THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

VOL. LI BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN, APRIL 9, 1903 No. 14

IN OTHER LANDS

The Children of Africa

THERE are so many of them, and so many races represented by them, that one must classify "the children of Africa," to give a clear idea of the little folk of that far-away land.

First, naturally, come the *real* "children of Africa,"—the little black people, with their jolly faces and careless joy. Of course the black children of the Colonies are not true representatives of the native children of the interior, because of their environment and the restrictions of civilization; but there is enough of the "native" left in them to afford a foreigner endless amusement and interest.

The thing that most impresses one who first steps upon the wharf at Cape Town is the amazing number of black faces everywhere in sight. All the way up through the streets, from the wharf to the center of the picturesque old town, remembering only an occasional black face to be seen in the home-land, the query presses upon one, "Where *do* all these pickaninnies come from?" Where, indeed! This is their home, and *you* are the foreigner this time.

The accompanying picture of native children is remarkable because of the perfectly natural attitudes which the artist was fortunate enough to catch. These children were called at random, just as they played about a back street in a Cape Town suburb. They swarm in every alley, they over-run the back-yards, they number ten black faces to one white one on the street; for this is their own Africa!

The boy on the front row, so prominent for the whiteness of his teeth and the originality of his apparel, is the truest type of the real African of any in the group. His garment, dignified by the term "trousers," lately did service as a coal-sack; his "suspenders" are not just the kind that may be purchased at the great "shops" on Adderley Street, but he finds their questionable style no drawback to his happiness, as his jolly face bears witness. As a specimen of a perfectly satisfied mortal, "look no further."

The little English-garbed lad at his left is not so fortunate. He is not purely African. The misfortune of his life is that somewhere in the annals of his ancestry is a strain of white blood, which will curse him as long as he lives. He will go through life despising the blacks and despised by the whites — literally "a man without a country." The little girl wearing the white "pinafore" is another unmistakable African. Years may sometime weigh upon her; but care, never. The little girl at the right, on the end of the first row, who preserves her embarrassed little self-consciousness with a wee, grimy hand, and her little brother behind her, notable because of Eton collar and irreproachable English clothing, are also of the unfortunate class of nondescripts.

Often children like those shown in the picture live in the homes of the whites, where their mothers are employed as cooks, chambermaids, or general servants. Under such circumstances the care of the younger children of the family seems to fall naturally upon them,—a tax levied to pay for the food they eat, I think. I once boarded for many months in a home where the cook's little daughter, a tiny girl of five, was made responsible for the well-being of "Master Harold"—the landlady's four-year-old "darling."

Now this diminutive Englishman had had breadth of experience sufficient to understand quite clearly that Potsi was his "servant." He was also fully possessed of the idea of "the right of might." Therefore, with keen satisfaction he would pommel poor Potsi with his little booted heels, and beat her with his fat little fists, when his breakfast didn't agree with him, or when he didn't feel easy in his mind.

TWO LITTLE ENGLISH BLOSSOMS

The first scene of this kind which I witnessed came near wrecking my standing in the community. I was overwhelmed with a desire to seize that young autocrat, and promptly submerge him to his eyes in the water-tank, and keep him there until he promised to treat poor little Potsi with proper respect. I also thought of making him stand and observe while she ate a pound of "sweets." The distance between my door and the scene of the one-sided combat was not far, but it was far enough to allow me time to reflect. I decided it would be more politic, and, moreover, more peaceful, simply to carry out my good designs toward Potsi, and leave the boy to the fate that always overtakes bad children.

Potsi smiled brightly as I strolled up, and winked bravely to keep back the tears of pain; for she was thin, and he was *thick*, and every blow of his chubby foot counted. I held out my hand invitingly; and she, trembling little mortal, put her own tiny black one in it. My fingers closed firmly over the wee digits, and I started off, leaving the young "master" sitting flat upon the ground, speechless with amazement. I led Potsi across the yard, and into my room, and entertained her royally. Her satisfaction was somewhat marred by her anxiety for the young master. Presently he sulked across the wide veranda, and gave the door a vicious little kick. I stepped to the door, and told him that while it would be very pleasant to have a nice little boy come in and have a good time with us, we could not think of admitting a little boy who kicked little girls.

"I on'y ticked Potsi," he said, with a surprised stare; but I calmly shut the door, and proceeded to show Potsi more pictures.

"Massa Harold, he so little boy, missus,—he good boy, but so little," said this tiny martyr in ebony, looking sadly out of the window, where a little red-coated figure strolled over the lawn in dreary solitude. The effect was highly sat-

"JUST AS THEY PLAYED ABOUT A BACK STREET"

isfactory. Indeed, Master Harold developed such a degree of humility as might have caused me some remorse, had I not had reason to believe his wonderful revolution of demeanor was timed to fit the occasions when he was sure of being under observation.

Dear little Potsi! If she could only have known that somebody cared! But it is supposed to spoil servants to show much appreciation. Her mistress once told me that Potsi could "manage" Master Harold a good deal better than she could.

Sometimes on holidays — and they are legion — my friend and I would go "awheel" far back from the towns. In this way we had opportunity to get at least a glimpse of real native life. Once, on such an expedition, away up in the hill-country, close to the Basutoland border, we had an amusing experience. We were riding leisurely along, enjoying the cool morning air, and following the footpath, beaten hard by generations of barefooted natives in their wanderings, when by a sudden turn we came full upon an extensive kraal (or group of native huts). The huts were built on the rounded top of a hill,— little round huts with high-peaked, thatch roofs,— and so placed that they formed a circle. A high palisade of pointed poles fenced the whole.

Not a sound of life did we hear, and we concluded it was a deserted kraal, and were indulging in fanciful "wonderings" of the life and fate of the one-time villagers. However, we were but fairly past the kraal, and again facing the vacancy of the country ahead, when from behind us there came a queer jargon of sounds, which we were not long in understanding to be native voices. A backward glance revealed a funny sight. Down the path we had just traveled came a long line of half-clad little native boys, jabbering excitedly as their fleet feet sped after us. Faster and faster they came, but there was no laughter in their voices,— just the peculiar tone of "dead-earnest" which no mortal can assume on occasion so well as an African.

"What *do* those children want?" said I.

"Perhaps they want to ride," said my more discerning friend.

To be sure,— how stupid not to have thought of it,— and I hastily dismounted, and faced about, extending a hand invitingly.

Did you ever watch the interesting process of "shunting" in a switch-yard? The engine puffs and pants aggressively, and starts down the line with a determined air, indicative of its being quite useless to dissuade it from heading straight for "Land's End." Suddenly it seems to reconsider, and starts back after something it appears to have left behind. Then you remember what happens to the poor freight-cars in its wake,— how they creak and groan and double up,— that is like unto what happened to that earnestly pursuing line of little black boys.

As soon as they could pick themselves up from their involuntary "down-sitting" (a term well known in the vernacular of the country), they headed for the kraal at a greater speed than they left it. My astonishment at this unexpected "turn,"— I use the word advisedly,— soon gave place to a spirit of mischief, and I sprang on the wheel, and started after them. But the wild whoops of terror that this action evoked would have drawn pity from a harder heart than mine; so I desisted, and sat down on a deserted ant-heap, and laughed till I cried. All along the top of the palisade on the hill could be seen the little woolly heads, whose rolling eyeballs looked down upon us from that safe retreat, evidently congratulating themselves upon a marvelous escape. I believe those children, who had probably never seen a vehicle on wheels, much less a bicycle, were fully persuaded that two great snakes had us in thrall, and were making off with us, and had promptly planned a chivalrous rescue, but had reckoned unequally with the terrors of actual encounter.

