The Youth's Instructor

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

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Our Contributors

"CAN THESE BONES LIVE?"

Ezekiel 37, Revelation 21.

From mountain-tops in days of old
Great visions oft were shown to men.
To Abraham's eyes a scene unrolled
Of glories past the power of pen;
A world unstained by curse of sin
The longing of his heart sufficed,
And Abraham and his faith-born kin
Were heirs of God, joint-heirs with Christ.

That vision through the ages long
The faithful evermore behold,
And though they die 'mid pain and wrong,
They see the shining gates of gold,
And die in faith, believing still
That from their graves they shall come forth,
And sit with Christ on "Zion's hill,"
And worship in the glorious north.

But to the world, who doubt of God,
The valley seems a place of death.
"Can these bones live," which line the sod,—
This helpless dust, which lacketh breath?
They seem to hear a hopeless moan,
The echo of a faithless heart;
Men die; and they are dust alone.
"Cut off," and helpless for "our part."

Hush, faithless world! Come up with God.
The prophet mounts the rocks around.
The winds of heaven sweep o'er the sod,
The place is filled with life and sound;
Bone comes to bone, flesh clothes the whole,
The breath of heaven's Holy Ghost
Makes every form a living soul;
They rise a fair, exceeding host.

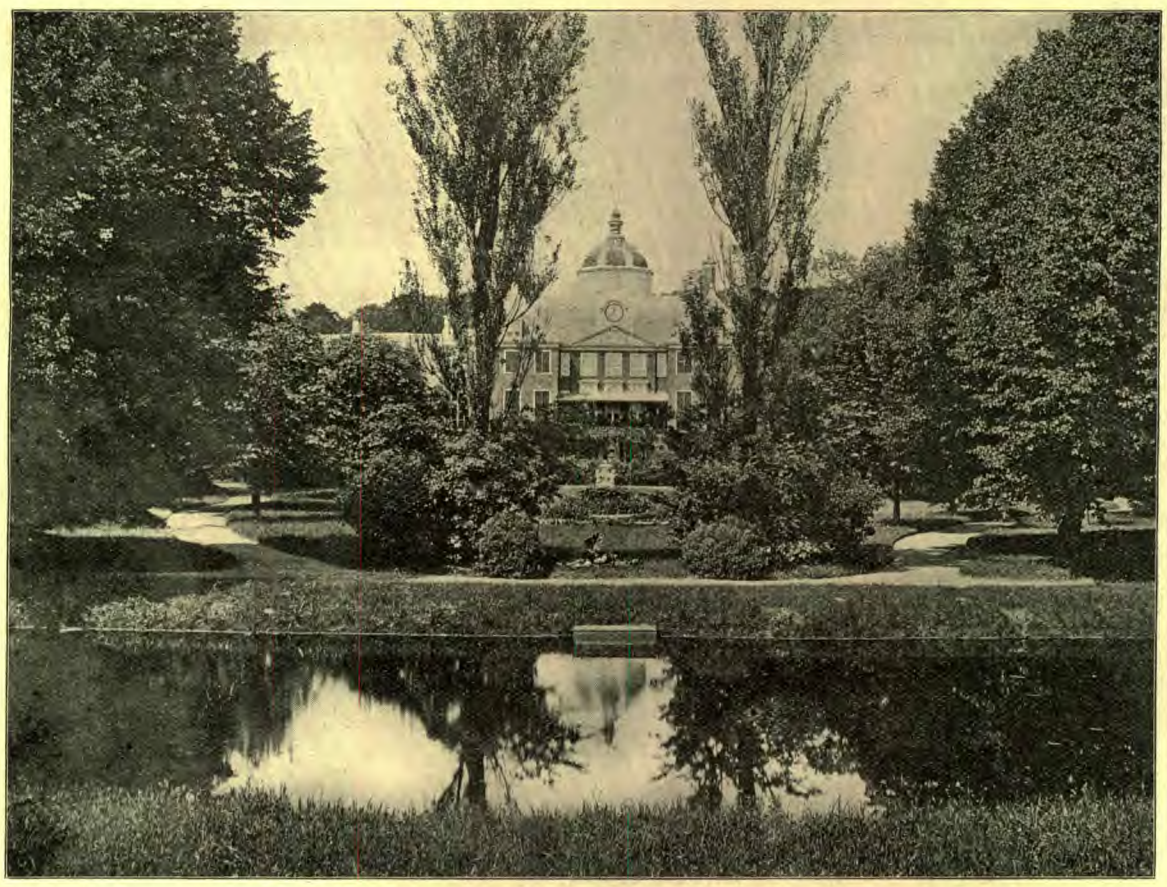
Ah! who are these? Their faces shine,
Their garments are of glorious light.
Elect of God, his sons divine,
Who 've washed their robes and made them white.
"Arise and sing," is the command;
"Rise from the dust, O captive host!"
Delivered from the grave they stand,
Saved from the myriads of the lost.

The pageant in the skies behold:
The courts of God are opened wide;
Angelic arms about them fold;
They mount in chariots, and they ride.
As conquerors, and as honored guests,
They enter in, the King's loved own;
With heaven's insignia he invests,
They sit with him upon his throne.

Then comes the city of the just—
A glittering wonder through the skies.
The wicked armies from the dust
Nurse old rebellion as they rise.
There sweeps love's overpowering flame;
The evil then as chaff consume;
The curse is gone from earth; her shame
Is lost in everlasting bloom.

"Can these bones live?" Ah! earth shall see
Her wastes of evil comforted;
The pilgrim stranger yet shall be
A dweller in the land he fled.
When sin and grief have passed away,
The glittering gates of God shall stand
Ajar forever. Night and day
The righteous rest in their own land.

* * *



"THE HOUSE IN THE WOOD."*

THE CHARACTER THAT GOD APPROVES.

II.

I APPEAL to the youth. Consider your ways. Take time to think. Weigh your actions, and see what advantage it will be to you to serve the purposes of Satan, and do his pleasure. In doing this, you dishonor God, and grieve the dear Redeemer, who has paid the ransom for you by dying on the cross of Calvary. No power will be sufficient for you, compassed as you are by temptation, until Christ dwells in the heart by faith. Then you will make him your daily pattern, practising his virtues. You need to cherish that faith which works by love and purifies the soul. This faith will be revealed in your life when you make Christ your personal Saviour. As you cast your helpless soul on Christ, you will receive pardon for past transgression; and the truth, brought into the sanctuary of the soul, will transform the whole character.

No youth can withstand the temptations of Satan if the truth, with its purifying, uplifting power, is not abiding in the heart. Truth has a correcting influence upon the life. It is a divine sentinel, keeping watch in your souls, and rousing to action against Satan's assaults. Under the divine influence of truth, the mind will be strengthened, the intellect invigorated, and there will be a growing up in the knowledge of the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom he has sent. Do not tarnish the truth by indulging in habits and practises that are inconsistent with its holy character, but hold it as a treasure of highest value.

If you would resist the temptations around you, you need to be sure that you are on the Lord's side, serving in the army of Prince Emmanuel. The Lord desires you to understand the position you occupy as sons and daughters of the Most High, children of the Heavenly King. He desires you to live in close connection with him. Cut away from everything frivolous.

Do not think you must indulge in this pleasure and in that. Determine that you will be on the Lord's side. If you will stand under the blood-stained banner of Prince Emmanuel, faithfully doing his service, you need never yield to temptation; for One stands by your side who is able to keep you from falling. Every youth is granted a probation, in which to form a character for the future, immortal life. Precious, golden moments these will be to you if you improve them according to the light God is permitting to shine upon you from his throne. While every grain of knowledge which parents and teachers are giving you should be carefully cherished, you are to bear in mind that there is a deeper teaching than any that human beings can give. Christ is the greatest Teacher the world has ever

* The House in the Wood, where the recent Peace Conference was held, was begun by the youngest son of William the Silent, and his devoted wife, who completed the work after her husband's death, two years later, turning part of it into a mausoleum to commemorate his deeds of valor. The best artists of the period were chosen to portray, on the panels and ceiling of a lofty octagon room, important events in the life of the prince. In this room, called the "Oranje Zaal," the seventy-two delegates to the conference met each day to carry on their work. The House in the Wood was the summer residence of the late queen Sophie, and has not been used since her death, in 1877.

known. He must dwell in the heart by living faith. Then his Spirit will be through you a vitalizing power.

