

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

VOL. LI

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No. 33

A Historic Town

I HAVE just returned from Boston,—not the city by that name in Massachusetts, but the Boston which is situated on the east coast of England, the town from which the more modern Boston took its name. While there, I held meetings in



THE TOWN HALL

an old hall, which in the seventeenth century was known as the Guild Hall of St. Mary. In the basement of this ancient structure, the old prison, with its iron-grated cells, remains practically as it was when John Cotton and his fellow "Pilgrim Fathers" were there imprisoned, and kept on bread and water, while in an adjoining room the prison keepers, with their friends, were regaling themselves with savory joints of meat which were there roasted before the great open fireplaces.

The room here shown, in which are the three cannon, is the old prison. At the left are seen the two cells, one with the grated door closed, the other having its door open. Mrs. Corliss and I were locked into the open one for a short time, just to understand how it would seem to be in such a place. These cells are about five by eight feet in size. The open door at the back, behind the cannon, gives a glimpse of the old kitchens, where the feasting was carried on during the imprisonment of heretics. In this room are the same flagstone floor, oak tables, and large open fireplaces used in those old days. One of the fireplaces still has over it the spit used for roasting meat, with the chain by which it was operated.

From the prison room, just back of the cells, there yet remain the narrow stone steps up which prisoners were led, through a trap-door, to the room above, for the purpose of standing trial before the town magistrate.



THE OLD PRISON

The hall where my meetings were held is in the front of the second story, being lighted at that end by the quaint old window seen in the engraving. The hall is entered by passing through the front door from the street, and traversing the flag pavement half way to the rear, to a flight of stairs. At the head of these a turn is made, and the distance is again traveled over to reach the hall.

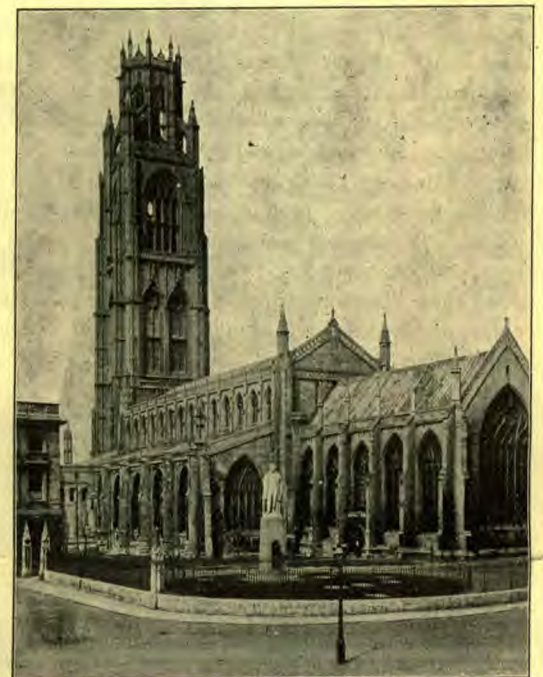
The first bishop of that town was St. Botolph, who is said to have appeared there as early as the seventh century, and built a monastery. From being known as St. Botolph's town, the name was contracted to its present form,—Boston. The large church building which was afterward reared as the result of St. Botolph's work, still stands as a monument to his earnest labors. It is now called the "Boston Stump," from the fact that its spire was never finished, though the top of the base for it reaches three hundred feet in height. From an account preserved in the structure, I learned that the church was founded in 1309, and that the first stone was laid by one Dame Margery Tilney, in a bed of clay, nine feet below the bottom of the River Witham, on the bank of which it stands. The length of the building is over three hundred feet, the width one hundred feet. Its roof is arched with beams of Irish oak, adorned with embossed gold and curious figures. The pulpit now in use there, is the same from which John Cotton thundered forth the alleged heresy which resulted in his imprisonment in the guild hall, and his after retirement, in company with others from that place, and from Plymouth on the south coast of England, to America in the early part of the seventeenth century.

At one side of the town is the Hussey Tower (now in ruins), so named from a celebrated Quaker family that was associated with John Fox, whose residence was in Boston. The poet Whittier was also from that region; and Jean Ingelow's residence is pointed out, with its garden running back to the river.

The town itself is quaint enough. Its narrow streets wind in and out like cow-paths in a New England pasture, and their names are as strange as their appearance. Here are a few, gathered at random: Liquorpond Street, Shodfriars Lane, Bargate, Threadneedle Street, Petticoat Lane,

Wormgate, White Horse Lane, Pump Square, Pinfold Lane. The origin of such names is traced to events or scenes occurring within their precincts at an early day, when people were wholly absorbed in local affairs.

The town is one of deep interest to those who care to look over the place whence America's



ST. BOTOLPH CHURCH

"Pilgrim Fathers" began their stormy voyage across the western ocean, ostensibly to found a home free from persecution. It was with pleasure that I presented the message for our time in the very building where so many thrilling events occurred in the darker centuries of the past.

J. O. CORLISS.

London, England.

The Changa of Porto Rico

THE island of Porto Rico is not very different from other tropical countries; there are fleas, mosquitoes, large rats, centipedes, cockroaches, tarantulas, and many other insects and pests; but the greatest of all is the changa, or mole cricket. This little "pet monkey," as the name "changa" implies, is a constant source of worry to the farmer of Porto Rico, and a destroyer of his crops. For many years it has been known to exist here, but not until about 1876, after the famous hurricane of that year, has it made such ravages as from 1892 to the present time.

In size this insect measures one inch and a quarter when full grown. Its home is in the ground, where it makes tunnels. It is of a light-brown color, mixed with a darker color of the same on the back, and a lighter shade underneath. I never saw anything that so nearly resembles a monkey as this little creature. One day while calling upon a friend, one of the young ladies caught a changa, and dressed it in a pink

dress; had it not been for its size, I would have thought it was a monkey on exhibition.

Its antennæ, or feelers, are made up of eighty joints, and are very sensitive. "It has two pairs of eyes and two pairs of jaws," in one of which are found "six teeth and a blade each." The upper part of its back, near the head, which is shaped very much like a shield, is used in burrowing in the ground. The whole make-up of this insect shows clearly that it was made to live in the earth instead of upon it. The most peculiar thing about it is that "it hears through its elbows." It has been discovered that this insect's legs are composed of "four picks and ten shovels;" is it any wonder that the planters dread to see it on their plantations?

In order to prevent the changa from getting wet, its body is covered with a yellowish down; this also saves it from drowning when the heavy rains come, and wash it out of its home. Its body is soft, clear, and so transparent that you can readily see its breathing-tubes, which are twelve in number, and are placed in two longitudinal rows.

The female changa lays her eggs during the months of January, February, and March. They are oval in shape, smooth, and of a dirty-yellowish color. It is claimed that one female will lay from fifty to one hundred eggs, after which she dies. The baby changa, or larva, is almost white, and is very spry, jumping twenty-five times its length. It does not reach maturity for at least a year, and it is supposed to live only six months after that. Its food consists principally of living plants, which it literally destroys. But do not think from this that the little fellow is a vegetarian; no, indeed, far from it! Often he makes a good fat meal on his dead companions. He does not wait for his food supply to become scarce; but when it begins to get low, he carries the plants into the galleries which he has made under the earth.

During the hurricane of 1876 all the blackbirds on the island were destroyed. These birds had kept the changa down; now it has become a nuisance to the island, and unless some means can be found whereby it can be exterminated, it bids fair to destroy most of the vegetables of Porto Rico. MRS. IDA M. FISCHER.

