

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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The King of Jamaican Forest Trees

VEGETATION flourishes luxuriantly in the warm, moist climate of Jamaica. The forests are perhaps more remarkable for the rare, hard woods than for the size of the timber. Sandalwood, satinwood, ebony, and many other varieties are known, and the logwood and fustic supply brown and yellow dyes much used in commerce. Logwood is still quite largely planted on the estates, although artificially made mineral colors in a measure supplant the old vegetable dyes.

But the king of the Jamaican forest trees, the most majestic of them all, is the silk cotton tree, or the ceiba, as it is botanically named. There is a beautiful lesson in any large tree, as it roots itself in the earth to withstand every blast. As the head lifts higher above the plain, the roots sink lower, and take a firmer hold on the foundation of things. The ancient prophets used the cedars of Lebanon as a type of strength. The believer in God was to "grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon"—as the lily for gentleness and purity, as the gnarled and rugged cedar for strength to withstand opposing forces.

The cotton tree of Jamaica may well stand as a type of the well-grounded life. It is commonly a tall tree, with wide-spreading boughs, bearing the blossom of silky cotton which gives it the name. The ancient folk lore of Jamaica made this tree the home of the dreaded "duffies," or evil spirits, and a trace of the old traditions still lingers in the minds of the superstitious. The hand that lifted ax against the cotton tree was supposed to bring great evil upon itself. But often along the country roadsides I saw workmen hollowing out the tall, straight trunks, fashioning them into shapely canoes.

The tree has peculiarly large roots, which sometimes run along the ground for yards, looking like great coiled serpents. The tree shown in illustration is not one of the tall ones. Some freak of nature turned it mostly into limbs and roots. But it would be difficult to find a picture more suggestive of massive strength. From some tiny little seed came the tender shoot that developed all this gnarled and hardy specimen. Every limb is a large tree itself, standing out horizontally, but the trunk is so rooted and grounded in earth that the whole broad canopy of green is easily held aloft against every wind that blows.

The same living word that God spoke when he said, "Let the earth bring forth," and that wrought such strength as this out of the tiny green shoot, will work much more wondrously in every heart that yields to God. The life that is to bear the fruits of righteousness must be "rooted and grounded in love." Let the roots of character sink deep. It is stability that counts when the storm comes. A sturdy, steadfast character is of more value in service than showy brilliancy or mere cleverness. These gnarly roots of the cotton tree have a real grace and beauty for the eye that sees in them the foundation and stay of all that is beautiful above.

W. A. SPICER.

Rambles in Bermuda—II

The People of Bermuda

THE first Bermudians were a motley collection, and gave their governors a deal of trouble. In these days the "ducking-stool" is nothing but a name, and it takes a wide stretch of imagination to invest it with its former terrors; yet if one may judge from the old records, it was once to be reckoned with by too turbulent and talkative housewives. In those days, when subjects for legislation were so scarce that it took several days to pass a suitable measure for affecting the transfer of a pump from Somer's Seat to the capital, it was considered quite proper that the courts should employ themselves with the personal conduct of each member of the community.

For many years the Established Church was alone in Bermuda; now there are the Wesleyan Methodist, the African Methodist Episcopal, the

the disease most dreaded, probably because of the dampness of the climate, rendering it inimical to lung disorders. There is no malaria, however, and few contagious diseases are found, owing to the strict quarantine regulations. The islands are a favorite winter resort for nervous invalids and overworked professional people in need of rest and change.

A rest it certainly is to come from a busy, bustling country like our own into this little island paradise, where such inventions as street-cars and electric lights are practically unknown; and the greatest excitement is the weekly arrival of the New York mail. And well it is for the tourist that this little island world is able to hold her own against the change and bustle and hum that characterize the greater world outside. When street-cars replace donkey-carts, half the charm of the place will be gone.

The months from November to May bring most



A GIGANTIC COTTON TREE

Presbyterian, the Catholic, and a small organized company of our own people. In the Church of England, both High-church and Low-church are represented. The large cathedral, which is decidedly High-church in its tendencies, is still unfinished. The beautiful edifice that once occupied the same spot was destroyed by fire several years ago, and only the audience-room, part of the cross of the new church, is completed. If it depends upon Bermudian workmen, it may rival the famous Cologne Cathedral, in one particular at least.

Bermudians are disinclined to exertion, or so it seems to an American. Perhaps they have chosen the wiser part; certainly they live to a ripe old age. Diseases are not common; in fact, since the yellow fever epidemic in the early part of the last century, there has been little to disturb the even tenor of the Bermudian's ways. Pneumonia is

tourists; and in January, February, and March the streets of Hamilton are alive with Americans. The little "city" really takes on an air of energy and business. Prices are way up; rooms are at a premium. In the height of the season, an unfurnished room without board rents for five dollars a week.

It is hard at first to accustom one's self to the English currency; and when an American lady buys three yards of cloth at "one and six" a yard, the temptation, often the only resource, is to turn out the contents of her purse, and let the shop-keeper take what he will. Be it said to their credit, however, Bermudian shop-keepers are strictly honest in their change.

By the middle of May, the most delightful month in the year in Bermuda, the large hotels are closed; and the only interruptions to the sum-

mer quiet are the ship-loads of Cooks' tourists, who are beginning to find the summer months quite as pleasant for sight-seeing as the earlier ones. For the most part, summer is more endurable than in the United States, as the thermometer seldom rises above eighty-five degrees, and there is always a cool ocean breeze. The humidity of the atmosphere renders the heat oppressive at mid-day; but there is always a delightful coolness in the shade. Tourists are making the discovery that Bermuda is a summer as well as a winter resort; and it is a question of a few years at most until the hotels will be open the year round.

This transient population, however, while it enriches the shop-keepers, and helps set the fashions, can make comparatively little impression on the real life of Bermuda. The American comes and goes in increasing numbers year after year; but he can not remain except at great disadvantage. According to law, no alien can hold property; and if a Bermudian lady marries an American, and fails to dispose of her property within a given time, it is forfeited to the crown.

In considering the people of Bermuda, one must not forget that two thirds of the population, about ten thousand, are black. The early settlers, like the Virginians, had their plantations and their slaves. The black people of Bermuda have a generation's start over those of our own land, having been freed in 1838, and they have made good use of the time. One is impressed at once with the air of intelligence, in many cases of refinement and prosperity, that characterizes many of them. Some of the leading professional men are negroes. Even the poorer classes are usually well dressed; and there is little abject poverty among them. Compared with the lower classes of other countries, they seem really rich. Nearly every one who is not in service owns his own little stone hut and plot of ground, and is quite independent. It is not so hard to own a house in a country where all one has to do is to buy a tiny lot, scrape off the layer of soil, and saw out enough blocks of the sandstone to leave a cellar and build the house.

There are no beggars. The Bermudian negro is self-respecting; he believes in the equality of labor, and is proud of the position he has won by honest toil. He is not particularly submissive, and does not believe in "taxation without representation." He is allowed a representative or two in the Assembly; but this does not satisfy him. It is prophesied by many that sometime in the not very distant future, Bermuda will be the scene of a race war.

For some time the islands have been inundated with an influx of West Indian negroes which, if continued, will do much to bring the disturbing elements into conflict. The newcomers differ from the natives in appearance, intelligence, and disposition. They are lazy, thievish, and discontented. The public house is likely to get most of their earnings. Laws have been passed restricting their immigration by making it necessary that each immigrant have five pounds of ready money in his pocket when he steps on shore; but a way is always found to evade the laws. It is very easy for the contractor who wishes to profit by cheap labor to lend the required sum to be worked out later on his estate.

Domestic labor is cheap. Ten dollars a month is a fair wage for house servants, but they make it much more by their stealings and pilferings. It is generally understood that in engaging a servant one engages also to support the entire family out of his own larder.