I can not remember ever seeing a native child play with a doll, or any substitute for that dear delight of civilized childhood. I think the superabundance of *real* babies rather more than satisfies them on that point. The babies are bound upon the backs of the older children by the folds of some sort of cloth, and from morning till night the poor little nurse must bear this wee mortal about, and be thereby hampered in the full delights of "leap-frog" and "shinney"— games not answering to those names, to be sure, but "what's in a name"?

But the baby, too, has sorrows of his own. It is not altogether bliss to be fastened on some one's back so tightly you can not wriggle, and have your head left unsupported so that it bobs about like the tassel on a schoolboy's cap. But he takes his lot philosophically, and seldom cries.

In a pretty town around on the Indian coast, I once boarded with a family where the cook of the household was a woman who came in every morning from the "location" (the Kafir village outside every English town), and returned to her hut at night. She had two children,— a child of five and a baby of a few months. The baby was deposited unceremoniously in a box of old rags in the wood-shed, with the little sister to "mind" it until after the breakfast work was cleared away. Then the mother, who had had no time to attend to baby's toilet before leaving home, would take it to the back-yard, where a "tap" connected with the city water-works was attached to a post under a peach-tree; below the tap a little hollow had been washed out in the sandy soil by the dripping water. The one garment of the little mortal was plucked off, and it was set down in the accommodating puddle without any ceremony, while its mother stolidly turned on the water, full force; there followed a shower bath of many virtues, if not all modern conveniences.

When her judgment dictated, she would turn off the water, pick up the child, and sit down with the little dripping creature in her lap, and wipe it dry with the capacious folds of her kitchen apron. A dish of "mealy-meal" (corn-meal) was then administered, and the "tending" of that youngster was over for that day.

But those whose work and experience lie only in the Colonies know little of the life of *real* natives. Now that we have a mission of our own right in the heart of Africa, we may hope to be told of the life and habits of natives who have never come in contact with the "civilization" of the towns of the foreigners,— a relation more detrimental than helpful it often proves.

But there are other "children of Africa,"— sweet little blossoms of humanity, little transplanted English flowers. At 8:30 in the morning — the world-wide school-time — the streets are full of them, as they go merrily to school, swinging the inevitable school-bag, and chattering gaily. The garbing of the little English schoolgirl would be quite incomplete without the dainty white "pinafore," renewed each morning with scrupulous care by a thoughtful mother, while the little boys are prominent in the points of virtue covered by spotless Eton collars and shining "boots" (shoes). Those Eton collars! — they change not in cut or texture summer or winter. I think it must be the boys' fathers favor them, remembering their own school-days, or perhaps some tradition handed down from the famous old English school of that name makes them particularly desirable for schoolboys' wear.

"My mother says if Johnnie comes to school without his collar, you're to please send him right home after it," was the message a small maid delivered one sweltering January morning,— the "dog-days" of Africa,— and she smoothed her own very correct little flounces, stiff and uncomfortable with an abundance of starch, with the air of one who knows what is due the interests of "good form," and will do her duty at any cost.

Johnnie, sensible youth, did come without his collar. Maternal edicts are not to be despised, and therefore it happened that he was soon wending his way homeward to don the offending article; but before I sent him, I managed to let him know by certain clandestine little "pats" where my sympathies in the matter lay.

In the accompanying picture are shown two little English schoolgirls, whom it was my happy privilege to know very intimately. Blessed little blossoms! Although thousands of miles of land and water lie between, the distance can never be wide enough to blot from my memory their sweet faces and gentle ways. They are children of a home of culture and refinement, a home so filled with courtesy and kindness that there is no room left for things that are unlovely.

Then there are the little Dutch (Boer) children, usually round of form, and flaxen-haired, with tranquil eyes the color of an old-fashioned sky-blue tea-cup. Occasionally, however, one will find a little Boer child who is a descendant of the long-ago Holland and French refugees, and then there is spark and flash in his black eyes.

Nor must we forget the little Malays, with their bead-bright eyes,— the girls with their long braids of shining black hair, which are always glistening and odoriferous with an abundance of cocoa-oil hair dressing; and the boys with the little red-felt caps, shaped like an inverted cake-pan, which fit down tightly over their close-cropped little heads. A tiny black stem an inch long stands up importantly from the center of the crown. What it is for I can not tell, but it is always there. Possibly it was originally intended as a sort of "handle." Sometimes, on the caps of the boys of the richer families a pretentious black silk tassel takes the place of the stem. Little Mohammedans they are, who know the name of Jesus only as a street-word.

The games of the children of Africa sound very strange by name to a foreigner, but he soon finds that they are the same dear old games of the home-land under an unfamiliar title. Except about the Cape there are few "woods" in which to ramble when the sweet spring-time comes (in November), but it is amazing to see what beauties a bevy of school-children out for a walk will find on what looks to be only a dull, barren veld. They are remarkably quick of perception, and appreciate form and color instinctively.

One gray morning in July, I thought, as I walked to school, "If I were in America, I should say it would snow to-day." Then I smiled at the fancy; for had not the old man at the corner store assured me that it had been "twenty year" since a notable day when they had had a mere flurry of snow — the only one ever known! But the frozen ground clinked under a footfall, and a tiny icicle hung from every water-tap. Be it remembered that there are no arrangements made for heating living-rooms or public buildings in South Africa. If a cold spell comes, you must just "stand it" till it warms up.

Only about twenty brave but shivering little mortals, very much bundled and gloved, came to school, and I suggested that these wraps be retained. During the first recitation a dear little fellow at the end of the class next the window suddenly dropped that interesting tome, "The Royal Reader," to the floor with a bang, and ejaculated, "It's rainin' flour." Such a stampede! It had been years since I had seen snow, so I was almost as excited as the children. I forthwith proclaimed a holiday, and turned them all loose in the playground. Faster and faster fell the snow, and the ground was speedily covered.

Does anybody deny that young ducks need no instructor in the art of swimming? Let me affirm that children know instinctively how to make a

snow man. They began him after the most approved method — rolling a ball of snow until it assumed proportions suitable, and then patting and smoothing it into shape. He was then clothed in garments appropriate to the season, and the shrieks of delight that went up as the merry little people danced around him were good to hear.

For twenty-four hours he stood in rigid dignity, but gradually succumbed to the climate as the "cold spell" passed.

Blessed little people of Africa! I love you.

* * *

It's Summer-time Somewhere

When fall the wintry flakes of frost, it's summer-time somewhere —
Violets in the valleys, bird songs in the air;
The chilly winds, they only blow the lily's lips apart;
It's summer in the world, my dear, when it's summer in the heart.
When gray the skies are glooming, it's summer in the dells —
In the merry songs of reapers, in the tinkling of the bells.

The sweet south skies are brightening as with spring-time's magic art,
But the sweetest reason, dearest, is the summer in the heart.
Still, still the birds are singing, and still the groves are green,
And still the roses redden, and the lovely lilies lean;
Love fades not with the season; when summer days depart,
It's summer still, my dearest, in the Eden of the heart.

— *Frank L. Stanton.*

"Just So You Ain't"

Two boys were pulling a sled up a hill. When they had reached the top, the Little Boy was crying.

"What are you crying about now?" asked the Big Boy.

"You called me a know-nuthin'," sobbed the Little Boy.

"Well, what do you care, just so you ain't? Come on, you feel all right now," said the Big Boy, putting his arm around the little fellow's neck as he spoke.