What Jeannette Missed

"No, I didn't take Jeannette with me when I went to England last summer," said Jeannette's aunt, Miss Graham, talking to a friend. "Such was my intention until after her visit to me in Washington during the winter. I found her one of those unpleasant persons who think it looks countrified to show surprise or pleasure at new things. When I took her to the Corcoran Art Gallery, she merely said that the collection was finer in the Metropolitan Museum. The Library of Congress had too much gilt in the mural decorations, and the Capitol was not so imposing in its appearance as it ought to be, according to her ideas.

"At the churches the music was not so fine as that she had heard in a small inland city church near her village home, which some minister who had traveled much said was the finest he had ever listened to, either in Europe or America. She thought Washington so different from New York. It certainly is; but there is no comparison between the two cities, as I tried to point out to her one day.

"In addition to her criticisms, I was obliged to listen to her gossip of the small village where she lived, until I was tired. Her family, her friends, her neighbors, and herself were assumed to be of as much importance to the world at large as they were to Jeannette. She would wait with impatience for me to finish some remark, and answer with something concerning her own affairs. Be-

fore she went home, I said to her, frankly:—

"My child, you're in a fair way to become a very disagreeable woman. Don't you know it is only polite, when people take the trouble to show you about a new or strange place, to try to see only what is attractive? I advise you to cultivate the quality of being appreciative. And you should try to interest yourself in general matters when you are with strangers, at least. While, by virtue of our kinship, I am interested in all that concerns you, I grow weary of hearing you harp continually on one string—yourself, and your own affairs. You ought to learn to talk about books and current events; to listen more to the conversation of your elders."

"Jeannette cried, and went home feeling hurt and resentful, not dreaming what she had missed when I went to England without her. I'm sorry for her. If she doesn't reform, she is bound to become a soured, disappointed woman, and that bad habit of criticism and comparison will spoil her enjoyment of any pleasures that come her way. Don't you agree with me?"—*Congregationalist*.

The Reporting Time

"KADESH! Kadesh!" rang through the ranks of Israel as orders for encampment echoed through the various tribes. They were near the promised land; already the dim outlines of its distant peaks were discernible, tinted with the delicate hues of an oriental sky. Their impulsive cry was in anticipation of immediate rest.

God, however, had wiser plans. Israel was wholly unacquainted with the promised land in



COTTON PULPIT IN CHURCH OF ST. BOTOLPH

a practical way. So before an entrance into Canaan could be effected, there must be those prepared by direct contact with the land to represent in every respect the country into which they were to enter. These must be men of integrity and faithfulness, who could teach God's requirements to every member of the camp. Should such, after viewing the land, be enthusiastic in favor of entering it, and give evidence that they had acquainted themselves with every feature of the country, what better evidence could be given that the land was a desirable one?

Accordingly, twelve men were chosen, who searched the land from north to south, from east to west. Upon their return to camp, however, they presented a division of sentiment. Ten of the spies had seen the beauties of the land without discerning God's purpose in their mission, and so they advised Israel not to attempt to occupy the territory.

Caleb and Joshua, on the other hand, by their glowing description of the beauty and fertility of the land visited, and by the fervor of their pleas, pressed for immediate occupation. But the faithlessness of the ten only developed fully the same spirit in Israel, and so the promises of Jehovah were rejected. Of course such people could not be counted by God as fit subjects for

the promised home, and so they were doomed never to enter that land of rest. Num. 14:23.

To Caleb and Joshua, however, the only faithful ones of that vast camp, was promised, because of their loyalty, the great privilege of seeing a people prepared through their ministrations and teachings for the inheritance. This involved constant and careful training of those under them through long, weary years. But the message was always the same spirited exhortation, "Let us go up at once, and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it." The sequel of the history presents a generation planted in the "goodly land," at rest from war, presided over by the ever-faithful Joshua, with Caleb enjoying the quiet and repose of the ancient city of Hebron.

To-day is the time of reports. Every one who has the kingdom of God implanted within his heart must become a Joshua or a Caleb. And as of old, his work is definitely that of reporting that which he has seen. In fact, this becomes a condition on which we are made "spies" for God. A people are to be prepared to inhabit the eternal home about to be offered them; and only those who have tasted the joys of redemption can fitly tell of the glories of God's goodness to man. Though, viewed from a human point of view, the work seems a thankless one, we have seen how the Lord accomplished this very same work of preparation through the mediumship of Caleb and Joshua.

This work was begun at Kadesh among the young of that generation, and continued until they were led into Canaan. To-day the young people among us have as great a responsibility. The goodness of the Lord has passed before us,

and this righteousness can be proclaimed only by those who have experienced its power. Then, as we become Joshuas here on earth in performing this work, so shall we in the new-earth state, as did Joshua in old Canaan, be vested with regal dignity; for He has "made us unto our God kings and priests." T. C. O'DONNELL.

Life's Inspiration

I MUST be good. How dare I, sinning,
Set all my spirit's peace ajar?
What joy of heaven were worth the
winning

If I must brand a crimson bar
Between my soul and purity?
I must be good, or, shuddering, see
The sweet world in its ecstasy
Of light go by me, while, afar,
I stand a blot upon the beauty.

For every bird sings in the wood—
Each flower in the bloom of duty.
"I must be good! I must be good!"

How can I lift my eyes at even
To meet the chastened twilight star,
If I have broken faith with heaven,
If act or word or thought have given
My life a wound, my soul a scar?
I must be good. He walks beside me
Whose holy, tender eyes look in
To see my secret wish—to guide me
Out from the shadow of a sin.
And gazing on Thy face, and seeing
How dear thou art, my God, my being
Rises and calls in yearning mood,
"I must be good! I must be good!"

O sin! nor earth nor heaven own thee,
The universe was never thine!
Why have I ever loved or known thee,
What hast thou wrought for me and mine?
Faint, guilty, yet not quite despairing,
I plead the blood of Christ anew,
I listen to the great winds bearing
The song of what my Lord can do.
And reaching up, in heart contrition,
I know that I am understood;
My Saviour's smile hath taught my mission,
He loves me, and I must be good.

—Selected.

Who is the happiest of men?—He who values the merits of others, and in their pleasure takes joy, even as if it were his own.—J. S. Blackie.



The Catacombs of Rome

AMONG the most fascinating of the many historic places in Rome and its suburbs are the Catacombs; and as these are referred to in the "parallel reading" of the young people's lesson for this week, I will try to tell you of our visit to these wonderful subterranean cities of the dead.

There are several of these underground cemeteries in the environs of Rome and Naples, Italy, and in Alexandria, Egypt; but I will confine my description to the catacombs of St. Calixtus, the largest and most celebrated of all the Christian cemeteries, as these were the only ones we had the pleasure of visiting. They are situated in the suburbs of Rome, about four miles from the heart of the city.

An Early Drive

As there are no street-cars running to that locality, it was necessary to drive; and what a delightful drive it was! Imagine it if you can. It was early Sunday morning—one of those perfect days which have given Italy a world-wide fame, and together with its historic attractions have made Rome one of the world's most famous resorts. The busy streets had scarcely begun to stir with life. The refreshing coolness; the deep, blue, cloudless sky; the grand old relics, and beside them the modern shops and dwellings, hotels and castles, where the merchant drives his bargains (as only an Italian merchant can), and the rich pursue their pleasures within the very shadows of a dim, gray past—ah, it can not be told fittingly! Some day you may be privileged to see the Italian skies, and feel the strange, weird, yet delightful, influence of the Eternal City. Some day you may be called to carry the gospel to "them who are at Rome also." I have no better wish for you.

