but no Bennie could they find. Then they began to cry, and to lay the blame upon one another for not taking him with them.

As they were walking slowly along through the tall grass, afraid to go home and meet their mamma's sad face, down by the rail-fence they saw some red stockings and a pair of little legs sticking through near the lowest rail. With a glad cry they ran to the spot, and found Bennie half way through the fence—fast asleep.

He had tried to follow them across the field; but dusty, hot, and tired out, he had fallen asleep trying to squeeze through the fence.

May be you can imagine how glad they were to find the little wanderer. They talked the matter over on the way to the house, and made up their minds to treat Bennie more kindly.

L. E. ORTON.

## The Sabbath-School.

FOURTH SABBATH IN MARCH.  
MARCH 23.

### OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY.

#### LESSON 12.—RETURNING TO BONDAGE.

**INTRODUCTION.**—The events recorded in this lesson took place about thirty days after the giving of the law, as recorded in Lesson XI. In this brief space of time the Israelites had so far forgotten God that no impression remained upon their minds either of the miracles wrought by him in their behalf or of the terrors of the voice of God from Mt. Sinai, and they were ready to undo all that God had done, by retracing their steps to Egypt. The lesson considers some of the minor steps which were taken toward carrying out this purpose.

#### QUESTIONS WITH NOTES AND COMMENTS.

1. AFTER the covenant between God and Israel had been ratified, what did the Lord say to Moses? Ex. 24:12.

2. What covered the mount, and what was its appearance? Verses 15-17.

3. How long was Moses in the mount? Verse 18.

While the full purpose of God in causing Moses to remain so long in Mt. Sinai can only be conjectured, it seems evident that he designed by this to test the Israelites on the point of their steadfastness in their allegiance to him when not especially impelled thereto by any outside influences.

4. Did he eat or drink during that time? Deut. 9:9.

5. When the Lord had finished talking with Moses, what did he give him? Ex. 31:18.

6. What was on these tables of stone? Deut. 9:10.

7. Whose workmanship were the tables, and how were they filled? Ex. 32:15, 16.

8. What did the people say and do when they saw how long Moses was gone? Verses 1-3.

This could have been nothing more than affectation on the part of the Israelites, since they knew that Moses had gone up into Mt. Sinai to commune with God, and must therefore be safe beyond the possibility of any accident. The words, "We wot not what is become of him," imply that they cared as little what had become of him as they affected to know.

9. What did Aaron do with the gold? Verse 4, first part.

10. What did they call this golden calf? Verse 4, last part.

"We are not to suppose that a people who only six weeks before had witnessed such amazing demonstrations of the existence and glory of the true God had suddenly sunk to such a pitch of mad infatuation and brutish stupidity as to imagine that human fabrication could make a god that should go before them!" Their meaning was that an image, a visible sign, or symbol, of Jehovah should be made, something which should answer to them in place of the Shekinah which had hitherto conducted them in the pillar of cloud. This visible symbol, which they had hitherto enjoyed, and which had now become apparently immovable on the summit of the mount, is frequently denominated 'glory,' or 'glory of the Lord,' and as they proposed to form to themselves so vile a substitute for this as a brute animal, therefore it is that the

psalmist calls it a 'changing of their glory into the likeness of an ox that eateth grass.'—*Bush*.

11. What does the psalmist say of this? Ps. 106:19, 20.

12. Before they could do this, what did they forget? Verses 21, 22.

13. How did they worship this image? Ex. 32:6.

14. What must we conclude as to the nature of this "play"?

As to the nature of sun-worship, it will perhaps be sufficient to quote what the "Encyclopedia Britannica" says of Baal:—

"The Baal of the Syrians, Phœnicians, and heathen Hebrews is a much less elevated conception than the Babylonian Bel. He is properly the sun-god Baal-Shamem, Baal (lord) of the heavens, the highest of the heavenly bodies, but still a mere power of nature, born, like the other luminaries, from the primitive chaos. As the sun-god, he is conceived as the male principle of life and reproduction in nature, and thus in some forms of his worship is the patron of the grossest sensuality, and even of systematic prostitution. An example of this is found in the worship of Baal-Peor (Numbers 25), and in general in the Canaanitish high places, where Baal, the male principle, was worshiped in association with the chaste goddess Ashera, the female principle of nature."

This is a mild statement of the case; and so when we read of the Israelites that, "the people sat down to eat and to drink, and rose up to play" (Ex. 32:6), and learn that the word rendered "play" is the same as that rendered "mock" in Gen. 39:14, 17, we get a better idea of the heinousness of the sin of the Israelites.

15. How did the people happen to make a calf to worship instead of the image of a man? See notes.

16. What was the Egyptian calf-worship? See notes.

17. How extensive was sun-worship anciently? and what was the nature of it?

In an article entitled, "Sun Images and the Sun of Righteousness," in the *Old Testament Student*, January, 1886, Dr. Talbot W. Chambers calls sun-worship "the oldest, the most wide-spread, and the most enduring of all the forms of idolatry known to man." And again: "The universality of this form of idolatry is something remarkable. It seems to have prevailed everywhere." "In Egypt the sun was the kernel of the State religion. In various forms he stood at the head of each hierarchy. At Memphis he was worshiped as Phtah, at Heliopolis as Tum, at Thebes as Amun Ra. Personified by Osiris, he became the foundation of the Egyptian metempsychosis."

In "Religions of the Ancient World," p. 21, Prof. George Rawlinson says: "No part of the Egyptian religion was so much developed and so multiplex as their sun-worship. Besides Ra and Osiris, there were at least six other deities who had a distinctly solar character."