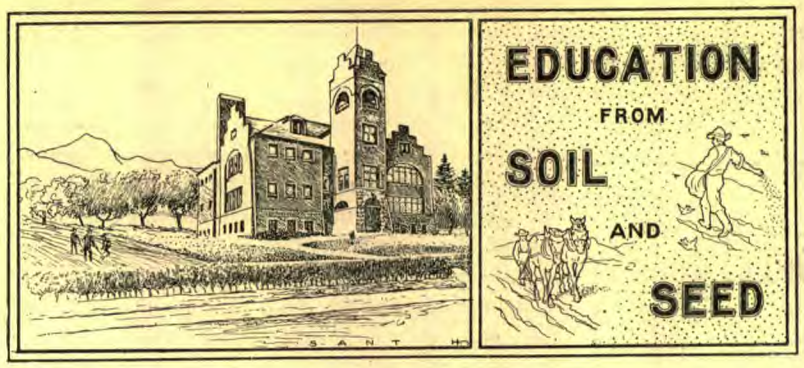
I passed on, but the incident set me to thinking. How many of us spend a great deal of time and strength worrying over unpleasant things that people say or think about us. "Just so they ain't" true, why need we bother about them? If they *are true,* let us, by God's help, try to make them false. Mason Merritt.

Two Knights

Sir Knight of the Frown came stalking down
The beautiful streets of childhood's town.
His shield was rusty, his sword was dim,
And the playmates fled from the face of him.
Into the happy home he went,
And the nurse uplifted a loud lament,
And the mother sighed, and the baby cried,
And the fun and frolic made haste to hide;
For there's never a laugh in childhood's town,
Under the glance of Sir Knight the Frown.

But swift at need, with the sun's own speed,
Comes a splendid knight on a strong white steed,
Riding in triumph grandly down
Through the beautiful streets of childhood's town.
Sir Knight of the Smile has a winsome face,
And he scatters flowers in every place.
The playmates rally and shout and sing,
And crowd around him, and make him king.
The games go on, and the babies crow,
For they've seen the last of the angry foe.
The nurse and the mother clasp their hands,
The door of the house wide open stands,
And in and out the comrades chase,
There's so much fun in the dwelling-place
Where all day long, as sweet as a song,
Good thoughts and gentle greetings throng.
And peace and gladness reign the while
Under the glance of Sir Knight the Smile.

— *Margaret E. Sangster.*



"The cultivation of the soil will prove an education to the soul"

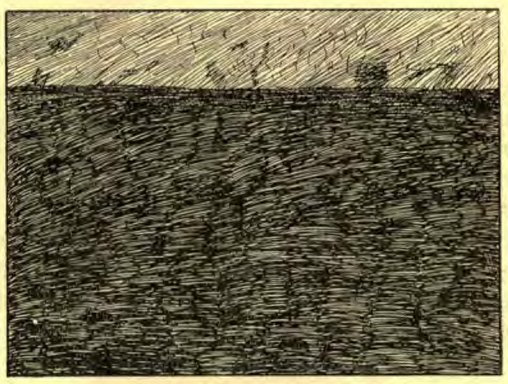
V — Why Do We Cultivate the Soil?

What a variety of answers we would get if this question were put to a hundred men who spend their lives plowing and sowing! What is your answer?

In giving my answer I shall start with one of the sayings of the Wise Man: "He that tilleth his land shall have plenty of bread." Prov. 28: 19. This is a plain statement that the cultivation of the soil results in plenty. That is, the proper tillage, or cultivation, of the soil causes it to give forth its treasures in more abundant harvests. It is also true that careless, lazy cultivation results in small harvests.

You can see this fact illustrated in every neighborhood. I well remember the great difference in two particular farms within sight of the home of my childhood and youth. The first was a place of two hundred acres, well situated, and favored with every natural advantage. But its cultivation was neglected. The plowing was too shallow. It was harrowed only once, when it needed two or three such workings. Very small harvests were gathered from this farm, and its neglected condition showed the character of its owner. The other farm had only sixty acres, but every foot of it was thoroughly tilled, and used to the best advantage. The plow was sunk deep into the soil, and the many harrowings made its fields look like a garden intended for flowers. Weeds were regarded as a disgrace upon this farm, while many fields of the other place were abandoned to their possession. At harvest-time the yield to the acre on the well-cultivated farm would almost double that of the other. What benefits derived from careful working of the soil make this great difference?

1. Cultivation improves the natural condition of the land. By standing untilled the soil becomes packed and caked. In this study, *tillage* and *cultivation* mean the same. Tillage is defined as "the stirring of the soil for the purpose of making plants thrive." Plants do not thrive upon hard cakes of ground. Tillage does at least three things for the soil's natural condition: —



SOIL WELL TILLED, SHOWING EARTH MULCH

(*a*) It warms the soil in spring by opening it up to the action of sunlight, air, and rain.

(*b*) It breaks the soil into fine particles, thus giving greater feeding-surface to the plant roots. Your pencil pressed into a pail full of large marbles is touched by only a dozen or so of them, while in a pail of fine shot hundreds of them touch its surface. So with the roots in fine and lumpy soil. The corn roots get their food for a beautiful golden ear from the nitrogen, potash, etc., held in each separate grain of sand or clay.

(*c*) It increases the depth of soil, allowing the plant to send its roots farther down for nourishment and moisture. Large plants also need to strike their roots deep into the ground, that they may be held firmly in place against storm and wind.

2. Cultivation saves moisture.

(*a*) By increasing the water-holding capacity of the soil. Plowing the land forms a reservoir for water by opening up the surface for the entrance of rain and snow. This is one reason why fall plowing is better in many places than spring plowing. Our crops often suffer more from lack of moisture than from lack of fertilizers. It requires from three hundred to five hundred tons of water to grow one acre of corn or oats.

SOIL POORLY TILLED. NO SURFACE MULCH. IN SUCH SOIL THE PLANT ROOTS HAVE A HARD TIME FINDING FOOD

(*b*) By checking evaporation. You know that a tub of water left uncovered in the open air soon dries up, and the hoops fall off the tub. The water has evaporated into the air. If you place a cover over the tub, it will hold the water much longer. If you were to put a very large lamp-wick into your tub of water, letting one end rest on its bottom and the other end hang over onto the ground, the tub would be emptied much quicker. In this case the water climbs from cell to cell in the fiber of the wick; just as the oil rises to burn at the top of the wick in a lamp. In the ground each soil-particle is used by the water as a step in its stairway for climbing to the surface where it can fly away (evaporate) into the warm air.

When a half-inch of the top of your lamp-wick gets burned and dry, the oil can not climb to the top through this dry mass, and the lamp goes out. It is the same with the soil. To keep the water in, we need only to loosen and dry out a thin layer of the top soil. This is best done by stirring it frequently with harrows or drags. This dry layer is called a "surface mulch."

After the spring rains are over, and the growing crops need much moisture, the best way to keep it in the soil is by cultivating it often. For the saving of moisture, cultivation must be shallow. After a summer shower has fallen, and passed into the ground, it can be saved for your thirsty plants by this shallow harrowing, which spreads a dry blanket over the ground. This is the reason why cultivating or hoeing in the early morning, when the ground is wet with dew, is better than at midday.

Stirring the soil when it is cold and wet in early spring also serves to dry it out, warm it up,

and fit it for the seed. Cultivation for drying and warming should be deeper.

These are some of the reasons why we cultivate the soil. Others will be considered in our next study. J. C. Rogers.

What We May Become

Young people may reach God's ideal for them if they will take Christ as their helper. Make an unreserved surrender to God. To know that you are striving for eternal life, will strengthen and comfort you. Christ can give you power to overcome. By his help you can utterly destroy the root of selfishness.