The color line is rigidly drawn. In churches with white and colored membership, separate sittings are maintained. Though there is an African M. E. Church, many of the negroes prefer to have their church membership with the whites. The reply of one old aunty, when questioned as to the cause, shows a lingering remnant of the old-time deference to the "massah." "I don't min' sittin' behind white folks, but I won't take no back seat foh collud folks." There is of course no social intercourse between the two races. While

in Bermuda, I met a lawyer whose wife had fallen a victim to this social exclusiveness. He had received his education in England, and with his clear, olive complexion, crisp hair, and white features, had always passed for a white man, with possibly a strain of the Spanish or Italian blood. He married a beautiful English girl of the upper middle class, and settled down to practice law. For some reason he brought this young wife back to his old home in Bermuda. The shock was too great. She found herself shunned by all who under other circumstances would have been her friends and associates, and in less than a year she had pined away, and died, it is said, of a broken heart. The story is only one of hundreds for which the curious race tangle is responsible.

Bermuda is a faithful representation in miniature of the great world outside. Each race has its own castes, cliques, and social circles. The whole island is like a great, overgrown village, in which everybody knows everybody's business, and knows, but does not recognize, all his neighbors. To a stranger, the punctiliousness of Bermudian etiquette seems just a little absurd, but it is inevitable.

WINIFRED M. PEEBLES.

Nikko, the Beautiful

THE following paragraphs describing Nikko, the pride of Japan, are taken from an article written by Francis Clark, and printed in *Collier's Weekly*:

*Nikko wo minai uchi wa,
"Kekko" to in na!*

This couplet is not quoted as an original poem, nor even as a new discovery in ancient poetry; but, being confident that Japanese poetry is not familiar to all Americans, I venture upon it, and do not suppose that I shall insult the intelligence of my readers by giving the translation at the same time. Here is the celebrated couplet turned into prosaic English:—

Do not use the word "magnificent"
Until you have seen Nikko.

Or, in other words:—

You can not say "kekko" [splendid]
Until you've seen Nikko.

A day's holiday from the exacting and absorbing duties which brought us to Japan had enabled us to say "Kekko!" and we shall never cease to be grateful for the privilege. Nikko lies about a hundred miles north of Tokyo, and is dear to all Japanese as the burial-place of the great shoguns Iyeyasu and Iyemitsu. But to travelers from other climes Nikko is "kekko" because of the magnificent temples with their wealth of lacquer and carved work; their great bronze and stone lanterns; their curious and elaborate carvings of fabulous beasts, of monsters that never dwelt on land or sea; for its magnificent setting of mountains and ravines and cascades; but, above all, for its superb pine-trees, which here tower in such majesty and symmetry as I have never seen in any other part of the world. California's great trees are bigger, to be sure, and more stately; but they often stand by themselves, apart from other glories of nature, or where they are united only with the beauties of towering mountains and filmy cascades. The exquisite works of art, also, which have made the Nikko temples famous in all the world, are wanting.

We climb a hill, between rows of magnificent, stately pine-trees, until we come to the beautiful temples which a whole dictionary of adjectives can not adequately describe. These temples were built in the classic period of Japanese wood-carving and painting. They are to Japan what the Parthenon is to Greece, what the Pyramids are to Egypt, what the Sistine Chapel is to modern Italy. They contain examples of all that is most exquisite and unique in Japanese art, and examples in such bewildering numbers that one does not know where to begin or end one's description. In all, there are more than thirty buildings, some of them temples, some of them priests' houses, some of them bell-towers or pagodas, and some of them tombs of the great shoguns.

Let me pick out a few unique objects. Every one goes to see the sacred horse, which lives in an elegant stable built near the tree which Japan's greatest ruler and warrior, Iyeyasu, was in the habit of carrying about with him in his palanquin, when it was still small enough to be contained in a flower-pot. The sacred horse is kept for the use of the god; but the god evidently is not a hard rider, for the pony is sleek and fat and comfortable, and looks as if he had not a care in the world, except to obtain as many platesful of yellow beans as the devout pilgrims are willing to pay for. These are fed to him by his attendant, on a dainty porcelain dish; and he licks them up with all the greediness of a common, everyday pony, who has not been dedicated to the service of a hideous god. The pony's stable, moreover, is adorned with three groups of monkeys, over which every visitor lingers. The most interesting group, of three monkeys, is in the middle. They are solemnly sitting in a row, one with his hands over his eyes, another with his hands clasped to his ears, and a third covering his mouth in the same way. The blind monkey will see no evil, the deaf monkey will hear no evil, the dumb monkey will speak no evil.

The great temples themselves fairly defy description. The beasts and birds and fishes, the flowers of every hue and of every description, the geometrical figures, and the beautiful golden panels, each one with its own rare design, are all so bewildering that it would take a month to study their beauties, and a year to describe them. Temple after temple we visit, and each one seems a little more magnificent than the last, yet none of them are gaudy, though all are gorgeous. It has been truly said that "the sobriety which is the keynote of Japanese taste gives to all the elaborate designs and bright colors its own chaste character." Yet all this magnificence is really but the gateway to a tomb. All these gorgeous temples lead up to a mausoleum. On and on we go, through one temple after another, climbing hill after hill, until at last we come to a modest bronze tomb which is strangely in contrast with the gorgeous temples that have led the way to it, and here lies the dust of Japan's greatest statesman, warrior and ruler, Iyeyasu, the "father of his country," who was first in a war, and first in peace, and is still first in the hearts of his countrymen.

But the trees! If one finds it difficult to describe the temples, one is utterly at a loss for adjectives that shall fitly paint the beautiful cryptomerias, which, after all, are Nikko's chief wealth and beauty. An avenue of these splendid pines, thirty miles long, leads up to the sacred shrines. On either side of the road stand these great sentinels, often in rows four deep, interweaving their branches overhead and forming a complete arched passageway, thirty miles in length, to the temples beyond. When one reaches the temples, he finds himself in a grove of these huge giants of past centuries, thousands and thousands of them, standing erect and sentinel-like on the hillside, crowning every swelling mound of earth, springing up in every temple court-yard, overshadowing every magnificent lacquer shrine. These, indeed, are Nikko's true glory. These dwarf and belittle the temples made by man, magnificent as they are, proving once more how much more beautiful and glorious are God's first temples than anything that the highest skill and art of man can attain.

The traditional story of the natural spires and minarets and turrets in ever-living green is worth recording. It is said that when the great Iyeyasu demanded contributions for this temple from the daimios in all parts of Japan, some sent money, and some sent magnificent bronzes, and others great stone lanterns of curious workmanship; but one daimio sent word that he was poor, and could not contribute money or carvings or lanterns, but that he would plant some trees. So he sent his servants to plant thousands and tens of thousands of little pine-trees. And now the fame of this Japanese leads all the rest.



THE HOME CIRCLE

To Be Depended On

WE'RE SURE of the lad
Who works with the best to be had,
And toils with his might
While yet there's a glimmer of light;
Whose motto is true,
It's better than nothing to do;
Whose doing proves well
It's always the littles that tell.

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

The Maid I Used to Be

I NEVER sit on orchard grass
Beneath some gnarled old apple-tree,
And watch the fragrant winds that pass
Ruffle the slender blades, and waft
A rain of sweetness down to me,
While building birds chirp busily;
I never drink the full, rich draught
From summer's brimming cup,—itself
A peerless nectar,—but I see
A laughing sprite, a tricky elf,
A little maid who peeps at me
From out the gnarled old apple-tree.

I never sit on winter night
Before some leaping driftwood fire,
And watch old pictures blazoned bright
Against the thickly memorized dark,
But what, with look of glad desire
That kindles as the flames shoot higher,
A child beside me reads each spark
A winged hope; so still, she seems
Never in restless mood to tire,
Her eyes twin citadels of dreams—
As chin on hand before the fire
She smiles to see the flames dance higher.

I never wrest from life's close grasp
Some sprig of bay, some petty gain,
And feel the hands that eager clasp
My own, but what a child looks up,
Half wondering, half afraid, and fain
To hide her face behind her mane
Of tangled curls; from fortune's cup
Its sweetest draught I'd give and all
That I have won, the mingled pain
And joy of strife yet to befall—
To be that little maid again
And hide behind her curls' shy mane.

