The Youth's Instructor

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

VOL. LI BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN, JULY 9, 1903 No. 27

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

The Shower

GIVE the thirsty grass a drink,
Over-hanging cloud;
See! it is beseeching you,
And its head is bowed.

Water from the sea you bear,
Water from the rill;
You can give the fainting grass
Water if you will.

All the buds and blossoms, too,
Shall they call in vain?
Don't you hear their voices rise
Sweet from hill and plain?

Now the rain begins to fall
Gently as the dew.
"Thirsty grass, lift up your head;
Here's a drink for you!"

Fresh and sweet and pure it falls
On each trembling blade.
"Lift your hearts in thankfulness;
Be no more dismayed."

Great, kind-hearted, dusky cloud,
Full of joy are we;
You have come to bring to us
Water from the sea.

Over valleys deep and wide,
Over mountains high,
You have borne your precious load
Through the far blue sky;

And the lakes and rivers passed
Gave you of their store,
Helping you to bring to us
Life and joy once more.

MARY M. CURRIER.

Japanese Family Customs

IN Japan the birth of a boy brings great rejoicing in the family, and among relatives and friends; for boys grow to be men, the lords of creation, according to the Japanese view. On the fifth day of May occurs a festival in honor of boys. It is celebrated especially in every family that has been blessed by the arrival of a baby boy during the preceding year; also in families where there are boys below the age of seven.

During this festival a curious custom prevails. Tall poles are set up, with round bamboo baskets, all covered with gilding, at the top. Just below these baskets are bright-colored wheels that turn in the wind. Hoisted upon these poles, after the manner of flags, are one or more large, colored carp, made of cloth or paper. Often with the fishes, or on a separate pole, there are long streamers of bright-colored cloth. When a brisk breeze is blowing, filling the scores of fishes, and floating the graceful streamers, a novel sight is presented.

The carp is looked upon as a very resolute and courageous fish, overcoming every obstacle as it ascends the swift mountain streams of the country; so it is chosen to represent the character that it is hoped will be developed by the boys of the family. This festival for boys is said to have been observed as far back as fifteen hundred years ago. But the flying of cloth carp is of very recent origin, banners bearing the pictures of famous men being formerly used.

In a Japanese family the eldest son is honored by the younger members, because of his position; for he is the successor of his father as the head of the family line. And upon the father's death he inherits all the paternal estates. In case there is no son, the eldest daughter becomes the heir; and when she marries, her husband must take her name, and so perpetuate the family line. It is very common for a family that has no son, to adopt one of the younger sons of another household. Such an adopted son assumes the name of his foster-parents, and inherits all the rights and privileges of the eldest born.

At first thought it may seem that the position of the eldest son is greatly to be coveted. But while it brings many privileges, it has also its responsibilities. As the head of the family line, he is under obligations to all the younger members of the family. His sisters are entitled to a home with him until their marriage. He is also expected to open his home to any of his brothers, should they, because of illness or other misfortune, ever need assistance. And should his sisters become widows, they, too, usually return to the family home.

These customs often give rise to much unhappiness. A selfish elder brother has it in his power to hoard his inheritance, leaving the other members of the family to look out for themselves. On the other hand, it is not uncommon for an elder brother to be much imposed upon by relatives who indolently prefer to receive a living from the family estate, rather than to establish homes of their own.

When a young man marries, he takes his bride to his father's home, where she is received as a member of the family. This custom is not without its good features; for the young people have the advantage of the long experience of the parents in all matters of domestic economy. But thoughtful writers in Japan agree that the Western custom is preferable. When a young couple start out in life by themselves, they become the master and mistress of a home of their own. Mothers-in-law are in bad repute in Japan. But here it is the young wife who suffers from the tyranny of her husband's mother.

So there are customs good and bad among all nations. But custom alone, however good, can not bring peace and happiness. The truly happy home is the home where the love of God abides in each heart. The homes of Japan need the gospel of Christ with its uplifting, purifying power.

F. W. FIELD.

Tokyo, Japan,
May 5, 1903.

STREET IN A JAPANESE VILLAGE ON BOYS' DAY

That Day

THERE is a day so well known that the apostle Paul designates it simply as "that day." Here is one instance where he mentions it in this way: "I know him whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that he is able to guard that which I have committed unto him against that day." Again, he says: "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give to me at that day."

But this expression is not confined to the writings of the apostle Paul or to the New Testament. Thus we read in the book of the prophet Isaiah: "Enter into the rock, and hide thee in the dust, from before the terror of Jehovah, and from the glory of his majesty. The lofty looks of man shall be brought low, and the haughtiness of men shall be bowed down, and Jehovah alone shall be exalted in that day." Jesus had the same day in mind when he said, "Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, did we not prophesy by thy name? . . . And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you."

What day is this? — Plainly it is "the day of wrath and revelation of the righteous judgment of God." Evidently it is "that great day of God Almighty." Undoubtedly it is the day of "the revelation of the Lord Jesus from heaven with the angels of his power in flaming fire, rendering vengeance to them that know not God, and to them that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus: who shall suffer punishment, even eternal destruction from the face of the Lord and from the glory

of his might, when he shall come to be glorified in his saints, and to be marveled at in all them that believed (because our testimony unto you was believed) in that day." This is "the day of the Lord."

This is emphatically "that day." There is no day like it in the world's calendar. It is "a day of darkness and of gloominess, a day of clouds and of thick darkness." "That day is a day of wrath, a day of trouble and distress, a day of wasteness and desolation, a day of darkness and gloominess, a day of clouds and thick darkness, a day of the trumpet and alarm, against the fortified cities, and against the high battlements." "Alas for the day!" "Day of wrath, that day!" But there is hope for us in that day, if we are willing to accept the Lord's provision. For he has "interposed with an oath; that . . . we may have a strong encouragement, who have fled for refuge to lay hold of the hope set before us: which we have as an anchor of the soul, a hope both sure and steadfast and entering into that which is within the veil." The Lord grant that we all may "find mercy of the Lord in that day."

W. W. PRESCOTT.

A Study of Words

XI—Our Sub-Cerebral Slaves

IF you speak ungrammatically, do not expect to remedy the defect by merely studying grammar. You will find grammar to be a good square, or plumb-line, or level, with which to test the accuracy of your grammatical structure; but such tests must be applied at one's leisure; it is impossible to apply them in the heat of a discussion or in animated conversation.

As the "law" of the Scriptures convicts one of defects in one's character, so a knowledge of grammar convinces him that he is defective in speech. Just what these defects are, he is enabled to determine, and they are made to stand out in such ugliness that he longs to have his method of speaking regenerated.

This has been exactly my experience. My childhood was spent on the frontier, bordering the Rocky Mountain desert. My parents and grandparents and uncles and cousins, with whom I associated, and from whom I learned English, were not authorities on that subject. Nobody could expect them to be; for they themselves for the most part had been educated on the frontier, and their schooling consisted of finding out the best way to make a desert waste furnish, either from the soil or the wandering herds of buffalo, the necessities of life; of transforming a savage landscape into one of civilization; and at the same time, by persuasion or intimidation, of remaining on good terms with the Indians.

In their own provincial fashion, the people of our settlement expressed their thoughts readily enough; and I learned to do likewise. In fact, when an occasional stranger used correct English, it sounded odd. And this leads me to say to the boys and girls, whom I trust I am entertaining: Beware of being guided by the way a word *sounds*. You can depend upon sound only when all the English you have ever heard or used has been flawless as to grammar.