Christ died that the life of man might be bound up with his life in the union of divinity and humanity. He came to our world and lived a divine-human life, in order that the lives of his children might be as harmonious as God designed them to be. The Saviour calls upon you to deny self, and take up the cross. Then nothing will prevent the development of the whole being. The daily experience will reveal healthy, harmonious action.

In the strength of the Redeemer you can work with wisdom and power to help some crooked life to be straight in God. What is there that Christ can not do? He is perfect in wisdom, in righteousness, in love. Do not shut yourselves up to yourselves, satisfied to pour out all your affection upon those nearest you. Seize every opportunity to contribute to the happiness of those around you, sharing with them your affection. Words of kindness, looks of sympathy, expressions of appreciation, would to many a struggling, lonely one be as a cup of cold water to a thirsty soul. A word of cheer, an act of kindness, would go far to lighten the burdens that are resting heavily upon weary shoulders. It is in unselfish ministry that true happiness is found. And every word and deed of such service is recorded in the books of heaven as done to Christ. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren," he says, "ye have done it unto me."

Live in the sunshine of Christ's love. Then your influence will bless the world. Let the Spirit of Christ control you. Let the law of kindness be ever on your lips. Forbearance and unselfishness mark the words and deeds of those who are born again, to live the new life in Christ.

Mrs. E. G. White.

Thoughts That Help

Each human being is worthy of love and help, if not for what he is now, for what he is capable of becoming.

Wide-awake workers, full-of-faith workers, always-at-it workers, never-give-up workers, sure-to-succeed workers, are wanted.

When Moses came down from the mount, where he had been close to God, he "wist not that his face shone." Communion with God gives a power of which the possessor is unconscious, but those who associate with him recognize it.

When Robert Morrison, the first Protestant missionary to China, was about to leave this country for his chosen field, he was sneeringly asked, "Do you really expect to make an impression on the idolatry of the great Chinese empire?" "No, sir; I expect that God will," was the reply. That same faith will break down the barriers that would hinder the accomplishment of any work of God, in any place.

Whether we wish it so or not, the silent influence of each one of our lives goes on unceasingly. Every word that falls thoughtlessly or thoughtfully from our lips is filling up the measure of blessing or cursing in this world. Every act is fraught with weal or woe to others as well as to ourselves. We shall as certainly reap the harvest of the seed sown by our unconscious influence, or by our influence carelessly exerted, as that we shall harvest the seed planted with a careful hand.

"Every one" admits of no exceptions. God has given "to every man his work." Mark 13:34. The following are expressions found in the Testimonies: "There is work for *every one* of us in the vineyard of the Lord." "*Every* follower of Christ is to do something in the work." "Let *every* member take up his individual work." "This is a time when *every* member of the church should be waiting, watching, and working." "Were *every one* of you living missionaries, the gospel would be speedily proclaimed in all countries, to all peoples, nations, and tongues." Compare such excuses as "no time," "no ability," "no opportunity," "no responsibility," with these statements concerning what the Lord is expecting of *every one*. Mrs. L. Flora Plummer.

Endeavorers in Training for Church Work

The following interesting article was written by Amos R. Wells to the Christian Endeavor Societies, but it is equally applicable to our own young people in their relation to the work of the third angel's message:—

The comparison of the Christian Endeavor Society to a training-school for the church is one that is often made, and always fittingly. However far individual societies may fall below the ideal, that *is* the ideal.

A training-school for church work is imperatively needed. The old apprentice system has gone by, yet still merchants must be drilled as clerks, admirals must begin before the mast, generals must start in the awkward squad, engineers must first serve as oilers in the round-house. The church is no exception. It can expect no efficient service without training.

How, and for what, does our society train its members?

The prayer-meeting trains to regular and outspoken testimony. The committee-work trains to varied and thorough Christian service. The daily prayer and Bible-reading train in personal devotion. The church attendance and support train in loyalty to the church. The union-work trains in Christian fellowship.

This training-school ideal implies that the society is never to be an end in itself. It is like the college course, and looks forward to graduation. Its end is full and active church work.

The training-school ideal implies a trainer. Raw recruits do not drill themselves; public schoolboys do not teach themselves. Every detail of the Christian Endeavor work should be under the experienced, loving eye of the pastor.

Yet the beauty of this training-school is its voluntary nature. There are no conscripts here. It is like a trade school, whose students are there of their own eager accord, because they need and want the drill, in preparation for their chosen life-work. What an inspiration in such a brotherhood!

The training-school idea corrects many a false notion about Christian endeavor. It is wrong to expect this society of immature Christians to solve problems that the grown-up church can not solve, to drive out the saloons, pay church debts, carry on the Sabbath-school alone, reanimate a dead church prayer-meeting or a defunct evening service.

To be sure, however, after the training is complete, the church will test its success along these very lines. It will ask, "Are these graduated 'Endeavorers' pouring new life into the church prayer-meeting, church committee-work, church finances, church singing, church activities of all kinds?" And if the answer is, "No," the church must do its Christian endeavor work better.

In short, let the young folks be trained, and let the trained be used.

THE WEEKLY STUDY

The Disappointment and Meaning of the Movement

(April 12-18)

Truly it was amid trial that the Lord glorified the believers who ventured their all upon the confidence that the end was to come in 1844. But he did glorify those who held fast that which they had, by revealing glorious light, and showing that the proclamation of the hour of God's judgment was indeed of the Lord. The opening of an earthly court is formally proclaimed by the court crier. When the great judgment court of heaven was to open, nothing less than a world-wide movement, calling men to face the judgment hour, could answer the requirements. We have most instructive material for studying the topic for this week.

Scripture Portions.— Rev. 10:9-11; Jer. 15:16-21; Heb. 10:32-39; Dan. 7:9, 10; Rev. 11:18; 14:6-8.

Book Portions.—"Great Controversy," latter part of chapter XXII, and chapter XXIV, "In the Holy of Holies;" "Rise and Progress," chapter VIII; "Early Writings," pages 113-116.

One must be ready to bear ridicule and scoffing without flinching, for the sake of Jesus, and to wait for God to vindicate the truth. Scoffers will multiply; and as we come day by day nearer to the coming of Jesus, we shall need to remember the lesson of God's comforting and sustaining grace in apparent defeat. When heaven is a real place to us, and the hope of quickly going there is a reality to our faith, we shall not so much mind "earth's scoffs and scorns." Isa. 50:5-10.

Remember that those who could not bear disappointment were not ready to meet the Lord. The whole experience, to the believers, was a process of refining to prepare them to enter by faith into the heavenly sanctuary with Jesus at the opening of the judgment hour. That is where every soul of us must abide by faith until Christ's ministry as our high priest is done. As the sanctuary service in the courts above is the key to the whole scheme of the advent truth, we will review that subject next week. W. A. S.

Question Hints

(To be given to different members, and answered in the meeting)

What will be the experiences of those who are glorified with Christ? Cite scriptures. What event on earth marked the beginning of the judgment in heaven? Where are we to abide during Christ's work in the sanctuary?

What are the believers now, as in 1844, in danger of doing? When we do not understand God's dealings with us, what are we to do?

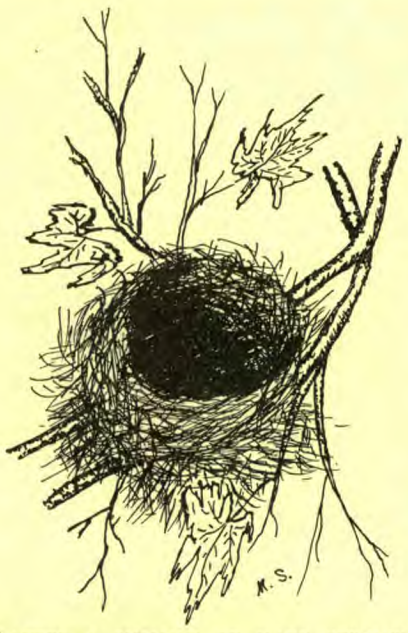
What is meant by eating the bitter book? How was the mistake made in the time?