So near she seems, and yet so far.
Where'er I go she follows me;
I wait, but years' fast-widening bar
Divides us and I may not take
Her hand. Have patience; it shall be
When I am old and lingeringly
Once more the days long circles make,
That in my dreams, or grave or gay,
Youth's pictures in the fire I'll see;
And live again in merry play,
The little maid I used to be
Up in the gnarled old apple-tree.

—Harper's Bazar.

The Thing That Counts

"Do you think I can trust you to drive the reaper, my son? You know an accident might mean a good deal to us just now; and you may not understand mules as well as you do algebra."
"Did I ever go back on you yet, father?"
There was a proud glint in the clear blue eyes of the boy, and his head went up almost defiantly.
"No, Cecil, you never did; but you never tried to drive the reaper all alone. Those mules are pretty nettlesome, and if they should come to grief, it would mean just three hundred dollars out of my pocket."
"Never mind, daddy. I'll guarantee the safety of the mules and the reaper, and—the boy."

"Go along, youngster," laughed his father, "and tackle the meadow. I'll see what sort of stuff you are made of. I'll venture he'll be glad to turn the team over to Silas after an hour or two of this sun, eh, mother?"

"You'll see," said Cecil; and soon, in blue overalls and spreading straw hat, he was on the driver's seat, cutting wide swaths in the "east meadow."

The sun was hot—there was no mistake about that—and to a boy fresh from school life, it seemed that it must have taken on several degrees for his especial benefit. But it was good to smell the sweet, fresh hay, to see the wide, free swaths that fell beneath the reaper, and to realize that he was a part of the big, busy world, and above all, that his father trusted him! Nothing is so sweet to a boy as the sense of responsibility and the feeling that he is trusted and is trustworthy. Cecil Ray found himself wondering how a boy could be mean and sneaking and cowardly in this broad, free, brave old world.

In the midst of his soaring thoughts "Lige," the "lead mule," gave an angry snort, and came to a full stand. Then his companion in harness plunged to one side, giving the reaper a sharp lurch.

"Whoa, boys! Whoa! Get up, Lige! G'lang, Ben!"

But Ben and Lige insisted that they had already "whoaed," and positively refused to "g'lang." Seeming to spring up out of the very earth, suddenly the air was full of indignant wasps, ready to resent to the death this intrusion upon their household rights. They swarmed over the team, stinging them into fury. The mules plunged and reared, but the wasps clung on with infuriate tenacity.

"Jump, Cecil! Jump, quick!" cried Silas, the hired man, from the other side of the meadow. "Jump quick afore the critters alight on ye!"

"Jump"? Could he? and leave the reaper to be torn to pieces by those frantic beasts? The new reaper that his father had paid a hundred and fifty dollars for only last week? Suddenly the wasps seemed to realize that the mules were not their only prey. In a brown swarm a detachment pounced upon Cecil as he strove to hold firmly the reins against which the mules were tugging wildly.

"If I could only get to the traces, and turn the mules loose!" flashed through Cecil's brain. "But I would have to let go the reins to do that, and that would give the mules their head—they'd tear things to splinters, and maybe kill themselves," came on the heels of this thought.

Still the wasps stung. The mules plunged, and Cecil held the reins in blinding pain. Si was approaching.

"Run, Si! Run! Cut the breechin'—loose the trace chains. There!"

And the animals, freed from bondage, and mad with pain, sped wildly toward the barn. As soon as he realized that his task was done,—mules and reaper safe,—Cecil stood not upon the order of his own flight. A boy learns a good deal when he learns that one boy has a poor chance when pitted against hundreds of indignant wasps. And those few moments in the meadow that taught Cecil that when one was whipped in the fight, it is not always wise to follow the enemy within his own fortifications.

"Ef that warn't grit, I never saw grit!" exclaimed Silas, as he tore strips of cotton which Mrs. Ray promptly plastered with damp soda, and applied to every accessible spot of Cecil's face, neck, and hands. "Says I to myself, says I, 'Si Higgins, do ye reckon ye can stand the racket with

a thousand or so wasps peltin' ye fore and aft? Do ye reckon ye could hang on to them critters ruther'n turn 'em loose an' let 'em go lickety split with that new reaper, sure to break it to bits, an' do theirselves no tellin' what damage?'" Silas paused, and gazed at Cecil's swollen, soda-plastered face and hands admiringly; then he shook his head sorrowfully, regarded his own stalwart length of limb, and went on. "'No'm,' says I, 'ye couldn't 'a' done it, Si, with all yer muscle that ye're so proud of, an' yer six feet that ye tries to stretch to seven. Ye're big out'ardly, Si, but I'm thinkin' that that little chap that ye've laughed at so much is bigger in'ardly than a mountain o' Si Higginses.' An' I'm thinkin', Mis' Ray, it's the in'ardly that'll count in the long run."

And Cecil, bandaged but happy, saw a look on his father's face that was recompense for the stings of all the wasps in Waspdom!—Eva Williams Malone, in *Young People's Weekly*.

Queer Little Chemists on Clover Roots

If you pull up a clump of clover, and shake off the soil, you will see that there are many little white bunches on the roots. Each is not much larger than the head of a pin. Perhaps you will call them "little potatoes;" the scientists call them root tubercles. Each of these tubercles is a laboratory, within which thousands of microscopic bacteria are at work. These tiny bacteria take from the air, in the soil around the roots, one of the gases called nitrogen, and change this into food for the plant. It is not known just how they do this, but it is plain that the clover thus furnishes a home for the bacteria. The scientists have proved that the bacteria make food for the clover. The clover, in this manner, gets more food from the air than from the soil. The farmer can harvest a good crop of clover, rich in nitrogen, and leave the ground, by the decaying clover roots, richer than it was before. Of course, if he plows in the entire clover plants the ground will be much richer than if he leaves only the roots to decay. He can plant corn or sow wheat on the field, and it will get the benefit of the food of decaying roots or stems gathered from the air by the little clover chemists.

A few other plants have similar root-tubercles containing bacteria with the power of gathering food from the air. Among such plants the best known to our young folks are peas and beans.

You can easily see the tubercles without the aid of even a microscope. Perhaps your science teacher, or some other grown-up friend with the use of high-power lenses in a compound microscope, will show you the tiny bacteria in the tubercles.

The bacteria are really plants. Thus the microscopic plants and the big plants are mutually helpful. Botanists call them messmates.—St. Nicholas.

Satan's Methods

NEAR Aynthia, in Siam, is a curious labyrinth where elephants are captured alive. The labyrinth is formed of a double row of immense tree trunks. Where it begins, the space between them is over a mile wide, but it gradually narrows until the elephants can not turn around. Tame elephants lure the wild ones into the trap, and at the inner end of the labyrinth the tame ones are let through a gate, while men slip shackles over the feet of the captives. This is not a little like Satan's method of capturing men. The broad way gradually narrowing, the use of tamed captives to betray the free, and the shackles at the end of the labyrinth, all suggest his wiles.—*Youth's Companion*.



The Vaudois Teacher

"O LADY fair, these silks of mine are beautiful and rare,—

The richest web of the Indian loom, which beauty's queen might wear;
And my pearls are pure as thy own fair neck, with whose radiant light they vie;
I have brought them with me a weary way,—will my gentle lady buy?"

And the lady smiled on the worn old man through the dark and clustering curls
Which veiled her brow as she bent to view his silks and glittering pearls;
And she placed their price in the old man's hand, and lightly turned away,
But she paused at the wanderer's earnest call,—
"My gentle lady, stay!"

"O lady fair, I have yet a gem which a purer luster flings
Than the diamond flash of the jeweled crown on the lofty brow of kings,—
A wonderful pearl of exceeding price, whose virtue shall not decay,
Whose light shall be as a spell to thee, and a blessing on thy way!"

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel where her form of grace was seen,
Where her eye shone clear, and her dark locks waved their clasping pearls between;
"Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth, thou traveler gray and old,—
And name the price of thy precious gem, and my page shall count thy gold."