By and by the time came when, through a study of grammar, I saw how I was sinning against the usage of English, and I deeply resolved to reform. But the mere knowledge of the fact that *him* and *me* and *her* are not subjective forms, that *who* is nominative, and *whom* objective, that *went* and *saw* must not be used in the perfect tenses,—all this availed me nothing. For the good English I wished to use, I did not use; and the bad English which I wished not to use, that I used. I found that with language, as with Christian living, one can not throw off the old habit and take on the new one by merely willing to do so. True enough, the *willing* is important, but the resolute, persistent *doing* of the thing is what counts.

And again I found in my own experience a striking analogy between correcting language faults and character faults.

One by one, I took these grammatical errors in hand. At first the best I could do was to become conscious of my mistake after it was made. Then the time came when I realized the blunder as it was being made, but too late to correct it. Later, the consciousness came in time to correct the error, and finally the right form became automatic, and the mind was left free for other work.

In this connection I can hardly refrain from telling you about the myriad of slaves we all have ranged along the upper part of the spinal cord, which, when they are patiently taught to do our tasks, will finally look after the work entirely, and leave the brain free for higher duties. These are the slaves who are at this very moment interpreting the printed page before you. They are the slaves who take upon themselves the laborious task of manipulating the vocal organs every time you talk. This they do in precisely the same way that you did the work when you were training them. But they will not brook any two ways of doing a thing. They can not distinguish grammatical from ungrammatical expressions, so they fashion the words just as they have oftenest been shown, without regard for company, propriety, or anything else.

Now if you are at this moment using *went* for *gone*, or *who* for *whom*, you have probably made that same mistake a thousand times or more. And those slaves of yours, in the vicinity of the medulla oblongata, have very naturally come to believe that what they have been doing so many times without protest from you, is right.

Suppose, then, you learn in your grammar lesson that *went* is the past-tense form of *go*, that you must not say, "I had went," that *whom* must be used only as the direct object of a verb or a preposition, and that you must say, "It is I who told you," but "It is I whom you told,"—do you not know that your servants will laugh long and loud at your grammar, will say that it sounds outlandish, that it is as unbecoming to you as a silk hat? And unless you watch them, they will continually do those things in the old way, in the face of your threats and bribes and entreaties. There is only one reasonable thing to do under the circumstances, and that is, to drop everything and repeat several hundred times the expressions you have erroneously used. You will be surprised to see how quickly your servants will fall into line with the example you thus set them. They are, in fact, like the whole world: it is the practice, not the preaching; the example, not the precept, which they respect.

I do not know your besetting grammatical sins; you may have only half a dozen; but if you wish to rid yourself of them, do not merely write them out as so many recommendations and pass them down to your sub-cerebral servants, but take the thing in hand, give them five hundred correct examples, and then, instead of a lot of unreliable, slip-shod slaves, you will have a retinue of intelligent, trustworthy, and loyal servants, to whom you can dictate your thoughts with the assurance that every sentence will come out clear-cut and grammatical.

L. T. CURTIS.

Correct English[1]

I HAVE been asked to give some rules for spelling. This is a difficult task; for many of the rules commonly given are impracticable because of their exceptions. Among the numerous rules, the few that follow are perhaps the most useful; and if carefully learned, will often save one much embarrassment:—

1. Monosyllables with a single vowel immediately followed by *f, l,* or *s,* double the final consonant; as, ball, cuff, dull, hill, lass.

Clef, it, of, sol, as, gas, him, has, is, this, thus, us, was, and yes are exceptions to this rule.

2. Monosyllables and words accented on the last syllable, ending with a single consonant preceded by a single vowel, double the final consonant when an affix is added beginning with a vowel; as, beg, beggar; rob, robbed; equip, equipped; remit, remitting.

If the original accent is thrown back by adding the affix, the consonant is not doubled, as prefer, preference.

3. Final *y* preceded by a consonant is changed to *i* before an affix; as, apply, applied; busy, busily; lucky, luckily.

In most words, when final *y* follows *t,* it is changed to *e* before an affix; as, duty, duteous.

Y before an affix beginning with *i* is retained to avoid doubling the vowel.

Dry (except dried, drier, driest), shy, sly, spry, and wry are exceptions to Rule 3.

4. Most words ending with silent *e* drop the *e* before affixes beginning with a vowel; as, have, having; fame, famous; oblige, obliging.

A word ending in silent *e* preceded by *c* or *g,* retains the *e* before an affix beginning with *able* or *ous.*

Words ending with silent *e* preceded by *i* drop the *ie,* and add *y* before the affix *ing;* as, die, dying.

5. Most nouns form their plural by adding *s* to the singular form; as, horse, horses; town, towns; truth, truths.

6. A noun whose last sound does not unite with the sounds of *s* (*ch, j, sh, s, x,* and *z*), forms its plural by adding *es;* as, branch, branches; sash, sashes; loss, losses; adz, adzes.

7. Nouns ending with *o* preceded by a consonant form their plural by adding *es* to the singular form; as, tomato, tomatoes; cargo, cargoes.

Some words of foreign derivation do not conform to this rule; as, canto, cantos; proviso, provisos.

8. Nouns ending in *y* preceded by a consonant change *y* to *i* and add *es* to form their plural; as, lady, ladies; sky, skies; fly, flies.

9. The nouns knife, life, and wife form their plural by changing *f* to *v* and adding *s.*

10. The nouns leaf, loaf, sheaf, thief, self, shelf, half, calf, beef, elf, wolf, and sometimes wharf, change *f* to *v* and add *es* to form their plural.

11. Signs, figures, letters, etc., form their plural by adding the apostrophe and *s;* as, $'s, lb.'s, &'s, o's, 7's.

12. In compound words, the part of the word that carries the chief thought is pluralized; as brothers-in-law, brick-yards, handsful (if more hands than one are full), handfuls (if one hand is filled more than once).

13. Singular nouns, and nouns whose plural is not formed by adding *s* or *es* to the singular, form their possessive by adding the apostrophe and *s;* as, lady's, Fred's, man's, men's, child's, children's.

Compound and complex possessives take the apostrophe on the last word; as, Brown & Bradley's store; the Duke of York's estate.

14. Plural nouns whose plural is formed by adding *s* or *es,* form their possessive by adding the apostrophe to the plural; as, ladies', houses', boys'.

D. D. REES.

[1] PROFESSOR REES will be glad to answer, in the INSTRUCTOR, or by letter, any queries concerning the correct use of words and phrases that may occur to our readers. Address, inclosing two-cent stamp, Prof. D. D. Rees, College View, Nebraska.

LITTLE self-denials, little honesties, little passing words of sympathy, little nameless acts of kindness, little silent victories over favorite temptations — these are the silent threads of gold which, when woven together, gleam out brightly in the pattern of life.—*Canon Farrar.*

The Religion of Burma

I PROMISED to tell my young friends something in regard to the prevailing religion of the Burmese people. They worship Buddha, "The Wise," or "The Enlightened," and after him they are called "Buddhists." Their religion is very old, nearly twenty-five hundred years; and its monuments, temples, shrines, and monasteries are innumerable. Its festivals are carefully observed; and its monastic system is fully established in every part of the kingdom. The members of the monastic fraternity are known as *pon-gyees,* or "holy men."