Will the youth turn their faces heavenward? Will they open the chambers of the mind to the Sun of Righteousness? Will they throw open the door of the heart, and welcome Jesus in? What beauty of character shone forth in the daily life of Christ! He is to be our pattern. There is a great work to be done in fashioning the character after the divine similitude. The grace of Christ must mold the entire being, and its triumph will not be complete until the heavenly universe shall witness habitual tenderness of feeling, Christlike love, and holy deeds in the deportment of the children of God. MRS. E. G. WHITE.

A CHRISTIAN DYAK.

THOMAS CORNELIUS is a Christian Dyak from the state of Sarawak, on the northwestern coast of Borneo. His father and his grandfather before him were Christians. He came to Singapore eight years ago, and was engaged by the Methodist mission in selling tracts. His knowledge of the Malay language enabled him to do this work successfully. He was a member of the Malay church, and of the Epworth League, and was one of a company of half a dozen young men who stood by me loyally in every good work when I was there.

He is employed in the mission press, and is a genial, good-tempered fellow,— an excellent illustration of what the gospel does for savages. You would never suspect, from his appearance, that his ancestors were bloodthirsty head-hunters. He is extremely particular about his dress, and could not be induced to wear an untidy necktie or a soiled garment when not engaged in his work. He is more or less impulsive, but can always be relied upon to do faithfully what is assigned him. He had a singular habit, or mannerism, of smiling incessantly. I never met him nor spoke to him but that he would begin to smile; the smile would develop into a grin, and in a few minutes he would begin to laugh. I never could quite understand this habit, unless it was caused by embarrassment. I liked Thomas very much, and it would be a great pleasure to meet him, after three years' separation.

There were half a dozen different races represented in the little Epworth League, that rendered valuable help, especially in my street work,— a Chinese, a Dyak, an Indian, a Siamese, an Eurasian, and an Englishman, besides myself, an American. This will indicate the cosmopolitan character of the population of Singapore. Every one of these faithful boys was an earnest, praying Christian, and was just as eager to see his countrymen converted as was I myself.

Will not the young readers of the INSTRUCTOR remember Malaysia when they pray, and also when they give? It is my dearest hope, God willing, to spend the coming Christmas in Manila, or some other town of the Philippines, where I hope to spend the rest of my days laboring for these people for whom Christ died.

R. W. MUNSON.

ONE HAPPY SONG.

THE world is full of sorrow;
O, bring one happy song,
To make a glad to-morrow
For those whose nights are long!
Each heart has wells of sadness,
Whence bitter tear-drops flow;
They need fresh springs of gladness,
Without one drop of woe.
The friendly voice is clearest,
That speaks in cheerful tone,
And sweetest lips and dearest
Are those that make no moan.

—Ruth Raymond.

THE HISTORY OF A B C.

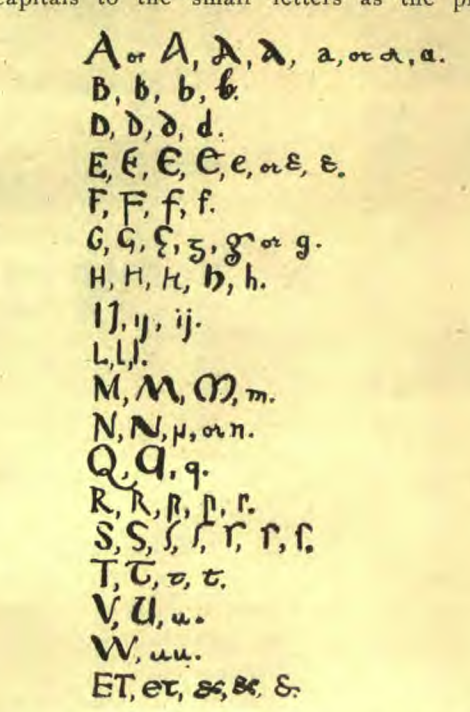
The Small Letters.

THE Latin alphabet had originally twenty-one letters, and ended with X. As the Latin civilization grew, and Greek was much studied, Greek words and names crept into Latin books, and two Greek letters, Y and Z, had to be borrowed in order to spell the new words. These letters were not put into the places where they were found in the Greek alphabet; but were tacked on at the end, where we now find them.

As books began to multiply, the old square capitals, so easy to cut on stone, were found slow and difficult to write. The scribes were anxious to copy as fast as possible; for they were not paid by the day, but by the number of lines they wrote; and we all know that most people work faster when they are not paid by the day. So they began to round the corners, or angles, of the letters, and to make curves instead of straight lines for the up-and-down strokes. If you will try making straight lines up and down, and work at it quite fast and carelessly for some time, you will find yourself making curves, and these curves will bow out toward the left — unless you write with your left hand. This writing, in which curves took the place of straight lines, is called "uncial." It was a large, or majuscule, hand, as the old capital hand was.

There was another difficulty to be overcome, — letters had to be crowded close together, because parchment was costly, and books written in the larger hand were very heavy and clumsy. Consequently we soon find a small hand growing into general use, which took up little room, and was very easy to write. The words were also separated, and the letters within the word more or less connected, which made reading easier.

I have copied from various manuscripts a sort of table showing the change from the true capitals to the small letters as the printer



found them when he began to cut his types. The small letters can easily be told from the uncials, as they are not so large. Such letters as C and O, which were not changed in form, have been left out. Most of the others tell their own story; a few have a curious history.

The right-hand stroke of A was the larger and more important; it was probably made first. The hurried scribe then finished the left-hand stroke and cross with a single loop, or else a U-shaped double stroke. This was the uncial A. It was a short and easy step to our small a. The cursive, or script, form, on the other hand, made the loop part the principal thing, and it was formed first. This gave to the letter the form *a*, which we find in some book-hands and all script.

B had a tendency to become heavy at the bottom, the top loop finally dwindling to nothing, giving something very much like our b. In D, curiously enough, the ease with which straight up-and-down strokes curve toward the left is seen in the bending of the first stroke; while in the course of centuries the second, or curved, stroke actually became a straight bar!

G has a strange history from the first. The sound it stands for is represented by the third letter of the Greek alphabet, *gamma*, Γ, which, as we now print it, looks like an L turned upside down. But in Italy it got turned over, so, ⅂, and was afterward rounded into a C. This letter became confused with K, so that it got its sound, which it still retains in "cat," "cup," etc. Then the Greek letter Ι (Z), which had no sound in Latin, and looked like an E with its tongue cut out, Ⅽ, became also mixed up with K and the half-grown C, and came out of the scrimmage a full-fledged G, with the sound we give it in the word "goat." What further tortures it had to endure before it became a good g, a glance at the table will show. Those of you who have amused yourselves by learning the Greek alphabet will now see why our G comes between F and H, instead of after B, and why C comes after B. You should not forget that Greek once had an F, which it lost, and that its H was once a breathy consonant, just as ours is.

J, as a letter different from I, is not yet two hundred years old. If you will look in Cruden's Concordance, you will see that the two make but one letter. J was at first only a long form of i, and was used next to m, n, u, and i, because these letters consisted of up-and-down strokes, and an i might make an n look like an m, or with another i it might make a u; since the letter was not dotted till a short time before the invention of printing. The last i in a Roman numeral was made long, as it is now in druggists' prescriptions; thus, viij, xij. Before u, where it frequently stood in Latin words, it was always pronounced as a consonant, with the sound of y in "yet," and finally it became the rule to write the consonant i long, and the vowel i short. The sound we now give to j was brought over from France.

We find the cross-stroke of N making the scribes trouble. In some parts of the world, especially in Ireland, they got it away down at the bottom of the letter, while in the form which has come to us, we find it at the very top.