The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow, as a small and meager book,
Unchased with gold or gem of cost, from his folding robe he took!
"Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price, may it prove as such to thee!
Nay—keep thy gold—I ask it not, for the word of God is free!"

The hoary traveler went his way, but the gift he left behind
Hath had its pure and perfect work on that high-born maiden's mind,
And she hath turned from the pride of sin to the lowliness of truth,
And given her human heart to God in its beautiful hour of youth!

And she hath left the gray old halls, where an evil faith had power,
The courtly knights of her father's train, and the maidens of her bower;
And she hath gone to the Vaudois vales, by lordly feet untrod,
Where the poor and needy of earth are rich in the perfect love of God!

—Whittier.

THE WEEKLY STUDY

Youthful Yoke-Bearers

The Waldensian Missionaries

(September 13-19)

SCRIPTURE LESSONS—

The central thought of the lesson. Lam. 3:27.
Why the young are called. 1 John 2:14.
Words of counsel. 1 Tim. 4:12-16.
Joseph, the youthful missionary. Genesis 39.
Daniel and his three young friends. Daniel 1-6.
Parallel Reading:—
"Great Controversy," Chapter Four.
The Vaudois Teacher—by Whittier.

Lesson Notes

Young men and women have ever been the flower of the church. The strongest Bible characters were young men. Nearly all of the great missionaries gave themselves to the land of their adoption in early youth. Our blessed Lord did his great work for this world in his youth—

"And in the prime of his mysterious manhood Laid down his precious life upon the cross."

The days of youth are our best days. It is in youth that we determine our career, fix our habits, and choose our fellow workers and companions. What a fatal mistake to withhold these days of strength for selfish interests, and then attempt to give to God the more fleeting, uncertain days of age and weakness! Young Christians, this lesson is a call to you. What will you do with it?

When Luther's heart was full of the great message for this time, he and Melancthon gathered about them many of the best young men of Germany and taught them the word. He spent a few months of each year in school, and then went out during vacation to tell the message they had learned. At one time Luther sent forty young men from his school to Switzerland to sell his writings. Soon after they reached Switzerland, Zwingli wrote this to Luther: "O, that we might have one hundred such young men in this country instead of forty; for they know the message, and they go from house to house like burning torches."

Time is swiftly passing, and will soon close. The last sands in the hour-glass of time are fast running out. We must hasten to decide these personal questions:—

Will we wear the yoke of Christ in the days of youth?

Will we give to God our best, or keep the best for self?

Will we choose honor, good wages, and worldly pleasures, or give all up for Christ?

Will we recognize the privileges of this eleventh-hour call, or forever lose the opportunity of working for the lost?

May the good Lord help you to answer these questions wisely for your eternal good.

To the Leader

Study your young people and arrange as far as possible to give some little part in the program to each.

The lesson for to-day may be presented by several persons, as follows:—

1. A study of the first three points in the Scripture lesson.
2. Prominent characteristics in the life of Joseph as a missionary.
3. Daniel's mission in Babylon.
4. Recitation, "The Vaudois Teacher," found on this page.
5. Reading, "Waldensian Youth," on this page.

Let this part of the program, which should occupy about thirty minutes, be followed by a general exercise of fifteen minutes, when the members may mention and discuss the openings for young people to work for the Lord just now.

Waldensian Youth

"PARENTS, tender and affectionate as they were, loved their children too wisely to accustom them to self-indulgence. Before them was a life of trial and hardship, perhaps a martyr's death. They were educated from childhood to endure hardness, to submit to control, and yet to think and act for themselves.

"Economy and severe self-denial formed a part of the education which the children received as their only legacy. They were taught that God designs life to be a discipline, and that their wants could be supplied only by personal labor, by forethought, care, and faith. The process was laborious and wearisome, but it was wholesome, just what man needs in his fallen estate, the school which God has provided for his training and development.

"God designed the Bible to be a lesson-book to all mankind, in childhood, youth, and manhood, and to be studied through all time. He gave his word to men as a revelation of himself. Every new truth discerned is a fresh disclosure of the character of its Author. The study of the Scriptures is the means divinely ordained to bring men into closer connection with their Creator, and to give them a clearer knowledge of his will. It is the medium of communication between God and man.

"While the Waldenses regarded the fear of the Lord as the beginning of wisdom, they were not blind to the importance of a contact with the world, a knowledge of men and of active life, in expanding the mind and quickening the perceptions. From their schools in the mountains some of the youth were sent to institutions of learning in the cities of France or Italy, where was a more extended field for study, thought, and observation than in their native Alps.

"In the schools whither they went, they were not to make confidants of any. Their garments were so prepared as to conceal their greatest treasure,—the precious manuscripts of the Scriptures. These, the fruit of months and years of toil, they carried with them, and, whenever they could do so without exciting suspicion, they cautiously placed some portion in the way of those whose hearts seemed open to receive the truth. From their mother's knee the Waldensian youth had been trained with this purpose in view; they understood their work, and faithfully performed it. Converts to the true faith were won in these institutions of learning, and frequently its principles were found to be permeating the entire school; yet the papist leaders could not, by the closest inquiry, trace the so-called corrupting heresy to its source.

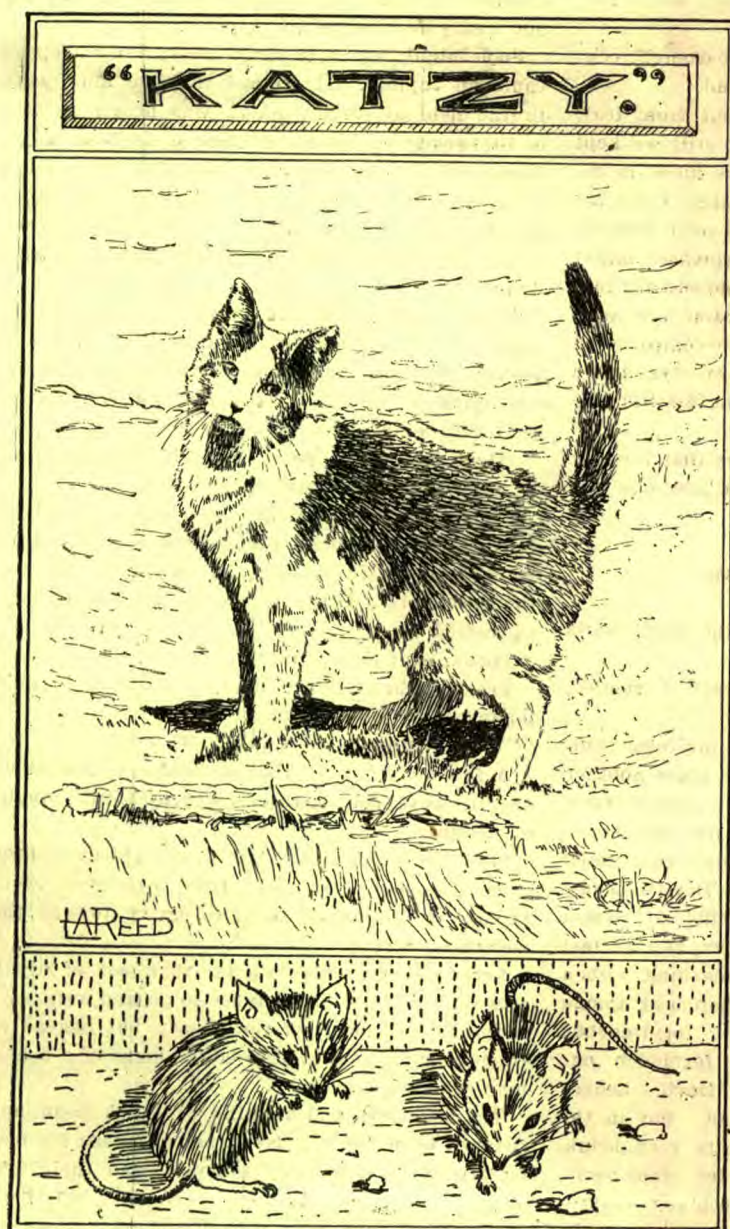
"The spirit of Christ is a missionary spirit. The very first impulse of the renewed heart is to bring others also to the Saviour. Such was the spirit of the Vaudois Christians.