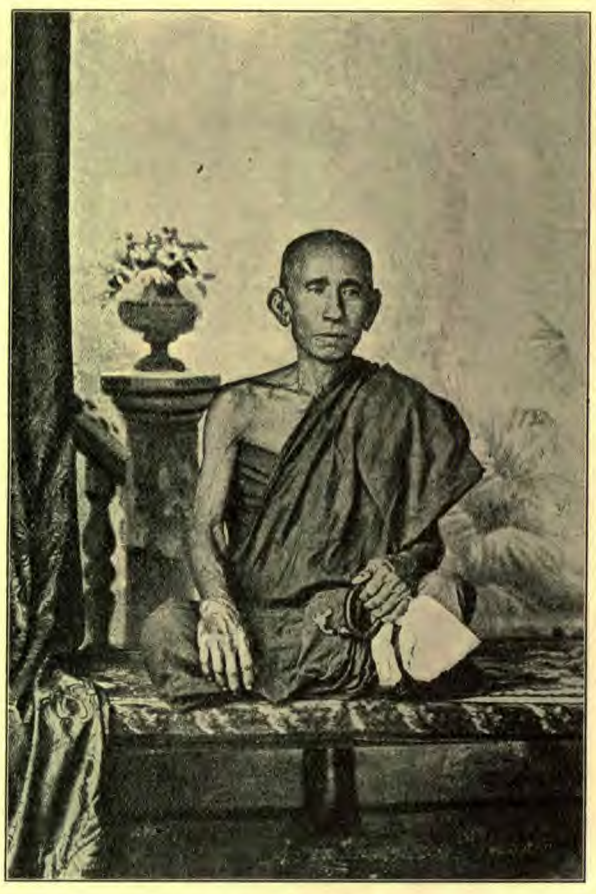
The pon-gyees are not exactly priests, but rather what we would call monks. Their religious ministrations are confined to sermons, and they do not interfere with the worship of the people. They are a very numerous class, and may at once be known by their yellow robes (the color of mourning), shaven heads, and bare feet. They subsist wholly by charity. The vows of the pon-gyees include celibacy, poverty, and the renunciation of the world; however, a pon-gyee may at any time be released and return to a secular life. Hence nearly every Burmese youth assumes the yellow robe for a time. The object of the brotherhood is the more perfect observance of the laws of Buddha.

While visiting the "Golden Pagoda," a temple in Rangoon, we noticed a young Irishman who had joined the pon-gyees, and learned that he was very influential among the monks. The rosary is in general use among the followers of Buddha. The Burman is free from fanaticism in the exercise of his religion, and his most sacred temples may be freely entered by the stranger without offense.

Buddhism teaches man to combat, control, and master the passions of his heart, to make reason predominate over sense, mind over matter, and to practise the virtues required for the attainment of these objects. Buddhism accepts without questioning, and in its most exaggerated form, the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, which lies at the root of so much that is strange in the Eastern character. According to Buddhist belief, when a man dies, he is immediately born again, or appears in a new shape, and that shape may, according to his merit or demerit, be any of the innumerable orders of being composing the Buddhist universe, from a clod to a divinity. It is believed that Buddha himself before his last birth as Sakyamuni (monk) had gone through every conceivable form of existence on the earth, in the air, and in the water, in hell (as they believe in it) and in heaven; and had filled every condition in human life. When he attained the perfect knowledge of the Buddha, he was able to recall all these existences.

This will be sufficient to show you the need of Christian workers among the Burmese. We find them much interested in our health principles, as they themselves are vegetarians. They are anxious to have "Shall We Slay to Eat?" translated into their language.

Sister Meyers and myself visited one of their temples one morning as they were preparing for a feast. When they learned from our Burmese sister, Mah May, that we were vegetarians, they were much pleased, and gave us a friendly invitation to have a meal with them. We enjoyed some luscious fruit in their company. They also gave us some of their tracts.



A BURMESE MONK

The largest temple they have is the "Golden Pagoda," in Rangoon. I must not close without saying a word about this colossal building, which is about three hundred and fifty feet high, and is covered from the top one hundred and fifty feet downward with gold plates, each worth about sixty dollars. Any person furnishing a plate is considered to have done an actual act of merit, and is sure of a future reward. The picture shows the front entrance to the Pagoda. You will notice that it is guarded by two gigantic griffins, which are supposed to be imposing enough to scare away intruding spirits. On a feast-day the broad stairway is alive with throngs of gaily dressed worshipers coming and going; and here also the maimed and the halt congregate to solicit alms. Among the beggars we saw many a loathsome sufferer from leprosy.

That our young people may be interested in the Burmese field, and that some of them may desire to work among the people, is my sincere prayer.

THEKLA BLACK.
Karmatar, India.

THE GOLDEN PAGODA AT RANGOON

Striking Characteristics of the British People

ONE of the most pleasant features of English family life is their method of spending holidays. On almost every pleasant day, and particularly on Sundays, one may see wagon-loads of picnickers on their way to some quiet spot in the country. Such outings are a family matter. From beginning to end the family remain together, and enjoy the day by themselves. Generally speaking, it is not customary for an Englishman to leave his family, and go off for a day's pleasuring with his friends, nor does his wife go to some fashionable watering-place by herself. The family is one, whether at home or when out in the world.

One of the jolliest sights to be seen in England is a family party bound for a day in the country. There are the husband, the wife, the baby,— quite often two babies,— and from three to a dozen children of all ages, packed in like herrings, and all aglow with excitement and expectation. Away into the country they go at a "slapping" pace. They select the quietest roads, and travel along at a famous rate between trim green hedges skirting fields of barley. By and by a grove is reached, a halt is made, and the merry load tumble out. All the sunny day the husband lounges beneath the trees; the children race and romp; the wife cares for the baby, and keeps a vigilant oversight over her numerous brood. When the shadows lengthen, they return. The tired younger ones sleep with heads pillowed on each other, and faces veiled by wandering curls. The elders discuss the events of the day; and an hour or so after darkness has shrouded the great city, they are at home, and demonstrative in their belief that it has been the pleasantest day they ever spent. One can go scarcely anywhere within forty miles of London without meeting a London family having a picnic all by itself. An English family will get more health and solid enjoyment out of a shilling jaunt into the country than many an American family gets from a two-thousand-dollar trip to the seaside or the White Mountains.

Profanity and Tobacco Chewing

These two disgusting practices usually go together. In England they are both conspicuously absent. The English people are greater smokers and tea-drinkers than the Americans; but one may travel from one end of the country to the other, and even through the largest and most wicked cities, without hearing a profane word or seeing a tobacco-chewer. It is a great relief to be able to travel through busy city streets without having to run the gauntlet of collections of tobacco-chewing citizens on the street-corners, and without hearing the profanity which is so common in America whenever we pass a group of men or boys. One writer has said, speaking of a journey through England, that "nothing convinced him more completely that he was indeed far from home, and cast adrift among a strange and peculiar people, than the total absence of curses and tobacco-chewing."

Differences in Language

It is said that the English language is spoken the best and the worst in London of any place in the world. I believe this to be true. No one can exceed the well-educated Londoner in a correct and forceful use of the English language, and no one can more completely murder the king's English than the ignorant costermonger.

On visiting England, one hears many new and strange names given to common articles; and happy is he who is willing and able to observe closely, and adjust himself promptly to the common usage. Nothing could be more foolish than for one to decide that all that he knows and has

ever heard is right, and all that is strange and new is wrong. When visiting any foreign land, we should study carefully the peculiarities of the country, and adopt, as far as we are able, that which is good.

Of course these new names for common articles are confusing at first to an American; but there is a consistency in nearly all of them, and an evident meaning, which enables one to adopt them easily. For example: A railway track is a "line;" a store is a "shop;" a hardware man, an "iron-monger;" shoes are called "boots;" baggage is "luggage;" trunks are "boxes;" a freight-car is a "goods van;" a conductor is a "guard;" a street-car is a "tram;" a pitcher, a "jug;" a railway ticket office is a "booking office;" instead of seating himself in a car, one "finds a seat in a compartment;" and instead of "excuse me," he hears, "I beg your pardon."