Along the Way

But let us be off to the catacombs. After a few minutes' drive we pass on our left the ruins of the Golden House of Nero, and the Coliseum, and on the right the Roman Forum, the Arch of Titus, and the towering remains of the palaces of the Cæsars. Passing beneath the Arch of Constantine, the best preserved of all the relics of Rome, we leave the crowded city streets, and

(Acts 28:15) how he "thanked God, and took courage" when his friends met him at "the Three Taverns."

The Monks for Guides

At the entrance to the catacombs we were directed to a little office where we were met by two monks, who sell admission tickets, candles, and curios, and act as guides. They belong to a peculiar order of monks, as indicated by their deep wine-colored gowns and hoods. Their general appearance is strikingly weird and solemn, their movements are slow and mechanical, and

soon find ourselves actually driving along the Appian Way (Via Appia), that most famous of all the roads of Italy. It was begun by Appius Claudius in 312 B. C., and was the great military highway to Brindisi. It was over this road that Paul journeyed when he visited Rome; and he tells us

in the walls. It is so dark there that the language of the prophet (Ps. 16:15) 'seems to be fulfilled. 'Let them go down quick into hell.' Only occasionally is light let in to mitigate the horror of the gloom, and then not so much through a window as through a hole. You take each step with caution, surrounded by deep night."

Streets and Tombs

The accompanying diagram represents very accurately the intricate network of galleries or streets. Think of this as the map of a city, as indeed it is, each white line representing a street. This city lies from fifty to one hundred feet below the surface of the ground, and is lighted in places, though very dimly, by shafts extending to the surface. The streets are from three to five feet wide, and from ten to forty feet high. These are not the passages leading to the cemeteries; they are themselves the cemeteries, the dead being buried in horizontal recesses in the vertical walls of the passages, rising tier above tier like the berths in a ship, from a few inches above the floor to the ceiling, to the number of five or six, or even sometimes twelve, ranges. Each recess, or tomb, is about seven feet long,



VIEW ON THE APPIAN WAY

their voices have a high, hollow, ringing pitch, as if acquired from the sepulchral surroundings.

We paid the entrance fee of half a franc (ten cents), were each provided with a little candle, or taper, about the size and length of a common lead-pencil, and were directed to follow the guide.

The City of the Dead

The entrance to the catacombs is not unlike a large western cyclone pit. Descending a flight of about fifty stone steps, we entered the first street of this wonderful silent city of the ancient Christian dead.

This description can not be more fittingly introduced than by St. Jerome's account of his visits to them in his youth.

"When I was a boy," he writes, "receiving my education in Rome, I and my schoolfellows used, on Sundays, to make the circuit of the sepulchers of the apostles and martyrs. Many a time did we go down into the catacombs. These are excavated deep in the earth, and contain on either hand as you enter, the bodies of the dead buried

from one foot to eighteen inches high, and from three to four feet wide. After the body was deposited in this recess, the opening was closed with the greatest care with a marble slab running the whole length of the aperture, or with huge tiles, cemented together with great exactness, so as to prevent any escape of the products of decomposition. If any name or epitaph was given, it was always painted or engraved on this slab.

At frequent intervals there are doors entering into private burial places. These are seldom more than twelve feet square, and have burial places in the walls like those described in the passages. In some parts the doors to private tombs follow each other in orderly succession, like the doors to the chambers along the halls of a hotel.

Occasionally there is a large room or a connected suite of rooms, used evidently for worship during the dark periods when persecution raged most violently. Baptistries, supplied by spring water, and deep enough for immersion, are still in existence. Other evidences, such as fragments of altars, platforms, etc., bear conclusive witness to the well-known fact that these subterranean tombs were at times used as secret gathering places for worship.

Hiding-Places

The catacombs are admirably adapted for hiding-places. The intricate network of passages extends for many miles in such a maze that any one not familiar with the clue would be inevitably lost. The most conservative authority states that there are no fewer than three hundred and



DIAGRAM OF THE CATACOMBS

fifty miles of passageways; and as these wind in and out and up and down on different levels, and are studded all along the way with private passages and chambers, the pursued would be easily passed unperceived by the pursuers. As a rule, also, the catacombs have more than one entrance, so that while one entrance might be carefully guarded, escape would be easy by some secret entrance far away.

History

The earliest Christian catacombs may be assigned to the second century, and the largest number to the third and fourth centuries; and it is believed that their use as cemeteries entirely ceased with the sack of Rome by Alaric, 410 A. D. Near the close of the eighth century, and at the beginning of the ninth century, the popes removed many of the relics and remains from the catacombs, until they were nearly despoiled of their dead. The relics having been removed, the visits of pilgrims naturally ceased, and by degrees their very existence was forgotten, until in the sixteenth century (May 31, 1578) they were accidentally discovered by laborers who were digging for sand, thus revealing to the amazed inhabitants of Rome "the existence of other cities concealed beneath their own suburbs." Bosio, who in the beginning of the seventeenth century devoted his life to the personal investigation of the catacombs, has been aptly designated "the Columbus of this subterranean world."

It has often been conjectured that the catacombs were formed by the quarrying of materials for the building of Rome; but this supposition must be quite erroneous from the following facts: The formation of the earth in the greater part of the vicinity of Rome is in three principal strata, known as the "stony," "granular," and "sandy." The first is quarried as building stone, and the "sandy" is used in making mortar. But the "granular" is a soft, volcanic formation, mixed with sand and clay, and wholly unfit for any use in building. The catacombs are invariably constructed in this "granular" strata. And the reason is evident; for while it is soft enough to be worked without great difficulty, it is hard enough to form good vertical walls with little danger of crumbling seriously or falling in.

Original Use

Undoubtedly these catacombs were formed as a part of the public works of the city of Rome, or at least with the consent and assistance of the city, as a provision for the burial of their Christian dead; and their later and secondary use, as hiding-places, and for secret worship, followed as the result of persecution.

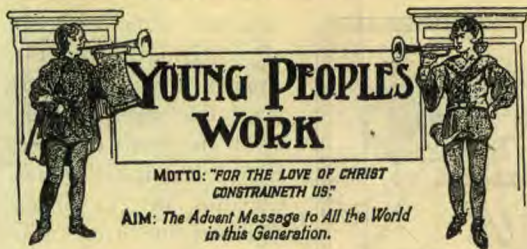
We can not know definitely the history of these wonderful tombs, though little by little they are giving up to the world their long-hidden secrets; but when the Life-giver shall come, and call for his own, thousands from these mighty caverns will respond, and will come forth bringing with them long-hidden experiences, which, may God grant, each reader of this paper will be privileged to hear. E. R. PALMER.

THE Emperor moth is perhaps the most magnificent of all its species; yet it gets its beauty through suffering.

A student watching its struggles to get free from its cocoon, being sympathetic, sought to help the little creature to its liberty; but, doing so, the moth fell to the ground limp and helpless; its beauty absent, and its possibilities blighted.

Left to itself, through its struggling the blood is forced into its gaudy wings; its strength develops, and it floats away in the sunlight.

