

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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IN THE CHRISTIAN PATHWAY

The Beautiful Days of Heaven

THEY shall dawn in their wonderful brightness,
Those beautiful days of peace,
When the heart shall thrill in its lightness,
And weariness ever cease.
Forever past is all earthly night,
And the sorrow that earth has given,
And hope illumines, with colors bright,
The beautiful days of heaven.

O days that shall dawn pure and holy,
In the beautiful courts above,
Where the pure, the meek, and the lowly,
Shall bask in a Saviour's love!
Where pain and weeping come never,
And no heart with anguish is riven
Oh, forever and ever and ever,
Are the beautiful days of heaven!

In that land where none ever weary,
And none ever faint by the way,
No life is loveless and dreary,
In the shadowless gates of day.
On its shores is never the trail of sin,
But a perfect peace is given,
And the coming of Jesus will usher in
The beautiful days of heaven.

L. D. SANTEE.

Lessons From the Life of Daniel—X

The Vision of the Great Image

IN the same year that Daniel and his companions entered the service of the king of Babylon, events occurred that severely tested the integrity of these youthful Hebrews, and revealed to an idolatrous nation the power and faithfulness of the God of Israel.

While King Nebuchadnezzar was looking forward with anxious forebodings to the future, he had a remarkable dream, by which "his spirit was troubled, and his sleep broke from him." Although this vision of the night made a deep impression on his mind, he found it impossible to recall the particulars. He applied to his astrologers and magicians, and with promises of great wealth and honor commanded them to tell him his dream and its interpretation. But they said, "Tell thy servants the dream, and we will show the interpretation."

The Lord in his providence had a wise purpose in view in giving Nebuchadnezzar this dream, and then causing him to forget the particulars, but to retain the fearful impression made upon his mind. The Lord desired to expose the pretensions of the wise men of Babylon. The king knew that if they could tell the interpretation, they could tell the dream as well. Angered over their inability to relieve his mind, he threatened that they should all be slain, if, in a given time, the dream were not made known. "The thing is gone from me," he said to the Chaldeans; "if ye will not make known unto me the dream, with the interpretation thereof, ye shall be cut to pieces, and your houses shall be made a dunghill. But if ye show the dream, and the interpretation thereof, ye shall receive of me gifts and rewards and great

honor: therefore show me the dream, and the interpretation thereof." Still the wise men returned the same answer, "Let the king tell his servants the dream, and we will show the interpretation of it."

Nebuchadnezzar began to see that the men whom he trusted to reveal mysteries by means of their boasted wisdom, failed him in his great perplexity, and he said: "I know of a certainty that ye would gain the time, because ye see the thing is gone from me. But if ye will not make known unto me the dream, there is but one decree for you: for ye have prepared lying and corrupt words to speak before me, till the time be changed: therefore tell me the dream, and I shall know that ye can show me the interpretation thereof."

"The Chaldeans answered before the king, and said, There is not a man upon the earth that can show the king's matter: therefore there is no king, lord, nor ruler, that asked such things at any magician, or astrologer, or Chaldean. And it is a rare thing that the king requireth, and there is none other that can show it before the king, except the gods, whose dwelling is not with flesh."

"For this cause the king was angry and very furious, and commanded to destroy all the wise men of Babylon."

When the decree went forth that all the wise men of Babylon should be destroyed, Daniel and his fellows were sought for, and informed that in accordance with the king's command, they must be slain. "Then Daniel answered," not in a spirit of retaliation, but "with counsel and wisdom," "the captain of the king's guard," who "was gone forth to slay the wise men of Babylon." "Why," Daniel inquired, "is the decree so hasty from the king?" Taking his life in his hand, he ventured to enter the king's presence, and begged that time be granted, in order that he might reveal to him the dream and its interpretation. To this request of the monarch acceded.

"Then Daniel went to his house, and made the thing known to Hananiah, Mishael, and Azariah, his companions: that they would desire mercies of the God of heaven concerning this secret; that Daniel and his fellows should not perish with the rest of the wise men of Babylon." Together the Hebrew youth presented the matter before God, and sought for wisdom from the Source of light and knowledge. Although for a time they had lived in the king's court, surrounded with temptation, they had not forgotten their responsibility to God. They were strong in the consciousness that His providence had placed them where they were; that they were doing His work, and meeting the demands of duty. They had confidence toward God. In times past they had turned to Him for strength when in perplexity and danger, and He had been to them an ever-present help.

The servants of God did not plead with Him in vain. They had honored Him, and in their hour of trial He honored them. The Spirit of the Lord rested upon Daniel and his fellows, and the secret was revealed to Daniel in a night vision. He hastened to request an interview with the king.

The Jewish captive stood before the monarch of the most powerful empire that the sun ever shone upon. Notwithstanding his riches and glory, Nebuchadnezzar was in great distress of mind, but the youthful exile was calm and happy in his

God. Then, if ever, was an opportunity for Daniel to exalt himself—to make prominent his own goodness and superior wisdom. But his first effort was to disclaim all honor for himself, and to exalt God as the Source of wisdom:—

"The secret which the king hath demanded can not the wise men, the astrologers, the magicians, the soothsayers, show unto the king; but there is a God in heaven that revealeth secrets, and maketh known to the king Nebuchadnezzar what shall be in the latter days."

Daniel proceeded to relate the dream. "Thy dream," he declared, "and the visions of thy head upon thy bed, are these; As for thee, O king, thy thoughts came into thy mind upon thy bed, what should come to pass hereafter: and he that revealeth secrets maketh known to thee what shall come to pass. But as for me, this secret is not revealed to me for any wisdom that I have more than any living, but for their sakes that shall make known the interpretation to the king, and that thou mightest know the thoughts of thy heart."

"Thou, O king, sawest, and beheld a great image. This great image, whose brightness was excellent, stood before thee; and the form thereof was terrible. This image's head was of fine gold, his breast and arms of silver, his belly and his thighs of brass, his legs of iron, his feet part of iron and part of clay. Thou sawest till that a stone was cut out without hands, which smote the image upon his feet that were of iron and clay and brake them to pieces. Then was the iron, the clay, the brass, the silver, and the gold, broken to pieces together, and became like the chaff of the summer threshing-floors; and the wind carried them away, that no place was found for them: and the stone that smote the image became a great mountain, and filled the whole earth."

Listening with solemn attention as every particular was reproduced, the king recognized this as the dream over which he had been so troubled; and he was prepared to receive with favor the interpretation.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

Hope Only in This Life

SAID the great apostle, "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable." On every hand we see men seeking with tireless energy for the things of this earth,—for wealth, pleasure, or fame. The things of God are forgotten, and the god of this world secures all but universal homage. Lured on by the fleeting vision of earthly success, men seek for rest which can never come. Only in Christ can true happiness be found.

This world is not home. Instability is marked upon all creation. The whole world is but slumbering in the bosom of a volcano. Internal strife and commotion are everywhere. This life is only a vapor. Wealth secured at the cost of the soul has fled in an hour. Men have obtained fame, and have been admired by thousands, only to see the scene shift, and they become the objects of hate. The ponderous wheel of time is ever on the move, and changes great and startling are brought about. Kings have been driven from their thrones, and wandered in poverty and disgrace.

I was reading recently about Louis XVI. For a time he was an idol, and his court was filled

with beauty and splendor. He had made a success of life, as the world counts success. But alas for human greatness and ambition! In a little while those who had lauded him were calling for his blood. And his proud wife, the beautiful Queen Marie-Antoinette, bound on a cart, and seated upon the coffin which in a few moments she would fill, rode to her place of execution.

So with wealth. "He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver; nor he that loveth abundance with increase. This is also vanity." Eccl. 5:10. Fortunes fade away. Financial failures reach far and wide, and despotic Napoleons of finance are smitten with poverty. Flood and flame sweep away in a moment the accumulated treasures of a lifetime. All things of time fade away, and death gathers all in the silent tomb at last. The following striking anecdote illustrates this truth:—

In the middle of the eleventh century, there was a Mohammedan prince in Egypt, by the name of Saladin. Ascending the throne of the ancient Pharaohs, and guiding the Moslem armies, he rolled back the tide of European invasion with which the crusaders were inundating the Holy Land. The wealth of the Orient was in his lap; the fate of millions hung upon his lips. At last death, the common conqueror of all, came to smite the crown from his brow, and to dash the scepter from his hand. As he lay upon his dying bed, looking back upon the visions of earthly glory, and forward into the future, his soul was overwhelmed with emotion. At last, arousing himself from his reverie, he said, "Prepare and bring me my winding sheet." It was immediately brought, and unfolded before him. The dying sultan gazed upon it long and earnestly. At last he said, "Bring here the banner around which my chosen guards have rallied in my victories." The banner was presented at the royal couch; and in silence the attendants awaited his further directions. He paused a moment, and said, "Remove those silken folds, and attach to the staff this winding sheet." It was done. The dimmed eye of the dying man gazed upon the wonderful emblem of mortality, as it hung from the staff around which he had rallied his legions on the field of blood, and added, "Let the crier, accompanied by the musicians, in a funeral dirge, pass through all the streets of the city, and at every corner wave this banner and proclaim, 'This is all that relation of Christ to His church?'"