The effort to adjust one's self to these various minor peculiarities is perhaps the most difficult experience of an American in England.

Politeness

One thing which will in the end favorably impress an American traveling in England is the almost universal politeness of the people. At first he may feel that politeness is overdone and lies all on the surface; but a more intimate acquaintance with the people will convince him that it is genuine.

The shop-keeper says, "Thank you. Thank you very much," when you make a five-cent purchase, and thanks you very much "for calling," even if you decide not to buy. The barber who shaves you says "thank you" when you turn your face over so he can shave on the opposite cheek. The newsboy says "thank you" when you pay him a penny for the paper. The cab-man, the 'bus conductor, and even the policeman "thank you" whenever there is a possible opportunity for doing so. Some of these may be thanks from the lips only; but it is surely a mark of good breeding, and puts one quite at his ease in dealing with English people, even in the most trivial affairs.

This is not simply a veneering for society purposes. It is just as noticeable at the home fireside, where the children are strictly taught to answer each other and their parents with a politeness and consideration that are truly refreshing.

E. R. PALMER.

Beside the Well

To the well's broad rim, in the evening dim,
Came the dusky mothers with babes at breast;
And the woman fair, who was waiting there,
Told them the story of love and rest.

She had learned those words, like the songs of birds,
In a sweet, far land, where Christ was King,
Where the world was bright, in the beautiful light
Our Saviour came from his heaven to bring.

But they had no clue to the things she knew,
These sad-faced mothers whom care and pain
Had marked their own, in that tropic zone,
Where the gods of the heathen sternly reign.

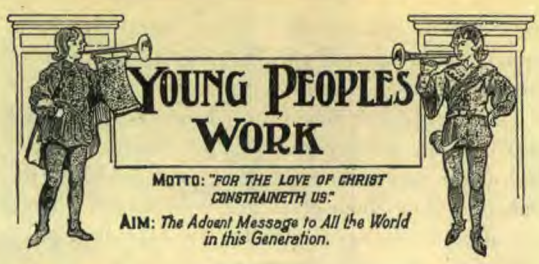
And she vainly tried, till at last, supplied
By a tender thought sent from above,
Over and over, she said and prayed,
And she gently said it, "God is love!"

"As you love the son, your precious one,
You hold in your arms, in joy and pride,
So God loves you with a love that knew
The way to seek o'er the world so wide."

And the gracious tale, that can never fail
To win the heart where it enters in,
Brought tears to the eyes, made daydawn rise,
To the women, lost in that night of sin.

O sisters mine! will ye not resign
Some flitting pleasure, that One above,
May see you send, by the hand of a friend,
This word to the desolate, "God is love!"

—*Margaret Sangster.*



From Montana

OUR young people in Montana are widely scattered, and many of them are obliged to work without the helpful association of others who believe the same message, and are glad for every opportunity to give it to the world. The following reports from such young people are gleaned from letters written to the State Sabbath-school secretary, Miss Lulu White, and forwarded by her: —

"You will think that I am a long time sending you my membership card in the Young People's Society. I thought I could not do anything. You spoke of some of our sisters who have not the *Review and Herald*. If you will send me their names and addresses, I can send it to one of them after we have read it, if that would do any good."

"I have not a very large report to make to the Young People's Society this quarter. I took care of a sick boy one day and two nights, took care of a sick lady one night, and cared for some children two days and one night."

"Following is my Sunshine report: Gave two little boys *Our Little Friend;* carried a little boy's dinner pail to school for him; went to see a sick lady and baked her bread for her; did my work better around the house; bought one lot of tracts and gave them away. I hope to enlarge this report quarterly."

"The Lord has been very near to me this quarter, and blessed me greatly. I have been trying not to let a day pass without doing something for my Saviour, if it was nothing more than to speak a kind word when some one seemed to be in trouble or unhappy; and since then, as I have watched for opportunities, I have seen more chances to work for Jesus than ever before. There are so many times each day, if we do not neglect them, that we can let our light shine and make others happier. I have committed a Bible verse to memory every day for the last six weeks. When we are so busy going to school, it is easy to neglect studying the Bible; but lately, more than ever, I see a greater need of studying the word of God.

"During the quarter I have written several missionary letters, but perhaps the most interesting thing to me was our *Life Boat* trip. As my sister had taken subscriptions for it on Tongue River, we went to Rosebud. We started one Thursday morning, crossed over the hills, and went down the river a distance of twenty-five miles. At part of the houses we stopped on our way down, and at the rest on our way back. More than half the people whom I asked subscribed for it. The Lord blessed us wonderfully, and we had some good experiences."

"Last Sabbath I walked about a mile and a half to take some things to a sick lady. The family that I visited are starving; the mother is sick, and can't do anything, the husband won't work, and there are six little children. It did me good to see them eat the things I took. The mother opened the basket, and the children stood around her, eager to see what was in it, and how their eyes lit up when they saw! While they were eating, I made a fire, swept the room, and made the place look as cheerful as I could. The house is very cold, the floor has big cracks, and the walls too. I never realized that we could find opportunities for this kind of work right at our own homes. I expect to take some papers for them to read soon."

THE WEEKLY STUDY

The Work Organized

(*July 12-18*)

WE now come to an important era, when system and shape were given to the united work of believers, so that in union there might be strength. "Rise and Progress," chapter XX, is the basis of study as regards the steps taken by believers. See also the paragraphs on further steps toward perfecting order, given on pages 246 and 253. We will leave the question of the tithe for the next study.

The topic before us may be dealt with as follows: —

1. The story of the effort, and the ideas which abounded in that time of confusion; how the spirit of prophecy came in as a guiding light.

2. Bible testimony as to order and system in God's work, and illustrations of the disposition men have had to count order and system as an arbitrary and restrictive arrangement to be resisted. 1 Cor. 12:28; Eph. 4:11-16; Titus 1:5; 1 Tim. 3:1-5; 1 Peter 5:1-5; Acts 20:28-31; 1 Chron. 12:33, 38; Acts 7:35, 37, 52; Num. 16:1-3; 1 Sam. 10:26, 27; 2 Peter 2:10.

This whole survey may well be given by one member, and need not require a very long time, though there are practical lessons in it for our own time and work, which we should get. "God is not the author of confusion, but of peace, as in all churches of the saints." 1 Cor. 14:33.

Let us remember the need of order and system in our society work. So much more may be accomplished if every member will bear in mind that he is a part of a whole, to be at his post for every duty, and to be prompt and systematic in carrying out his work. Plan definitely the work to be done, the part each has, and then keep rank and do the work. In order to keep to a united program of service, some one must plan the battle. Make the work of your leader and committee a joy by hearty co-operation. In the conduct of our society work we are to get a training for larger spheres of service, and no experience will be more valuable to us than the discipline of working together with others, keeping step and keeping rank.

The service of the sanctuary has a lesson on order and system. This paragraph from Testimony No. 32, page 30, refers to it: —

"Brethren, never allow any one's ideas to unsettle your faith in regard to the order and harmony which should exist in the church. Many of you do not see all things clearly. The directions in regard to order in the tabernacle service were recorded that lessons might be drawn from it by all who should live upon the earth. Men were selected to do various parts of the work of setting up and taking down the tabernacle, and if one strayed in carelessly, and put his hands to the work assigned to another, he was to be put to death. We serve the same God to-day. But the death penalty has been abolished; had it not been, there would not now be so much careless, disorderly work in his cause. The God of heaven is a God of order, and he requires all his followers to have rules and regulations, and to preserve order. All should have a perfect understanding of God's work."