What was the attitude of the Protestant churches toward the advent movement? How did the believers relate themselves to the churches?

CHILDREN'S PAGE

How the Fashion Started

AFTER a summer of hard service, most of the dwellings of Birdtown had arrived at a state where repairs must be made if they continued to be inhabited, although the majority of the owners held the opinion that it is always better to build a new house than to repair an old one. The young birds proudly dressed their lately



"AFTER A SUMMER OF HARD SERVICE"

grown plumage, and practised their newly acquired accomplishments of flying and chirping, holding themselves in readiness for whatever might come next, without troubling over the condition of the dwellings; but as summer was nearly over in Birdtown, the state of affairs made it very necessary that all its inhabitants make their plans for the winter.

One night a chilling wind blew from the north, making all Birdtown feel the change from summer mildness. Next morning as the birds warmed themselves in the sunshine, most of them decided to escape the coming cold. They knew a land never reached by nipping winds, where trees were green and flowers bright in winter as well as summer. It was within flying distance, too, and the birds made up their minds that, when the weather began to grow too cold to be agreeable, they would abandon their summer homes, and take a few days' journey south, to remain for the winter.

The Thrushes and Warblers, who lived in strict seclusion in a retired portion of Birdtown, were among the first to leave, in company with their less aristocratic if more showy neighbors, the Orioles, Bluebirds, and Finches. Being delicate little creatures, they shrank from the least suggestion of cold, and to avoid it, flew away as soon as their summer work was done, and in a few days were enjoying themselves, each in the summer resort most popular with his family.

The Jays seemed loth to leave their native clime at all, and many of them stayed all winter long, screaming from the tops of the naked trees, as if remonstrating with frost and famine.

Unlike the Jays, the Wrens said nothing of their intentions in the matter, nor expressed their views upon it. Swift and silent as the winter wind, these cautious little fellows came and went as they saw fit, without taking all Birdtown into their confidence. All at once they disappeared, and if they were glad or sorry to go, no one ever knew. And it was the same way when they returned in the spring. In this respect they set a good example for some people I know, who are always telling their plans, and airing their opinions. Indeed, the Wren's motto, "Act, not talk," is a good one for many a community besides Birdtown.

Robin Redbreast did not enjoy travel. Like many persons of real worth, he loved home better than any other place, and at first seemed determined to remain there in spite of winter's cold, cheerful and happy as ever while he lingered. To be sure, he knew that most of Birdtown's population had sought their southern homes, and to be strictly in fashion, he should follow suit; but Robin does not care a chirp for fashion, unless one that suits his tastes and inclinations. In this he differs from many human beings who would grow indignant at the mere suggestion of a comparison between them and Robin Redbreast in the qualities of common sense and personal independence.

But finally every unsheltered insect had perished from cold, and the snow covered the seeds and berries with a thick blanket. With untiring energy, Robin found it hard to pick up a square meal, while the snow chilled his feet, and hampered his movements; so hunger, doing what mere cold could not, forced Robin also into southern exile for a time.

More than any of the others, the Blackbirds seemed to enjoy the prospect of a southern trip, and made great preparations for it. As soon as summer duties were over, they gathered their children together, and went to meet their kindred

"IN THE MARSHY PLACES A REDBIRD DARTING"

in cornfield and meadow. Here they assembled till the ground and fences were black with them, all chattering and calling to one another in great excitement. And when at last their preparations were complete, away they went, in great, merry, social, family parties, bent on having a good time, and enjoying every foot of the journey as well as the delights succeeding it.

The Ducks and Wild Geese, who lived on the lake-shore in Birdtown, getting their living from the lake, loved the cold, and were dressed to endure it. Their thick down cloaks and hoods were all they needed for protection in the severest weather. But as the season advanced, ice began to show on the surface of the lake in the mornings. At first it was so thin it caused no trouble, but day by day it grew more and more substantial, until at last one November morning, there was so firm a crust all over the water that no flapping of wings nor strokes from yellow bills could break it through; so, in order to find a breakfast, the Wild Geese and Ducks were obliged to fly away to warmer regions, where streams and lakes were still unfrozen. In small groups they set out, though half reluctantly it appeared, and as they winged their way across the sky, they kept up a dismal *"Konk! konk! konk!" "Quack! quack! quack!"* as much as to say, *"We shall come back! we shall come back!"*

And sure enough, whenever the weather grows warm in winter, so that the ice thaws in the northerly watercourses, the Wild Geese and Ducks fly back toward their homes; and when it turns cold again, they return to the south while it lasts. Consequently we in Missouri are in the habit of saying, whenever the waterfowl are flying, *"It will be warm to-morrow; for the geese are flying north;"* or, *"It will be cold; for ducks are going south,"* as the case may be.

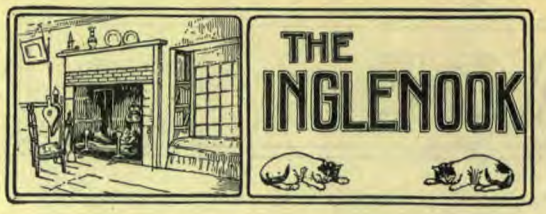
And as the fashion of going south in the autumn prevails with most of the Birds, when midwinter arrives, the number of feathered folk remaining with us is small. A few English Sparrows and Chickadees pick up seeds and crumbs around house and barn; a few sky visitors from still more northern climes flit through the evergreens now and then; a lonely crow sometimes happens along for a few days, alighting on the stubble or in the feed lot; while in the marshy places, on gray, dreary days, one can occasionally catch a glimpse of a Redbird darting among the bare twigs, like a bit of fire bright enough to warm even the chilly landscape.

But for the most part the birds are absent until the approach of spring brings them flocking back. We always look for them with perfect confidence. We know they are as certain to return as the spring itself, while some of them even come a little in advance of it. They never disappoint us, nor make a mistake in calculating the proper time to repopulate Birdtown, but come and go year after year, with unvarying regularity, following their universal fashion of spending their summers in the north and their winters in the south.

When next you happen in a community inclined to boast of its travels; when you hear any one talk of "my northern summers" and "southern winters;" where, as often occurs, traveling is made a popular fad, as if, as in most earthly fashions, its mission were only to answer the whims of vanity and pleasure,—then remember the birds as they come and go, spring and fall, and know that such travel originated in no human caprice, as a measure for frivolous enjoyment, but, founded on the motives of comfort and necessity, is a fashion set by God himself in the minds of the little birds.

Minnie Rosilla Stevens.

"WE SHALL COME BACK"



A Wake-Up Song for Summer

"Wake up! wake up!" chirps the sparrow,
"Don't you know it is to-morrow?"
"I see you!" pipes robin bright,
"Sleeping in the morning light!"
Up! all lazy boys and girls,
Straighten out your tumbled curls!
Open eyes and brighten faces,
Don your smiles and pretty graces!
All the birds are long awake,
All the flowers an airing take;
And before they see your eyes,
They have calls from butterflies!
While the fairy-winged sweet peas
Invite the golden-belted bees
To their breakfast in the shade,
Playing pretty waiter maid!
The cows are eating clover tops,
The farmer tending to his crops;
Cocks are crowing, hens are feeding,
Flocks of fluffy chickens leading.
Listen! how the brooklet babbles,
Washing smooth its shining pebbles,
Taking pictures of the sky,
Talking with the dragon-fly!
Everything is wide-awake—
Hear the crickets in the brake!
Grasshoppers, down in the grass,
Say, "Has it come to such a pass
That the children sleep so late
As we heard the robin state?"
O, who would be a sleepy head,
Lying in a stuffy bed?