The serpent-like S was also a troublesome letter. It was hard to make gracefully, and took up much space. The curve at the top was able to hold its own; but the rest of the letter gradually became a straight bar. The older crooked s was used only at the end of words. At last, at about the time when our grandfathers were learning their A B C's, they threw away the old long ſ altogether.

V and u were for many hundreds of years only different forms of the same letter. W was simply a pair of V's run together at the top, and the small letters were never run together, but were always written uu, and for a long time they were printed so. The two letters, or rather one letter, represented three sounds,— a vowel, u; a consonant almost like it, written uu; and a consonant similar to f, written u. Finally the u was left for the vowel, and the form v was written for the f-like consonant, while the u-consonant was written w. The capital was still V for both u and v. Long after printing was invented, a u of a larger size of type was cut down, and used as a capital. Such u's can be found in books printed in Charles the Second's time. Finally a capital U was made with every font of type.

The conjunction "and" is so much used, as we all know, particularly by unskilful writers, that some people like to shorten it to a mere hook. That hook is the Latin word *et*, with the e and the t twisted together, giving the two forms & and &. This little character has a long name all of its own,— "ampersand;" that is "and *per se* and,"—"and by itself and."

C. B. MORRILL.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

ORIGINALLY, Cleveland was but one mile square. Now its frontage on Lake Erie is nearly ten miles, running back some six miles, with an area of about thirty-two square miles, making it not only the largest city in the State, but also the largest of all the cities between New York and Chicago.

The city is divided into two sections, East and West Cleveland, by the Cuyahoga River, and all that portion west of the river originally formed a part of the first county created in Michigan. Cuyahoga County, in which Cleveland is situated, was not organized until 1810.

In 1795 a company of thirty-five persons banded together under the title of the "Connecticut Land Company," and brought three million acres of land in what was then known as the "Western Reserve," including the site of the present city of Cleveland. At that time General Moses Cleveland was the agent of this company, and in 1796 he laid out the plan of the city. He made a contract with eleven of the employees of the company to settle with their families in the prospective city during the year 1797; eighteen additional families were to follow in 1798, and twelve more in 1799. From this small beginning has arisen a city which, in 1890, contained 53,052 families, occupying 43,835 dwellings. There are but two cities of its size in the United States — Philadelphia and San Francisco — that show an equal average of families to dwellings, with five members to a family. The population in 1895 was 330,279.

Originally all this portion of Ohio was under French rule, being a part of Canada, or New France. It reverted to the English at the taking of Quebec in 1760.

The first Indian occupants were the mound-builders. Very little is known of these people, but the supposition is that they came from Asia. Their tribal name means "People of the Lakes." They left four small mounds in the area now covered by the city of Cleveland. Following these came tribes of Indians,— Eries, Hurons, or Wyandottes, — and eventually the so-called "Five Nations." For years thousands of Indians would collect at Cleveland, haul their canoes up on the beach, and disappear in the interior in search of game, continuing the hunt all through winter and spring.

From the lake, Cleveland, lying on the south shore, has a commanding appearance because of the long line of high bluffs, which form, as it were, its approaches. Situated on the chain of lakes, and with its intersecting network of railroad lines, together with the Ohio Canal, its advantages are extraordinary. Ship-building is one of the main industries; and with the exception of the Clyde, in Scotland, Cleveland is the largest ship-building port in the world. In fresh-water and salted fish it is the largest fish-market in the world, from sixty to seventy thousand tons of fish being caught annually, Lake Erie furnishing a greater supply of fish than all the other lakes combined. One firm caught one hundred and six tons of herring in a single day.

Among the many industries are large chewing-gum factories, one half of all this product used being manufactured in Cleveland. This city is further noted as having been the first in the United States to open a high school.

The banks of the river being high, with flat approaches of varying widths, covered with buildings, the construction of several massive viaducts, or bridges, has been necessitated. These are of great length and towering height. One is 3,930 feet long, and with approaches, 5,229 feet, costing $675,574. Another is 3,211 feet long, costing $2,250,000. In all, there are sixty-one bridges owned by the city, ten of them with swings for the passage of vessels, and fifty-seven owned by railroads, or railroads and the city.

It would require several days to visit all the parks and boulevards of Cleveland. There are sixteen parks, containing twelve hundred acres of land, and their value is over six million dollars. Wade Park has a very complete Zoo, the delight of the children. The monument to Commodore O. H. Perry, costing six thousand dollars, and erected on the public square, was removed to this park. It is twenty-five feet high, and was unveiled in 1860.

THE ARMORY, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

The Garfield Memorial, dedicated in 1890, is situated in Lake View Cemetery. The crypt contains the body of the president and that of his mother.

Nowhere in America are there so many or so varied charitable and philanthropic institutions as here. For the benefit of the poor, afflicted, sick, and destitute, over three million five hundred thousand dollars is invested in lands and buildings alone. Prominent among these charitable institutions stands the Helping Hand Mission of the Seventh-day Adventists, which gives relief, shelter, and food to thousands of destitute and fallen men, besides caring for scores of families. Though enlarging its field of operations from time to time, it is entirely self-supporting and free from debt.

W. S. CHAPMAN.

TO THINK we are able is almost to be so; to determine upon attainment is frequently attainment itself. Thus earnest resolution has often seemed to have about it a savor almost of omnipotence.—*Samuel Smiles.*

Chapter VIII.

"AND give you the desire of your heart?" said Aunt Nell, softly.

"That 's it, yes; for the desire of my heart is her, happy, free, as God meant her to be, bless her!"

"And yours?"

"If God will, yes. But if he does n't will it, *no* — honest, Aunt Nell, — that 's me — now. But I think he wills it ——

"Well," with a cheery ring, "I 'm off. I 'll get the next train, if possible. You 'll hear from me to-morrow. Good-by! bound to win!"

"Good-by! God go with you."

"Thank you again; and seeing he 's generally around where he ought to be, he 'll see me through this, sure." Seth swung his hat about his head by way of a parting salute, and started on his journey, going much more briskly than he had come.

In the eyes of the tender-hearted woman who was watching him, he looked a hero indeed.

Seth started out with a fine impatience of delay; but everything seemed to conspire to detain him.

He found that his mother had taken a notion to go off visiting for the day, and he could not enter the house without breaking in; for the old lady, very much afraid of tramps and burglars, kept everything secure. Seth could not go without his clothes. He must also have money, and must get it of a man who could not be seen before night. He must, therefore, curb his impatience and wait.

He registered Aunt Nell's letter, wrote several on the post-office desk, which he tore up; and finally went home and spent the remainder of the day splitting and piling wood, and making things extra neat about the premises. Since he could not go until morning, he might as well "put in his time at something," especially as he might be kept in the city some days.

Seth was no loser by this detention; for as he was going by the post-office to the train next morning, the post-mistress, who lived back of the office, and was an early riser, hailed him with Shirley's letter.

That letter would not have seemed very encouraging to any but an earnest, unselfish friend like Seth. It was not to him a source of unalloyed bliss, but it was *something;* and he was audacious enough to construe its closing lines into an invitation to follow her with a letter, if nothing more; and that surely was not entirely discouraging.

It was with a lightened heart, therefore, that he boarded the train; and hope was his companion, — hope born of faith, which maketh no man ashamed.

Aunt Nell adhered to her second thought, and waited until the next day before going over to her sister's. But bright and early the next morning she appeared like a ray of sunlight in the clouded house.

Mrs. Goss was by this time prostrate with grief and anxiety, while Mr. Goss was struggling with the necessary housework; so he was in no mood to be cool or curt to Aunt Nell, whose efficiency and skill were matters of history in that household.

Benjamin Goss had never quite forgiven William Burns for winning her away to another

home. She had been missed as a stolen rudder would be to a boat in the channel of a crooked river.

Aunt Nell—as even Mr. Goss called her, having learned it from the earliest lispings of his child, whom he idolized in her baby days—had made up her mind that the way best to serve all who were concerned in the unhappiness of this home, was to *win* instead of *war;* hence, quite contrary to her first impulsive thought, she greeted her brother-in-law with a sweet, sympathetic graciousness that he did not quite expect, and which was, therefore, all the more salutary.