W. A. S.

CHEERFUL temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty, and affliction, convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.—*Joseph Addison.*

CHILDREN'S PAGE

The Rebellious Tree

IN a very rigid row a eucalyptus tree
Said it really was too tired to keep on growing!
It would like to have a change — from the soil to be set free,
And go where winds would cease a while from blowing!

So one midsummer night it pulled its roots away,
And pushed the sidewalk into heaps erratic.
It had broken ranks at last, and in the morning gray
It stood alone and planned a life ecstatic.

Defiant of the breeze that swept the rigid line,
It would not breathe its resin out, nor rustle;
Its leaves stood out like quills upon a porcupine,
While the other trees kept up their ceaseless bustle.

When the supervisor saw the eucalyptus tree,
He said, "O-ho, I soon must find a cutter!
This self-promoted captain immediately shall be
From off the sidewalk pushed into the gutter."

And then, alas! the tree that broke the rigid row
Invoked the breeze to help it to retreat;
But the cutter came at noon, and at sunset, you must know,
The rebellious tree was lying in the street.

— *Selected.*

Learning to Smoke

MANY boys think they will never be men until they learn to smoke. But it is a sad sight indeed to see any boy becoming the victim of a habit which will do him life-long injury.

It is bad to smoke a pipe. It is worse to smoke cigarettes. They do not look so very harmful, do they? Let us see. Dr. Decaisne, an eminent French physician, performed some experiments with tobacco in the presence of boys. A mouse that breathed the smoke from one cigarette and a little piece of another died. The poison called nicotine in the tobacco killed it. If birds are forced to inhale the vapor from nicotine in amounts too small to be measured, they almost instantly die. Cigarettes contain more nicotine than any other preparation of tobacco.

A little boy was brought into court, barefooted and in ragged clothing. The officer who had him in charge said he found him gathering cigar stumps from the gutters and sidewalks, and he showed the justice a basket half full of the butts of old cigars, covered with mud and water-soaked.

"What do you do with them?" asked the justice.

"I sell them to a man for fivepence a pound," replied the boy, "and they are used to make cigarettes, such as they sell at the stores."

Boys, if you want your growth stunted, and to grow into a little, weakly man, use tobacco.

If you want to weaken your eyesight, use tobacco.

If you would have a diseased heart, use tobacco.

If you would ruin your digestion, use tobacco.

If you would have shaky nerves, use tobacco.

If you would like a cancer in your throat, use tobacco.

If you would have a bad breath, and become a nuisance to clean and sensible people, use tobacco.

If you would be weak in mind as well as in body, use tobacco.

If you would waste your money and be in poverty all your life, use tobacco.

If you would encourage the appetite for strong drink, use tobacco.

If you would be a slave to a filthy, disgusting habit, and not live out half your days, use tobacco.

A LITTLE HELPER

Would you be free from all these hurtful things, then never, no NEVER, use tobacco.

VESTA J. FARNSWORTH.

The Stump Village

"IT'S the horridest thing I ever heard of!" said Susie, sitting up straight in the hammock.

"Yes," echoed Abbie, "it's the very horridest! To think that Uncle John would take our lovely big field away from us just for the sake of a cross old hooking cow that nobody likes!"

"It's only for one day," said Aunt Fannie, looking up from the peas she was shelling, "and you know, dears, there isn't any other place to keep the cow until her owner comes after her. It's too bad, but Mike made a mistake, and brought her up from the pasture a day too soon."

"But one day is so many when you've only five days left to stay in the country!" objected Susie, almost tearfully. "You know mama doesn't like us to play along the roadside. Uncle John doesn't want us running over the cabbages, and the only other place left is the little south field ——"

"And there isn't a thing there," said Abbie, "but just stumps — old, dried-up stumps!"

"Why!" cried Aunt Fannie, laying aside her work and putting on her big garden hat. "Is it possible that you poor, abused children have never owned a stump village? When I was a little girl, I used to play all summer long with my stump houses. Bring all your littlest china dolls and come with me. I'll show you a beautiful game."

When they had reached the south field, down went tall Aunt Fannie on her hands and knees, and with a big kitchen knife she began to scrape the soft, dead wood from the side of an old pine stump. When it was all nicely hollowed, and the bits of soft, pithy wood were thrown away, the ground near the stump was scraped smooth, sodded with pieces of green moss for a lawn, and the inside of the stump, which looked really quite like the inside of a house, was supplied with rustic furniture made from twigs.

"This is my house and lot," said Aunt Fannie, "but since I haven't any dolls, I shall be obliged to make some poppy people to live in my cottage, and to sit on rustic benches under the trees I am going to plant."

"I choose this stump!" squealed Susie, quickly grasping Aunt Fannie's idea. "I've enough little green acorns to make a lovely fence all round my lot, but my house is to be a palace. See, it looks just like one, with little turrets all round the top."

"I'm going to have a farm," announced Abbie. "This stump with the spreading roots is to be my house because it's almost hollow already, and there's another little stump behind it that'll make a beautiful barn. I'll make a looking-glass duck-pond in the front yard, and all my flower beds shall have tiny pebbles round them for borders. But what'll I do for ducks?"

"White beans make beautiful ducks," said Aunt Fannie. "I used to use speckled ones for hens. I'll give you some of both kinds when you're ready for them."

"I know," cried Abbie, darting off, "where

there is some coarse sand that will make the nicest graveled walks! I'll bring enough for everybody. I can carry it in my hat."

"Of course we'll have to have a church and a schoolhouse," suggested Aunt Fannie. "We might have a post-office, too."

"And stores and a public library," added Susie, quickly falling in with the idea. "Why, this is going to be the loveliest game we've ever played, I do believe!"

So, indeed, it proved; for every minute of the next five days, except when they were eating or sleeping, the two little girls stayed in the stumpy south lot, which had, thanks to Aunt Fannie, suddenly become the most interesting place on Uncle John's farm.

The stump village grew and grew, until it threatened to become a city; tiny winding roads and long straight streets were laid out, artificial streams, with bridges over them made it as much as the china dolls' lives were worth to walk in the public park, and Aunt Fannie's poppy people gave wonderful concerts in the opera-house, which was made from the very biggest stump of all.

Indeed, so fascinated were the two little city girls with their stump village that — would you believe it? — they never went back to the big green field, with its fringe of beautiful trees and its patches of oxeye daisies and black-eyed Susans, except just long enough to say good-by to their chattering playfellow, the brook.— *Selected.*

The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser

NUREMBERG is a city of history and legend, where memories of Attila and Charlemagne, Gustavus Adolphus and Luther, Dürer and Sachs, cluster round tower and wall. No place is better fitted to frame a mystery, and the strange story of Kaspar Hauser seems rightly to belong to these quaint, mediæval streets, where the past centuries live on into the present. Yet the tale of the "Child of Nuremberg" is not one that belongs to the far past. It was not a hundred years ago that it all happened, and the wonder of it is the greater that even in the nineteenth century Kaspar Hauser carried his secret, whatever it was, into his early and mysterious grave.