So, there are lives which get their beauty through suffering and defeat; and as God designed the moth to suffer and be pained that it may have marvelous wings and strong flight, so he means to accomplish for us through our light affliction a "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."—George C. Howard.



THE WEEKLY STUDY

Persecution and Its Results

(62-82 182847)

SCRIPTURE STUDY:—

A time of trouble. Matt. 24:9, 21, 22; Heb. 11:36-38.

In the Master's footsteps. John 15:20; 2 Tim. 3:12.

The dangers of peace and prosperity. Ps. 119:67, 71, 75.

The blessing and salvation. Matt. 5:10-12; Rev. 7:14.

PARALLEL READING:—

"Great Controversy," Chapter Two.

The article in this number of the INSTRUCTOR entitled "The Catacombs of Rome."

Persecution is an attack by Satan in the person of his followers, upon Christ in the person of his followers. The controversy is between Christ and Satan.

Persecution is not war in its commonly accepted sense. It is a struggle between sin and righteousness—an effort of sin to overcome the good. Force arrays itself against love, and its apparent victory is its defeat; while love triumphs in defeat, and obtains life through death.

The church has enjoyed her greatest triumphs in times of persecution and trouble. In times of quiet and prosperity she has become corrupt and weak. Light shines the brightest in the dark. Tender trees and plants grow in quiet, sheltered retreats, away from the storm and tempest. The mighty oak thrives best upon the hillside, exposed to wind and storm, where every blast gives it strength and root.

"All that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." Rest and peace from the persecuting fires come only with the decline of the church. "It is only because of the spirit of compromise with sin, because the great truths of the word of God are so indifferently regarded, because there is so little vital godliness in the church, that Christianity is apparently so popular with the world. Let there be a revival of the faith and power of the early church, and the spirit of persecution will be renewed, and the fires of persecution will be rekindled."

The study of this lesson will suggest to thousands of our young people the important personal question, "How shall I stand in the time of persecution?" When Daniel was brought face to face with the trying ordeal, and forced to stand alone with his God before the wrath of the king of Babylon, the record says of him that he did "as aforetime." Dan. 6:10.

Yes, this is our time of preparation. In the time of peace we develop that sterling material, that moral fiber, which enables us to pass the great ordeal; and those who are true to-day, those who can stand for God in every trying place, are the ones who will pass triumphantly through the last great conflict.

But the greatest harvest of the lost will not be gathered by the whirlwind. Thousands of trees and vines are destroyed by tiny insects working at their roots, where only one is uprooted by the cyclone. There are many who could pass successfully through a great persecution and strug-

gle, calling for heroic bravery and faithfulness, who are entirely unable to endure petty torments and small vexations in daily life. "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines: for our vines have tender grapes." Cant. 2:15. "Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip." Heb. 2:1; or, as the margin reads, "run out as water from a leaking vessel." The leak may be almost imperceptible; but the failing of the waters is sure.

We lose our hold upon God little by little, until some sad day, when the testing trial comes, we find ourselves unfitted for the test.

May the Lord help us to be faithful to-day, while opportunity is given to choose "gold, silver, and precious stones" for our character building.

Mark well the lessons:—

Peace, if purchased at the cost of principle, is too expensive.

Prosperity can not be judged correctly from outward appearances.

Great adversity in temporal things may attend the glorious triumphs of the cross.

Ease invites sin and makes weaklings; sturdy work, hardship, and self-denial give strength and life.

The danger of choosing easy places with good pay, and refusing the trial and self-sacrifice which are found in the footsteps of the Master.

To the Leader

THIS lesson may well be presented in three sections, each occupying about ten minutes:—

The Scripture study.

Study of chapter two in "Great Controversy."

The Catacombs of Rome—a reading gathered from the article in this number, and from such other sources as may be available.

Do not permit historical features to occupy the time which should be used in developing practical lessons for the living present.

Indiana Young People's Work

THE Young People's work in Indiana, while it has not reached very large proportions, is steadily advancing. We have six active Societies, with an aggregate membership of one hundred and fourteen. These young people are learning to do actual missionary work in their own communities, and thus they are receiving a training that will fit them to give the message in the great harvest-field. Many of our youth have had little opportunity for education; "but Christ sees in them qualifications that will enable them to fulfil his purpose."

Some of our reports are very encouraging. The following from the Indianapolis Society shows the work done last quarter:—

Number of members, 17; number added during quarter, 5; amount of funds collected, \$19.56. Of this amount \$5.75 was expended for tracts, \$1.75 for *The Life Boat*, and \$8 for foreign missions, leaving \$4.06 in the treasury. Letters written, 12; letters received, 2; conversations held, 287; subscriptions for periodicals, 18; periodicals distributed, 1,692; number hours' work, 93½; Bible readings held, 18; pages of tracts distributed, 22,365; treatments given, 36; articles of clothing gathered, 30; visits to sick, 13; cases under consideration, 27.

South Bend has done good work with *The Life Boat*, sent clothing to the Life Boat Mission, and a box to the Indiana Industrial School.

The Mt. Vernon Society has distributed tracts and copies of the *Signs, Review*, and *INSTRUCTOR*. They also sell *The Life Boat*.

The Anderson Society is composed entirely of children, but they are trying to hasten the coming of Jesus by scattering literature, selling *The Life Boat*, and visiting the sick.

(Concluded on page 7)

CHILDREN'S PAGE



A Flower Story

It was a pleasant May-day, O very long ago!
An over-arching sky of blue and gladsome
green below,
When two small maids with spelling-books
went tripping home from school,—
A school where easy tasks were set, and kind-
ness was the rule,—
Two little maids with spelling-books, and, as
they homeward walked,

They stopped to pick the dandelions, and hap-
pily they talked;
Till all at once both little maids the self-same
moment spied
The very king of dandelions in all the country-
side.
He was a knightly dandelion, and, straight and
very tall,
He stood above the yellow hosts, his head
above them all.

"It's mine! It's MINE!" cried Bonniebelle, as
on both quickly ran;
"I saw it first, you selfish thing! now,—get it if
you can!"
As Flossie snatched the flower away, Belle's
tears began to flow.
Indeed 'tis queer what little things will make a
quarrel grow.
Why, all about these tearful maids, a-shining
in the grass,
A thousand cheerful dandelions laughed gay
to see them pass.

But when, victorious, in her hand our Flossie
held the prize,
Its gold of shining color grew tarnished in her
eyes;
And, before her clear-eyed mother, possession
brought a sting
That made the gay king dandelion a very hate-
ful thing.

What was the matter, Laughing Eyes, with the
dandelion king?
And why did he to Flossie no lasting pleasure
bring?

A. B. C.

Not the Easy Way

THE warm brightness of the summer day was
melting into the pale beauty of a summer's even-
ing. Mr. Berry's day's work was nearly over.
Only the milking remained, and in Mr. Berry's
opinion that was more play than work. There
were few things he enjoyed more than to sit like
this, under the open sky, with the velvet-eyed
cattle about him.

The streaming milk was beating a merry mel-
ody against the sides of the tin milking-pail, when
a clear whistle sounded in the field at the farmer's
back. Some one was coming through the tall
clover which formed so soft a carpet that a foot-
fall made no sound. Farmer Berry knew very
well who that somebody was. Without turning
his head, he called, "Well, Hitty, good-evening."