He felt that for once he was being treated at least as well as could be expected under the circumstances; for Shirley was almost as much to Aunt Nell as to her mother.

Aunt Nell could not ignore Shirley's escapade, nor did she wish to; but it was with the spirit of one who "makes for peace" that she said: "I am sorry, Ben, for what has happened. You can't regret it more than I do. I am sure the poor child will think of home often to-day, and as soon as the novelty of going alone wears off, will be wishing she was back."

"Well, she left the road behind her," was the gruff reply.

"Yes, fortunately: people can burn bridges when they get desperate, but they can't get angry enough to reel in the road,—a very benevolent arrangement,—and bridges *can* be rebuilt."

"What did you help her off for, with clothes and things?" and Mr. Goss's tone became belligerent.

"How do you know I did?" and she laughed a little.

"Because it is just like you; and then I heard Burley Ben say this morning that he saw her on the way to the train, tricked out in your new clothes."

"Well, I thought that under the circumstances it was the only thing to do. Shirley was in no state of mind to reason. She would not be kept or directed: she would *go*, and she must go decently, for all our sakes, and must know that the way was open for her to come back. You know, of course, better than I, how she got into such a state of mind; and——"

"That 's just what I do *not* know, what she would not tell me, what I had a right to know and must know: and it was because I demanded to know——"

"Ben," interrupted Aunt Nell, "shall I tell you where the trouble lies?"

"Of course, if you know, though why my own child should go to——"

"It was natural, Ben, that she should come to me; you know that perfectly well: she always has, and I intend she always shall. You know I took care of her the first ten years, and we are as much to each other as two sisters could be."

Mr. Goss was silent,—so much came up out of the past at these words. Aunt Nell had been so unselfish and true that he could have nothing to answer. She went on: "The trouble is here, Ben: Shirley is like you. It used to make you very proud to hear that. She is inventive, like you; she makes plans, has ideas of her own, is ambitious, aggressive. You have not noticed that she has grown out of childhood, and can not any longer be treated like a child."

"Well, but she is a *girl*," began Benjamin Goss.

"And what do you mean by that?" cried Aunt Nell, with a flash in her eyes. She knew very well what he meant, and resented it with all the strength of her nature. She waited a second for him to explain; but for once he seemed not to wish to improve the opportunity.

"I know what you mean," Aunt Nell continued, and *there* is the secret of the trouble. If you would treat Shirley as you would if she were a boy, recognizing her for what she is, you would have no trouble with her, nor she with you. Give her just what you insist on for yourself."

"So you have taken up woman's rights, have you?" and his lips curled into a sneer.

"*Human rights*, just human rights, nothing more nor less. I see no sex in rights. I said, Recognize her for what she is, just as you would your son, if you had one. You can't recognize her for a boy, for she is n't a boy; but you can just as truly give all she has and is a chance to grow as if she were a boy. That is what she is insisting on in this revolt; and she is doing exactly what you would do under the same circumstances. She never looked so much like you as she did the other night, when she was resisting all I could do and say to prevent her from going away. You have treated a nature which is as like you as it is possible for another to be, in a manner that would make you *fight;* and then you wonder that she rebels. It is a case of explosion under pressure, that is all; and you have the remedy in your own hands, provided she can be found before some great moral disaster takes place."

"Stop!" It was a tone full of the fury of pain.

"No, not quite yet; we must face this now, once for all, I hope. The question now is, Where is she? and how shall we get near enough to her to save her from the inevitable consequences of the life she has lived with you? She does not know how to use the money I let her have; she never bought a thing in her life. I wish I could go back to the time when I was here, and had charge of her; but I was too ignorant myself then, until Will taught me; I know just what it means to be perfectly helpless in the face of a dollar that you must spend all alone by yourself; for Will made me face that experience early. Shirley! poor darling! But I must not think of that now. I believe God will help in keeping and finding her, and that she will come home. And when she does——"

"It will not be because I go after her," stubbornly interrupted Mr. Goss.

"No; knowing you as I do, Pen, I did not for a moment expect you to; but if you are made into the wise father she needs, by the time she does come, you will let this go by in silence, unless you confess your own share in the wrong. More than that, you will give her a regular allowance of money for her own use; put the house into her hands, with money to run it; let her do the buying for it, and pay all the bills, while you let her alone and attend to the farm, and sister lies back and rests. Shirley would make life easy for her mother, and you, too, if she had half a chance. She would be capable of running the farm, and——"

"Absurd!" snorted Mr. Goss, striding out of the room.

Aunt Nell had said more than her sober second thought would have allowed; but the provocation was very great.

She was sorry for a while, very much troubled, in fact; for she felt that the crisis was critical, and would not for any consideration have the heart of Shirley's father hardened toward her.

However, she could not recall the words, nor apologize for the truth. She knew the motive that had prompted them. She could have said much more,—should have, but for the restraint that prudence had put upon her; so she concluded she could not afford to worry. She had most earnestly asked God, before she started from home that morning, that he would keep her lips and looks, so that she should not do harm but good. She must trust him now to take care of all that had come forth from her, so unpremeditated and yet so true.

As the day passed, she had the satisfaction of seeing that Mr. Goss was more quiet and thoughtful than she had ever known him to be, not defiant, but anxious. She thought he appeared almost like any other father, only that he made no move to institute any inquiry or search.

"You have subdued Ben, I really believe, Nell," said Mrs. Goss, the next morning. "But you always could say things to him. I don't see how you do it; I did n't even dare show him Shirley's letter. Oh dear! what shall I do if my child does not come back? and what shall I do if she does, unless Benjamin can be made to quit nagging?"

MRS. S. M. I. HENRY.

(To be continued.)

SELF-IMPORTANCE.

"WHAT would you do," said the little key
To the teak-wood box, "except for me?"

The teak-wood box gave a gentle creak
To the little key, but it did not speak.

"I believe," said the key, "that I will hide
In the crack down there by the chimney-side,

"Just so this proud old box may see
How little it 's worth except for me."

It was long, long afterward, in the crack
They found the key, and they brought it back.

And it said, as it chuckled and laughed to itself,
"Now I 'll be good to the box on the shelf."

But the little key stopped, with a shiver and shock;
For there was a bright new key in the lock.

And the old box said: "I am sorry, you see;
But the place is filled, my poor little key."

—*St. Nicholas.*

FATHER'S PENHOLDER.

A LITERARY man, who was compelled by circumstances to use the family sitting-room as a study, missed his penholder one evening while absorbed in writing. He looked over his desk, through the pigeon-holes, and in the drawers, but it was nowhere in sight. It was not on the floor, nor behind his ear.

"This is what comes," he said, impatiently, "of trying to work where there is a houseful of children. Which one of you has taken my pen?"

The children looked at one another, and laughed. "I don't want any foolishness!" he exclaimed. "Where 's that pen? Who has taken it?"

After a moment's pause, one of the children said, "If you 'll laugh, papa, you 'll find it."

He stared at her in astonishment. Then, as her meaning slowly broke in upon him, he joined in the laugh, and the penholder fell out of his mouth, where it had been all the time.

How many of the little difficulties of this life one can extricate one's self from by a laugh!—*Youth's Companion.*

SENSITIVE EARS.

IT IS told that a telegraph operator at Springfield, Mass., was kept at his post of duty for many hours receiving special news. After losing two nights' sleep, he was relieved from duty to get some rest. He went to his room at the hotel, and soon was fast asleep. When the time came for him to return to his instrument, he could not be awakened. Loud pounding on the door did not result in arousing him. An operator then, with his knife-handle, tapped "Springfield" on the door, in imitation of the clicking of the instrument. At once the sleeping operator sprang from his bed, and was soon ready to continue his work.

It is said that firemen hear in their sleep the signal calling them to duty, while they sleep right on through any number of signals which do not concern them. In an article on "Heroes Who Fight Fire," in the *Century*, Jacob A. Riis tells of a fire-department chief who has a gong right over his head at his home, every stroke of which he hears, although he never hears the baby, while his wife hears the baby if it so much as stirs in its crib, but does not hear the gong.