It was on the twenty-sixth of May, 1828, that a Nuremberg shoemaker just outside the Neue Thor, stood at his door, looking lazily down the street to see, leaning against a wall, as if unable to walk, a lad of seventeen, dressed in such ill-fitting and motley clothes as to attract derision anywhere. The shoemaker had his share of curiosity, and determined to see who this stranger might be; so he advanced toward him. The lad, at the same time, started to advance also, with strange, tottering steps, holding out a letter, which the shoemaker took. It was addressed to "The Captain of the Fourth Squadron of Light Horse, in Nuremberg." The young stranger kept repeating some unintelligible words, accompanied by tears and signs of the greatest distress. Apparently he could neither walk nor talk, and seemed so utterly exhausted and frightened that the good shoemaker assisted him to the captain's house, and asked the servants to give him meat. But the lad spat out the meat with disgust. When bread and water were offered, however, he ate and drank greedily.

The captain was not at home, and the shoemaker and the servants, not knowing what to make of the affair, put the youth in the stable. He lay down on some straw and fell into a deep sleep. When the captain arrived, and he was awakened, he repeated the same sounds, and, by listening carefully, it was found that he was saying, "I wish to become a trooper, as my father was," varied with, "I don't know" and "A horse at home." He uttered these words at random, apparently not knowing in the least what they meant, as if he had learned them by rote. The first letter he had brought — for there were two letters in one envelope — ran thus: —

Honored Sir: I send you a lad who wishes to serve his king truly; this lad was brought to me on October 7, 1812. I am a poor day laborer, with eleven children of my own; I have enough to do to get on at all. His mother asked me to bring up the boy. I have brought him up as a good Christian, and since 1812 I have never let him go away a step from the house, so no one knows where he has been brought up, and he himself does not know the house or the place; you may ask him, but he can't tell you. I have taught him to read and write; he writes as well as myself. If he had parents (which he has not), he would have been a scholar; only show him a thing, and he can do it.

Honored sir, you may question him, but he doesn't know where I live. I brought him away in the middle of the night; he can't find his way back. If you do not want to keep him, you may get rid of him any way you please.

The inclosure was in Latin characters, and said: —

The boy is baptized; his name is Kaspar; his other name you must give him. When he is seventeen, send him to Nuremberg to the Sixth Regiment; that is where his father was. He was born on April 30, 1812. I am so poor I can't keep the boy; his father is dead.

The captain read these letters, and tried again to question his mysterious visitor. In vain; Kaspar simply repeated the same unmeaning phrases. The captain, puzzled and angered, sent the lad to the police, and they locked him up in a cell, where he lay down, and immediately fell into the same deep sleep. Such was the first introduction of Kaspar Hauser to Nuremberg; and no search has ever been able to find out more about him, up to that date, than captain and shoemaker learned that day. Where he came from, how he reached Nuremberg, were part of that mystery that never has been solved.

Mystery, however, is always attractive. In two days, all Nuremberg was visiting the old Vestner tower of Nuremberg Castle, where Kaspar was confined, to see this strange being, seventeen years old, yet with the mind and knowledge of an infant; unable to talk, yet signing "Kaspar Hauser" in a large, unformed hand, on every scrap of paper that came his way; playing with toys, and grasping at shining objects like a baby; unable to walk, and with the soles of his feet as soft as the palm of a woman's hand; shrinking from the daylight, which produced inflammation in his eyes, but able to see in the dark, and to hear and smell with abnormal sensitiveness. Was he an idiot, a lunatic, an impostor, or a phenomenon? The keeper of the prison, Hiltel, a plain and sensible man, placed him in a separate cell, where he could be seen from above without knowing that watch was thus kept upon him. But his actions continued exactly the same — the actions, apparently, of a child of two or three years of age, occupied with small playthings, quick to learn whatever was taught him, forlorn and innocent. He sat always in one position on the ground, and could not walk without fright and difficulty.

Every day brought crowds of visitors — some ignorant, some learned, but all anxious to pluck out the heart of Kaspar's mystery. They questioned him, they tried to instruct him, they experimented on him with snuff and tobacco and brandy, they rang bells in his ear and fired blank cartridges close beside him. Small wonder that poor Kaspar had convulsions before long, and "was continually in tears." However, he learned to talk with great rapidity, and found comfort in the company of the jailer's two little children, who taught him his letters and how to string beads. The jailer and the burgomaster became convinced that there was no imposture in the lad's case; and they took down his own account of himself, as he gradually learned words enough to express it. In July, it was formally issued to the citizens of Nuremberg, as an official statement.

According to this, which is the earliest and fullest account known, Kaspar Hauser, as long as he could recollect, had been kept in a small, dark place — where, he had no idea — but with only enough room to sit on the ground, stretching out his legs before him. In this place he "never heard a sound, or saw real daylight." He slept a great deal. When he awoke, he always found a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water by his side. Sometimes the water tasted strangely, and after drinking it he slept at once, to find on waking that he had on clean clothes, and that his hair and nails had been cut. He had two wooden horses and some ribbons to play with. He had been much happier there than in "this new place where there was so much to suffer." (Poor Kaspar!) "The man," as he called the keeper of this strange, dark place, came in behind him sometimes, but he never saw his face. He had put a table before Kaspar and taught him to write his name, guiding his hand from behind. He had also taught the boy to repeat, parrot-like, the sentences Kaspar had babbled when he first came to Nuremberg. As to how he had come to the city, Kaspar only knew that "the man" had taught him to walk a little, holding him, as always, from behind. After that he had been carried out of the dark place, and boots put upon his feet for the first time; he had been brought out into the night, and half dragged, half led, hour after hour, to Nuremberg; but from what direction, or for how long, he could not tell. Then "the man" put the letter in his hand and left him against the wall, where the shoemaker first saw him.

In support of this story, the fact was indubitable that Kaspar's knee joints showed that he must have spent his whole life in the posture he described. His eyes showed that he had been kept in darkness; his peculiarities of digestion proved that he had never eaten anything but bread and water. His mental condition was exactly that of a being who, without being idiotic, had been deprived of all those means by which the mind learns, reasons, and grows. How such imprisonment could have been possible, and why any one should thus immure a child, and then cast it out upon the world, were bewildering questions. But no one, at that stage of Kaspar Hauser's life, disbelieved in him. The city of Nuremberg, moved with pity, adopted him. He was released and put in the home of the schoolmaster, Daumer, where for the first time in his life he had a bed, which he said was "the only pleasant thing he had found in a world where everything gave him pain." Again, poor Kaspar!

The true tragedy of Kaspar Hauser's life, indeed, was not in his prisoned years, but in his free ones. If ever a lad was spoiled, in the deepest sense of the word, by careless, foolish, curious people, it was this poor, innocent, bewildered creature. His brain, for awhile, developed with astounding success; but the innocence and sweetness, truth and obedience, of his first years in the great world changed little by little to distrust and deceit. He was a show for the curious, and he felt it, whether he was invited to the tables of noblemen or followed in the street by a gaping crowd. He grew moody, nervous, unhappy; and now the clouds that had darkened over his childhood added fresh blackness to his fate.

In October, 1829, while in the house of Daumer, he was found bleeding and unconscious in the cellar. For forty-eight hours he lay in delirium, shivering, and repeating, "Man! man!" and when he came to himself, he told how a man, with blackened face, who he was sure was his former keeper, had attacked him and left him for dead. A guard was given to him henceforth, and he was

committed to the care of a formally appointed guardian, Herr Tucher. But in 1831 an eccentric English nobleman, Lord Stanhope, coming to Nuremberg, was so interested in Kaspar that he induced the city to let him adopt the youth and take him to England. Lord Stanhope made sumptuous presents to Kaspar, gave him a princely allowance, and yet treated him with so ill-balanced an alternation of indulgence and neglect that Herr Tucher first remonstrated and then resigned his post.