—*Youth's Companion.*

A Shaggy Newsboy

The railroad ran along one side of a beautiful valley in the central part of the great State of New York. I stood at the rear end of the train, looking out of the door, when the engineer gave two short, sharp blasts of the steam whistle. The conductor, who had been reading a newspaper in a seat near me, arose, and, touching my shoulder, asked if I wanted to see a real country newsboy. Of course I answered "Yes." So we stepped out on the platform of the car.

The conductor had folded up his paper in a tight roll, which he held in his right hand, while he stood on a lower step of the car, holding on by his left.

I saw him begin to wave the paper just as he swung around a curve in the track, and a neat farmhouse came into view, way off across some open fields.

Suddenly the conductor flung the paper off toward the fence by the side of the railroad, and I saw a black, shaggy form leap over the fence from the meadow beyond it, and alight just where the newspaper, after bouncing along in the grass, had fallen beside a tall mullein stalk in an angle of the fence.

It was a big, black dog. He stood beside the paper, wagging his tail and watching us as the train moved swiftly away from him, when he snatched the paper from the ground in his teeth, and, leaping over the fence again, away he went across the fields toward the farmhouse.

When we last saw him, he was a mere black speck moving over the meadows, and then the train rushed through a deep cleft in the hillside, and the whole scene passed from our view.

"What will he do with the paper?" I asked of the tall young conductor by my side.

"Carry it to the folks at the house," he answered.

"Is that your home?" I inquired.

"Yes," he responded. "My father lives there, and I send him an afternoon paper by Carlo every day, in the way you have seen."

"Then they always send the dog when it is time for your train to pass?"

"No," said he, "they never send him. He knows when it is train time, and comes over here to meet it of his own accord, rain or shine, summer or winter."

"But does not Carlo go to the wrong train sometimes?" I asked, with considerable curiosity.

"Never, sir. He pays no attention to any train but this."

"How can a dog tell what time it is, so as to know when to go to meet the train?" I asked again.

"That is more than I can tell," answered the conductor. "But he is always there, and the engineer whistles to call my attention, for fear I should not get out on the platform till we had passed Carlo."

"So Carlo keeps watch of the time better than the conductor himself," I remarked, "for the dog does not need to be reminded."

The conductor laughed, and I wondered as he walked away who of your friends would be as faithful and watchful all the year round as Carlo, who never missed the train, though he could not "tell the time by the clock."—*Our Dumb Animals.*

Don't Do It "Just for Now"

Many young people form habits which cripple and handicap them for life by doing things "just for now." They let things drop wherever they happen to be "just for now," thinking they will put the book, the tool, the letter, or the article of clothing, later, where it belongs.

It takes no more time nor effort to put a thing where it belongs in the first place, than it does later,—perhaps less,—and the chances are that if you do not do it at the proper time, you never will.

Even if it costs you a little inconvenience, at the moment, to put everything in its proper place, to do everything at the proper time, the orderly and methodical habits which you cultivate in this way will increase your power and usefulness a hundredfold, and may save you much trouble and vexation in the future.—*Selected.*

Next Year Generosity

"No, Helen didn't come," said Lizzie's gentle voice. "We couldn't both be away at once, and I want her to go where she can have a longer rest. I do so want her to go to the seashore, or make a tour of the lakes. How Helen would enjoy such a trip! We can't manage it this year, but I keep hoping it may be possible another summer. It would do her a world of good."

"What a generous, warm-hearted girl Lizzie is!" said an admiring acquaintance, a little later. "She seems so intent on arranging delightful plans for her sister, without a selfish thought about being unable to have a share in them."

"Yes, she is very generous with next year's pleasures," answered Aunt Patience, dryly. "The beautiful things that will probably be as impossible then as now, she is always willing to give to Helen, but whatever little enjoyments are within grasp she secures for herself. Just as she came out here this week, and hopes Helen can have a grander outing some other time, so she will take the new ingrain carpet for her room this winter, and hope Helen can have a velvet art-rug later. Giving the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow to another, while one uses the money at hand for self, is cheap benevolence."—*Forward.*

For Honor's Sake

An American economist recently visited a flower manufactory in Brussels, and found thirty girls at work, with no overseer in sight. Their employer was teaching them to do every bit of work perfectly for honor's sake. The early history of the factory throws light on his success. Before engaging his employees, the proprietor ascertained that other factories paid girls twenty cents a day, and that a woman could not live decently on less than fifty. Very well; in his establishment no lower wage than fifty cents should be paid. Such principles are not the beginning of wisdom alone, but of financial success as well. The proprietor affirms that the loyal devotion and faithful work of his employees more than compensate for the increased expenditure in wages.—*Youth's Companion.*

Mother

There came a day when cattle died,
And every crop had failed beside,
And not a dollar left to show.
Then Father said the place must go,
And all of us, we hated so
To go tell Mother.

Behind the barn, there we three stood,
And wondered which one of us could
Spare her the most. 'Tis easily said,
But we just looked and looked in dread
At one another.

I spoke: "I'll trust to Brother's tongue."
But Father said, "No, he's too young;
I reckon I ——" He gave a groan:
"To know we've not a stick nor stone
Will just kill Mother!

"Maybe a mortgage can be raised.
Here all her father's cattle grazed;
She loves each flower and leaf and bird—
I'll mortgage, ere I'll say a word
To Mother!"

Upon his hands he bowed his head.
And then a voice behind us said:
"Mortgage? And always got to pay?
Now, Father, I've a better way!"—
And there, between the ricks of hay,
Stood Mother.

"I have been thinking, 'most a year,
We'd sell this place, and somewhere near
Just rent a cottage small and neat,
And raise enough for us to eat,"
Said Mother.

"There's trouble worse than loss of lands,
We've honest hearts and willing hands,
And not till earth and roof and door
Can rob of peace, shall *I* be poor!"
She smiled. "And, it seems to me,
You all had better come to tea,"
Said Mother.

As through the sunset field astir,
We three went following after her,
The thrushes, they sang everywhere;
Something had banished all our care,
And we felt strong enough to bear
All things with Mother.

And listen: Once there came a day
When troops returned from far away,
And every one went up to meet
His own, within the village street.
But ere he reached our old mile-stone,
I knew that Father came alone—
And not with Brother.

Then through the twilight, dense and gray,
All that our choking sobs could say
Was—"Who'll tell Mother?"

But waiting for us by the wood,
Pale in the dusk, again she stood.
And then her arms round Father prest,
And drew his head upon her breast:

. . . . . .

"The worst that comes is never death,
For honor lived while *he* drew breath!"
Said Mother.

Often when some great deed is cried
Of one, by flood or flame, who died;
Of men who sought and won their fame;
While all the land rings with some name
Or other,

I think me of one warfare long,
Of Marah's water, bitter, strong,
Of sword and fire that pierced the heart,
Of all the dumb, unuttered part,
And say, with eyes grown misty, wet
(Love's vision, that can not forget),
"All heroes are not counted yet—
There's Mother."

—*Virginia Woodward Cloud.*

INTERMEDIATE LESSON

III—The Tabernacle Finished

(April 18)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Exodus 40.

MEMORY VERSE: "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." John 1:29.

The Lord had made very plain to Moses all the details of the building of the tabernacle. Everything had been done as he directed, and now, after a period of almost six months of labor, everything was completed, and the tabernacle was set up.