Dear young friends, this illustrates the instability of earthly glory. In a few hours the proud monarch was dead, and the winding sheet was wrapped about him. Seven long centuries have since rolled by, and not even a handful of dust remains to tell of his greatness. Shall we not seek for that true greatness that will endure in that home where changes never come, and crowns will never fade? This beautiful home is within the reach of all. Without delay, let us lay hold upon it.

G. B. THOMPSON.

Taking up Her Cross

THE following account, taken from *Zion's Herald*, shows the power of prayer, and the results of fidelity to God:—

A young teacher from the country improved her vacation by attending a grove meeting, and, during its progress, there was awakened in her heart a very earnest desire to be a disciple of Jesus. She sought earnestly for an assurance of the forgiveness of her sins, and for grace to consecrate her young heart to the Master's service.

For a long time she found no relief, and her inward desire began rather to increase than to abate. The attention of a kind and wise minister was called to her case. He carefully inquired into her circumstances and surroundings at home. He learned that she was an orphan, and had the charge of a school in a small town, where there was no church.

"Do you think you are willing to trust yourself entirely in the hands of Christ?"

"I do," was the answer.

"Are you willing to enter upon any work that God reveals to be your duty?"

"I trust I am."

"Will you pray in your school for the children that the Master has placed under your instruction?"

"I can not do that."

"But you are willing, you thought, to do anything."

"Anything but this. The community is a very irreligious one. The schoolhouse was built with the understanding that no minister should preach in it, and no religious meeting should be held there."

"For this reason, probably the Saviour has sent you there."

"But I should lose my place immediately if I should attempt to pray in school."

"Are you willing to trust your Master in this?"

"I am an orphan. I know not where to turn for work if I lose my position."

"Are you afraid to trust Jesus to provide for you, if you, in doing the work he appoints for you, lose your place?"

It was a severe test, like that of the young ruler, who was required to sell his great possessions, and give to the poor; but it seemed to be the price of her peace and salvation. At length she said: "Through Christ strengthening me, I will do it, at any cost."

The storm was over. She had accepted the Saviour with the loss of everything beside, if necessary. There was a great calm in her soul. Henceforth in the world she might have tribulation, but in Christ she had peace.

She returned to her school, praying without ceasing for strength to keep her resolution. At the close of the first day of the term, with considerable trembling, she told the children that if any of them wished to hear her read a story from the Bible, they might stay after school closed. Many stayed; held by the curiosity of their age. She read the story of Jesus, when he received little children, and took them up in his arms. Then she knelt down to pray.

Her feelings were too strong for expression, and she burst into a flood of tears. The children were powerfully impressed by this unwonted sight. She recovered so far as to be able to offer a few words in prayer for her little flock, and dismissed them.

Of course the village was all ablaze with the strange story brought home by the children. The little daughter of the principal man upon the school board hurried into the house, her face wet with tears, and, rushing to her father, said: "You don't know how Miss A—— cried, and how we all cried!"

"Why, what is the matter?" cried the wondering man. "What have you been crying about?"

"Miss A—— read to us about Jesus taking little children in his arms, and then she got down upon her knees and cried, and we all cried together."

The gentleman is one of the most bitter opposers of religion in the town, and one of the leaders in the efforts to keep meetings out of the town. Here was a strange revelation! What was to be done? There was certainly no time to lose. He hastened to another member of the committee, and together they decided to go to the teacher's boarding-house, and put a stop to the business at once.

Miss A—— had retired to her room, deeply affected by the great cross which she had attempted to bear. She had expected the consequences, and went down upon her knees to seek help of Him who has said, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

She was summoned before the committee, and asked to explain the course that she had pursued with her school. She quietly answered: "After all the duties of the day were over, I told the children that any who wished might remain and hear me read the Bible."

"Don't you know that we have forbidden preaching and holding meetings?"

"After I have done my duty in the school, my time is my own, and I must follow my convictions of duty as to the use I make of it."

"There is only one thing to be done," said the

chairman of the committee. "We like you as a teacher. Our children have become attached to you. We should be sorry to have school closed at this time, but we can't have this going on. You must promise to give it up, or lose your place."

To resign was to go she knew not where,—to go without a recommendation and in apparent disgrace. But the "angel of the covenant" was with her and strengthened her.

"I must obey God rather than man," was her answer.

"Then we are to understand that your mind is made up?"

"It is. When shall I close the school?"

"On Friday."

And they left her alone with Jesus. Until Friday evening she continued her work, lingering to read the Bible and pray with her children. Now the end had come. She explained that her connection with the school had ended, and she could only commend them to the Saviour once more in prayer. The children wept, and the teacher wept. Upon her knees, with her children weeping around her, she lifted up her voice, and said:—

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee!"

The little daughter of the chairman was remarkably affected during this hour of prayer. She was sure Jesus loved her, and had forgiven her sins. She hastened home and found her father.

"O father!" she said, throwing her arms around his neck, "Jesus loves me! He has forgiven my sins. I have been naughty and disobeyed you and mama, but I sha'n't do so any more now," and her hot tears fell upon his face, and the strong man bowed, trembled, and did not know what to say.

"Now, papa," she continued, "I want you to do something for me. Will you promise me you will?"

"What is it?"

"Promise me first."

He gave his promise, almost without thinking. "Come up stairs, then."

She led him, somewhat reluctantly, into the chamber.

"Now, papa," said she, "kneel down." He could not do that, he said.

"But you promised, you promised!" said the little evangelist.

Down he fell upon his knees, pressed, as it seemed to him, by an iron hand.

"Pray to Jesus, papa. He loves little children, and he will love you."

The crushed man could only groan as he fell upon the floor.

"Ask Jesus to love you," continued the little disciple. "He will come to you pretty soon. He made me so happy!"

But the convicted sinner could only groan. His wife came into the room, and was distressed when she saw his agony.

"Shall I go and call the teacher?" whispered the child.

"O, no, not her," groaned the struggling man.

"Then pray to Jesus," cried the little one at his side. His distress became too bitter to endure.

"Yes, go and call the teacher!" cried the poor, trembling sinner.

She was packing up her scanty wardrobe to leave the town when the messenger came. What a request, to go and pray for a man who had closed her school on account of prayer!

It was a night never to be forgotten. Prayer was offered by the trembling girl, and such counsel given as the Saviour gave her in that hour. Jesus knew how to touch the heart of the child, and how to break to pieces and bind up the heart of the mature sinner. He triumphed in that house; father, mother, and children found the Saviour. The teacher was sent back to the school without restrictions as to religious labors. The good work spread until fifty were converted. A church was organized, and a minister invited to labor among them. What a marvelous result of the trial of faith!



The Lady's-Slipper Orchid

DEEP in the woods where the shadows linger
(Scarcely a sun-ray with dainty finger
Marking the spot, where, sweet and tender,
Crowning the stalk so tall and slender);
Openeth the orchid to tell its tale.

Never a human ear may listen;
Dying, no tear-drop ever glisten;
Never a song-bird carol sending,
Noteth the slipper nodding, bending,
Yet it lives bravely its life for God.

"Sun-rays may fall, or the cloud pillar darken;
Only His ear to my story may hearken;
Never mistake in his placing or making;
He chooseth best for the soul's true awaking."
Liveth thou thus, thou heir of the King?

MARY MARTIN MORSE.

In and About San Francisco—IV

The Largest Mint in the World

No one who visits San Francisco should fail to see the mint, which stands in the very heart of the business district. The building itself is well worth looking at, even if one were permitted to see no more than the outside; but there is no red tape to be unwound in order that one may be conducted through the San Francisco mint. On the contrary, the guides, who are appointed for that purpose, receive all comers with the greatest courtesy, and treat them as if they were guests who had conferred a special favor by calling. No pains is spared to make the visitors' stay both pleasant and instructive.