"To have made known the object of their mission would have insured its defeat; therefore they carefully concealed their real character. Every minister possessed a knowledge of some trade or profession, and the missionaries prosecuted their work under cover of a secular calling. Usually they chose that of merchant or peddler. They dealt in choice and costly articles, such as silks, laces, and jewels, which in those times could not be readily procured, and thus they found entrance where they would otherwise have been repulsed. All the while their hearts were uplifted to God for wisdom to present a treasure more precious than gold or gems.

"In secret places the word of God was thus brought forth and read, sometimes to a single soul, sometimes to a little company who were longing for light and truth. Often the entire night was spent in this manner. So great would be the wonder and admiration of the listeners that the messenger of mercy was not infrequently compelled to cease his reading until the understanding could grasp the tidings of salvation. Often would words like these be uttered: 'Will God indeed accept my offering? Will he smile upon me? Will he pardon me?' The answer was read, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'

"Faith grasped the promise, and the glad response was heard, 'No more long pilgrimages to make; no more painful journeys to holy shrines. I may come to Jesus just as I am, sinful and unholy, and he will not spurn the penitential prayer. "Thy sins be forgiven thee." Mine, e'er mine, may be forgiven.'

"Thus the Waldenses witnessed for God, centuries before the birth of Luther. Scattered over many lands, they planted the seeds of the Reformation that began in the time of Wycliffe, grew broad and deep in the days of Luther, and is to be carried forward to the close of time by those who also are willing to suffer all things for 'the Word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ.'"



"Katzy"

JOHNNY was playing on the sidewalk when he saw a strange boy across the street lean over the fence, and drop something into Mr. Brown's front yard. Full of curiosity, he at once left his play, and ran to the spot, where he found a tiny kitten mewling piteously. The strange boy looked back, and Johnny called to him,—

"Goin' to leave this kitten?"

"Yes," said the boy; "we've got too many of 'em; want to get rid of 'em."

"Can I have it?" Johnny asked, looking at the strange boy anxiously.

"I don't care. We don't want it."

Just then the little bunch of white and gray fur turned its pink nose up toward Johnny, looked at him with blinking, plaintive eyes, and mewed faintly.

"O, you dear little pussen-kitten!" cried Johnny, gathering it into his arms.

The little creature soon learned to know Johnny, and seemed to love him best of all the members of the household. At first, while it was so helpless and little, he never thought of tormenting it, and the way it seemed to trust him was something both lovely and wonderful.

But the "pussen-kitten" grew to be a "kitten-cat," and showed more the spirit of independence. Johnny seemed to resent this, and soon began a series of little torments. One day his mama found him ill-treating the cat. First she talked to him about it and finally had to punish him.

It was strange, but Johnny did not seem to realize that a cat can feel. And yet how often she showed that her feelings were apparently as keen as his own, and her sense of the fitness of things even more developed and acute.

When she came to him in joy after a separation, and he, busy with something else, gave her a rebuff, she would turn and walk sadly away, with ears set, face averted. If he spoke kindly to her, she came instantly. If, instead, he heeded her not, she walked off to some corner, and watched him with a questioning gaze.

If his disregard for her continued, she perhaps came to him again, and, gently lifting one white paw, touched him softly on the arm, seeking thus to arrest and secure his attention. If he petted her, or, better, let her climb upon him and perch on his shoulder, she showed her delight by loud and unbroken purring.

But after a time Johnny was made to realize that even a cat has feelings much as people have. It was a wonderful revelation to the boy, and a lesson he never forgot.

One noon the barn caught fire. In a very few minutes the whole structure was in flames. Fortunately, the cow was in the pasture, and Johnny's mother had taken the horse to town.

Johnny was on the back porch, and was the first to give the alarm. As his home was on the outskirts of the city, it would take ten minutes for the fire-engines to reach the place.

At first Johnny stood and watched the fire. Now and then he cried softly. By and by something attracted his attention.

"Kitten-cat" was now full grown, so he called her "Katzy." As Johnny stood by the porch, she came running to him, mewed, pawed at him, and then ran toward the barn. Then she came back, mewed, jumped up at him, and ran away again.

Partly understanding, Johnny followed her. This seemed to be what she wanted, for she ran straight toward the barn, now and then looking back to see if Johnny was coming. Johnny went on until he was afraid to go farther.

But where was "Katzy?"

Just then he caught sight of her on the roof of the shed. A moment more, and she disappeared inside the burning barn.

"Come back, Katzy," cried Johnny. "Come back, Katzy, Katzy, Katzy! You'll be all burned. O, do come back!"

And in a moment or two she did come back, carrying something in her mouth. On account of the smoke, Johnny could not see what she had, but she was soon at his side and dropped a wee kitten, whose eyes were not yet open, at his feet. Then she looked up at him, mewed, and ran away again.

This time she was in the building longer, and when she came back, bore another kitten in her mouth. She placed this beside the other, looked up at Johnny, and mewed. Her fur was scorched in places, her tail had lost most of its hair, and the smoke had blackened her face, and the fire had burned her whiskers.

She looked up at Johnny in mute appeal, and then started to make another trip, but the boy was too quick for her. He caught her by her ragged tail, and pulled her to him, sobbing as he held her, and saying, gently:—

"You can't go again, Katsy. You mustn't go any more. The other kittens'll have to burn. You just can't go, 'cause you're worth more'n a hundred kittens."

L. A. REED

"THE boy who fears he will do more than his salary calls for will never have any salary to call for."

Cranberries and Fog

A True Story

DEVIL'S LEDGE is roaring angrily to-night, and a thick, white fog is curling up from the sea, through what is left of the dense spruce forests that surrounded my childhood home. I suppose the cranberries, too, still grow upon the bleak little island; and although it has been long since I saw them there, I shall never forget how the red clusters look, all damp with mist from the chill New England shore.

It was sixty years ago it all happened, when I was only a little girl nine or ten years old. Mother had a houseful of company, as was often the case in those good, old-fashioned times. Aunt Thankful and Aunt Mary had come with their families to spend the day, and we youngsters, of whom there was a small battalion, were having a fine frolic. Though toes were often stepped upon, and heads thumped, we constantly dodged about underfoot as mother passed to and fro before the kitchen fireplace; so, after dinner, I was not surprised to hear her say,—

"Elizabeth, take the pail, and you youngsters go down to the head of the field, and gather some cranberries."

Now I knew well that there was an abundance of cranberries already in the house, and realized that mother only wished to be rid of our disturbing clatter for a time, in order to give our elders an opportunity for rest and a quiet little chat. But in those days, children were not allowed to argue the command of their parents, however unwilling they were to obey; so I took up the pail, and slowly set out for the head of the field, leaving the others to follow as they would. Many of the cousins, however, did not care to go, and finally, only Cousin Susan and myself, with each a small brother, Bine and Albert, found ourselves trudging in the direction of the cranberry woods.

No doubt we were an odd looking little band, with our hair cut off straight around our necks, tanned brown by the sun and the salt sea breezes. But we scurried along as unmindful of our appearance as so many Mother Carey's chickens, down on the shore.

We were not in haste to begin gathering ber-



ries. A few minutes' work would procure enough for supper, and knowing the whole afternoon was before us, we romped about hunting squirrels, swinging on grape-vines, or climbing into the prickly spruces in search of pink spruce gum. Absorbed in play, none of us noticed that one of the sudden fogs, common in that locality, was rising from the ocean, and rapidly sweeping inland. By and by the sunshine began to darken, and the woods to fill with mist; then, in sudden alarm, I seized the cranberry pail, almost empty as it was, and called to the others to come on home.