Before the building of the tabernacle, every man was the priest of his own household. In the days of Abraham this privilege was regarded as the birthright of the oldest son. But this order was now changed. The Lord had told them how to build a tabernacle for him, and then he chose the tribe of Levi to perform the duties in connection with his sanctuary. The family of Aaron were appointed to the priesthood, the other members of the tribe of Levi caring for the tabernacle and furniture, and attending upon the priests. They were to offer sacrifices or burn incense.

The Lord had told them how everything should be made, even to the garments of the priests. Around the skirt of one of the robes of the high priest were ornaments of golden bells and pomegranates of blue, purple, and scarlet. When he went into the most holy place to minister before the Lord, as long as the people could hear the music of these bells, they knew that his service was accepted of the Lord, and that he had not been destroyed by the Lord's presence.

The most sacred of the priestly garments was the breastplate, made of precious stones, twelve in number, upon which were engraved the names of the twelve tribes of Israel. In wearing this, Aaron always bore the names of the children of Israel before the Lord. In like manner, our High Priest, Jesus, tells us that he has graven us upon the palms of his hands. He will not forget us. On each side of the breastplate was a stone of great brilliancy. These were called the Urim and Thummin. When questions were brought before the Lord, "a halo of light encircling the precious stone at the right was a token of the divine consent or approval, while a cloud shadowing the stone at the left was an evidence of denial or disapprobation."

Every morning and evening a lamb was offered on the altar outside of the tabernacle, and its blood was brought within and sprinkled before the mercy-seat. When any one sinned, he brought a sheep or a goat for an offering, and, laying his hand on its head, confessed his sin, and then took its life because of that sin. Thus the people were taught of "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." Besides the daily service there was the yearly service, which taught the people by figures that all the sins they had thus confessed and put away would through the blood of Christ be blotted out, and remembered no more forever.

Do not forget that all these things were made according to the pattern which the Lord showed Moses on the mount. The true tabernacle, like which this one was made, is in heaven, and Jesus, our Saviour, is the High Priest. Here he pleads his own blood in our behalf when we repent of our sins and seek his pardon, just as the priest in the earthly sanctuary sprinkled the blood of the sacrifices in the holy place in behalf of the sinner who repented. Now is the time for even the children to seek him, that their sins may be blotted out by his blood; for in a little while his work in the heavenly sanctuary will cease, and he will come to gather those who have accepted his sacrifice.

Questions

1. Name the different pieces of furniture that were set up in the tabernacle.
2. What pieces were placed in the holy place? In the most holy place?
3. Who was appointed to the services of the tabernacle?
4. What family alone served as priests?
5. What kind of garments did the priests wear?
6. How long after they left Egypt was the tabernacle set up?
7. How did the Lord show the people that he accepted the work of their hands? Verse 34.
8. What did the people understand by the movements of the cloud?
9. Describe the breastplate. Ex. 28:15-21. Compare these verses with Revelation 21, and note the similarity of the stones used.
10. Who is our High Priest? Where does he bear our names?
11. What does he offer for our sins?
12. When is the best time to seek him to take away our sins?

III—The Manner of the Preacher

(April 18)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 Thess. 2:1-12.

MEMORY VERSE: "That ye would walk worthy of God, who hath called you unto his kingdom and glory." Verse 12.

For yourselves, brethren, know our entering in unto you, that it hath not been found in vain: but having suffered before and been shamefully treated, as ye know, at Philippi, we waxed bold in our God to speak unto you the gospel of God in much conflict. For our exhortation is not of error, nor of uncleanness, nor in guile: but even as we have been approved of God to be intrusted with the gospel, so we speak; not as pleasing men, but God, who proveth our hearts. For neither at any time were we found using words of flattery, as ye know, nor a cloak of covetousness, God is witness; nor seeking glory of men, neither from you nor from others, when we might have claimed authority as apostles of Christ. But we were gentle in the midst of you, as when a nurse cherisheth her own children: even so, being affectionately desirous of you, we were well pleased to impart unto you, not the gospel of God only, but also our own souls, because ye were become very dear to us. For ye remember, brethren, our labor and travail: working night and day, that we might not burden any of you, we preached unto you the gospel of God. Ye are witnesses, and God also, how holily and righteously and unblamably we behaved ourselves toward you that believe: as ye know how we dealt with each one of you, as a father with his own children, exhorting you, and encouraging you, and testifying, to the end that ye should walk worthily of God, who calleth you into his own kingdom and glory.—*American Standard Revised Version.*

Questions

1. With what result had Paul preached to the Thessalonians? Verse 1; chap. 1:5, 9.
2. How had the apostle been treated at Philippi? Verse 2; Acts 16:20-25.
3. What effect did this treatment have upon his preaching at Thessalonica?
4. What unholy characteristics were kept out of his message?
5. How does he speak of the privilege of preaching the gospel? How did he fulfil his trust?
6. Whom alone did he please? How does God differ from man? Verse 4; Prov. 17:3; 1 Sam. 16:7.
7. What other unholy practises were kept out of the apostle's work? How positive was he that this was true? Verse 5.
8. In whom did he glory? Gal. 6:14.
9. What was his manner toward the Thessalonians?
10. How dear were they to the apostle? Why?
11. How earnestly had he labored for them?
12. What could he say of his own life while in their midst? How does such a life compare with the character of those who will meet Jesus when he comes? Rev. 14:5.
13. How tenderly had Paul dealt with these people?
14. What was his one object in all this? Unto what has God called all who will follow him? See also 1 Cor. 1:9.

Notes

When the grace of the gospel of God came to the apostle Paul, it came "not in vain." It was revealed not only to him, but in him. Gal. 1:16. The proof that it was not in vain was the service he rendered for God. "I labored more abundantly than they all: yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me." 1 Cor. 15:10.—*Lesson Pamphlet.*

The thoughts brought out in verse 10 are worthy of study. What a consciousness of the abiding presence of God and his own trust in him every moment, must Paul have had, to utter such words as these. None who are false to the trust committed to them, or who do the Lord's work carelessly, could make such an appeal both to God and to those with whom he associated daily. Of those who are living when Christ comes, these same facts will be true. Now is the time to seek the preparation to stand in that day.

Weeding the Strawberry Patch

ONE day grandpa said, "Little one, if you will help me weed that strawberry bed, I'll give you a quarter."

Robert readily assented, delighted at the thought of earning something. Grandpa smiled rather knowingly. He had pulled weeds before. Robert found that many of the weeds were as tall as he, and that they had extraordinary roots. Before an hour had passed, he had learned many more things. Among others, that sometimes the sun is very hot; that if you work hard, you get tired; that it takes a long time to reach the end of a row.

In spite of all this, he worked on bravely, and soon discovered quite an effective method of rooting out the weeds. He would sit down, grasp the weed firmly in both hands, and then pull back with all his strength. Suddenly the roots would give way; and, deprived of any support, Robbie would sprawl backward. However, he was soon able to pull the weeds in this way so quickly that speedy progress was made; and the work was finished by noon of the second day. The patch was no longer "picturesque;" but grandpa and Robert enjoyed its prim, neat look. Even the dog, apparently, shared their pride, and picked his way carefully between the rows, as they returned to the house.

Robert received his quarter; and when, years afterward, some of his relatives rather doubted his ability to do certain things, grandpa said, "The boy has good material in him, and plenty of grit. Don't you remember, mother, how he helped me pull those weeds in the strawberry bed?"

MASON MERRITT.

"WE never can evade or break the law of consequences. But there is one thing we can do, which is like setting a back-fire on a burning prairie — we can always set in operation a new train of good consequences, which will fight against, and finally neutralize and overcome, the bad consequences that threatened to destroy us."