On leaving the spacious reception room, one is taken down a back stairway, and through a dark passage to the door of a vault, which, he is informed, contains so many hundred million silver dollars that it fairly takes his breath away. These are idle coins, represented in the business world by silver certificates, and the vault is never opened except to add more to the store, or to count the coin already there.

Then the conductor leads the nation's guest through the fire-room, where grimy men are shoveling coal into furnaces beneath huge boilers, and upon another stairway to the melting department. Here is where the gold is first taken when it is received at the mint, to be melted and cast into bricks before it is assayed to determine its value. Each consignment of gold must be melted separately. When I visited this department, I was so fortunate as to see two great pots removed from the furnace, and the molten gold that they contained poured into molds to solidify. This required scarcely a minute, and then two red-hot gold bricks were unceremoniously dumped out upon an iron truck, and wheeled to another part of the room to be cooled in a tank of water. The smaller of these bricks was about the size of an ordinary building brick; yet its value, the conductor informed me, was approximately twenty thousand dollars.

The ingot room is next seen. Here the gold bricks are melted, mixed with the necessary amount of copper alloy, and cast into ingots about twelve inches in length and an inch thick. Great stacks of these yellow bars are piled up beside the furnaces. Measure them off into twenty-dollar pieces as near as a mental calculation will allow, and you will probably conclude that there are twenty-five or thirty coins in each; but the conductor will inform you that they contain eleven hundred dollars' worth of gold.

When the metal comes from the ingot room,

it is too brittle to stand the great pressure necessary to mold it into coins, so it must be softened. This is accomplished by placing the ingots in long copper tubes, which are hermetically sealed, and placed in an oven, where the temperature is slightly below the melting point of the metal. When the necessary time has elapsed, these tubes are removed, and plunged into a tank of boiling water to cool. This process is called "annealing;" and it is to the annealing room that the visitor is conducted after leaving the ingot department.

Next he is shown as fine a specimen of machinery as one often sees—a forty-thousand-dollar steam engine, every part of which is polished like one of the new silver dollars that it furnishes the power to make. It was a great surprise to me to learn that this engine furnished only one hundred and fifty horse-power, and that that was sufficient to run all the machinery in the mint; for this is the largest mint in the world, with a capacity of four hundred and fifty thousand dollars an hour when only gold is being coined—more gold than the world produces in the same time.

The desire of the conductor seems to be to follow the gold in its journey through the various departments till it comes forth a finished coin; so the visitor is next shown the rolling machines. The ingots are passed through these machines till they are rolled to the thickness of the coin to be cut from them. If twenty-dollar pieces are to be made, it is necessary to pass them through about fifteen times; and the pressure is so great that the rollers, though made of the finest steel and as large as a man's body, are sometimes snapped off like pipe-stems. The ingot comes from these machines about seven feet in length, and is then ready to be cut.

In the cutting room the visitor sees these long bars of bright-yellow metal being passed into a machine that punches twenty-dollar pieces from them as easily, as smoothly, and far more rapidly, than a conductor punches holes in the thin cardboard of a railroad ticket. Beside this machine sits a man who weighs a coin from each ingot that is cut, to make sure that it is approximately of the right size. This is not the final test for weight, however, as each coin is weighed separately before it is stamped.

The room where weighing is carried on is closed to visitors, for what reason the guide does not explain. He tells you, however, that at a long table in that room, fifty women are seated, each with a delicate pair of balances before her, and a small file in her hand. If a coin is half a grain too light, it is rejected and sent back to the ingot room to be remelted. If it is half a grain too heavy, it is filed down to the required weight. The regulations of the mint require that the carpet of this room shall be burned every four years to recover the gold and silver that it contains. The last carpet that was burned contained four thousand five hundred and fifty-four dollars in gold alone.

The last room to which the visitor is admitted is the press-room. Here he sees the smooth, round pieces of metal being fed to a press from which they come forth stamped on both sides—bright, glittering coins. The pressure required to stamp a coin is one hundred tons, and the capacity of each of the five presses is six thousand coins an hour.

J. EDGAR ROSS.

Clinging to the Stones

THE beach near the water's edge at low tide was pebbly, and a little farther away were smooth stones as large as your head. Near the high-water mark was a long, wide row of rounded boulders, varying from a foot to several feet in diameter. Nearly all these stones, from the smallest to the largest, were covered with barnacles—the *Balanus*, or commonest kind of barnacle. This

barnacle is found firmly attached to rocks, piling, buoys, bottoms of vessels, and all kinds of submerged woodwork, as well as to the backs of lobsters and crabs and the shells of various mollusks. It is one of the commonest animals along our seashores, often covering boulders and timbers with a continuous coat. The long-necked barnacles, commonly known as "goose-barnacles," in allusion to the fable that geese spring from them, are usually found suspended from floating timbers, seaweed, etc.

The external similarity of barnacles to mussels and other mollusks caused them to be regarded as mollusks until the discovery of the free-swimming young showed them to be crustaceans. When first hatched, the young barnacle has a rounded form, and swims about freely by means of several pairs of hairy legs. It molts several times, grows, and undergoes a change in shape, the skin becoming reduplicated to form the shell, and the antennæ giving rise to a sucking disk. After swimming about for some time, the young barnacle settles down on some foreign body, and is thereafter permanently attached, through a cement which is secreted by a special gland, and hardens when in contact with water.

Farther along the beach, where there were not so many barnacles, I found several stones to which young oysters were attached.

When oysters first emerge from the egg stage, they are microscopic bodies, which swim freely for a number of days and then settle on some object under the water. The shell, which has been very, very thin and small, now begins to grow, and the oyster is soon firmly attached by its lower valve. This fact is taken advantage of by oyster-farmers, who sow clean shells, gravel, or broken stone in places where the fry will settle, for if the little bodies fall on the soft bottom or on a surface coated with slime or mud, they quickly perish.—Selected.

Moral Tailoring

If you'll pardon the use of a figure
To picture the truths I would say,
I'll engage we're a vast race of tailors,
Who work without credit or pay,

Nor wait till our customers order
The suits we're quite certain they need,
But we finish them, pockets and buttons,
Of their tastes taking not the least heed.

We meet men in church, at the counter,
On the street, in the shop, or where not?
And out comes our moral tape-measure,
And we size them right up on the spot:

Length of rectitude—twenty-one inches;
Common-sense—most uncomfortably small;
Benevolence—less than they'll average;
In manliness—not very tall.

Then we cut from the fabric we've woven
Of a prejudice, liking, or whim,
For friend or for foe, a "straight-jacket"
To fit our conception of him.

We shall see, as our sympathies broaden,
"While the years of eternity roll,"
'Twas presumption to think we could measure
The height and the depth of a soul.

—Charles Roland.

On Standing Still

If I were asked what thing above all others, one must know how to do in order to get acquainted with the wild-wood folk, I should answer, Learn to stand still.

One night last summer I got home rather late from a drive. I had left several cocks of hay spread out in the little meadow, and after supper, though it was already pretty damp, I took the fork, went down, and cocked it up.

Returning, I climbed by a narrow path through some pines, and came out into my pasture. It was a bright moonlight night, and leaning back upon the short-handled fork, I stopped in the

shadows of the pines to look over the softly lighted field.

Off in the woods, a mile away, I heard the deep but mellow tones of two fox-hounds. Day and night all summer long I heard them, and all summer long I had hurried, now here, now there, hoping for a glimpse of the fox. But he always heard me and turned aside.

The sound of the dogs was really musical. They were now crossing an open stretch leading down to the meadow behind me. As I leaned listening I heard a low, uneasy murmuring from a covey of quail sleeping in the brush beside the path, and before I had time to ask what it meant, a fox trotted up the path behind me, and stopped in the edge of the shadows directly at my feet.

I did not move a muscle. He sniffed at my dew-wet boots, backed away, and looked me over curiously. I could have touched him. Then he sat down, with just his silver-tipped brush in the silver moonlight, to study me in earnest.

The deep baying of the hounds was coming nearer. How often I had heard it, and how often exclaimed, "Poor little fox!" But here sat poor little fox, calmly wondering what kind of stump he had run up against this time.

I could only dimly see his eyes, but his whole body said: "I can't make it out, for it doesn't move. But if it doesn't move I'm not afraid." Then he trotted to this side and to that for a better wind, half afraid, yet very curious.