But we had played too long. Thicker and denser settled the fog, until in a few minutes we could see only a few feet in any direction. Familiar tree-trunks took on unnatural shapes, and well-known landmarks were either completely obscured, or so veiled in mist that we could not recognize them. Being the eldest, I felt responsible for the other youngsters, and hurried them as fast as possible toward home, as I thought; but as our surroundings were shut out by the ever-increasing fog, I began to grow confused, and soon could not tell where we were, or in what direction we were going. I was sorely frightened, but tried to conceal the fact from the others, as the boys were already beginning to whimper with fear for the darkness and mist and ghostly surroundings.

Suddenly a hoarse, unearthly screech sounded out toward the sea; for an instant we were terror-stricken at the unexpected sound, then recognized it as the fog-horn on the single steamer, that in those days, plied between Boston and St. Johns. Often before we had heard its dismal "*Troo-o-o-nk, troo-o-o-nk, troo-o-o-o-nk!*" proclaiming danger out on the ocean; now it sounded again and again, while after every whistle we became more nervous and excited as we stumbled along through the murky woods.

"It must be a bad fog," faltered Susan.

"I guess it is," I answered, "and I don't see a thing I know. I believe we're lost."

At this, Bine and Albert set up a cry of terror, Susan and I quieting them as best we could.

"But what shall we do?" asked Susan.

"We'll just have to keep on," said I. "Now, Albert, don't cry; for we'll come out all right. We'll be sure to see something we know before long."

"Bu-ut I want to go h-o-o-me!" wailed Albert.

"You'll soon be there," I replied, as soothingly as possible, but a great deal more confidently than I really felt.

"But what shall we do to-night, if we can't find our way?" moaned poor Susan.

"We'll find it, though," I answered; "but if we're not home at dark, they'll come out after us."

"They could never find us in this fog," she replied, hopelessly.

Then the fog-horn sounded again, out on the bay, and my own soul quaked at the uncanny sound, while the wail from the boys revived with terrified energy. Again I reassured them, then started on once more, with a vague feeling that our only hope of succor lay in keeping in motion.

"Come on," said I, "let's keep going! I'm getting cold."

And, to tell the truth, we were all getting cold. The damp fog, almost as wet as rain, now began to penetrate our clothing, besides collecting on the trees and bushes whose foliage brushed our path.

We became first wet, then dripping, as we plodded along through the undergrowth and huckleberry bushes. Often our toes caught in tangles of wild hemlock, and we constantly trod upon scarlet cranberries, now wet and shining with moisture. Although they had been in a measure responsible for our sorry plight, we never thought to pluck so much as one berry, though still clinging to the pail, with its one forlorn handful of fruit in the bottom.

Bine and Albert kept up an unceasing sniffing as they trudged along, keeping fast hold of Susan and me, as if fearing to lose even us in the fog.

"Boo-oo-hoo! I want mother," Albert would sob, as Susan dragged him along.

"Uh-h-h-hoo-oo! I want to go h-o-o-me!" echoed Bine, as I pulled him by the hand.

We went on until almost tired out from fear, cold, and the distance traveled, but still we kept on because it was the only thing we knew to do. The other youngsters depended entirely upon me for a way out of our difficulty, and as I realized more and more what serious consequences might follow if nightfall should shut us hopelessly into the wild, wet woods, I naturally became very anxious, and kept them all, our entire company, in motion while continually straining my eyes in an endeavor to catch a glimpse of some familiar object.

Suddenly a sound reached my ears that brought me to an abrupt standstill, with a new and awful fear.

"Listen!" I said.

"What's the matter?" asked Susan.

"Don't you hear that?" said I.

"What?" faltered Susan, while the boys' wails began to gain strength.

"The Devil's Ledge, right there!" I replied, pointing ahead.

Sure enough; above the constant, uniform rumble of the waves on the rocky shore, arose another sound,—a mighty, angry roar, that rapidly grew more distinct as we advanced. We had heard that roar before, and knew that it could come from nothing else on the island but the Devil's Ledge, a rugged cliff of rock rising perpendicularly from the water, a sheer three hundred feet, and against which terrific waves were always dashing with a roar terrifying to stouter hearts than beat among that frightened little quartet of fog-drenched youngsters. Mother had always forbidden our going anywhere in the vicinity of Devil's Ledge; for it was indeed a dangerous spot; but in the fog we had wandered almost to its very brink, now veiled from sight, but only a few steps away, with the cruel ocean dashing far below.

When we realized our danger, we were panic-stricken. Bine's and Albert's whimpers developed into lusty howls, and probably Susan and I would have joined in, had there been any older person to depend upon; as it was, our danger made us desperate, and as is often the case, desperation originated a way out of our dilemma.

Once more we calmed the boys as well as we could, though half crying ourselves, and as I listened to the roar of Devil's Ledge, a happy idea flashed to my mind.

"O Susan!" I said, hopefully, "don't you remember that there are field fences opposite Devil's Ledge?"

"Ye-e-s," said Susan, "Uncle Alden's clover fields."

"Sure enough," I replied. "Well, then, if we turn square around, and keep straight, we will be sure to strike Uncle Alden's fences, and then we can find his house, and he will take us home. We will get away from Devil's Ledge, at any rate. Come on, let's try it."

With hope somewhat renewed, we turned our backs on the roaring cliff, and started in the opposite direction. If my idea had failed to work, there is no telling what would have become of us poor, dripping youngsters; but, fortunately, my memory was correct, and we kept a reasonably straight course as we proceeded, so finally we stumbled upon a rail fence, which, when we followed a short distance, we recognized. How delighted we were to see something familiar once more; even those old, weather-beaten rails, in the ugly worn fence, looked beautiful to us, for they were a possible connection between us and home. We quickly clambered over into Uncle Alden's clover field and began our search for his house.

But we were by no means out of our predicament. The fog was as thick as ever, and we wandered about in the young clover with little idea of distance or direction, as we could see but a few feet at a time. Hope had revived our spirits, and stopped the boys' wails for a time; but as we

continued to wander, and found no sign of a house, our weary feet began to drag.

Soon night began to draw near, and darkness came on rapidly. It seemed that we must stay in the field all night, which was nearly as bad as the woods, except for the fear of Devil's Ledge. Susan and I were in despair and felt like sitting down in the wet clover, and crying till we were rested; but we dared not stop, with night so near, so plodded on, almost dragging the poor little boys along.

When it became nearly dark, our feet suddenly stumbled into an uneven spot amid the clover, and looking down, I noticed a narrow, beaten track, extending as far as I could see, where it disappeared in a wall of mist.

"Here is a little path," said I. "Let's follow it, and see where it will take us."

Almost mechanically, the others followed where I led, for they had all become too weary to take much interest in trifles; but we had followed the path only a little way, when Susan suddenly exclaimed,—

"Look, isn't that a light?"

Peering through the mist, I thought I could make out a faint gleam.

"I do believe it is," I said. "O, hurry up!"

A few steps proved that we were not mistaken, and the boys' sobs changed to excited little laughs of delight.

"It's Uncle Alden's! It's Uncle Alden's!" they cried joyously, and their tired bare feet were aroused to life once more to hurry toward the welcome glimmer.

Light did not penetrate far that sort of night, so we had but a short distance to go, and were soon rapping at the door of the house; but instead of Uncle Alden's, it proved to be the home of a fisherman who lived near.

The fisherman and his kind wife took us in, and listened to our story. Now that all cause for fear or excitement had been removed, and their first joy for safety was over, their bodily comfort asserted itself, and Bine and Albert once more began to cry for home and mother. This time the bluff old fisherman consoled them:—

"There, there, now, don't cry, don't cry! You'll soon be home, and have a nice hot supper. It's only a little piece farther to go—there's nothing to cry about. You'll soon be home. There now, there now, I wouldn't cry!"

Thus he talked, while we stood by the fireplace and warmed ourselves by the blazing fire. The fisherman soon had his lantern prepared and lighted, and then we set out once more for home, but by the road this time, and with the cheerful gleam of the fisherman's lantern for a guide. And never did home seem such a delightful place as when, a few minutes later, we dragged little band of cranberry pickers saw its lights faintly shining through the dense fog that still smothered land and sea.