We hear that for which we listen. The sensitive soul, attuned to hear the voice of God, is surrounded by distracting noises of all kinds, yet it responds instantly to the call of duty, or to words of warning. The gentlest whisper of conscience is sufficient to call to action the one who has trained himself to hear that voice. A single text from God's word is a louder call than all the noises of the world, to the one who trains himself to obey that voice.—*Selected.*

IN THE MEADOW.

A LITTLE song of sunshine,
Of daisies and blue sky!
Alone upon the meadow-sea,
A little ship was I.
The waves of grass and daisies
Around my passage pressed,
The meadow-rue her silvery foam
Tossed up against my breast.

The butterflies were flitting,
The singing birds in tune,
I steered for upland reefs that bore
Red berries ripe with June.
My breeze-blown childish garments
Were all my fluttering sail,
My singing heart was all my crew,
My gladness was the gale.

Along the near horizon
The grasses dipped in sky;
Before me, as I voyaged up,
The summer clouds went by.
And oh, those breaths of gladness
My very being stirred!
I could have leapt into that blue
Like any wingèd bird.

Ah me! once more to voyage,
My merry crew and I,
A little ship so weather-beat
With summer and blue sky!
To voyage o'er the meadow-sea,
As in the years gone by —
A little song of sunshine,
Of daisies and blue sky!

— *Irene Putman.*

SUMMER MORNING.

SOME time ago we had a little talk together about the equinox, at the time of the Vernal Equinox. This, you may remember, is the time, about the end of March, when the days and nights are of equal length all over the world.

Since then the days on our part of the globe have been growing longer and warmer, because we have been turning nearer and nearer to the sun. And now we have passed midsummer day, or what is called the "summer solstice." This time, about June 21, is called the "solstice," from two Latin words meaning "the sun," and "to stand," because at this time the sun seems to stand still for a little while,— to make a pause, and remain for a short time at the same point in the heavens,— before we pass farther away from it again, to the time of short days and nights.

It is at the time of the summer solstice that we have the longest and warmest days in all the year. Only a few hours of darkness, and then the soft dawn of the sweet summer morning,— the smile of God breaking again over the earth in the returning sunlight, causing all nature to rejoice and smile in return; for you know that the light of the sun is all the reflection of the glorious light shining from the beautiful face of Jesus, who is "the Light of the world."

See how joyfully everything greets him! The clouds blush with soft, rosy tints of beautiful color. The flowers open their petals, and pour forth their sweetest fragrance, as the sunlight kisses the dew from their leaves, and carries it away in the form of vapors to refresh other thirsty plants, perhaps thousands of miles away.

The birds awake, one by one, and begin the day with a glad song of praise to the Light of the world, who has brought them again from their slumbers. First there is a faint, drowsy chirp or twitter here and there, which swells, as others add their notes, to a full chorus of joyful praise.

All this is going on while you are peacefully sleeping in the early morning hours of these glad summer days. But at last you, too, awake; and how do *you* greet him? God loves the flowers, the birds, and all his other works; but there is something that he loves much more, for which he listens much more eagerly, and that is to hear his children praise him, to see their hearts turning to him in thankfulness for all his loving care for them.

Then, dear children, as you awake each morning, and see "his smile in the glad sunshine," will not you give him smiles of love and songs of praise, and offer to him the sweet incense of worship, giving yourselves to him who giveth you richly all things to enjoy?

Think how he gave up his own life, that he might be able to give eternal life to you. He desires to give you life, and all the blessings of his love, not for a few years only, but "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have *everlasting* life."

"ALONE UPON THE MEADOW SEA."

Think how it pleased the dear Saviour when the little children of Jerusalem owned him as their King and shouted his praises. To those who rebuked them for this, he said, "Have ye never read, Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?"

And he is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever." Just as much now as then he listens for, and loves to hear, the praises of his little ones.

E. E. ADAMS.

OUR SEWING CIRCLE.

THIS week we will make a gingham apron for mother. Get two and one-half yards of gingham, of any color that will please her best; straighten the edges, lay them together evenly, and cut the whole strip into two pieces. Fold one piece lengthwise, and out of the center cut a strip one inch wide the whole length of this piece. This strip, when open, will be two inches wide, and we will use it for the band. Take the two narrow pieces thus made, and pin one to each side of the large piece of gingham, being careful to have the edges even, so that the selvedge will be on the outside, to save hemming the sides of the apron. Make the seams about one fourth of an inch wide, and sew them with running-stitch or back-stich. Crease them out, and press carefully.

To make the hem, turn under the edge of one end of the apron about one fourth of an inch, and baste down with a long stitch; then turn down the hem about an inch and a half wide. Baste this with a short and a long stitch, — about one half and one quarter inch.

See how well you can make this apron. Be faithful in your sewing: this will help you to be faithful in all your work. It is easy to slight or sew carelessly on the "wrong side;" but we should do as careful work on the wrong side and in obscure corners as we do on the right side. Next time we will finish the apron.

NELLIE V. DICE.

DID NOT THINK OF THAT.

As I sat at my window one pleasant summer morning, I saw a little black dog come trotting along the walk, carrying in his mouth something that looked like a package of meat. Just in front of the house he stopped, and laid the package down carefully on the grass, standing guard over it till his master, a boy twelve or thirteen years old, came up.

"Pick it up, Don," he said, sharply, when he saw the bundle lying on the grass. The little dog capered around, looking up into his master's face, but made no movement to pick up the bundle.

"Pick it up, Don, I say!" the boy repeated, still more sharply, and with a threatening motion of his hand.

Such a change as came over the happy little dog then! His brown eyes looked up appealingly into his master's face; his bushy tail, which had been wagging as if it would wag off, dropped suddenly; and he crept across the walk as if he expected every moment to feel a blow. He picked up the package, but dropped it again.

The boy's face was very angry by this time, and his hand was raised to strike the little black body squirming at his feet, when suddenly I heard a soft voice say, "Please don't hit him," and I saw a dainty little maiden in a pink gingham dress, who had come up from the other direction.

"But he won't carry his meat home," the boy said, looking up in surprise.

"Maybe the package is too heavy for him," the soft voice said again. "He 's such a little dog, you know."

The boy looked for an instant into the pleading blue eyes uplifted to his. "I did n't think of that," he said, frankly. "Maybe it is."

He picked up the package, tried the weight of it with his hand, and looked at the little dog thoughtfully. "I believe it is pretty heavy for you, Don," he said, at last. "I did n't think of that at all. Poor little chap!" And he bent over and patted the curly head. "You can take this, Don, and I 'll carry your meat."

He gave a smaller package to the dog, and the little fellow went frisking off down the street in a most joyful way.

The boy started, too, but paused long enough to say, "I did n't think about it, you know;" and the little maiden in pink gingham answered, sweetly, "I thought that was the reason." — *Young People's Weekly.*

A MESSAGE travels over an ocean cable at the rate of about seven hundred miles a second.

BIBLE LESSONS AND NOTES

SABBATH-SCHOOL LESSON.— NO. 7.

(August 12, 1899.)

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Lesson Scripture.— John 10 : 1–21, 27–29.

Memory Verses.— Vs. 27–29.

TIME: A. D. 30. PLACE: Jerusalem. PERSONS: Jesus, Jews.

QUESTIONS.

1. While at the feast of tabernacles, what beautiful parable did Jesus give? John 10 : 1–6. In this parable, how is the thief, or false shepherd, known? V. 1. By what may the true shepherd be recognized? V. 2. How intimately acquainted with his sheep is the shepherd? V. 3; note 1. What position does he occupy when taking them forth from the fold? V. 4. How do the sheep feel toward a stranger, and why? V. 5.

2. In explaining the parable, what does Jesus declare himself to be? Vs. 11, 14. How can he be both door and shepherd? Note 2.

3. How many and whom does Jesus include among the thieves and robbers? V. 8. Who were those who had come before him? Note 3. What blessings are insured to those who enter the fold through Christ? V. 9. What is the purpose of the thief? Of the shepherd? V. 10. In what way does the true shepherd prove his love for the sheep? Vs. 11, 15. What course does the hireling take? Why? Vs. 12, 13.