"Good evening," Hitty called back in answer.
She climbed over the low "snake-fence" as
lightly as a squirrel, and came to Mr. Berry's
side.

One glance at Hitty told you much concerning
her. She had a sturdy, erect little figure, and her
round cheeks glowed with the flush of perfect
health. It was easy to guess that she loved most
heartily the big, beautiful, outdoor world, and
found her greatest enjoyment in the fields and
woods. To-night her face was graver than
usual, and Farmer Berry, viewing her kindly,
wondered what was on her mind.

Hitty was quite ready to explain. She sat down
in the grass at his feet, and raised her earnest
eyes to his.

"You see, Mr. Berry," she began, "I want to
get some money."

"Lots of folks do," chuckled the farmer.
"What do you want money for, Hitty?"

"Well, you know my Aunt Martha lives in the
city," Hitty returned with the air of one who has
an interesting story to tell. "And the woman
who washes for her has a little girl, 'bout as old
as I am. But she is sick," added Hitty with a
thrill of pity in her voice, "and sometimes she
can not go out doors all winter long."

"Well, that is too bad, now," said Farmer
Berry, sympathizingly. He understood that from
Hitty's point of view, nothing could be worse than
to be shut into the house continually.

"Where she lives, you see," Hitty continued,
warming with her subject, "there aren't any nice
places for children to play in. And my mother
said I might have that little girl come and visit
me for two weeks this summer. But she's so
poor she can't even pay her fare here, and that's
what I want some money for. I thought," said
Hitty, hesitating a little, "that perhaps I might
hire out to you."

The farmer's lips puckered in his attempt to
hide a smile. "Well, Hitty, what did you think
of doing?"

"I guess I could learn to milk pretty quick,"
Hitty answered, with easy confidence.

This time Farmer Berry's smile was not quite
hidden. "But you see, Hitty," he said, gravely,
after a moment, "I don't need any help on the
milking. I do not own many cows, and what
there are I can look after myself."

"Oh!" Hitty's face fell, and she studied a
buttercup intently. "Do you s'pose I could help
on the haying?"

Mr. Berry laughed. "Haying's hard work,
little girl. It takes muscle, grown-up muscle, and
plenty of it, too."

"Well, isn't there anything I can do?" Hitty's
tone as she asked the question showed that she
was growing somewhat desperate.

For a moment there was a silence, broken only
by the musical rattle of the milking-pail, and the
sleepy twitter of the birds in the apple-trees.

"I'll tell you, Hitty," said the farmer, delib-
erately, at last, "my wife hasn't been feeling very
well lately, and if I could find a smart girl who'd
help her about the dishes three times a day, I'd be
willing to pay well for it."

He was silent again while Hitty gazed at him
reproachfully. Washing dishes! There was
nothing she disliked so much. To shut herself
up in a hot kitchen, while the breeze and the sun-
beams were summoning her to the outdoor life she
loved! To plunge her hands into that disagree-
able, steaming water! To polish the silver till
it shone! and scour those unfailing pots and
pans!

"But I don't like to wash dishes," she objected
faintly.

Mr. Berry smiled at her. "Look here, Hitty,"
he said, "you're like a good many other folks I've
known. You want to help somebody, but you
want to do it in a real pleasant way. Now if you
could play around on the hay-fields and earn
money for this little girl, you'd be more'n willing
to do it. But when it comes to giving up outdoor
fun for indoor hard work, you don't feel quite
so generous. Do you, now?"

"But I truly want to help her," said Hitty,
choking a little.

The farmer nodded. "Lots of folks do—till it

costs them something. 'Most everybody's ready
for the easy kind of doing good. The question is,
do you want to give that sick child a fortnight
of fresh air and sunshine bad enough to give up
your own pleasure for a little?"

Mr. Berry had finished milking. He stood up,
putting the stool under his arm, and lifting the
brimming pails cautiously. As his gaze wan-
dered to Hitty, there was an almost anxious look
in his eyes.

Hitty rose, too. "Will you please tell Mrs.
Berry I'll be over to help her right after break-
fast?"

The farmer's face brightened. "That is the
kind of talk I like to hear!" he cried. "Do your
best, Hitty, and I guess you will find I won't be
behind when it comes to paying. Good-night."

"Good-night!" Hitty answered.

As she strolled homeward through the clover-
scented fields, there was a strange contentment in
her heart, the satisfaction which comes from
choosing the path of unselfish kindness, even
though it may not be easy.—*Happy Hours.*

Our Heart Garden

OUR hearts are little garden spots,
And filled with blossoms fair,
Or filled with ugly, hateful weeds
Which spoil the flowers rare;

For weeds and flowers can never grow
Together in the heart;
If only flowers we want to bloom,
We must with evil part.

Then let us pull the weeds all out,
And tend the flowers with care,
And shed, in loving deeds and acts,
Abroad their perfume rare.

KATHRINA BLOSSOM WILCOX.

In the Fog

A True Story

JANIE and Graham had been begging to go
alone for a drive in the dog-cart. They wanted
to go "way-up" the seashore to a lonely place,
out of sight of everybody, where they could play
being shipwrecked.

Mama Duff was afraid something would hap-
pen to them, but Papa Duff said what was the
use of having good, obedient children if you
couldn't trust them to take care of themselves
sometimes. Besides, papa had been at the place
where they wanted to go, and he said nothing
could happen there to them, more than getting
a little wet and seaweedy. He didn't want his
son and daughter to be afraid of things.

So Janie and Graham set off in the dog-cart.
Something did happen, something which fright-
ened them at first, but maybe afterward taught
them not to get frightened so quickly.

After they left the hotel—very soon after—
a fog crept up out of the sea, a fog so thick
that the little shipwrecked pair could hardly see
the dog-cart if they went a little way off from
it; and it made them feel queer. Then, suddenly,
Graham burst into tears, and exclaimed, "O
sister! look! There's a big giant coming after
us."

Janie looked up, and her little face got as
white as the mist. For there, sure enough, it
seemed to her, was a great white giant. He
looked as tall as a tree, as big around as an ele-
phant, and furry like a polar bear.

The children were too much scared to scream.

On came the white giant, on and on, till he caught them in his arms—and lo, and behold—it was papa!

He had come out to guide them home through the fog, lest they should lose their way. On the way home he told Janie and Graham that half the things people were afraid of looked bigger through their fears than they really were, just as he had looked bigger through the fog.—*Jewels.*



Summer Dawn

'Tis sweet to see the light steal o'er the world
In the still freshness of a summer morn;
To see the gray and pink and red and gold,
From out the night sky's purple bosom borne,
Whose jewels, and the light which each one
sheds,
Fade in the gleams a matchless sunburst
spreads.

'Tis sweet to hear the birds with twitterings
Awake among the new-clad branches high,
Or see one slowly soaring in the space
Set for its transit through the pale, dim sky,
While far away the rapturous songster seems
As if half smothered in the light of dreams.

'Tis good to feel night's chilling, dewy breath
Grow gently warmer in the sunbeams bright,
As 'tis for any cold, repellent thing
To warm and soften in a kindly light,
As granite yields to water, lapping low,
And hard hearts melt when lovely measures
flow.

But lest some strident sound or ugly shape
Confuse the bird-songs or disturb the scene,
Go silently, and see it perfect lie
In solitude upon some hilltop green,
Where clearly chimes that rare, elusive tone
Which all through life one only hears alone.