At home the spirit of alarm was in the air. The men had come in when the fog began to gather thickly, and when we youngsters did not appear in a reasonable time, they all grew anxious for our safety. At the approach of night, satisfied that we were lost, the men collected lanterns and lights of various descriptions, and were just about to start out in search of us, when we appeared upon the scene.

As the kind fisherman led us into the warm, comfortable kitchen, we created quite a sensation.

"Wh-y, children, where have you been?" said mother.

Countless other questions followed, till our adventure was fully discussed and explained; but an interruption occurred in the form of a whisper, and a tired little voice from Bine,—

"I'm hungry!"

So we were hurried into dry clothes, and were soon eating a bountiful supper, which included cranberry sauce.

A night's rest restored us completely, and the next day we had almost forgotten that we had ever been tired, and were ready for another romp in the woods.

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

XII—The Call of Samuel

(September 19)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 Sam. 2:27-36; chapter 3.
MEMORY VERSE: "Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth." 1 Sam. 3:9.

Shiloh was not, at the time of Samuel's boyhood, a good place for a child to be. The sons of Eli and their bad companions had filled it with wickedness. When the people brought their sacrifices to the Lord's house, these young men seized whatever part they liked best, and if the people refused it, they threatened to take it by violence. See 1 Sam. 2:12-17. Therefore the people "abhorred the offering of the Lord;" they did not like to bring their gifts to the Lord's house.

God warned Eli by his prophet about the wickedness of his sons. The last part of the second chapter gives the message that he sent. Eli spoke to his sons about their evil ways. But when they were children, they had been allowed to have their own way in everything, and now that they were grown they took no notice of their father's words.

But in the midst of evil, the child Samuel grew pure, strong, and beautiful, like a fair white lily on the bosom of a slimy pool. His mother had given him to God in faith, and God kept him without stain in the midst of evil. Think of these things day by day, when you pray in the words our Lord has taught us, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." In this evil world, which gets worse and worse as the end draws near, we are not safe for a moment unless the Lord keeps us by his power.

Notice how attentive Samuel was to the aged Eli. As soon as he thought he heard Eli calling, he arose and ran to see what was wanted. This he did three times, although if he had wanted an excuse, he need not have gone after Eli told him it was not he who called.

It was because Samuel was so quick to run at the call of Eli and do his bidding, that God could honor him by speaking to him as he now did. If Samuel had not run to Eli, he would not have found out that it was God speaking. By obedience to those whom God has placed over us, we are learning to obey God. But if we make excuses, or pay no attention to their words, we shall not be likely to heed the voice of God when he speaks to us.

The words that Eli told Samuel to answer when the voice of God called him show how our minds should be ever turned toward God, ready to hear whatever he has to say to us. "Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth," should be the language of our hearts.

Samuel was truly a little servant of the Lord, although God had not yet spoken to him except through others.

"O give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord!
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of thy word;
Like him to answer at thy call,
And to obey thee first of all."

The words of God to Samuel made the child's heart very heavy. He loved Eli, and was sad to hear of the terrible judgment that was coming on his family because he had let his sons go on in their evil ways after God had warned him.

The old priest must have wondered what the Lord's message was, and why the boy did not come to tell him. But Samuel feared to show Eli the vision. Yet when Eli, fearing the worst, called him, and asked him about it, he "told him every whit, and hid nothing from him." God had given

him this hard and trying duty, and he did his work faithfully.

"And all Israel from Dan even to Beersheba knew that Samuel was established to be a prophet of the Lord." A prophet is one who speaks the words of God—a mouthpiece for God. "He that hath my word," saith the Lord, "let him speak my word faithfully." Samuel did this; and because he spoke faithfully the words that God gave him, "the Lord was with him, and did let none of his words fall to the ground."

Questions

1. What sort of place was Shiloh in Samuel's childhood? Who had corrupted the place? How did they make the people feel about the Lord's house and worship?
2. Did this have any effect on Samuel? What kind of child was he? How was he kept pure?
3. How did God first warn Eli about the wickedness of his sons? What terrible punishment did he say should come upon Eli's house? Did this warning make any change in the lives of Eli's sons?
4. Through whom did God next speak to Eli? What time was it? Where was Samuel when he heard God's voice calling him?
5. Did Samuel know the voice of the Lord? To whom did he go? What did Eli say? How many times did he go to Eli?
6. What did Eli then perceive? What did he tell him to answer the next time he heard the voice?
7. How had Samuel been serving God all his life?
8. What do we learn about Samuel's habits, from his running at once to Eli? How do children learn to obey God? Who are most likely to heed when God speaks?
9. What did God tell Samuel? How long did Samuel wait before he told Eli the message?
10. When Eli asked him about it, what did he do? What does God say about those to whom he gave his words? Jer. 23:28.
11. What name is given to one who speaks for God? How far did the news spread that Samuel had become a prophet? What are we told about his words? Why did God not let Samuel's words fall to the ground? Isa. 55:11.



XII—Home Instruction

(September 19)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Eph. 5:29-33; 6:1-9.

MEMORY VERSE: "Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right. Honor thy father and mother; which is the first commandment with promise." Chap. 6:1, 2.

For no man ever hated his own flesh; but nourisheth and cherisheth it, even as Christ also the church; because we are members of his body. For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife; and the two shall become one flesh. This mystery is great; but I speak in regard of Christ and of the church. Nevertheless do ye also severally love each one his own wife even as himself; and let the wife see that she fear her husband. Children, obey your parents in the Lord; for this is right. Honor thy father and mother (which is the first commandment with promise), that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth. And, ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath: but nurture them in the chastening and admonition of the Lord. Servants, be obedient unto them that according to the flesh are your masters, with fear and trembling, in singleness of your heart, as unto Christ; not in the way of eyeservice, as menpleasers; but as servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart; with good will doing service, as unto the Lord, and not unto men: knowing that whatsoever good thing each one doeth, the same shall he receive again from the Lord, whether he be bond or free. And, ye masters, do the

same things unto them, and forbear threatening: knowing that he who is both their Master and yours is in heaven, and there is no respect of persons with him.—*American Standard Revised Version.*

Questions

1. What encouraging lesson may we learn from the love that husbands show toward their wives?
2. How does Christ regard his church?
3. What relation do we, as members of his church, sustain to him?
4. How is this illustrated in the true marriage bond?
5. What is this union called? What is this mystery? Col. 1:27.
6. What lesson do the husband and wife learn regarding their duty toward one another, from the relation of Christ to his church?
7. What instruction is given to children? From whom are they to learn how to obey? Why are they to be obedient?
8. To whom is the first commandment with promise made? Who is concerned in this commandment? What is the commandment? When was it first given?
9. What was the promise?
10. How are fathers to treat their children? How are they to train them?
11. How are servants to obey their masters? Whom are they to hold in regard in all their service?
12. What is to be the nature of their service?
13. From whom may they expect to receive their reward? How many are included in this promise?
14. How are masters to regard those who labor for them? To whom are the masters responsible? How does God regard every individual? See also Acts 10:34, 35.

Notes

Many times the relation of Christ to his people is illustrated by the relation of the husband to the wife. As they become one, so Christ makes himself one with us. We need not feel that because we are young, he does not appreciate our needs, our temptations, and our efforts to please him. He was in all points tempted like as we are, and knows so perfectly our humanity that he is able in every temptation to provide a way of escape. As we open our hearts to his presence, he comes in to abide, and we two become one in everything; so that, with Paul, we can say, "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

Often the service which we are called to perform seems menial, and we are tempted to abhor it. Perhaps our efforts are not appreciated, or the reward is not equal to the service. But if we keep in mind the fact that One is our Master, even Christ, and he regards our service in its true value, it will make the most difficult tasks easy. Doing everything heartily, as unto the Lord, brings his blessing into our lives, and makes us a blessing to those about us.

LIFE is of value only as it is a preparation for the life beyond.

The Sea of Galilee

I LOOKED upon a sea,
'Twas bright and blue;
Around its shores were life
And verdant hue.

'Twas fed by many rills
With mountain source
On Hermon's snowy peak,
Whence Jordan's course.

