

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

An October Day in Muskoka

Nor a cloud dims the azure of the sky. The thermometer registers nearly seventy in the shade at noon. We have heard of only two frosts in this vicinity, only one of which touched our garden, and that with such dainty fingers that few things bear the imprint.

I sit in "Queenie's chair," a natural seat in a large rock to which the little wharf is fastened, in the lake by our cottage. I look up and down the bay,—to the island across it, and to the mainland above the island, and to the smaller islands below. A light haze envelopes the land in the dim distance. The day is still; not a sound falls from the ripples on the shore. Anon there are tokens of life around me. A squirrel leaps among the low-growing trees near by, and, chattering his pleasure or displeasure, disappears. The sharp, incisive note of a woodpecker reaches me from the woods near by. The fine, liquid note of a belated goldfinch, just as sweet as those heard in my childhood, passes by me, and a robin gives his one-note call from a tree only a short distance away. There are no corn fields near; hence the crow does not linger, but flying aloft and away, keeps a sharp lookout for a "corner" on corn.

More rain fell this summer than for many a season, and the trees retained their fresh appearance later than usual. Now they are slowly turning color. A soft maple in its "cloth-of-gold" near where I am sitting reminds me of the two long lines of the same kind of trees that so often feasted my eye for the beautiful as I looked from the academy grounds up the street of my native town. To be truthful, I must say this is not so beautiful as those were. The autumnal coloring does not yet compare in brilliancy of display with that seen in dear old New England in my girlhood days. Our Father would ever have us see beauties and blessings as well as beauties in the present. If we are truly true to the yesterdays of our life, we shall not be pessimistic in the to-days. Let us learn to pick out the grain of beauty

and pleasure from the sands of life lying each day beneath our feet. Not only should we heed the voice telling us, "Do ye next thyng" in duty's line, but we should educate ourselves—if necessary, discipline ourselves—to see the beauty in the blessing that is near, instead of bemoaning the loss of "a day that is dead," or vainly longing for one that may never come.

This morning there was a stiff breeze for a little time, and the resultant flecks of foam are now floating on the water around me. At the right on the shore stands a black alder bush with green foliage, and full of scarlet berries suggestive of Christmas-tide. Not far away is a maple with its beautifully shaded crimson leaves. All along the

and tree that often we do not see them until they fly. I heard the loons scream, and heard them at their bathing frolic, only a few days ago. Not even a sea-gull enlivens the scene to-day with the flash of his white wings. Peace and quiet settle down with the brooding haze that has crept over the land, the water and the sky. Up jumps a fish to catch an insect, and down he goes with a splash. The largest fish are those that were never caught; next in size are those that, having been caught, slipped off the hook without assistance.

All along the shore of the island across the bay the trees in their foliage of shaded yellow melting into shades of blending brown, stand about half the height of the trees beyond, reminding one of the serried ranks of an army on a hillside.

Two rowboats pass,—one up the lake, the other down; at least half a mile distant, we hear the rowers' voices, and the splash of oars. Happy children are calling beyond the point, wakening the echoes on the opposite island. Now the trees along the shoreline with their intermingling colors are mirrored in the listless lake. O, the glory of it all as I sit here vainly wishing for the artist's pencil or for the era of color photography to reach its zenith!

Earth is not heaven, but sometimes the Father vouchsafes us glimpses of heaven, while still our weary feet press the pathways of earth. If our ears are not attuned to hear, and our eyes to see, the beauty of the passing days as they come and go, what assurance have we that the Giver of it all will welcome us through the pearly portals that open on the never-fading glories of the eternal world? MARY MARTIN MORSE.