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

Stanley's "Big Pot"

THE "big pot" is what the black men called the boiler of Stanley's steamers. But they could not imagine what it could be that took such "a long time to cook," and finally concluded it must be "the white man's medicine."

It was also a wonder to them how it was that the steamers were made to move. Some imagined that the men who drove them were hidden in the hold. Others guessed rightly that the movement was dependent upon the "big pot."

Poor blacks! how much they have to learn and to unlearn as well. In the dark, and so ready to grasp the light! No wonder they say: "Send teachers quick"! There is need of haste! for while we dally, they are dying.

S. ROXANA WINCE.

Building Without Wax

IN the palmy days of Rome, many of its principal citizens built themselves marble palaces. Once in a while there would be a flaw in the marble, or a bungling workman would chip off too large a piece, and, then, if he or the contractor was dishonest, the hole would be filled in with a kind of cement, known as wax, colored in imitation of the marble. For a time it was impossible, except upon the closest inspection, to detect the fraud; but after a while, on account of the action of the atmosphere and the rain, the wax would become discolored, thus revealing the imposition. When the practise became known, the builders put into their contracts the stipulation that the work should be done *sine cera*,—without wax,—and from that phrase comes our word "sincere."

Build without wax—be sincere, which is merely another way of saying, Be honest. Do not ever attempt to cover up defects by any deception. In the first place, highly resolve that there shall be no defects. If, through any blunder of yours, the work has been marred, make it good if you can, even though it be at considerable cost to yourself. In the second place, if you can not remedy the matter, frankly point out the imperfection, and take the consequences, whatever they may be.

No carpenter can afford to put a rotten scantling in a building, even though in the progress of the work it will be hidden. For he is building more than a house; he is building a character, and that rotten scantling becomes a part of his character. The more rotten scantlings he puts into his houses, the more he puts into his character, so that in time it is sure to break down altogether.

That is what we all are doing—building character; and that should be done *sine cera*—without wax. Into that we want to insert nothing but the best material, well put together, polished in true workmanlike manner, carrying out as well as we can our great Architect's instructions. If at any time we have spoiled the material or have put in poor stuff,—“wood, hay, stubble,”—let us not attempt to conceal it by a deceptive exterior, but cast it out, replacing it with that which is both lovely and durable—“gold, silver, costly stones.” Paul, who was himself a “master builder,” warns us that “each man's work shall be made manifest; for the day shall declare it, because it is revealed in fire; and the fire itself shall prove each man's work of what sort it is.” It may be possible for a while to cover up defects of character, but in time the wax will be so discolored that the faults can not be hidden; or some fiery trial will melt it so that the hideousness underneath will come into view. Build without wax—sincerely, openly, carefully, strongly.—*M. C. Hazard, in Well Spring.*

The Smallest Pygmy Among Fishes

THE Philippine Islands, when more thoroughly explored by Americans, will doubtless be found to contain many curious creatures of land and water of which nothing is now known. Already there has been brought to notice a fish which is remarkable for its diminutiveness.

In 1901, while fighting was still in progress in various parts of the islands, officers of the medical department of the army stationed at the military hospital at Lake Buhi sent to Washington by mail a bottle containing about a thousand specimens of fish from the lake, and some cakes made by the natives from the same kind of fish.

Lake Buhi is a beautiful mountain lake of southern Luzon, said to have been formed many years ago by a volcanic upheaval which blew away one side of Mount Iriga, and scattered lava for miles around. It is reputed to be very deep, and, although many hundred feet above sea-level, is said by the natives to be influenced by the tides.

These fish at first were thought to be young, owing to their small size, but examination proved them to be fully grown, as the testimony of the army surgeons and the natives indicated. Further investigation showed that there had been no description of them in scientific literature, and that no other known fish was so minute when mature.

It became necessary to give a name to this pygmy, and it was the writer's privilege to christen it. The name selected was *Mistichthys luzonensis*, certainly a very long one for such a short creature, but nevertheless very appropriate: for the first word means “smallest fish,” and the second “inhabiting Luzon.” By the tribe of Bicol, in whose territory Lake Buhi is, the fish is called *sin-ar-a-pan*.

The largest example of sinarapan thus far found is only half an inch long, and the smallest

is less than two fifths of an inch. The number of fish in one pound is about sixteen thousand.

Curiously enough, this is an important food-fish, the most valuable in Lake Buhi. Of course it is too small to be caught in ordinary nets, so the Bicolos let down a piece of closely woven cloth and capture a whole school at one haul. The fish are placed in wicker baskets, from which the water drains, and are taken to market. The natives greatly relish them, and eagerly await the arrival of the fishermen, exchanging three or four potatoes, a handful of rice, or a few copper coins for a pint of fish. After the fish are mixed with peppers or other spices, and made into thin cakes, they are dried in the sun on leaves, and are ready to be eaten.

The American soldiers have become very fond of this food, and liberally patronize the little native restaurants where the fish-cakes are served.

Not only is this the smallest fish known to science, but it is also the smallest back-boned animal which has yet been discovered.—*Hugh M. Smith, in St. Nicholas.*

An Adopted Mother

ARTHUR ALLAN was a very tender-hearted little boy, and there were tears in his eyes when he came into the kitchen one morning, carrying in his arms a big brown hen, which had been run over by a hay-wagon and killed.

“What will become of Brownie's little chickens, mama?” he asked. “They are out under a currant-bush, all peeping for their mother.”

Mrs. Allan went out in the garden with Arthur to look at the poor little chickens. There were thirteen of the yellow, fluffy little things, and they were only three days old.

“They mustn't die,” said Arthur. “I'll take care of them myself.”

He brought a basket, and put all the little chickens into it. Then he carried them off to an empty oat-bin in the barn, where there was plenty of room for them to run about.

The next morning, when Mrs. Allan went out to the barn to tell Arthur to hunt for some eggs, she stopped at the oat-bin to look at the motherless little chickens.

There in one corner of the bin hung the big feather duster, and gathered under it were all the little chickens!

“I thought the duster could be a mother to them, mama,” said Arthur. So Mrs. Allen let the duster hang in the bin, and the thirteen little chickens gathered under it until they were old enough to roost on a bar.—*Selected.*

The Pig That Was out of Place

ONE summer morning a piggy-wee-wee, Chose to be naughty as naughty could be; Slipped through a crevice and ran far away, Out on the lawn where the roses bloomed gay, Meaning to have the best kind of time Munching the grasses and clover so fine, Just as he pleased, without any to say What he should play with, or where he should play.

Ah, but alas, for this same piggy-wig! Spying a tempting, green, sweet-brier sprig Laden with bloom, he determined to smell, Never considering if it were well, Till a cross honey-bee, seeking repose, Gave him a sharp little sting on the nose. O, how he squealed, as to mother he fled: “Bees never come here!” was all that she said.

Out of our place, at our work or at play, Bees we may meet on each rose by the way, Which, if we rouse and persistently fret, We may be certain 'tis stings we shall get.

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

THE service of Christ is the business of my life.
The will of Christ is the law of my life.
The presence of Christ is the joy of my life.
The glory of Christ is the crown of my life.—*Selected.*



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

IX—Samson's Capture and Death

(August 29)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Judges 16:4-31.

MEMORY VERSE: "My strength is made perfect in weakness." 2 Cor. 12:9.