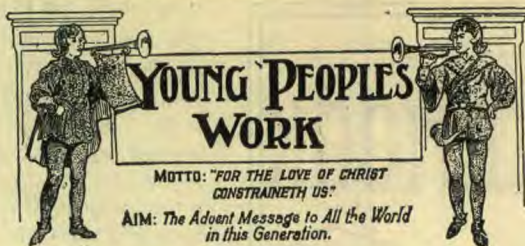
But his time was up. The dogs were yelping across the meadow on his warm trail. Giving me a last unsatisfied look, he dropped down the path directly toward the hounds, and sprang lightly off into the brush.

The din of their own voices must have deafened the dogs, or they would have heard him. Round and round they circled, giving the fox ample time for the study of another "stump" before they discovered that he had doubled down the path, and still longer time before they got across the wide scentless space of his side jump, and once more fastened upon his trail.—*Dallas Lore Sharp, in St. Nicholas.*

An Upside-Down Flower

THINK how funny it would be to see a long beard from the forehead of a face instead of the chin. Our calopogon, or "beautiful beard," wears its gay fungi of white, yellow, and magenta hairs in this remarkable fashion, for its lip, or odd bearded petal, is at the top of the flower, instead of being twisted so that it takes a lower place, as the lip of a flower usually does. It has its reason, however. Every fragrance, every vivid color in a flower is meant as a call to an insect, and the calopogon, with this gay beard on top, is best seen growing in the sedgy marsh by the wandering bee. The bee quickly alights, and then the lip, which is as flexible as if hinged, drops down, and the visitor is actually pushed against the wet and sticky stigma of the blossom. The bee can not arise instantly, for two flower-wings hold him lightly in this position just long enough for his weight to open a little pocket full of grains of pollen fastened with cobwebby threads. The grains naturally stick to the body of the bee, already smeared over by contact with the stigma, the light threads break, and away flies the bee, bearing his load of pollen, which hardens as soon as exposed to the air. Again he sees a gay color-signal, drops down on the lip of another calopogon, and is adroitly and lightly again knocked into line against the new stigma, where his pollen adheres, and he is free to receive another load. How delicately the little flower puglist delivers her thrusts, and how exactly the bee is held in position! There is hardly anything in nature more interesting than the mechanism of an orchid and its automatic and wonderful adaptation to insects.

If you wish to find this purplish-pink spike of blossoms with its single grass-like leaf, look in the cranberry-bog or in the marsh, and if there be a low wet meadow near by, do not forget to look there. One of its botanical names has the pretty meaning of "meadow-gift," but it likes the marshes best, after all.—*Selected.*



SEPTEMBER FIELD STUDY

(September 6-12)

Our Work Abroad

OPENING EXERCISES:—

Singing.

Prayer.

Scripture Reading. Isaiah 35.

Remarks:—

The Meaning of Our Mission Work. Material may be found in *Review*, August 4, page 5; August 11, pages 4 and 16; August 20, page 3.

Field Study:—

An Unentered Field—Cuba. *Review*, August 11. Through East Africa. *Review*, August 4.

An Eastern Polynesian Gathering. *Review*, July 28.

Paper: Deliverance in the field. Material for this may be found in *Review*, August 4, page 6; August 11, page 4; and August 20, page 3.

Closing Exercises.

What Some of Our Missionaries Are Doing

THE report of progress reaches us from Japan. Five have recently asked for baptism—the wife and daughter of a brother who was baptized last spring, thus uniting the family in the truth—and three young men. Five tracts in the Japanese language have been received from the printers, and are being circulated. These treat the Sabbath question, the signs of the times, and the coming of the Lord.

Our laborers in India have their hands filled, and would gladly welcome additional help. Sister Kellogg is busily engaged among the English. One babu who understands English, after the readings goes home to teach these new truths to his wife. The young ladies who are engaged in medical missionary work find abundant opportunities to lead people to the Great Physician and the truths for these last days.

Elder Armstrong, who recently went to India from England, is enjoying his labors among the people. He is conducting a Monday Bible class in the sanitarium.

From the west coast of Africa comes the urgent appeal for help. Teachers especially are needed to assist Brother Hyatt on the coast. The Lord is abundantly blessing the efforts of our laborers, and supplying their needs from his own fulness. Soon Elder Hale will have a mission home farther into the interior. A number have contributed to this enterprise, who are thus sharing in carrying the light of the gospel to the Dark Continent.

An addition to their little company is the word from Bermuda. One sister has recently been baptized, and still another is keeping the Sabbath.

In Mexico our workers have been encouraged by the addition to their ranks of a colporteur, who has already entered the field. A brother of this new recruit is also very much interested in the truth.

From Porto Rico comes cheering news. Sister Fischer has been traveling in the interest of their little Spanish paper, and mentions particularly a visit to one family to which her husband had loaned "Thoughts on Daniel and Revelation" when he first went to Porto Rico. The husband had read the book several times, and believed its truths. He was then lending it to friends. He gladly accepted more reading matter.

The new church building was dedicated in Georgetown, British Guiana, in March. Our brethren there look upon this as an advance step in the work in that field. Tent meetings have been in progress in a small village near Georgetown; and although it rained continuously, the tent was

well filled each evening. A number are rejoicing in the freedom of the gospel. Twelve were baptized, in the presence of about fifteen hundred people, and others expect to receive the rite soon.

Brother and Sister I. G. Knight have been in Bocas del Toro, Colombia, about four months. Sixteen have been baptized, and a church with a membership of thirty-nine organized. The people are ready to read and to hear but the great need is laborers.

And, indeed, this comes from every field. God has set his hand to his message to carry it speedily to all the world. Every advance step taken out in the field brings the coming of our Lord nearer. We must share in this work with those abroad. While in preparation or engaged here, do not forget to pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into his harvest.

Echoes From the Field

A YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETY was recently organized at Big Springs, South Dakota. The members are showing a very commendable zeal in missionary work. Besides paying for quite a large club of Scandinavian papers, and also a club of *The Life Boat*, they made a generous donation to the Australian field.

Two new Societies have been organized in the Upper Columbia Conference,—one at Wenatchee, Washington, and one at Ontario, Oregon.

R. L. Santee, in charge of the Young People's work in the Southern California Conference, writes: "We have only a few Young People's Societies. These are making a special effort with *The Life Boat*, *Good Health*, and the Christian Endeavor number of the *Sentinel*. One Society places its order each month for from one hundred to five hundred copies of *The Life Boat*. Another takes a regular club of three hundred copies, and expects to increase it next month. Still another Society has ordered one thousand of the Christian Endeavor *Sentinels*. So you see we are doing something."

Mrs. Belle Emerson, while attending a Sabbath-school convention at Hutchinson, Kansas, organized the young people into a Society. The secretary writes: "Send me a dozen Membership Cards. We are nicely started in our work, and I think we have some very interesting meetings."

Kansas has also another flourishing Society of twenty-nine members in connection with the Otis church. The members are busy sending out literature by mail, and writing missionary letters. Quite a number of Bible readings have been held. All are greatly encouraged as three persons have recently been baptized, and others are becoming interested.

The Young People's Society of the Cleveland, Ohio, church ordered five thousand five hundred copies of the Christian Endeavor number of the *Sentinel* for distribution among the Cleveland Endeavorers who did not attend the Denver convention.

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.

Life's Best Days

THE late Dr. Richard S. Storrs leaves us this cheering word of testimony: "I had as happy a childhood as falls to the lot of most children, and many a time it has been said to me, by those who were visiting at my father's house: 'This is the happiest time in your life.' I did not believe it then; I did not believe it as I grew older; and I know now that it was not true. The happiest time in your life is to come hereafter. If you try to do that which is right and useful to others, that which is honorable to yourself, and that which is for the glory and praise of God, every year of your life will be happier than that which went before it. So do not feel that you are entering an oppressive, grinding, hateful world. Life on earth grows better and sweeter as one goes on in it, and what you are doing is to try to make a success of that life, each one of you."



CHILDREN'S PAGE

*"No Place Like Home"*

"I HATE this little low-roofed house,
This hill-bound valley home;
I long to see the glorious world,
And 'mid new scenes to roam!"

"The sun just rises here, and sets,
The days are all the same;
There's nothing grand to do or see,
And everything is tame."