It had become settled in many minds by this time that the mystery of Kaspar Hauser was a royal secret. He was the missing heir of the house of Baden, some insisted; he was a scion of the house of Hungary, others claimed. He had been kept in prison for reasons of state, and his life was watched by powerful enemies. Whether there was any truth in this or not, the fact remains that in December, 1833, Kaspar came rushing home to Herr Meyers, bleeding in the side, and told how an unknown man had met him in the court gardens, handed him a purse, and stabbed him. A policeman, sent to the spot, found a lilac silk purse, with a bit of paper in it, on which was written in pencil: —

To be delivered. Hauser will be able to tell you exactly who I am and whence I come, but in order to spare him the trouble, I will tell you myself.
I come from
The Bavarian frontier
By the river
I will even tell you my name.— M. L. O.

Three days after, Kaspar died of the wound, repeating to the last minute the same story of the unknown assailant. With him died the solution of his mystery. Who he was, whence he came, is wrapped forever in impenetrable doubt. Some have thought him a lunatic, some an impostor, some the victim of a great political crime. Many books have been written about him, but nothing has lifted the veil that hangs about the "Child of Nuremberg"— an unhappy and ill-fated child, whose short and miserable life is summed up by the epitaph on his tombstone: —

Here lies *Of unknown birth*
KASPAR HAUSER, *and*
The enigma *Mysterious death.*
Of his times. 1833.

— *Priscilla Leonard, in the Well Spring.*

INTERMEDIATE LESSON

III—The Battle of Gibeon; the Sun and Moon Stand Still

(*July 18*)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Joshua 10: 1-27.

MEMORY VERSE: "Have faith in God." Mark 11: 22.

You remember that after the flood, God called Abraham, and sent him into the land of Canaan. There he built altars and proclaimed the name of the Lord. The burning of Sodom and Gomorrah was a terrible warning to the people of that land of what would be their fate if they went on in their wicked ways. God told Abraham that the iniquity of the Amorites was not yet full; but when there was no longer any hope of their salvation, Abraham's seed should have the land, and cast out the wicked Canaanites.

That time had now come. God knew that if these idolatrous nations were spared, they would lead the Israelites into the worship of false gods.

So the Lord told his people that they were not to make a league with any of the people of the land, but to destroy them utterly. The land of Palestine was to be purified, and God's people planted there, to give the light of the knowledge of God to the world. If they had been faithful, in a short time the whole world would have been warned, the wicked destroyed, and the earth made new.

After the destruction of Ai, all the kings of that part of the country joined together to fight against the children of Israel. But there was one people, the Gibeonites, who did not join this league. Instead of that, they tried to make a league with the Israelites themselves. In the ninth chapter of Joshua, verses three to fifteen, we have the story of the way that they deceived the Israelites, pretending that they had come a long journey. Joshua made a league with them without asking counsel of God.

Gibeon was a great city, and the Gibeonites were mighty men. So when the other nations heard that they had made a league with Israel, they were afraid. Our Lesson Scripture tells what they did, and the great victory over them that God gave to Israel.

Joshua's command to the sun and moon showed his faith in the word of God. Before the battle with the kings began, God told him that he had given them into his hand. Joshua knew that the sun would go down before the battle was ended. He knew that the will of God was not yet done, and that the earth must stand still rather than his promise fail. This is what gave him confidence and power to command the sun and moon. God "confirmeth the word of his servant." He did according to Joshua's word, because it showed faith in His own word. Jesus said to his disciples, "If ye have faith, . . . if ye shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; it shall be done."

We have been learning through all our lessons that the laws of nature show us God's usual way of doing things. But he can work in any way that he pleases, without bringing confusion or doing any damage to his works. He can hold the earth still, or turn it backward, just as easily as he can keep it going in the usual way.

The putting of the foot upon the neck of an enemy was the sign of conquest. David afterward said: "Thou hast also given me the necks of mine enemies; that I might destroy them that hate me." "Thus," said Joshua, "shall the Lord do to all your enemies against whom ye fight." God was showing Israel that he had given all the people of the land into their power.

Questions

1. Why did God tell the Israelites not to make a league with the Canaanites? Deut. 7: 1-4. Had the Canaanites ever had the gospel preached to them? What warning was given to them? 2 Peter 2: 6.

2. What did the nations do after Ai was destroyed? What one people did not join in their league? What did that people do instead? Can you tell how they managed to make a league with Israel? Joshua 9: 3-15.

3. Why were the other nations afraid when they heard what the Gibeonites had done? What did they do? What did the Gibeonites do?

4. How did God encourage Joshua? What was the result of the battle at Gibeon? Can you trace on the map the way that the Canaanites fled?

5. How did God help Israel? Had such a thing ever been done before? When will the same thing happen again? What did God tell Job about the hail?

6. If the sun had set before the battle was finished, what chance would the enemy have had? How did Joshua prevent this? What gave him power to command the sun and moon? What did Jesus say of those who have faith? Matt. 21: 21.

7. Where did the five kings hide? Did they escape? Why not? Tell what was done to them.

8. What did the Israelites show by putting their feet on the necks of the kings? What did Joshua say that God had done for them? What did David say about all his enemies? Ps. 18: 40. Has not God done the same thing for us?

III—Living in Christ

(*July 18*)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Eph. 2: 1-10.

MEMORY VERSE: "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God." Eph. 2: 8.

And you did he make alive, when ye were dead through your trespasses and sins, wherein ye once walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the powers of the air, of the spirit that now worketh in the sons of disobedience; among whom we also all once lived in the lusts of our flesh, doing the desires of the flesh and of the mind, and were by nature children of wrath, even as the rest: — but God, being rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead through our trespasses, made us alive together with Christ (by grace have ye been saved), and raised us up with him, and made us to sit with him in the heavenly places, in Christ Jesus: that in the ages to come he might show the exceeding riches of his grace in kindness toward us in Christ Jesus: for by grace have ye been saved through faith; and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God; not of works, that no man should glory. For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus for good works, which God afore prepared that we should walk in them.— *American Standard Revised Version.*

Questions

1. What has God done for us? How do we know that these promises refer to every Christian? Eph. 1: 1.

2. What is the condition of every one before being made alive?

3. What is the course of the unconverted one? What spirit leads to such a course? In whom does this spirit work?

4. What are such people called in verse 3? Why are they children of wrath?

5. How is the life of the children of wrath described? Whom do they please?

6. Who interposed to save us from wrath? Why did he do this?

7. When were we made alive? With whom? How only are we saved?

8. What more has he done besides giving us this new life?

9. What is God's purpose in this?

10. What conclusion does he draw? Verse 8. Then how only are we saved? From what source does even the faith come?

11. Why are we not saved by works?

12. Whose workmanship are we? In whom are we created?

13. Who has done the work? What relation do we sustain to these good works?

Notes

1. Through God's favor alone we are saved. When we remember that all the work has been done for us, and that no work on our part will make our salvation more sure, the way seems easy. God has done all for us that can be done. It remains for us to choose God's way. Even the faith by which we accept the gift is a gift also, "and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God." It is all a gift. We take all, and in return give all, which is only our poor, sinful, helpless selves.

2. While we study these beautiful lessons, so full of the richness and fulness that our Father has in readiness for us, let us seek him that these experiences may be ours. No one who studies these lessons is too young to accept the gift of salvation so freely given, and receive the earnest of the Spirit, which brings a sweetness into life that even a child will enjoy. Pray much as you study these lessons, that the Holy Spirit may teach you. Just now, while you study, is the time to accept the salvation already yours. We dare not delay. Soon the Saviour will come, and we not only want to be ready to meet him when he comes, but to help others to be ready, by showing them the way.