Because of his victories, Samson was made judge over Israel. With his wonderful God-given strength he might have gained such a victory over the Philistines that they would never again have been able to attack Israel. But he seems never to have troubled about them, except when they had done him some personal injury for which he wanted to be revenged. At times he still mixed with them, and another Philistine woman was chosen to take the place of the one that he had lost.

Although Samson had great bodily strength, he did not have a strong character. He gave way to self-indulgence, and did not always obey the word of God. Delilah, the Philistine woman whom he loved, was the cause of his capture and death. The lords of the Philistines promised her a great sum of money if she would deliver Samson into their hands.

Our Lesson Scripture, Judges 16, tells us the different ways in which Samson deceived her. You will see that he had three warnings. Three times he saw that the reason why Delilah had bound him was that she might deliver him to the Philistines; and yet he stayed with her. At last, when she vexed him so that he had no peace, he told her the truth.

Notice that Samson did not say that his strength was in his hair. He said that his hair had never been cut because he had been a Nazarene to God from his birth. If he should be shaven, his strength would go from him, because he would no longer be separated to God. Verse 20 gives us the true reason why his strength went from him. It was because "the Lord was departed from him." This shows us that his strength was in God. In his youth "the Lord blessed him. And the Spirit of the Lord began to move him;" and again and again we are told that the Spirit of the Lord came upon him and gave him power to do some mighty work. Now "the Lord was departed from him."

But poor Samson did not yet know this. When Delilah awoke him after his head was shaved, he seems not to have felt the great change that had come over him. He said, "I will go out as at other times before, and shake myself." But it was too late. He made the sad discovery that because he had departed from the Lord, "the Lord was departed from him." So he was captured, and bound by the Philistines, and made to serve in their prison-house.

The God of Israel was dishonored, and the god of the Philistines exalted, through the capture of Samson, which was the result of his sin. The Philistines made a great feast in honor of their god Dagon, because they thought that he had delivered Samson to them. They did not know that God had let them take him that he might in his captivity do what he ought to have done long before when he was free—deliver Israel from the oppression of the Philistines.

At this feast Samson was brought out of the prison to "make them sport." Perhaps they made him give some trials of his strength for their amusement, little dreaming what a terrible proof of it they were soon to have. All the chief of the Philistines had gathered to see Samson. The place was so full that about three thousand were crowded upon the roof. Samson saw in

this his last opportunity to destroy the Philistines and deliver Israel.

Taking hold of the two pillars that held up the house, he bows himself with all his might, the building falls, and Samson lies buried in the ruins with the heaps of slain Philistines. "So the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life." God had said that Samson should begin to deliver Israel from the Philistines, and this is how his word was fulfilled. The work which Samson might have done, but failed to do, in his life was accomplished by his death.

The story of Samson is a terrible warning to us. When we give way to sinful passions, or indulge in evil habits, Satan begins to cast his chains over us. But if we take no heed of the warning, and go on again and again in the same evil way, we awake at last to find that our strength is gone, and we are "holden with the cords of our sins" (Prov. 5:22), and can not shake ourselves free.

Questions

1. What office did Samson have because of his victories over the Philistines? When only did he exert himself to fight with them? What ought he to have done?
2. What was the weak point in Samson's character. With whom did he spend much of his time?
3. What did the Philistine lords persuade Delilah to do? What did they offer to give her?
4. How many warnings did Samson have? What did Delilah first bind him with? What did she then do? How did Samson free himself?
5. What next did Delilah try? What were the new ropes like to Samson?
6. How did Samson again deceive Delilah? How did Samson again escape from Delilah's snare?
7. What at last led him to tell Delilah the truth? How did she prepare to capture him? What happened to Samson when his hair was cut? Last part of verse 20. Did Samson know it? What did he think he could do? What lesson is there for us in this?
8. What did the Philistines do with Samson? Who did they think had given Samson into their hands? What did they therefore do?
9. Who came to the feast of Dagon? Why was Samson sent for? Where did Samson rest during the feast?
10. What did Samson ask God to do for him? Tell how his prayer was answered. What is said of the number that Samson slew at his death?



IX—The Godly Life

(August 29)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Eph. 4:25-32; 5:1, 2.

MEMORY VERSE: "And grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption." Eph. 4:30.

Wherefore, putting away falsehood, speak ye truth each one with his neighbor: for we are members one of another. Be ye angry, and sin not: let not the sun go down upon your wrath: neither give place to the devil. Let him that stole no more: but rather let him labor, working with his hands the thing that is good, that he may have whereof to give to him that hath need. Let no corrupt speech proceed out of your mouth, but such as is good for edifying as the need may be, that it may give grace to them that hear. And grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, in whom ye were sealed unto the day of redemption. Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and railing, be put away from you, with all malice: and be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving each other, even as God also in Christ forgave you. Be ye therefore imitators of God, as beloved children; and walk in love, even as Christ

also loved you, and gave himself up for us, an offering and a sacrifice to God for an odor of a sweet smell.—*American Standard Revised Version.*

Questions

1. What will be put away with the putting away of the old manner of life?
2. What relation do we who are in Christ sustain to one another?
3. What are we exhorted to do when tempted to be angry?
4. How are we to treat the devil? See also James 4:7.
5. What should those do who have taken that which was not their own? What is the privilege of the one who labors with his own hands?
6. From what kind of conversation will the one who has become a new creature in Christ abstain?
7. What will be the nature of his conversation?
8. How are we to treat the Holy Spirit? See also 1 Thess. 5:19.
9. In what way is the Holy Spirit an assurance of redemption? See also Eph. 1:13, 14.
10. What evil traits of character are to be put away?
11. What spirit are we to manifest toward one another?
12. What is to be the measure of our forgiveness?
13. Of whom are we to be followers? Where may we learn how?
14. How should we walk? Who has set us an example? How has he manifested his love toward us?

Notes

1. He who harbors anger in his heart gives place to the evil one. The enemy will tempt the Christian to become irritated; but the Spirit of God, our ever-present help, is ready, always, to raise up a standard against the evil one, if we only consent to his doing so. Provision has been made to keep us from falling. But provision has also been made to help us when we fall; so we need not be utterly cast down. "My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not. And if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous."

2. We are urged not to grieve the Spirit. The temptation to do wrong is not sin, but when we heed it, and yield to the tempter, we grieve the Spirit, which would have kept us from sinning, had we sought his help. When we have failed to heed his gentle summons once, it is easier to yield to the tempter the second time.

Indiana Young People's Work

(Concluded from page 4)

We hope to make the Young People's work one of the features of our coming camp-meeting, July 30 to August 9. August 5 has been set apart for Young People's day. Our first Young People's convention will be held on that date, and we hope that many of our youth will be represented there.

"In this closing work of the gospel there is a vast field to be occupied; and more than ever before the work is to enlist helpers from the common people. Both the youth and those older in years will be called." "With such preparation as they can gain, thousands upon thousands of the youth and those older in years should be giving themselves to this work." "There is no line of work in which it is possible for the youth to receive greater benefit." "With such an army of workers as our youth, rightly trained, might furnish, how soon the message of a crucified, risen, and soon-coming Saviour might be carried to the whole world!"

May the spirit of love and loyalty to Christ so inspire our young people, that they may give themselves unreservedly to his service.

MRS. R. W. McMAHAN.