Years passed. The boy of restless heart
Had wandered far and wide,
Had tossed upon the ocean wave,
And climbed the Jungfrau's side;

Had journeyed through the Golden Gate
To storied Eastern lands,
And pitched his tent where Afric's streams
"Roll down their golden sands;"

Had glided through the Grand Canal
'Neath soft Venetian skies,
And in strange northern lands had seen
The sun at midnight rise.

Through many cities grand and great
In wonder he had trod,
And on historic battle-fields
His feet had pressed the sod.

He roamed through galleries of art,
And palaces of kings,
And filled his memory with store
Of rare and wondrous things.

And then he came to that small vale,
Content no more to roam,
And said: "There's not in all the world,
So sweet a place as home!"

—Treasure Trove.

Little Mrs. Bean

DEAR little Mrs. Bean was the most careful of mothers, and the neatest of housekeepers. She had a number of the cutest little cupboards, green in color, and delightfully cool, considering the heat of the weather. In every cupboard she had five or six little oval dishes, and all summer long she was busy as a bee, filling them with the choicest of food for her children. I suppose you might have called it "canning;" for all the little dishes were air-tight, as were also the cupboards themselves.

All summer Mrs. Bean wore a green dress, but in the early fall both her dress and all the little cupboards turned to a yellow-brown color, while all the little pale-green dishes changed to a pearly white.

At this, Mr. Farmer took her from the home where she had lived and worked so faithfully, and beat her with a long stick. All the little cupboards flew open, and the dishes rolled out; but very few of them were hurt by the rough treatment. Mr. Farmer gathered the dishes into a big sack which he carried into his granary; but Mrs. Bean and her empty cupboards he threw away.

And now you will think poor little Mrs. Bean's work was all in vain; for Mr. Farmer had robbed her children of their food. But the wise little mother had prepared for all this by—what do you think? Why, by canning her children right in the dishes of food! So, you see, as long as the dishes were not broken, there was no danger that the children would starve.

Well, those funny babies slept all winter, and never ate one mite of the nice food until Mr. Farmer scattered the dishes in little dark homes of their own in the spring. Then they began to eat so quickly that by the time the dishes were empty, the children were large enough to hunt food for themselves. And as they grew larger and larger, they went to work just as their mother had done the summer before, and every one of them filled a number of cool green cupboards with the little oval dishes.

AUNT BETTY.

Claudia's Neighbors

"I WISH we didn't live next to anybody, mama," said little Claudia Vance; "or I wish anybody didn't live next to us."

"Why, that would be very lonesome, I think," said mama, smiling; "what is the matter with our neighbors, little Claudia? I am sure I think they are very kind and nice."

"It's Hatty Pratt, mama," complained the little girl; "she wants me to ride her on my tricycle all the time; she just teases and teases me, so's I don't have any good time at all."

"Hatty is just a baby, daughter; she doesn't know any better. I am sure Mrs. Pratt wouldn't let her tease you, if she knew it."

"No'm," agreed Claudia; "Hatty slips off; she is as cute as anything about slipping off; but I wish she didn't live so close."

"We must try to show her that it isn't being a nice girl to tease you," suggested mama; but Claudia sighed, and shook her little hooded head.

"She won't be showed," said the unwilling neighbor.

And, indeed, I don't think Hatty has learned that lesson yet. It seems to me she still insists upon riding, whenever she can catch Claudia on the sidewalk; but Claudia herself has learned something about neighbors, and what God intends them for.

One day she came in with a very sober little face, and leaned against her mother's knee. There was a look in her eyes which mothers always know; it means, "My conscience hurts me."

"Is there anything wrong with my little Claudia?" asked Mrs. Vance.

"Yes'm," said Claudia, "but I didn't do it."

"Didn't you," answered mama, trying not to smile. "What was it, and why didn't you do it?"

"It was the candy girl," said Claudia; "you know the blind girl that sells little popcorn candy balls, pink and white ones? She dropped one; it wasn't hurt, 'cause it fell in some clean snow. I picked it up, and thought I would call her and give it to her; but she was out of sight in a minute, and I—I wanted it—it looked so good and sticky!"

"I was just about to bite it, mama"—Claudia hung down her head—"when Mrs. Pratt opened her door and called me. She didn't know about the sticky ball—she wanted to give me a paper doll; but when I saw her I was 'shamed, and I didn't bite it. I asked her to keep it for the candy girl. But now I'm glad, mama, that somebody lives close to us, aren't you?"

"I'm very much obliged to God," said Mama Vance, "for giving us neighbors to help us to do right."—Elizabeth P. Allan.

Story of a Knowing Dog

THERE is a dog we are acquainted with, Lion by name, who gives daily proof that he knows what is said to him. A lady called the other day. During her call Lion came in, lay down on the parlor carpet, and shut his eyes. The conversation went on, and the visitor said: "What a handsome dog you have!"

Lion opened one eye.

"Yes," said his mistress; "he is a very good dog, and takes good care of the children."

Lion opened the other eye, and waved his tail to and fro along the carpet.

"When the baby goes out, he always goes with her, and I feel sure then that no harm can come to her," his mistress went on.

Lion's tail thumped violently up and down.

"And he is so gentle to them all, and such a playmate and companion, that we would not take a thousand dollars for him."

Lion's tail now went up and down, to and fro, and round and round with great glee.

"But," said his mistress, "Lion has one fault."

Total quiet of Lion's tail, together with an ap-

pearance of great concern on his intelligent face.

"He will come in here with dirty feet and lie down on the carpet, when I have told him time and again that he must not do it."

Lion arose with an air of shame, and slunk out of the room with his tail down.—Anon.

What If He Had

Rob was only nine and a half, so he had to walk steadily and breathe very hard when he went down cellar for a hod of coal for mama. He liked to get the coal, though, for then he said he was "helping." Of course he could have helped just as much by setting the chairs back from the table, and picking up his own little room, and hanging his hat and coat on the second low peg at the left-hand side of the closet, and showing Willie, who was seven, about his arithmetic.

Rob always felt about papa's size when he was stamping down-stairs, swinging the shiny, black hod. He was always very careful not to drop one little piece of coal on the stairs, because papa had said, "Somebody might step on it and fall." But this afternoon Rob was in such a hurry! When he rushed out to the pantry for cookies, after school, there was that coal-hod with its big mouth wide open, saying as plain as could be, "I'm hungry, too. Fill me, please. You know how."

"O bother!" mumbled Rob. Then he snatched up the hod and dashed down cellar. "I'm afraid the boys won't wait. Why are you always empty after school?"

Coming back, one piece dropped off. Robbie pretended not to hear it. Another piece dropped on the stairs, but Robbie did not hear that, either. That is, he told himself he did not. He said, "Bother! I'm sure it was not coal." Most likely it was Fred Blake banging stones in the yard. And besides, nobody will be going down until after supper, and then it will be papa with the lamp.

Robbie took two, three, four cookies in his hand, and poked four, five, six into his pocket. Ten cookies for a boy who would not—"Bother! I s'pose I'll have to!"

And he did. He picked up the two pieces of coal he did not hear drop. The boys were waiting, after all. They knew there might be cookies.

It must have been about half-past seven that Rob and Willie were arguing over the long division example. Just arguing, you know. Willie said that twenty-two went into ninety-nine three times, and that there would not be any remainder. Robbie said it went four times, and there would be a remainder. And Robbie said, triumphantly, "Just try it and see!" But Willie declared, scornfully, that he knew without trying. Mama said, "Oh, hush, boys!" and papa said, "Less noise, boys!" and grandma jumped up and observed, smilingly, "I know how to settle that dispute."

She trotted out of the room and presently the boys heard a bump, bump, bump on the cellar stairs.

There was a rush and a scream. It was papa and mama and Willie who rushed, and mama who screamed. Robbie sat still and shut his eyes hard. He could see his grandma lying white and still on the hard cellar floor. He began to feel sick and faint. Perhaps he had killed his dear, dear grandma. Why was he so impatient to get out that afternoon? He could never forgive himself. Then he remembered! He nearly tumbled out of his chair in his haste to get to those cellar stairs.

"Oh, bless you, no!" grandma was saying, and laughing at the scare she had given them. "I didn't fall. It was only the dish of apples. I stepped on my dress, and I had to let something go, and it couldn't be the lamp. I knew that the apples were good for hard sums. At least I've known them to help boys do sums."

Robbie put his arms around grandma, when they got back to the sitting-room, and looked right through her spectacles into her kind, brown eyes.