IN THE CHRISTIAN PATHWAY

Be Pitiful

BE pitiful unto the young; for they have griefs to bear,
They are so new to pain and loss and life's strange fret and care;
So many things have they to learn, hard problems on each hand,
And baffled wills, and troubled fears,— all hard to understand.

Be pitiful unto the tired; so many burdens press
On those who in the forefront stand in noonday's toil and stress;
The aching shoulders, weary heads, and lagging footsteps plead
For kindly words and loving smiles to help them in their need.

Be pitiful unto the sick; for in their shadowed rooms
They brood o'er many shattered plans, and face foreboding glooms;
So helpless are they and so weak, they need unfailing cheer
To soothe them in their loneliness and pain and haunting fear.

Be pitiful unto the old: they sit with nerveless hands,
Apart from life's activities, and count fast-waning sands;
Their wrinkled faces, failing powers, and dimming eyes appeal
For patient kindliness of love their low estate to feel.

Be pitiful, be pitiful, ye strong, and brave of heart!
For sometime with the sick and old ye, too, may wait apart;
But, now, if we would surely win a blessing that endures,
Let the sweet charm and patient grace of kindliness be yours!

— *Emma A. Lente.*

Lessons from the Life of Daniel — VI

The Reward of Temperance

DURING their three years of training, Daniel and his associates maintained their abstemious habits, their allegiance to God, and their constant dependence upon his power. When the time came for their abilities and acquirements to be tested by the king, they were examined with other candidates for the service of the kingdom. But "among them all was found none like Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael, and Azariah." Their keen apprehension, their choice and exact language, their extensive knowledge, testified to the unimpaired strength and vigor of their mental power. Therefore they stood before the king. "And in all matters of wisdom and understanding, that the king inquired of them, he found them ten times better than all the magicians and astrologers that were in all his realm."

God always honors the right. The most promising youths from all the lands subdued by the great conqueror had been gathered at Babylon, yet amid them all, the Hebrew captives were without a rival. The erect form, the firm, elastic step, the fair countenance, the undimmed senses, the untainted breath,— all these were insignia of the nobility with which nature honors those who are obedient to her laws.

The lesson here presented is one that we would do well to ponder. A strict compliance with the Bible requirements will be a blessing both to body and soul. The fruit of the Spirit is not only love, joy, and peace, but temperance also. We are enjoined not to defile our bodies; for they are the temples of the Holy Spirit.

The Hebrew captives were men of like passions with ourselves. Amid the seductive influences of the luxurious courts of Babylon, they stood firm. The youth of to-day are surrounded with allurements to self-indulgence. Especially in our large cities, every form of sensual gratification is made easy and inviting. Those who, like Daniel, refuse to defile themselves, will reap the reward of temperate habits. With their greater physical stamina and increased power of endurance, they have a bank of deposit upon which to draw in case of emergency.

Right physical habits promote mental superiority. Intellectual power, physical stamina, and length of life depend upon immutable laws. Nature's God will not interfere to preserve men from the consequences of violating nature's requirements. He who strives for the mastery must be temperate in all things. Daniel's clearness of mind and firmness of purpose, his power in acquiring knowledge and in resisting temptation, were due in a great degree to the plainness of his diet, in connection with his life of prayer.

There is much sterling truth in the adage, "Every man is the architect of his own fortune." While parents are responsible for the stamp of character, as well as for the education and training, of their sons and daughters, it is still true that our position and usefulness in the world depend, to a great degree, upon our own course of action. Daniel and his companions enjoyed the benefits of correct training and education in early life, but these advantages alone would not have made them what they were. The time came when they must act for themselves,— when their future depended upon their own course. Then they decided to be true to the lessons given them in childhood. The fear of God, which is the beginning of wisdom, was the foundation of their greatness.

The history of Daniel and his youthful companions has been recorded on the pages of the inspired word, for the benefit of the youth of all succeeding ages. Through the record of their fidelity to the principles of temperance, God is speaking to-day to young men and young women, bidding them gather up the precious rays of light he has given on the subject of Christian temperance, and place themselves in right relation to the laws of health.

There is now need of men who, like Daniel, will do and dare. A pure heart and a strong, fearless hand, are wanted in the world to-day. God designed that man should be constantly improving, daily reaching a higher point in the scale of excellence. He will help us, if we seek to help ourselves. Our hope of happiness in two worlds depends upon our improvement in one. At every point we should be guarded against the first approach to intemperance.

Dear youth, God calls upon you to do a work which through his grace you can do. "Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." Stand forth in your God-given manhood and womanhood. Show a purity of tastes, appetite, and habits that bears comparison with Daniel's. God will reward you with calm nerves, a clear brain, an unimpaired judgment, keen perceptions. The youth of to-day whose principles are firm and unwavering, will be blessed with health of body, mind, and soul. MRS. E. G. WHITE.

Insignificant People

THE world is full of insignificant people. They are born, they go to school, they work, they eat, they sleep, they talk,— rather frivolously,— they live,— rather aimlessly,— and one day they die, and the world is not much the poorer because of their disappearance. A few men struggle to the front, rise beyond the humdrum level of the crowd, and make their voices heard above the common clamor. But as for the rest, they are insignificant. Why? — Because it is the easiest thing in the world. . . .

A certain method of acquiring insignificance is a love of ease. "Anything for a quiet life," is the motto which has ruined the prospects of thousands. The man who is content to *exist*,— the man who says that work is an excellent thing, and he would rather enjoy a short spell of it, but he feels that "to work between meals is not good for digestion,"— that man will always be miserably small and contemptibly insignificant. You have got to *climb* the ladder of life; there is no lift to take you up. There are prizes to be had, but you must win them; they will not drop into your hands. Do you wish to avoid insignificance, and rise to some nobler height of work and character and attainment? Then you must be ready not only to take opportunities, but to make them. You must be strenuous in effort, dogged in perseverance, indomitable in courage, and cheerful and alert in mind. When Cromwell was asked to postpone an enterprise, and "wait till the iron was hot," he bravely replied that he would *make* the iron hot by striking it. That is the dauntless spirit we want to-day,— the spirit which laughs at difficulty, and is not to be turned aside from its ambition by all the amiable warnings of prudence or timidity. . . .

Yet another cause of insignificance is what I should call "time-frittering." Some months ago several of the most prominent ministers in New York were persuaded to give their views on "The Best Use of Leisure," for the guidance of young men. I am not sure that there is any topic of much greater importance than this; for you can generally tell the character of a man by the way in which he uses his leisure hours. Time-frittering is undoubtedly the besetting sin of the young men of to-day. Thousands turn away in horror from actual dissipation. But their virtue is of a negative and therefore worthless kind. They abstain from evil, but never do anything good.

The worst and most costly extravagance of which you can be guilty is to throw away your evenings. They are golden opportunities, for which you are responsible, and of which you should make the best and highest use. A popular writer and orator was once asked how he managed to get through such a prodigious amount of work. "Simply by organizing my time," he replied. It is by this invaluable habit of organizing your leisure hours that you will be able to "wrestle from life its uses, and gather from life its beauty."

It is wonderful what may be accomplished by devoting the evenings to some useful study or helpful recreation. Earnest and persistent students have learned several languages in the odd hours of a busy career. Never be afraid of giving up one or two nights a week to your books. "Knowledge is power" all the world over, and what you learn will be sure to come in useful one day. It is an old saying, but I may repeat it with advantage, that "time-wasting in youth is one of the mistakes which are beyond correction."— *Atkins.*

"THERE may be no very close relationship between fate and furniture, yet it is doubtful if any of the world's great problems have been solved by men sitting in easy rocking-chairs."

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