4. What did Jesus say he still had to do? What will be the final result? V. 16. What does he say about laying down his life? Vs. 17, 18; note 4.

5. What was the effect of Jesus' teaching upon the Jews? V. 19. What did they say? Vs. 20, 21.

6. A few weeks later, at the feast of dedication, what did Jesus again say concerning his relations with his sheep? V. 27. What blessed assurances does he give that his sheep will be saved? Vs. 28, 29.

NOTES.

1. Every soul is as fully known to Jesus as if he were the only one for whom the Saviour died. The distress of every one touches his heart. . . . He cares for each one as if there were not another on the face of the earth. — "*The Desire of Ages*," *pages 479, 480.*

2. "He that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep." Christ is both the door and the shepherd. He enters in by himself. It is through his own sacrifice that he becomes the shepherd of the sheep.— "*The Desire of Ages*," *page 478.*

3. By the terms "thieves and robbers," Jesus had *special* reference to the Pharisees, scribes, and other hypocritical teachers, who were oppressing the people of God. See Jer. 23 : 1, 2; Eze. 34 : 4. But he included, as well, all the false teachers of all time and of every nation, who sought to turn the minds of men to other help than Christ Jesus.

4. Jesus lived a life of perfect faith, based on his Father's word. Both in laying down his life and in taking it again, he acted by faith. Says he, "This commandment have I received of my Father." John 10 : 18. By faith he laid down his life, first, in patient, loving service, and, second, in giving himself over to the power of death; and *by faith*, also, he came again from the tomb. Faith, exercised *in life*, brought to him the power of God in death. By faith he had accepted the word of God for a resurrection (Hosea 6 : 2); and when the time came for the word of that promise to act, it was not possible for the grave to hold him. Acts 2 : 24. Jesus is our example; and by faith we may even follow him in the wonderful experience of laying down life and taking it again. By faith we may now lay hold upon his resurrection power (Phil. 3 : 10); and though we may sleep, that power will, at his coming, cause us to come forth as he did.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.— NO. 7.

(August 13, 1899.)

EZEKIEL'S GREAT VISION.

Lesson Scripture.— Eze. 37 : 1–14.

Related Passages.— John 3 : 18; Isa. 6 : 1–13; Dan. 7 : 1–14; Luke 1 : 1–20; Acts 10 : 9–16; 9 : 1–9; Rev. 1 : 10–20.

Golden Text.— Eze. 36 : 27.

QUESTIONS.

When and where did Ezekiel probably have this vision? What did the prophet first behold? What was the condition of the bones? How did he gain a view of them? What question was asked him? What was his reply? What was he then directed to do? What was the Lord's purpose? What did the prophet hear? What followed the shaking? What was found? What did the bodies lack? What did the prophet next do? What was the result? What did the dry bones represent? What were they represented as saying? What did God promise through the prophet? What would the revivifying of Israel prove? How would it be accomplished?

NOTES.

1. The vision of the present lesson was probably given about 594 B. C. At that time Ezekiel lived near the Chebar, and the scene of the vision may have been the valley of Tel-Abib. Some think it was the valley around Jerusalem, to which the prophet was supernaturally taken. Wherever it was, the representation of the resurrection was brought before him. This vision is called "The great vision of Ezekiel," and because of its sublimity, is linked with Isaiah's vision of the throne, Daniel's vision of the kingdoms of man and God, Zechariah's vision of the coming of the Messiah, Peter's vision of the universality of Christ's gospel, Saul's vision of Christ, and John's vision on the Isle of Patmos.

2. "The hand of the Lord . . . carried me out in the Spirit of the Lord." The Spirit of the Lord was the agency by which this vision appeared to the prophet. "The whole world lieth in wickedness;" and those who are not "carried out in the Spirit" do not see this vision. Atheists profess to believe that death ends all; but they are nevertheless susceptible to the so-called proofs of life after death. The majority of earth's inhabitants believe the first great lie of Satan,— "ye shall not surely die,"— and represent death as the gateway to a larger life. The Chinese sacrifice to the dead, to appease the spirits; the Hindus look reverently upon the meanest of creatures, as the possible form of the deceased; the Spiritualists claim that they commune with the dead through their mediums, not regarding the fact that we are surrounded by fallen and unfallen beings, superior to man, who existed before man's creation. The fallen angels recognize the advantage they gain by perpetuating the idea that death is not death,— that the dead are not as "dry bones,"— and by simulating the dead, obtain access to the confidence of the living, to lead them into error and perdition. The wise man says, "The dead know not anything." The righteous dead are represented as asleep. In sound sleep there is no consciousness. The prophet beheld the bones in the valley as "entirely destitute of vitality, and moldering back to dust."

3. "Can these bones live?" Many commentators and speakers have applied these words to the spiritual condition of backslidden Israel. No doubt the vision is a strong representation of the effect of sin; for "the wages of sin is death." But that it has a wider meaning is evident from the explanation that the Lord himself gives, in verses 12–14. "From a human standpoint, they could not live; but faith leaves the question of possibility to rest with God, with whom nothing is impossible. Deut. 32 : 39. This is an image of Christian faith, which believes in the coming resurrection of the dead, in spite of all appearances against it, because God has promised it. John 5 : 21; Rom. 4 : 17; 2 Cor. 1 : 9.— *Fausset.*

4. "O Lord God, thou knowest." The prophet had no theory to present, no argument to bring, to prove to God that they could, or could not, live. He was content to acknowledge the omniscience of his Master.

5. "The secret things belong unto the Lord our God: but those things that are revealed belong unto us and to our children forever." Therefore it belongs unto us to know the state of the dead, the reality of the resurrection, the certainty of the fulfilment of God's word. Can we lay aside our preconceived ideas, our man-made theories, and take the humble attitude of the man to whom was revealed this great vision?

6. "An exceeding great army." "The dead in Christ shall rise first." "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection." Ezekiel's vision does not include the wicked. He sees the same company seen by John on Patmos, of whom it is said: "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

7. They are "the whole house of Israel" who say, by their seeming helplessness, "Our hope is lost." Yet "these all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth. . . . They desire a better country;" for they "looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

8. The whole "house of Israel" is not simply those who were the literal children of Abraham, to whom the whole earth was promised (Rom. 4 : 11); but those who are of faith. Gal. 3 : 7. "He is not a Jew, which is one outwardly;" but he is a Jew who is one inwardly; and circumcision is that of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter. Literal and spiritual Israel are two distinct nations.

9. "I will open your graves, . . . and I shall place you in your own land." The restoration from Babylonian captivity could very faintly typify the thought of this chapter. The quickening into spiritual life, the fulness of Canaan's inheritance in a spiritual sense, is perhaps pictured in the prophet's vision; but it reaches further. It brings to view the coming of Christ as King of kings, the breaking open of the prison-houses of death, the full victory of redeeming love. It shows to us the triumphant march of the people of God into their own land,— the new earth,— "wherein dwelleth righteousness" (2 Peter 3 : 13), when the tabernacle of God will be with men, and he will dwell with them.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

A Diamond Saw.— A circular saw, whose teeth are set with diamonds, is in use in Paris for cutting stone. The saw is run by steam, and revolves about three hundred times a minute. The diamonds used are not the beautiful crystals seen in the jewelers' stores; but they are very hard, and will cut stone faster than can steel teeth.

A Tomato Tree.— The Bowling Green (Ky.) *Times* describes a curious and rare plant in a greenhouse of that city. It is a "tomato tree," now two years old, and six or eight feet high, with a trunk several inches in circumference. The top spreads like other trees, and has large leaves similar to those of the catalpa. This peculiar tree grows in the open air in summer, but needs protection in winter. The fruit is of a rich orange color, and is said to be of delicious flavor.

The Number of Plants.— No one knows the exact number of plants, but the list of those that are known is rapidly increasing. Three hundred years before Christ, a botanist mentioned five hundred species, and by the end of the first century A. D., eight hundred species were classified. Linnæus, the greatest botanist of the eighteenth century, was familiar with eight thousand five hundred species; but since his day the number of known plants has rapidly increased, and at the present time it reaches nearly two hundred thousand.