He said, "O grandma, what if I had! What if I'd left the two pieces of coal on the stairs! I was going to first. What if I had!"

"Oh bless me!" cried grandma, looking frightened. Then she gave Robbie a quick little squeeze and laughed and said, "Oh, but you didn't, bless you!"—*Selected.*

Sabbath Reveries

SABBATH with its gladsome lays
Calls to mind the former days,
When God's sons from all their ways
Came to sing their songs of praise
To the great Creator.

So we joyfully proclaim,
In sweet songs a glad refrain,—
Tidings to sons of men—
Jesus comes to earth again
To create anew!

C. H. MOLER.

Something About Grasses

OF all the multitude of plants whose verdure covers the earth like a garment, there is none more common than grass and none as a family so useful to mankind. On seashore, mountain, and plain; in meadow, wood, and swamp; in wet soil and dry; in shade and in sunshine; in arctic lands and in tropical, there is grass in greater or less abundance, yet millions of people are born, live their earthly lives, and pass away with little more knowledge concerning this widely distributed gift of the Creator than that it is green and is food for cattle. To such it has never occurred to notice that one blade of grass may differ from another, and that, properly speaking, it is not grass that clothes the fields with green, but grasses; for in the United States alone over nine hundred species are known to botanists, and in the whole world about four thousand, with the strong probability that not all are yet described.

The different species present in size and appearance the greatest diversity. We shall partially realize this when we learn that not alone are the familiar turf grasses of our lawns and the timothy of our hay fields members of this vast family, but so are many of the well-known plants to which we are indebted for essential food for ourselves. Thus wheat, the world's greatest bread producer and one of the oldest of cultivated grasses (being the "corn" mentioned in the Old Testament account of Joseph and his brethren); Indian corn, which appears upon American tables in dozens of nutritious and palatable forms; rice, which is the principal article of food to the people of southern China, India, and Japan, that is, to about one third of the human race—all are grass seeds, as also are oats, rye, and barley. So, too, it is from grasses—the sugar cane and sorghum—that the bulk of the world's stock of sugar and molasses is obtained. From the lower spear of grass, an inch or two high, which grows in almost every grass plot and almost by every roadside path, to the tasseled stalks of Indian corn or the stately reeds by the river where the water fowl feed and chatter, is a long step to take without getting out of the family. But in our motley fellowship of grass we must go yet further than that and include a tree—the great bamboo of the tropics. This plant, a true grass, is represented by a number of varieties, many of which require years to complete their growth. Their woody trunks, a foot or more in diameter, attain a height sometimes of a hundred feet or more, with abundance of branches. In India extensive forests are formed by the bamboo, which is one of the most remarkable plants in the world, because of the variety of uses to which it is put. Of it are made, among other things, houses, furniture, weaving and agricultural implements; buckets, pitchers, and cups; hats, baskets, boxes, and fans; jackets, umbrellas, walking sticks, and paper; bridges, frames of ships, and pipes. Its young shoots are used as a vegetable, the leaves serve as fodder for cattle, and from the joints of the stem a very useful and valuable medicine is extracted.

How do we know that all these very different looking plants are really members of one family?

What is there in common between the bamboo, for instance, the rice plant, and the little spear grass, that we call them all grasses?—It is because the flowers of all are essentially alike in their structure and the character of the seed produced by the flower is the same in all. Perhaps many of us who have often noticed grasses in the condition known as "gone to seed," would be nonplussed if asked to tell offhand just what a grass flower looks like. To describe, then, the blossom consists of two little scales (or sometimes only one), shaped more or less like boats, one fitting inside the other (where there are two), the outer one often prettily colored in tones of purple, brown, green, yellow, and white, and bearing at the base a bunch of stamens and a baby seed. The latter, when the flower first opens, is tipped with a small, feathery tuft, called the stigma, which is frequently brilliant in color and of great beauty and grace. These flowers, which, to be seen satisfactorily, should be looked at one by one through a magnifying glass, are borne on each plant in great numbers, clustered together on stalks in narrow spikes, close, roundish heads, or gracefully spreading plumes. When the flower is ready to bloom, the little boats tilt back, displaying the pretty stigma and stamens, and the latter swing themselves out on long threads which the wind catches and tosses about, scattering yellow pollen upon the stigmas of the flowers to set the seeds to swelling.

While probably no grass can compare with the bamboo in the variety of its uses, there are still many grasses which are useful in other ways than as food to man or beast. Thus the turkey foot and sand grass of the sandy regions of the far West and the beach grass and seaside oats that grow along the sea beaches of the Atlantic coast, are provided with long, stout, creeping roots, serving as cords to bind together the loose sands which otherwise the force of the winds and the waves would cause to shift constantly to and fro. Those of us who have ever been at Northern summer resorts are doubtless familiar with the sweet-smelling little baskets and boxes which are sold by the Indians. These are made of the fragrant leaves of one of our native Northern grasses, commonly known as vanilla grass in America, but in Europe as holy grass, because there on festival days it is often strewn about places of worship. Professor Lamson-Scribner tells us that in some countries also it is believed to have a tendency to induce sleep, for which purpose bunches of it are hung over the beds. The delightful odor of new-mown hay in June is due to the presence of another fragrant grass in the fields, the sweet vernal grass. Esparto, a grass native to the dry, hot regions of Spain and northern Africa (covering in the latter region, it is said, millions of acres) yields a valuable fiber, extensively employed in the manufacture of ropes, shoes, baskets, and paper. A curious fact in connection with the tribe of grasses to which esparto belongs, is that the seeds of some of the species are not content with lying upon the ground when ripe, but bury themselves in it. The little scales that surround the seeds are armed with long, twisting bristles, and when a seed falls to the ground it alights on its tip and the action of wind and moisture literally screws it into the earth. Another interesting grass of dry regions is the curly mesquit of Texas, Arizona, and Mexico, which is quite an adept at "playing possum." In the periods of drought, to which that region is subject, the little grass curls up brown and apparently lifeless, but let a good, soaking, warm rain come and in a few hours the blades become "green to the end of the smallest branches."

With the ornamental value of some sorts of grasses we all are familiar who remember the pretty, striped ribbon grass of old-fashioned gardens, and the handsome clumps of pampa grass that beautify the lawns of country seats in almost every suburban neighborhood.

As there is no rose without a thorn, so the grass family, of inestimable benefit as it is to man, has its black sheep—a few members given over to bad habits. Thus darnel, a foreign grass which has emigrated in a small way to this country, is reputed to contain in its seeds a poison that will

produce sickness in those that eat them, though in justice to the grass it should be said that some scientists claim that it is only diseased seeds that are hurtful. In the grazing lands of the Rocky Mountains and Pacific Coast regions there are several grasses, notably the wild oats, the squirrel-tail grass, and the porcupine grass, whose flowers are thickly bearded with stiff, jagged or twisted bristles. These, getting into the eyes, mouths, noses, or hides of grazing cattle and sheep cause at times great agony and even death. So, too, one of the most annoying of weeds, frequent in sandy fields and waste places, is a grass—the sand bur, whose needle-like spines slyly insinuate themselves into the clothing of the incautious traveler, causing him to cry out with pain when he happens to press against them.—*Selected.*

The Old Elm Tree

AN old elm stands by the wayside,
Its wide arms gaunt and bare,
Save where the frozen rain-drops
Clothe with a beauty rare
The rugged limbs that were all a-flame
A while ago, when Jack Frost came.

'Twas there, one morn from my window,
I saw a marvelous sight;
The old, bare boughs of the elm-tree
Had changed in a single night;
For every twig, from the summit down,
Held little, tremulous leaves of brown.

But I found, as I watched the flutter
Of the tiny, restless things,
These tremulous leaves were something
That flourished a pair of wings.
And presently, far away they flew,
As wee brown sparrows are wont to do.

—J. M. Dana.

How to Stand Straight

ONE of the most admirable points in military discipline, says an exchange, is the erectness of figure given by the drill exercise. A "soldierly" bearing is proverbially a fine one. The following rules, if strictly carried out, will give the civilian the benefit of such a carriage. Try them and see:

Make it a rule to keep the back of the neck close to the back of the collar. Roll the shoulders backward and downward. Try to squeeze the shoulder-blades together many times a day. Stand erect at short intervals during the day—"head up, chin in, chest out, shoulders back."