But Galilee's blue sea
Lives not alone
Because it gets these streams
As all its own.

It lives because it gives
Its waters blue
To other shores, and then
Is filled anew.

—Selected.



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Do not make the mistake of thinking that opportunity always means something agreeable, something pleasant, something that from its very appearance is a thing to be desired. It may mean self-abnegation, humiliation, suffering. The opportunity to save the world meant all these things to Jesus—yet he counted it all joy, and for that joy endured the cross, despising the shame. Shall his followers do less?

A Cheering Word From India

A PERSONAL letter from Mrs. Bessie L. Shaw, who for the last two years has been in India, has this to say concerning the work of Sister A. Helen Wilcox, who went to that field recently at her own expense:—

"The Lord has blessed us in sending some good workers, but still we call for more. Mrs. Wilcox is in Simla, the official hill station of India. She is meeting with excellent success. You will remember that she is a self-supporting missionary. She has been so blessed financially in her work that she has offered to pay the expenses of two more workers to come, and help develop the interest that has been awakened by her and Miss Knight. The Lord has opened many homes to them. This is certainly encouraging to self-supporting missionaries."

We are sure that all will rejoice to hear how God is blessing the work of this sister, who has truly left all to answer the call that came from this distant, needy part of the great harvest field.

Mrs. Shaw adds: "There is much to encourage in the work here in India. Of course there are many difficulties to overcome, but we have One who is able to conquer all, and we go forward in his name. Remember India and its needs in your prayers."

A Call From Africa

THE following stirring appeal from Sister Ellen Burrill, who has been working for some time in Cape Town, is given with the prayer that it may awaken a response in the hearts of some of the older young people who read the INSTRUCTOR:—

"This evening's post brings the *Bulletin*. It is indeed a welcome visitor. It brings the spirit of the Conference to us. News from the homeland is most refreshing. As years pass on, I become more wedded to the land of my adoption; but I do not cease to love that of my birth, and long to see the old familiar faces that I love. The work here grows dearer to me all the time. This is a good place to work. There are many obstacles and difficulties, but there is power to overcome them all.

"We have only a few workers left, and the burdens are heavy on their shoulders. But sadder than this is the fact that so much ought to be done, and so many doors are open for labor, and there are no workers. O, that the Lord would send forth laborers into this part of the field! We need help here in our schools, we need teachers

in other schools. Are there not young people at home who will come and help us? I would say, Do not be afraid to go anywhere God calls you. Be sure of his call. Do not move until he speaks, then go forward, expecting difficulties and obstacles of all kinds in your work; you will find them. But you will also find help in Him that is mighty.

"You will be homesick, so homesick that you would willingly lay down your life rather than go on. If at that time you ask it, your Heavenly Father will give you such a glimpse of the heavenly mansions that your only desire will be to labor more earnestly to soon be at home over there. Do not expect to be appreciated by those for whom you come to labor. You probably will not be; Christ was not. But if you will go aside and listen, when duty is finished, you can day by day hear the Master's voice saying, 'This is my beloved child, in whom I am well pleased.' This is all the appreciation, all the approval, we need. Sometimes, also, God will veil his face for a time. But it is only for a time, and soon again we will see the sunshine of his love, all the brighter, because of the darkness just before. You may be ill; so you might be at home. The Great Physician is just as near us here as there. Some must give up their lives ere this truth triumphs. Those faithful unto death will receive a crown of life. There is a whole continent before us. O, we need workers for this field—young men and women full of life and vigor, who are willing to labor, who can bear disappointment, who are willing to take advice. O, that God would send them here!

"Our school work is doing well. Here at the college we have added a new teacher, and made some other changes. I am now in charge of the twenty-two girls in the home. I find it a very happy work; for I have great hopes that some of them will become faithful workers.

"I trust I have not said too much about workers. If my experience here will be the means of helping any one else, I should like to have them know it. The keynote of it all is that it is a good thing to serve the Lord; yes, I can add, It is a good thing to serve the Lord in Africa. May God bless in the efforts to send other laborers to the far-away lands."

Lessons From the Life of Daniel XI

The Interpretation of the Vision of the Great Image

HAVING described the image that the king had seen, Daniel gave the interpretation, foretelling the remarkable events that were to take place in prophetic history:—

"Thou, O king, art a king of kings: for the God of heaven hath given thee a kingdom, power, and strength, and glory. And wheresoever the children of men dwell, the beasts of the field and the fowls of the heaven hath he given into thine hand, and hath made thee ruler over them all. Thou art this head of gold.

"And after thee shall arise another kingdom inferior to thee, and another third kingdom of brass, which shall bear rule over all the earth.

"And the fourth kingdom shall be strong as iron: forasmuch as iron breaketh in pieces and subdueth all things: and as iron that breaketh all these, shall it break in pieces and bruise. And whereas thou sawest the feet and toes, part of potters' clay, and part of iron, the kingdom shall be divided; but there shall be in it of the strength of the iron, forasmuch as thou sawest the iron mixed with miry clay. And as the toes of the feet were part of iron, and part of clay, so the kingdom shall be partly strong, and partly broken. And whereas thou sawest iron mixed with miry clay, they shall mingle themselves with the seed of men: but they shall not cleave one to another, even as iron is not mixed with clay.

"And in the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed: and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand

forever. Forasmuch as thou sawest that the stone was cut out of the mountain without hands, and that it brake in pieces the iron, the brass, the clay, the silver and the gold; the great God hath made known to the king what shall come to pass hereafter: and the dream is certain, and the interpretation thereof sure."

Nebuchadnezzar felt that he could accept this interpretation as a divine revelation; for to Daniel had been revealed every detail of the dream. The solemn truths conveyed by the interpretation of this vision of the night made a deep impression on the sovereign's mind, and in humility and awe he "fell upon his face, and worshiped," saying, "Of a truth it is, that your God is a God of gods, and a Lord of kings, and a revealer of secrets, seeing thou couldest reveal this secret."

Daniel's exposition of this dream resulted in the king's conferring honor and dignity upon him and his companions. "The king made Daniel a great man, and gave him many great gifts, and made him ruler over the whole province of Babylon, and chief of the governors over all the wise men of Babylon. Then Daniel requested of the king, and he set Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, over the affairs of the province of Babylon: but Daniel sat in the gate of the king." "The gate of the king" was a place where justice was dispensed. Daniel's three companions were made counselors, judges, and rulers in the land. These men were not puffed up with vanity, but they saw and rejoiced that God was recognized above all earthly potentates, and that his kingdom was exalted above all earthly kingdoms.

The lord was working in the Babylonian kingdom, and communicating light to the four Hebrew youth, in order that he might represent his work before the idolatrous nation. He would reveal that he had power over the kingdoms of the world,—power to enthroned and to dethrone kings. The King over all kings was communicating great truths to the Babylonian monarch, and awakening in his mind a realization of his responsibility to God. Nebuchadnezzar saw clearly the difference between the wisdom of God and the wisdom of the most learned men of his kingdom.

The events of the future, reaching down to the end of time, were opened before the king of Babylon, in order that he might have light on this important subject. The record of the dream and its interpretation was traced by the prophetic pen, in order that the rulers of the kingdoms that should succeed Babylon might have the same light.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

The Creating Hand

You love the hour when morning comes
Like some great angel silver-shod,
You love the deeps of midnight blue—
Then you love God.

You love the fragrance of the flower,
The force aspiring in the sod,
The scarlet splendor of the leaf—
Then you love God.

You love the earth when rose and snow,
Forgetting all of rock and clod,
Winged with her cloud of apple-bloom—
Then you love God.

You love the dust of forest aisles
With green depths, of the world untrod,
The singing of the lonely bird—
Then you love God.

You love the splendor of the seas
When all their thunders are abroad,
With lines that touch the infinite—
Then you love God.

You love the tender child, the brows
That with the weight of winters nod,
You love the throbbing heart of man—
Then you love God.

You love the life that long ago
Endured the cross, the thorn, the rod,
And proved the depths of human grief—
Then you love God!

—Harriet Prescott Spofford.