An Expensive Book.— So far as known, the most expensive book ever published is the official history of the Civil War, now being issued by the United States government. Up to date, two million three hundred thousand dollars has been expended, one half of which has been paid for printing and binding, and the remainder for salaries, rent, stationery, and miscellaneous expenses, including the purchase of records from private individuals; and a further appropriation of half a million dollars has been asked for. The work will consist of one hundred and twelve volumes, and will not be completed for three years. Wars are expensive things; and it would appear that their histories may also be no less so.

The Peace Conference.— This interesting gathering, which has received the attention of the civilized world for so long, is now about to adjourn till the Paris Exposition next year. A few sentences from the papers of different countries show the general view of its results: "That hardly any nation, certainly none of the great powers, is willing to bind itself, is shown by the press everywhere."— *Literary Digest.* "The best thing we can say about the suggestion to abolish the dum-dum bullet is that it will be ignored by this country."— *London Saturday Review.* "It is England herself who constitutes the greatest danger to the peace of the world."— *Paris Paper.* "Who is to disarm first? The experiment was tried in the United States, and look what it cost us to get ready in time, and how we had to fear the issue. We now think differently, and are building forty men-of-war. We shall not be taken by surprise and found unprepared again; and it is hard to believe, in view of our terriffic exertions, that the other powers will abandon the advantage of their armaments and give them up."— *Admiral Dewey, in an interview with a representative of the Neue Freie Presse, Vienna.* Really, nothing has been gained except a demonstration of the fact that peace does not come by the votes of men, any more than righteousness and true worship can be inaugurated by acts of legislatures and courts. Peace is a gift of God, and comes only to those who follow him. Such are not a majority in the governments of this world.

THE thing we call "success" is built
On self-denial. The price of gain
Is ministry to whom thou wilt
In costly service, mixed with pain.
And oft the angels write, above,
"Success" when we write "failure" down
For large attempts of o'ermuch love,
That failed thereby, yet starred a crown.

HOPE ONSLOW.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

WILLIAM I, surnamed the Conqueror, was the first Anglo-Norman king of England. He was born in 1027, and died in 1087, near Rouen, France. His father was Duke Robert the Liberal, of Normandy. His mother was a pretty girl named Arletta, the daughter of a tanner, ranking only as one of the common people. According to the custom of royal families, the children of such parentage could not inherit the father's throne; but this child seems to have been an only son, and Robert, when he was about to start on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, assembled the Norman barons, and caused them to receive William as their duke, making him his heir at the age of seven years. Robert died soon after his return to Normandy; and the youth of William was passed amid wars and dissensions, in which he encountered great personal dangers.

In 1051 the ambitious young Norman visited England, then under the rule of Edward the Confessor, whose court and offices were filled with Norman favorites. Fourteen years after this, Harold, the son of Earl Goodwin, visited William in Normandy, as mentioned in the article on "Sketches of Early English History," in the INSTRUCTOR for July 20. With a skilful and unscrupulous use of the opportunity, yet with apparent confidence and cordiality, William said to Harold: "When King Edward and I once lived like brothers under the same roof, he promised that if he ever became king of England, he would make me heir to his throne. Harold, I wish that thou wouldst assist me to realize this promise." Being in William's hands, and fearing to do otherwise, Harold consented.

Like the camel in the proverb, which at first asked consent to put only his head into the tent of his master, but kept on gaining concessions till there was no room left for any but himself, the shrewd Frenchman continued to press his demands upon his Kentish visitor. Before an assembly of Norman barons, Harold was asked to do homage to William, as heir apparent to the English crown! Having been brought into this august congregation not knowing what was to befall him, the Englishman was unprepared to resist; therefore he yielded in this also, kneeling before the duke, placing his hands in William's, and repeating the solemn form by which he acknowledged him as his lord, and promised to him fealty and true service.

But like the camel, William still wanted more. Both he and Harold were Catholics; and that church at this time held kings as well as common people in dense superstition. At William's order the sacred relics (bones of the saints, etc.) in the Norman monasteries and churches were collected in a chest in the council-room, and covered with a cloth of gold. On this chest was placed a mass-book. William then said: "Harold, I require thee, before this noble assembly, to confirm by oath the promises which thou hast made me; to assist me to obtain the crown of England after King Edward's death; to marry my daughter Adela; and to send me thy sister, that I may give her in marriage to one of my barons." In surprise and fear, Harold laid his hand on the book of the mass, not knowing that the sacred relics were beneath it, and solemnly vowed to do all that was required of him. When he arose from his knees, William uncovered the chest, and showed Harold upon what holy relics he had sworn. History says that "Harold was sorely alarmed at the sight."[1]

Harold soon returned to England; and on the death of Edward, Jan. 5, 1066, he received the kingdom, being crowned by the archbishop two days later. William soon reminded him of his oath; but Harold said he had promised what at that time did not belong to him, and that he could not, against the wishes of his people, take a foreign wife. As to his sister, whom the Norman duke demanded for one of his chiefs, the king informed the messenger that she had died within the year. Failing to obtain satisfaction at the hand of another messenger, William speedily prepared to invade England. With a well-equipped army, he landed on the undefended coast near Hastings, Sept. 29, 1066.[2] Harold was at York at the time, where he had just triumphed over the Scandinavian invaders; but when he heard of the Norman landing, he marched rapidly to London, stopping only six days, and then proceeding at once to meet William, who had in the meantime erected a wooden fort, from materials previously fitted, which he had brought from France.

The English mistook the first Normans they met for priests, as they had short hair and shaven chins, the Britons being accustomed to wearing long hair and beards. Harold's army was far inferior to William's; and some of his advisers counciled him to return to London, and lay the country waste before the Normans. This course would doubtless have enabled him to defend himself successfully, and he might thus have seen his antagonist wearied with famine and disease; but he could not endure to see his subjects suffer, even temporarily, by such a course; so he boldly strengthened his position, and prepared to fight to the end. The details of the battle, like those of the present day in the Philippines, are too terrible to tell here. The results seem even worse than those of modern times, as the weapons used were spears, battle-axes, and swords; and the conflict was waged hand to hand. From nine o'clock in the morning until three in the afternoon, it continued without decisive results; then Harold was wounded in the eye with an arrow. Being thus partially deprived of their leader, the English fought to disadvantage. The Normans pretended to retreat, thus leading their foes to follow them, and become divided, after which they turned, and overcame them. Harold was slain, and William became "the Conqueror." On Christmas day of that same year, he was crowned king of England in London.

For a time William's rule was mild; but later, by reason of his strong partiality to his Norman followers, he aroused the prejudices of the English people, whose protests were subdued with a rod of iron. He substituted the French language in all the courts of justice, which innovation remained until the present century. He abolished the Saxon laws, and used in their stead those of Normandy. His son Robert rebelled against him in the country of his birth; and at one time, unknowingly, nearly killed his father with his own hand. William's voice under his helmet, calling for help, revealed him to his son, who was struck with remorse, and asked for pardon. It was not only granted, but Robert was entrusted with a command against Malcolm, king of Scotland. In 1086 all the landowners of the kingdom in England assembled, and with much ceremony took the oath of fealty to William; and the great record of landed estates — the "Domesday Book"[3] — was finished.

The next year, to avenge a fancied insult of the French king, Philip, and to punish the French barons for their inroads in Normandy, William led an army against them, and burned several cities. His rage brought his ruin. While viewing the ruins of Mantes, his horse stepped on some hot ashes, and threw him against the pummel of his saddle, causing his death in the sixty-first year of his age.

William was one of those men whose names are not forgotten with the passing of time. While one can not see in all his acquirements and actions the elements of true greatness, his career gives us a striking example of what may be attained by perseverance and courage, maintained under the most adverse circumstances.