Walk or stand with the hands clasped behind the head, and the elbows wide apart. Walk about, or even run upstairs, with from ten to forty pounds on top of the head. Try to look at the top of your high-cut vest or necktie, using the swimming stroke while standing or walking. Fold the arms behind the back. Carry a cane or umbrella behind the small of the back or behind the neck.

Put the hands on the hips, and elbows back and fingers forward. Walk with the thumbs in the armholes of the vest. When walking, swing the arms and shoulders strongly backward. Stand now and then during the day with all the posterior part of the body, so far as possible, touching a vertical wall.

Look upward as you walk on the sunny side of the street.

A Small Sweet Way

THERE'S never a rose in all the world
But makes some green spray sweeter;
There's never a wind in all the sky
But makes some bird wing fleet.

There's never a star but brings to heaven
Some silver radiance tender;
And never a rosy cloud but helps
To crown the sunset splendor.

No robin but may thrill some heart
His daylight gladness voicing;
God gives us all some small, sweet way
To set the world rejoicing.

—Our Young Folks.



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

XI—The Child Samuel

(September 12.)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 Samuel 1; 2:1-21.

MEMORY VERSE: "He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness." Isa. 61:10.

Before the birth of Samuel, his mother, Hannah, had prayed to God very earnestly for the gift of a son.

At one time with a sorrowful heart she went to the tabernacle, and poured out her soul to God in prayer. She promised that if God would give her a son, she would "give him unto the Lord all the days of his life."

Eli, the high priest, saw her praying, and was sorry for her. He said to her: "Go in peace: and the God of Israel grant thee thy petition that thou hast asked of him."

Hannah trusted in God, and when she had this assurance from this priest that her prayer would be granted, her countenance was no more sad. When a baby boy, the special gift of God, was laid in her arms, she named him Samuel, meaning, "asked of God."

This little son was very dear to Hannah, but she never forgot that she had given him to the Lord. As soon as he was old enough to leave her, she took him up to Shiloh, and presented him before Eli. The old priest seems not to have recognized Hannah, until she told him that she was the woman he had seen praying unto the Lord. Now she told him for the first time what her request had been. "For this child I prayed; and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of him: therefore also I have lent [returned] him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent [returned] to the Lord."

As Hannah thus gave up to God her most precious treasure, the Spirit of the Lord came upon her as a token that he accepted the gift, and she poured out her thanksgiving in a beautiful song of praise. See the first ten verses of the second chapter.

Hannah returned home with her husband, leaving the child with Eli. As soon as Samuel was old enough to understand, his mother had taught him the meaning of his name, and that he had been returned to the Lord and belonged to him. His infant heart shared in the gift; for although he was so young, he did not fret for his mother, but was happy and cheerful in the Lord's house. "And the child did minister unto the Lord before Eli the priest."

Eli's own sons had not been corrected when they were children, and because of this they had grown into very wicked young men. They were a great trouble to their old father, and he found comfort and pleasure in the gentle and obedient child Samuel. The little boy had his daily duties to do in the Lord's house. He "ministered before the Lord, being a child, girded with a linen ephod." The ephod was a linen garment worn only by the priests. So Samuel was a little priest of the Lord almost from his babyhood.

You would like to be one of the Lord's little priests, but perhaps you think there are no priests in these days. Read what John says about this: "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to Him be glory and dominion forever."

Every one who is washed from his sins is a priest. Can a little child be washed from his sins? Then so a little child can be a priest of the Lord, even as Samuel was.

Every little duty, every little kindly deed, all the actions of our daily lives, may be part of our priestly service for God.

Every year Samuel's mother made with her own hands a new robe of service for him, and brought it up when she came with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice. "Every fiber of the little garment had been woven with a prayer that he might be pure, noble, and true. She did not ask for her son worldly greatness, but she earnestly pleaded that he might attain that greatness which Heaven values,—that he might honor God, and bless his fellow men."

Questions

1. What does the name Samuel mean? Why had his mother given him this name?
2. Where was Hannah when she prayed for a son?
3. Who saw Hannah praying? What did he say to her? How did Hannah show that she believed his words?
4. What did Hannah promise God she would do with the son he gave her? Where did she take Samuel as soon as he was weaned?
5. Tell what Hannah said to Eli. How did she give thanks to God? Of what did Hannah prophesy in her song?
6. What will be the fate of all the Lord's enemies? 1 Sam. 2:10. What will He do for the righteous? 1 Sam. 2:8.
7. What did Samuel do in the Lord's house? How was he clothed?
8. Has the Lord any priests in these days? Who are they? Rev. 1:5, 6. What is their priestly garment?
9. How often did Hannah visit Samuel? What did she bring him every year? What were her thoughts as she made this garment? What did she ask God to make him?

"Stretching It a Little"

TRUDGING along the slippery street,
Two childish figures, with aching feet,
And hands benumbed with the bitter cold,
Were rudely jostled by young and old,
Hurrying homeward at close of day,
Over the city's broad highway.

Nobody noticed or seemed to care
For the little ragged, shivering pair;
Nobody saw how close they crept
Into the warmth of each gas-jet
Which flung abroad its mellow light
From gay show-windows in the night.

"Come under my coat," said little Nell,
As tears ran down Joe's cheeks, and fell
On her own thin fingers, stiff with cold.
"Taint very big, but I guess 'twill hold
Both you and me, if I only try
To stretch it a little. So now don't cry."

The garment was small and tattered and thin,
But Joe was lovingly folded in,
Close to the heart of Nell, who knew
That stretching the coat for the needs of two
Would double the warmth and halve the pain
Of the cutting wind and the icy rain.

"Stretch it a little," O girls and boys!
In homes o'erflowing with comforts and joys;
See how far you can make them reach—
Your helpful deeds and your loving speech,
Your gifts of service and gifts of gold;
Let them stretch to households manifold.

—Harper's Young People.



XI—Practical Instruction

(September 12)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Eph. 5:15-28.

MEMORY VERSE: "That He might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy, and without blemish." Verse 27.

Look therefore carefully how ye walk, not as

unwise, but as wise; redeeming the time, because the days are evil. Wherefore be ye not foolish, but understand what the will of the Lord is. And be not drunken with wine, wherein is riot, but be filled with the Spirit; speaking one to another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody with your heart to the Lord; giving thanks always for all things in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ to God, even the Father; subjecting yourselves one to another in the fear of Christ.

Wives, be in subjection unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord. For the husband is the head of the wife, as Christ also is the head of the church, being himself the Saviour of the body. But as the church is subject to Christ, so let the wives also be to their husbands in everything. Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself up for it; that he might sanctify it, having cleansed it by the washing of water with the word, that he might present the church to himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish. Even so ought husbands also to love their own wives as their own bodies. He that loveth his own wife loveth himself.

Questions

1. Having been saved from our helpless condition, how are we admonished to walk?
2. How should we regard our opportunities in these evil days?
3. Of what will this be an evidence?
4. How may we know what the will of the Lord is? Rom. 12:1, 2.
5. With what are we to be filled?
6. What will be the nature of the words of our mouths and the meditations of our hearts, when we are filled with the Spirit?
7. To whom will we then return thanks for every good thing? Through whose name do we receive these gifts?
8. What should be our conduct toward one another? See also Phil. 2:3.
9. What instruction is given to wives and to husbands?
10. What spiritual lesson do we derive from this instruction?
11. What relation does the church sustain to Christ?
12. What has He done for the church?
13. Why did He make this great sacrifice?
14. What kind of church is He preparing to receive to himself when He comes?
15. How is this same church described in Rev. 14:5?
16. What lesson is further drawn from this relation of Christ to His church?

Notes

There is a special note of warning to the youth in the injunction to redeem the time because the days are evil. Living, as we are, in the closing days of this earth's history, there is so much to tempt us to waste our time: allurements to pleasure and amusement; temptations to light reading, consuming precious hours of probation; suggestions of the enemy to indulge self in dressing, eating, drinking, and many, many other ways. There is especially the temptation to young people to waste time which should be spent in prayer and the study of the word. If this comes first in our day's duties, there is little danger of the enemy overcoming us in the temptation to spend valuable time in worthless employment. To redeem the time is to improve the opportunity. With hearts in touch with the Master, "moment by moment," we may live for him.

A LIFE of unselfish devotion to God and to righteousness is the unfailing secret of happiness. He who lives for himself alone will dwindle into miserable and petty insignificance. He who lives to glorify God, and to make the world better and happier, is sure to be happy. No one can prevent it. Usefulness is true greatness and true gladness. If we wish this to be a happy year, we must love God and work his holy will.—Selected.