IN THE CHRISTIAN PATHWAY

In the Morning

I LOOKED at the hills in the morning,
Sweet valleys lay smiling between,
Then I lifted my soul to the Blessed,
Whose love in his mercies is seen.
The sun brought a flush as of roses
To the green earth, and heavens so blue;
But a cloud hid the beautiful sunlight,
And the sparkle died out of the dew.

I prayed in my heart to the Saviour,
That his love might illumine my way;
That the sunshine and joy of his presence
Would brighten each wearisome day;
That strength for each duty be given,
Each action be prompted by love,
Till at last, in the brightness of heaven,
I should dwell with the angels above.

The joy that to me has been given,
In language can never be told,
And my dream of the glory of heaven
Is of Christ in the gateway of gold;
Oh, I pray that no cloud may o'ershadow
The faith that my heart holds as true,
Like the darkening cloud in the morning,
When the sparkle died out of the dew.

L. D. SANTEE.

Lessons From the Life of Daniel—IX Earnestness of Purpose

WE read that Daniel "*purposed in his heart*" that he would not eat of the luxuries of the king's table, nor drink of his wines. This purpose was not formed without due reflection and prayer, and when once his position was taken, he was not to be moved from it.

Daniel's companions, also, resolutely purposed to choose the real, the true, and the useful, rather than the momentary indulgence of appetite and pride. They resolved that their God-given talents should not be perverted and enfeebled by selfish indulgence. They revered their own manhood. They kept their eyes steadfastly fixed on the good they wished to accomplish. They determined to do all in their power to place themselves in right relation to God; and the Lord was not unmindful of their persevering, earnest effort.

When the four Hebrew youth were receiving an education for the king's court in Babylon, they did not feel that the blessing of the Lord was a substitute for the taxing effort required of them. They were diligent in study; for they discerned that through the grace of God their destiny depended upon their own will and action. They were to bring all their ability to the work; and by close, severe taxation of their powers, they were to make the most of their opportunities for study and labor.

While these youth were working out their own salvation, God was working in them to will and to do of his good pleasure. Here are revealed the conditions of success. To make God's grace our own, we must act our part. The Lord does not propose to perform for us either the willing or the doing. His grace is given to work in us to will and to do, but never as a substitute for our effort. Our souls are to be aroused to co-operate. The Holy Spirit works in us, that we may work out our own salvation. This is the practical lesson the Holy Spirit is striving to teach us. "It is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure."

The Lord will co-operate with all who earnestly strive to be faithful in his service, as he co-operated with Daniel and his three companions. Fine mental qualities and a high tone of moral character are not the result of accident. God gives opportunities; success depends upon

the use made of them. The openings of Providence must be quickly discerned and eagerly entered. There are many who might become

mighty men, if, like Daniel, they would depend upon God for grace to be overcomers, and for strength and efficiency to do their work. I address you, young men: Be faithful. Put heart into your work. Imitate none who are slothful, and who give divided service. Actions, often repeated, form habits, habits form character. Patiently perform the little duties of life. So long as you undervalue the importance of faithfulness in the little duties, your character-building will be unsatisfactory. In the sight of Omnipotence, every duty is important. The Lord has said, "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much." In the life of a true Christian there are no non-essentials.

Many who claim to be Christians are working at cross-purposes with God. Many are waiting for some great work to be brought to them. Daily they lose opportunities for showing their faithfulness to God; daily they fail of discharging with whole-heartedness the little duties of life, which seem to them uninteresting. While waiting for some great work in which they may exercise their supposedly great talents, and thus satisfy their ambitious longings, their life passes away.

My dear young friends, do the work that lies nearest at hand. Turn your attention to some humble line of effort within your reach. Put mind and heart into the doing of this work. Force your thoughts to act intelligently on the things that you can do at home. Thus you will be fitting yourself for greater usefulness. Remember that of King Hezekiah it is written: "In every work that he began, . . . he did it with all his heart, and prospered."

The ability to fix the thoughts on the work in hand, is a great blessing. God-fearing youth should strive to discharge their duties with thoughtful consideration, keeping the thoughts in the right channel, and doing their best. They should recognize their present duties, and fulfil them without allowing the mind to wander. This kind of mental discipline will be helpful and beneficial throughout life. Those who learn to put thought into everything they undertake, however small the work may appear, will be of use in the world.

Dear youth, be earnest, be persevering. "Gird up the loins of your mind." Stand like Daniel, the faithful Hebrew, who purposed in his heart to be true to God. Do not disappoint your parents and friends. And there is Another to be remembered. Do not disappoint Him who so loved you that he gave his life to make it possible for you to be co-laborers with God.

The desire to honor God should be to us the most powerful of all motives. It should lead us to make every exertion to improve the privileges and opportunities provided for us, that we may understand how to use wisely the Lord's goods. It should lead us to keep brain, bone, muscle, and nerve in the most healthful condition, that our physical strength and mental clearness may make us faithful stewards. Selfish interest, if given room to act, dwarfs the mind, and hardens the heart; if allowed to control, it destroys moral power. Then disappointment comes. The selfish man has divorced himself from God, and sold himself to unworthy pursuits. He can not be happy; for he can not respect himself. He has lowered himself in his own estimation. He is a failure.

True success is given to men and women by the God who gave success to Daniel. He who read the heart of Daniel looked with pleasure upon his servant's purity of motive, his deter-

mination to honor the Lord. Those who in their life fulfil God's purpose, must put forth painstaking effort, applying themselves closely and earnestly to the accomplishment of whatever he gives them to do.

Dear reader, will you not determine to be as was Daniel,—a loyal, steadfast servant of the Lord of hosts? The God of Daniel works mightily in behalf of every one who seeks to know and to do his will. By the impartation of his Spirit he strengthens every true purpose, every noble resolution. MRS. E. G. WHITE.

ALL that we are his claim demands —
Spirit and brain and heart and hands.

"How Much Do You Wish It?"

HAVE you ever said: "I wish I had a more cheerful disposition?" How much do you wish it? Enough to dispose yourself so as to be in the way of getting it? Your words are idle and sinful unless you will to have it, instead of wishing to have it. You are not responsible for the disposition you were born with, but you are responsible for the one you have to-day. And you have no business to bewail your "bad disposition" while doing nothing to improve it.

Everything you carelessly or seriously purpose to do affects what you are disposed to do. You are disposed to look on the dark side, borrow trouble, and say discouraging things. Suppose you earnestly purpose for one week to look for pleasant things, and speak of them, and never speak of what you dread or do not like. You will be more cheerfully and hopefully disposed at the end of the week, and you know it. "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." It is your duty—your business in life—to work up out of your evil environments, whatever they may chance to be.—*Young Folks.*

Girls in India

ALL girls in India are very fond of pretty and bright-colored dresses. The dress is simply five yards of muslin. When only three or four years old, a little girl begins to learn how to wind it gracefully around the body and over the shoulder. When she goes into the street, she slips one end over the head as a veil. A little short-sleeved jacket is the only other garment she wears. This is a very cool and comfortable costume for the hot climate.

Every family has a jewel-box full of little "cubby-holes" for the ornaments. This is often buried in the mud floor of the women's inner apartment. If you want to see their jewelry, you must make an appointment beforehand, so that they can dig it up. Once in eight days the girls and women wash and comb and oil their hair, and have it nicely braided. They also take off and brighten the jewelry at this time. They would rather starve than give up their jewelry. The poorest people make theirs of tin, brass, lead, glass, sealing-wax, and shells.—*Over Sea and Land.*

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