H. E. SIMKIN.

[1] Harold's fear can hardly be understood by those who know not the reverence shown by the devotees of the Roman Church to these worse than useless relics. His oath did not particularly trouble him; because, being taken under constraint, it was not binding under ordinary circumstances; but the presence of those old bones in connection therewith caused him, with all his boldness, to fear the future, and there is no doubt that many of his followers, by reason of this foolish notion, entered the memorable battle of Hastings faint-hearted, fearing dire results.

[2] Duke William, as he landed, slipped and fell upon the sand. In fear and distress, his attendants cried out, "An evil sign is here!" But the Norman quickly arose with his hands filled with sand, and cried, lustily, "See! I have taken possession of England with both hands!" The incident changed the feeling to one of triumph.

[3] By the completion of the survey for this book, the king acquired an exact knowledge of the possessions of the crown. It afforded him the names of the landowners; furnished him the means of ascertaining the military strength of the country; and pointed out the possibility of increasing the revenue in some cases, and of lessening the demands of the tax-collectors in others. It was, moreover, a register of appeal for those whose titles to their property might be disputed. It is now carefully preserved beneath a strong glass case in the Public Record Office in London, and can be consulted without the payment of any fee.

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IT is easy to love those who love us, who treat us with tender regard and unfailing courtesy, anticipating our wishes, and making the hard places smooth! How our hearts go out to these — even the hardest must melt under their gentleness. Yes, it is easy to love them — but "do not even the publicans the same?" The test of love is that it shall not fail when poured out on our enemies, on those who speak evil concerning us, on those who despitefully use us. The love that "holds out" under such conditions is the love that is recognized in the courts of the Father's house; for it is such as filled the great heart of his Son, who was sent "to be the propitiation for our sins."

IN your outings this summer, remember that it is n't receiving, but giving, that brings the truest happiness. There are so many ways! Sometimes the taking into a pleasant party of one who is not altogether congenial, or is something of a stranger, may call for the exercise of considerable self-denial; but if it is done so heartily that self is utterly lost sight of, the pleasure received may even exceed that bestowed, — and that is saying a great deal. You who have many happy days — is there not among your acquaintances some one who is "left out," — who, because of poverty, or ill-health, or overwork, or some other reason, looks out with wistful eyes on the innocent "good times" that he has no share in? Perhaps you have never stopped to think of the longing with which some plain-faced girl may look upon you, who, so it seems to her, "have everything," while she "has nothing." Of course you have n't everything, but would it not be a wise plan to multiply what you have by sharing it with those who have even less? "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over." Try it.

"I'M SORRY I SPOKE CROSS."

IF we only knew how many sore hearts there are around us, we would be more patient and more tender in our speech. This truth is happily illustrated by the following incident, described by a writer in the *Wellspring:* —

People were cross to the street-car conductor that day. Women snapped at him, — women who meant to deserve the name of ladies. It is so easy to snap when it is muddy and drizzling, and you don't feel just right. A big, fat, red-faced man came panting and puffing up the car-steps, and rated the whole car company soundly because his peremptory signaling had not been seen as promptly as he thought it should have been.

A little maid opposite, in a blue tam o'-shanter, took it all in, with her grave, round eyes. She had a bunch of nodding clove-pinks in her hand — all colors. She made you think of a flower, somehow. Children are such imitative things, I was not at all surprised to see how soon my little flower lady found the discontent in the air "catching." Her baby brows drew together, and her dainty feet spurned a big brown bundle that happened to touch the tips of her tiny shoes.

"How dweffful crowded vis car is," I heard her say, in the funniest disgusted tone. She scowled at some one hanging by a car-strap, whose loose sleeve touched her cap, and so brushed it a trifle forward. Her mother or aunt, who was with her, being in the same frame of mind, did not appear to notice her little air of vexation. By and by the conductor came round, and in edging his way along from seat to seat, hit the large doll that she carried in the hand that had n't any pinks in it. Its red kid slipper fell off on the floor.

"Nare!" she cried, angrily, for all the world like the older ones around her, "now see what you 've done! Knocked my dolly's s'ipper off!"

The conducter stooped quick to pick up the tiny thing, and for one instant his eyes were on a level with the child's. In that instant she seemed to see something in them that melted her. Quick as a flash her mood changed.

"I 'm sorry I spoke cross," she said, in her sweet, shrill, childish voice.

And then those of us who were near enough saw something, — a quiver of grief, and then a swift settling into rigid lines that even children know means tears, on a man's face. He did not speak, but the baby held up her pinks to him.

"Take some! My papa gave me 'em! Has you got a little girl?"

The man picked out two white ones. His face was thanking her. His voice was low and husky, so that not many heard it: "I 'll put them in her hand," he said. "My little girl died yesterday."

A NEW DEPARTURE.

THE *Bird's-Eye View,* edited and published by Mary Alicia Steward, is an illustrated newspaper for children. Not a story paper, but a clean, bright, wholesome, entertaining newspaper. Not a local paper. It will give the important news that is suitable for a child to know, from all over the world. All criminal items and news that would have a demoralizing influence on the minds of the young, are carefully excluded. It is written in good English, yet in a style so simple as to be easily comprehended by children. Especially adapted for use in the public schools. Just the paper you want for your little ones at home. This paper will begin regular publication with the opening of the school year in September. Subscriptions received at any time. Price, 50 cents a year. Address *Bird's-Eye View,* 160 North Washington St., Battle Creek, Mich.

Health Culture

KNOW THYSELF PHYSICALLY.

OFTEN when patients give their physician a history of their case, and then perhaps offer some suggestions in reference to their treatment, they say, by way of apology, "However, I suppose you know a great deal more about my case than I do." As a matter of fact, this is usually true; but it ought not to be Has not God given these bodies to us that we may care for them, and become acquainted with them? And inasmuch as we shall eventually be held responsible for our treatment of these temples not made with hands, ought we not to become thoroughly acquainted with every organ and its functions?

It is certainly unfortunate that in the consideration and care of our bodies, we should have to admit that somebody else knows more about them than we do. We would not like to say to our neighbor, "You are a great deal better acquainted with my business than I am;" for such a remark would imply that we did not know how to manage and control our own affairs. But when we come to a matter which affects so vitally the joys and sweets of life as does the care and treatment of our physical systems, we are unaccountably willing to leave it in the hands of others, saying to them, "You know more about this than we do."

The principle is radically wrong, but it is the logical result of wrong education and training. Our schools should provide for a better education for our young people, by which they can learn to trace out the causes of disease, and become familiar with the ordinary means for its removal. They should not be ignorant about these essential things, which are far more important than learning how to reproduce some famous work of art, or even to master a dead language. DAVID PAULSON.

THE NECESSITY OF EXERCISE.

PEOPLE who do not exercise sufficiently have flabby flesh, and soft, sickly muscles; their bones are dry as chalk, and are easily broken in a fall. On the other hand, if sufficient exercise is taken, the bones are full of sap, and have a flexibility that will resist a fracture.

A man once wagered that he could lie in bed a week without any material change in his health. Upon arising, he found that he had not sufficient strength to enable him to stand on his feet. Muscles, bones, tissues, nerves, and even the blood, had been vitiated, and were remarkably weaker. He could not understand why absolute stillness should not rest a man, instead of destroying his strength.

Another man carried his arm in a sling for three months, to see what would happen to it. The muscles and skin shriveled, and the flesh was flabby and sickly. The bone of the arm became stiff, as if all the vital spring had departed from it. — *Journal of Physical Education.*

"AFTER a period of discomfort from heat and perspiration, with great efforts to obtain relief by fresh air and laying aside clothing, a change in the weather tempts to a surfeit of cooling, — enough not only for the present, but for past and future distress. This is an unnecessary and irrational mistake. We can not recover lost comfort, nor lay up comfort in store. "Let well enough alone." Being comfortable, be content, and not greedy for more comfort than any one can use. True, the abundance of cool air is delightful, and, in a state of active exercise, is beneficial; but in repose, where we are tempted to a surfeit of it, enough is *better* than a feast. More diseases are contracted from overenjoying exposure to summer gales than from suffering exposure to winter storms. As soon as the sense of heat is quite relieved, stop; and instead of reveling to excess in the delicious coolness, begin to guard against too much of it."