I Will Be Worthy of It

I MAY not reach the heights I seek.
My untried strength may fail me;
Or half way up the mountain peak,
Fierce tempests may assail me.
But though that place I never gain,
Herein lies comfort for my pain,
I will be worthy of it.

I may not triumph in success,
Despite my earnest labor;
I may not grasp results that bless
The efforts of my neighbor.
But though my goal I never see,
This thought shall always dwell with me,
I will be worthy of it.

The golden glory of love's light
May never fall upon my way;
My path may always lead through night,
Like some deserted byway;
But though life's dearest joy I miss,
There lies a nameless joy in this,
I will be worthy of it.

—Selected.

Rambles in Bermuda—I

View of Hamilton Harbor

I WONDER how many of those who read THE INSTRUCTOR can tell just where and what Bermuda is. To most persons it is merely a group of very small islands, out in the Atlantic Ocean, without visible connection with the outside world, except, possibly, the Bermuda onions and Easter lilies displayed in the markets at certain seasons.

But to one living in Bermuda it is a little world in itself, with its own customs, institutions, and laws. The Gem of the Atlantic, an Island Paradise, the Land of the Lily and the Rose,—these are some of the names found for it; and they do not seem at all extravagant to one who has felt the charm of its blue waters, sunny skies and balmy breezes.

More than one person who has traveled the world over has told me that the beauties of Bermuda are unsurpassed, even by those of far-famed Italy. It is difficult, in fact, impossible, to find words adequate to the description of the scenes that everywhere present themselves to view, whether it be the landscapes dotted with white houses nestling amid the semitropical foliage; the shimmering water reaching in every direction as far as the eye can see; or the waves beating incessantly against the rocks and reefs on the ocean side. There may be in other countries more luxuriant foliage, and grander ocean scenery; but here everything combines to still the heart of the beholder in wonder and admiration; that is, if he is not so accustomed to all this beauty that he is indifferent to it. It is so easy for human nature to take its blessings as a matter of course.

First impressions are usually strongest, and a few words written in my diary just after landing, may give a little idea of the view one gets in coming toward the islands. Land looked especially inviting then, as the passage from New York to Bermuda is proverbially rough, and a three-days' trip is just long enough to give me a taste of all the discomforts of a sea-voyage, and too short to insure a recovery therefrom:—

"Sunday morning, I made my way on deck. Nearly every one was there, and all in holiday attire. I found then that I was not the only one who had been seasick, all the ladies having suffered more or less. It was delightful on deck. The water was the clearest indigo blue, and the sky only a few shades lighter, dotted here and there with bits of cloud. We could not see any sign of land, though it should have been sighted hours before. The delay was attributed to a new

fireman, and the exceptionally rough weather we had experienced. I was glad, however, for otherwise I should have missed the view of the islands as we approached. They appeared on our right about ten in the morning. The water was getting bluer all the time; and the breeze, if possible, more balmy. Every Bermudian hurried to the side of the boat to catch first glimpse of home. As we approached the islands, a gentleman pointed out the various forts and other points of interest. As soon as we entered the narrow channel, the pilot came on board, next came the health officer, and, soon after, a tug for the admiral's mail. Soon we could see all the British warships at anchor. (Bermuda is a naval station of Great Britain.) Little sailboats and yachts were playing about in the open space. The entrance to the harbor is through a narrow channel, which has been deepened in some places to allow large ships to pass. It was two o'clock before we were finally landed at the wharf in Hamilton, which was lined with darkies, a white face showing here and there, in sharp contrast with the prevailing mahogany.

"O, this quaint little town! My first impression was, How clean! The streets are of the natural stone of which the islands are composed, the thin layer of soil having worn off. The houses are built of the same stone, plastered and white-washed without and within and overhead, they almost dazzle the eyes with their whiteness. The yards are inclosed within white walls of the same material. I suppose many of the houses are over one hundred years old; they look so, with their wide, thick doors, tiny window panes, and wooden shutters. The stores,—shops, they call them here,—are the same, and many of them do not look like stores at all.

"The trees and flowers are like none I have been accustomed to seeing in America. Here we see the India-rubber tree, oleanders, and many tropical and semitropical flowering shrubs. The banana is very common. The view from our front veranda is beyond description. The white-roofed houses gleam out with startling distinctness from the vivid background of dark green. There is such a mass of trees and vines that one can hardly distinguish the different varieties."

Early History of the Islands

In the Bermuda Public Library there are some wonderfully interesting manuscripts, which are guarded carefully, as indeed they should be, for they are well-nigh priceless. Not every stranger may examine them lightly at his pleasure; he must pass through a long process, involving much "red tape," before he can get even a glimpse of the precious documents. They contain the story of the early days of Bermuda,—days coincident with those of our own Virginia. Yellowed with age, and quaint, often obsolete, in expression, they fascinate the reader with glimpses of a by-gone age, until he must, perforce, people the island with the shadows of old governors and sailors and broken-down great folk. For Bermuda was settled at the same time and by the same class of people as Virginia.

It was in 1609 that three vessels bound for Virginia under Admiral Sir George Sommers were driven apart by a tempest, and one of them was wrecked on the reefs of the Bermudas, then a group of uninhabited coral islands. The shipwrecked sailors found droves of wild hogs, supposedly the result of some previous shipwreck, but no signs of habitation.

The islands were not entirely unknown to the world, however. They had received the name of Bermudas from a certain Juan Burmudez, who had been shipwrecked there in 1522, on a voyage from Spain to Cuba. The first Englishman who set foot on them was Henry May, who suffered a like fate in 1593.

It was not long before reports of the Eden-like beauty and fertility of the place brought other adventurers; and in 1612 a charter was granted Bermuda as an offset of the Virginia Company. It then had about one hundred and twenty inhabitants; there are now little more than fifteen thousand.

The larger islands form a gigantic letter S, with the smaller ones dotted here and there,—sometimes merely a rock rising out of the ocean. The

number is reckoned at three hundred and sixty-five, one for every day of the year; but only six or seven are habitable. The principal islands are the Great Bermuda, St. George's, St. David's, Smith's, Cooper's, None Such (the last five lying in a semicircle about Castle Harbor,) Somerset, Boaz, and Ireland.

The largest is the Great Bermuda, inclosing Harrington Sound, and connected by a causeway nearly two miles long with St. George's, the site of the former capital town of the same name,—a quaint little town of narrow streets and old churches, which deserves a chapter by itself. The present capital is Hamilton, on the Great Bermuda, a town of two thousand inhabitants, which has recently been dignified with the title of city. The town is quite modern, having been incorporated as late as 1793. There are other settlements, such as North Shore, Spanish Point, Port Royal and Somerset; but they are merely clusters of houses, including a few shops, and without any local officers or government.

The government of the people is vested in a house of assembly appointed by the people, a privy council of nine members, and the governor, appointed by the crown.

Bermuda is one of England's strongholds in the Atlantic, and right well does she appreciate her advantage in thus commanding both her northern and southern possessions in the Americas. Her North Atlantic fleets winter here. Bermuda is about equally distant from Halifax, on the north, some of the Bahamas on the south, and New York a little northwest. The nearest land is South Carolina, something over six hundred miles to the westward. Should there ever be war between England and the United States, this vantage point for England would occasion no little annoyance. During the civil war, the unionists talked seriously of attempting the capture of the islands, for they were the stronghold of blockade-runners and filibusterers, and thus a serious menace to the Northern cause. There is a garrison of one thousand soldiers, relieved once in four years by a fresh regiment, and new forts are constantly being thrown up. During the late war in South Africa, England sent a large number of Boer prisoners to Bermuda.

The entrance to the harbor is by a channel so narrow that no ship can enter it without a pilot, and then only in daylight. I went to Bermuda once in a storm. The wind did not rise materially until we were in sight of the lighthouse, about four o'clock in the afternoon. If it had not been for the narrow, tortuous course still before us, perhaps we could have made it. As it was, the captain had to turn the ship, and beat about all night in the storm to keep off the rocks. I believe I could sympathize with those shipwrecked English sailors who first landed there. It is said that nearly all the vessels that tried to land in early times, were shipwrecked on the reefs, which extend out about fifteen miles around the islands on the southern side. They are more or less submerged and for this reason are doubly dangerous.

The harbor, once reached, is very commodious, and is said to be large enough to accommodate the whole English navy.

WINIFRED M. PEBBLES.

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