Success

Napoleons and men of mark
  Are all about us everywhere,
At play in every village park,
  At work in every city square,
Who are not satisfied, unless
They find, each day, the gem success.

A quick step and an earnest look,
  A bright face and an eager voice,
From these, as from an open book,
  The day's need makes its ready choice;
And for its hero hath no less
An honor than the gem success.

Be brave, be ready, and be true,
  Through days and weeks and months and years.
Keep one bright star in hourly view,
  Fair with a hope that knows no fears;
And so, in each swift race, possess
Morn, noon, and night the gem success.

Frank Walcott Hutt.

Lessons from a Robin

Several years ago I obtained a red-breasted robin shortly after it had been hatched, and believing the bird possessed the power of song, determined to teach it a melody of Zion. It required time and patience; but finally my reward came, and the bird warbled very distinctly the old song, "Come, ye sinners, poor and needy." After a day of trial and perplexity, how I have been cheered when, on going to the foot of the stairs, and whistling a few bars of the song, there came in response from the sitting-room a flood of melody. As I listened to the song of invitation from the bird, my heart was lifted to the courts of glory, and I could almost hear the angels sing the blessed invitation, "Come, ye sinners, poor and needy." And as I sang the song myself, praises filled my soul that I had been led to accept the message of heaven, and had been adopted into the family of God.

One thing marred the bird's song: a young rooster came often to the window, and the robin had listened to his morning salutation until he was learning to imitate it quite plainly. Yet there was a lesson in this for me. How many times, while listening to the voice of the Spirit, our ears catch the sounds of earth's discord, and our praise, our thanksgiving, is marred. In a little while, from the tongue of saints immortalized, shall ascend a song of praise and triumph not marred by the imperfections of humanity. May the Instructor family be present to join in that scene and song. W. P. J.

New Lights for Lighthouses

With the first of November, says the Washington *Star,* there begins a hard fight all along the coast of the United States,— a fight rarely chronicled, yet incessant and fierce. It is the fight of the coast lights and signals against storm and fog.

Then the keepers are as besieged men. They must save every drop of oil, that their lights may be kept burning even should a new supply fail to arrive when due. They must watch their machinery every minute, for no help could reach them to repair it, should it break down.

On such lighthouses as famous Minot's ledge, off Boston harbor, rising sheer out of the sea, they are imprisoned, unable to move an inch out of their narrow tower.

Minot's ledge light stands eighty-five feet high from the level of the sea. The reef on which it is set is far below the surface in any except low tides even in ordinary weather. When the ocean roars around it in a winter storm, the mariner, looking at it from the sea, can often discern only its brave lantern above the spray. The entrance to this lighthouse is half-way up the tower, and an iron ladder reaches to sea-level. In the winter there are days after days, and sometimes weeks, when no man could venture into that doorway. He would be carried away by the rollers that break against the base, and sweep the little balcony.

But this merely physical fight is only one part of the battle that goes on in the lighthouse during the winter. There is another battle as great. It is worry and anxiety.

The light-keepers of the United States have been trained to look on their lights as the American soldier and sailor look on their flag. So well have they been disciplined, and so well do they guard their trust, that there is rarely a case of a light having failed when human energy and pluck could keep it burning.

When sleet and snow drive over the towers, these men are stricken with the fear that despite all their care the light, burn it ever so brightly, may not be able to pierce the thick air. Only one who has been in a lighthouse through a great winter night's storm, can realize how keen and wearing an anxiety this is to them. Like all men who have to do with the powers of nature, they know that, though they do their best, that best is not good enough if it is not successful.

So, blow the gales as they may, the keepers climb out on the narrow platform around the outside of the big windows that protect the precious lens, and with the weather beating them and the wind threatening to blow them into the black sea below, with waves reaching up to them, they scrape the drifted snow and the frozen sleet from the panes throughout the night, that the light may shine out freely.

The dimming of an ordinarily sufficient light in thick weather has troubled the lighthouse department seriously for years, during which time the engineer and naval officers on the board have experimented constantly. The result of their efforts has been the recent adoption of a lantern lens entirely different from the cylindrical one used to this time.

The new lens is known as the "bivalve," which is expressive of its appearance. Instead of a cylinder of glass revolving around the light, it consists of two immense convex disks joined at the edges by thick brass bands. The value of the bivalve lens is that each face throws an immense beam, concentrating the light rays that in the ordinary lens are dissipated by being shot to many angles.

A bivalve light of the fourth order will throw a flash of five thousand candle-power from a light of only two hundred and fifty candle-power. Only a few of these lamps have been installed as yet. Their cost is heavy, a third-order lens costing twelve thousand dollars.

One of these bivalve lights has been installed in the famous Navesink lighthouse, overlooking Sandy Hook. Although not a first-order light, the new lens makes it one of the most powerful in the world. It throws a flash every five seconds, and the lighthouse department has a report from a sea captain who declares that he saw the flash seventy-five miles at sea. If he was correct, what he saw at that distance must have been the reflection of the flash on the sky; for the Navesink tower is two hundred and forty-six feet above the sea, and consequently the extreme limit at which the eye could see the light directly is only twenty-two and one-quarter miles, the curvature of the earth precluding any greater reach. But this light is so powerful that it is certain that its illumination of the sky and sea can be seen from a distance many miles beyond the direct reach of its rays. When twenty miles away from it, its glare is so blinding in clear weather that the eye is dazzled and pained by it.

The bivalve light, of course, must be revolved much more quickly than any cylindrical lens; and as a lens weighs from two to three tons, according to its class, the problem was a difficult one in practical mechanics, since all the lights of the country are revolved by clockwork. A system of chariot wheels mounted on beautiful steel ball-bearings has now been perfected, which carries these great masses of ground glass so smoothly that the touch of a finger is sufficient to set them revolving. Once, as an experiment, a mighty third-order lens was set to revolving in the lighthouse headquarters at Tompkinsville, Staten Island, by a man with powerful lungs, who blew at it until it turned.

A Bird's Elegy

He was the first to welcome Spring;
  Adventurous, he came
To wake the dreaming buds, and sing
  The crocus into flame.

He loved the morning and the dew;
  He loved the sun and rain;
He fashioned lyrics as he flew,
  With love for their refrain.

Poet of vines and blossoms, he;
  Beloved of them all;
The timid leaves upon the tree
  Grew bold at his glad call.

He sang the rapture of the hills,
  And from the starry height
He brought the melody that fills
  The meadows with delight.

And now, behold him dead, alas!
  Where he made joy so long:
A bit of blue amid the grass,—
  A tiny, broken song.

—*Frank Dempster Sherman.*

An Ancient Rose

It is natural to think that the great things will endure. But every lump of coal we put upon our fire ought to remind us how great forests have passed away, leaving only a narrow seam of coal to represent them. On the other hand, very little things may continue. Not one of the varieties of vegetation which made the coal survives, but the microscopic creatures of the deep sea appear to be the unvaried children of those which lived ages ago. The oldest living thing in Germany to-day is not a broad-girthed oak or a spreading pine, but a rose-bush growing on the outside wall of a church in the city of Hildesheim. Eight hundred years ago it was cared for with veneration because it was so old, and still every summer its blossoms cover the wall. When your day is ended, it may not be the great tasks and large ambitions which you will look back upon with satisfaction, but rather some little touch of kindness or deed or faithfulness. As you think of the lives of those whom you have known and loved, it is not always great experiences but little ones which come back to you. The rose of loving-kindness may outlast the oak of strenuous endeavor.—*Well-Spring.*

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