Concerning Osiris, the "Encyclopedia Britannica" (art. Egypt) says:—

"Abydos was the great seat of the worship of Osiris, which spread all over Egypt, establishing itself in a remarkable manner at Memphis. All the mysteries of the Egyptians, and their whole doctrine of the future state, attach themselves to this worship. Osiris was identified with the sun. . . . Sun-worship was the primitive form of the Egyptian religion, perhaps even pre-Egyptian."

But while Osiris was the Egyptian sun-god, or the chief representation of the sun, he was chiefly represented by a sacred bull, called Apis. On this the "Encyclopedia Britannica" (art. Apis) says:—

"According to the Greek writers, Apis was the image of Osiris, and worshiped because Osiris was supposed to have passed into a bull, and to have been soon after manifested by a succession of these animals. The hieroglyphic inscriptions identify the Apis with Osiris, adorned with horns or the head of a bull, and unite the two names, as Hapi-Or, or Apis Osiris. According to this view the Apis was the incarnation of Osiris manifested in the shape of a bull."

From these quotations it is easy to see why the Israelites made a golden calf, instead of an image of something else. They made the god and began the form of worship with which they had been most familiar in Egypt. And when they did this, they were simply engaging in sun-worship, the form of idolatry which in all ages has been the most universal rival of the worship of Jehovah.

18. What did God think to do to the Israelites for their abominable idolatry? Ex. 32:9, 10; Deut. 9:20.

19. With what words did Moses plead for them? Ex. 32:11-13, 31, 32.

20. Did the Lord grant his request? Verses 14, 33, 34.

21. What immediate punishment did the people receive? Verses 19, 20, 26-28, 35.

When it is remembered that the Egyptian calf-worship was sun-worship, and that Sunday was "the wide solar holiday of all pagan times" (*North British Review*, vol. 18, p. 409), and has its name "because the day was anciently dedicated to the sun, or to its worship" (Webster), the Heaven-

daring nature of the sin of the Israelites just after they had heard God's holy law, and especially the first, second, fourth, and seventh commandments, is most strikingly set before us. A more perfect insult to the God who had delivered them from Egyptian bondage, that they might serve him, can hardly be imagined.

One more point should be noted to show how completely, in intent, the Israelites went back to Egyptian bondage, by their worship of the golden calf. A preceding quotation has shown that Ra and Osiris were intimately associated as leading representatives of the sun of Ra. Professor Rawlinson, in "Religions of the Ancient World," p. 20, says:—

"Ra was the Egyptian sun-god, and was especially worshiped at Heliopolis [city of the sun]. Obelisks, according to some, represented his rays, and were always, or usually, erected in his honor. Heliopolis was certainly one of the places which were thus adorned, for one of the few which still stands erect in Egypt is on the site of that city. The kings for the most part considered Ra their special patron and protector; nay, they went so far as to identify themselves with him, to use his titles as their own, and to adopt his name as the ordinary prefix to their own names and titles. This is believed by many to have been the origin of the word Pharaoh, which was, it is thought, the Hebrew rendering of Ph' Ra—"the sun."—*Ib.*, p. 20.

Thus the Israelites not only deliberately sunk themselves in the bondage of sin, but also more fully showed their willingness to return to bondage under Pharaoh, than when they sighed for the leeks and the onions of Egypt. Their deliverance from physical bondage was in order that they might be delivered from spiritual bondage, and was a representation of it; and when they had plunged into sin, they placed themselves in a worse bondage than any physical oppression could ever have been. Being overcome by the idolatry of Egypt, they virtually returned to the bondage of Egypt, "for of whom a man is overcome, of the same is he brought in bondage." 2 Peter 2:19.

## Letter Budget.

A LETTER from MYRTLE T. DRAPER, of Kalamazoo Co., Mich., reads: "I am ten years old. I take the INSTRUCTOR, and like it real well. There are five in our family. Grandma, mamma, my sister, and I keep the Sabbath. Papa does not, but we are all praying for him. My sister and I have a pet rabbit. It is pure white. I am going to try to raise some chickens to get some money to put into the missionary box. My mamma has given me a hen. I go to day school. We have twenty scholars. My sister and I are the only children of Sabbath-keepers, and the scholars make fun of us because we do not go to school on the Sabbath. I told them I would rather stay at home than go on God's day. I am trying to keep his commandments, and I want to meet the INSTRUCTOR family in heaven."

PEARL, LAURA, and MYRTLE BRADFORD write a letter from Kern Co., Cal. They say: "We used to live in Santa Ana, when we went to Sabbath-school most of the time; but now we are deprived of that privilege. There is but one family of Sabbath-keepers here besides ours. My ma, two little sisters, and myself keep the Sabbath. We three have forty-five cents we send you as our Christmas offering, as we did not have a chance to put it in at Santa Ana. It is all we have. Last year we were more able; we put in a dollar apiece. We have no home now, only as we rent, or work. We go to school and help our ma with the work, for she is not well. Our ages are eight, ten, and almost thirteen. My name is Myrtle. I write this letter. I am trying to do some missionary work."

Your offering is put in the Battle Creek fund.

Our next letter is from the South. We are glad to know there are little boys and girls keeping the Sabbath there. This letter is from ELLA GREEN, of Watauga Co., N. C. She says: "This is my second letter to the Budget. My first letter was not printed, so I thought I would try again. I am nine years old. I go to Sabbath-school, and mamma is my teacher. I have one sister. She is older than I. I had one brother, but he died about a year and a half ago. I don't want to forget him. We all keep the Sabbath but pa. He believes it. I want to be saved when Jesus comes."

## THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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