The Song of the Forest

I HAD but just taken one look
that was serious
At some of the difficult problems
of life,
Just tried them enough to find out
how they weary us,
And longed for a respite from
unequal strife;
When one day as autumn's first
bright leaves were falling

And filling the hollows with rivers of gold,
It seemed that I heard the great solitude calling;
So, led by the impulse, I thoughtfully strolled
To where the great forest rose round and above
me,



ONE DAY AS AUTUMN'S FIRST BRIGHT LEAVES WERE FALLING

shore, green, garnet, and gold commingle, the stately pine and the smaller evergreen supplying the darker shades. Whirr goes a partridge, and now another. Their mottled plumage is so in keeping with the color in fallen leaf and brush

Encircling the valleys and shading the hills.
The heart of the wood, like a heart that could love
me,
Was throbbing in chord with murmur of rills.
A sky full of sunshine, a pure streamlet straying
Through patches of asters,—all spoke peace and
rest;
And like a tired infant, grown weary of playing,
Who falls fast asleep on a fond mother's breast,
I threw myself down on the grass in a clearing,
And heard the wind rustling the leaves dream-
ily,
Till, softer than music, too soft for the hearing,
I dreamed the great forest was singing to me.

Song

Child born to sorrow and pleasure,
Child born to gladness and grief,
List while I pour out in measure
Thoughts for thy sick soul's relief.

Child that I love, I have known thee
When, thy boy's heart full of glee,
Life only sunshine had shown thee;
Then, child, thou camest to me,—

Came for a handful of berries,
Picked a bright wild flower or two,
Hunted in vain for the fairies,
Bathed thy bare feet in the dew.

Youth came with vague visions varied:
Snatches of poesy's lore,
Whispered to me in the moonlight
Life's secrets over and o'er.

Now when youth's impulsive madness
Cools to young manhood's warm glow,
Thou again comest in sadness,—
Sad, for the world is thy foe,

Thou hadst thought Heaven had called thee
To deeds of greatness alone;
Dreamed, and saw fetters that galled thee
Fall when thy genius was shown,

And, walking, found thy great powers
Common as sunshine and rain.
Men slight the greatest thought towers,
Seeking but temporal gain.

What in thy dream thou hadst taken
For truth the world had not known,
Proved to be, when thou didst waken,
Truth it had trampled upon.

One look at earth's desolation,—
One look at manhood self-wrecked,—
Hath this, child, altered thy station?
Hath this thy high purpose checked?

Now dost thou come to me grieving;
Seeking a balm for thy grief?
If in my song there's relieving,
Gladly I'll give thee relief.

I am the product of ages,
Planted by almighty hands;
Teacher of poets and sages,
Witness of truth in all lands.

Decades fall around me unheeded,
Centuries mark my slow growth.
When into gloom hath receded
All else, I still voice God's oath.

Each spring new leaves robe my bowers,
Breathing in sunshine and heat;
Autumn winds sweep them in showers,
Withered and dead, at my feet.

Greatness grows e'en as the forest;
Thou, my child, art but a leaf.
Few are the sunbeams thou storest,—
Few, for thy life is but brief.

E'en as the red leaves fall dying,
Wither, and fade, and decay,
And the roots under them lying
Silently steal them away,

So when thy mission is ended,
After life's summer is past,
Thy life and work shall be blended
Into all greatness at last.

Grieve not because the world barter
Beauty and wisdom for gain;
Nor, doubting, deem that the martyr's
Poured out their hearts' blood in vain.

Oft have I sheltered earth's heroes;
Safely they lodged 'neath my shade
When, like a tempest-swept sea, rose
Perils that make men afraid.

These sleep. Still souls, heaven-favored,
God calls to witness for him.
Others before thee have labored;
Thou art but entering in.

Fear not: the path shines before thee;
Walk where thy Leader has trod.
Faint not; though trials sweep o'er thee,
Truth belongs ever to God.

Cheerfully take all he gives thee.
If, Ruth-like, gleanings thy sheaf,
Fame's portal, opening, receives thee,
Boast not; thou art but a leaf.

I awoke from my dream. The wild wind was still
sighing,
The trees were still raining down purple and
gold;
And only the burden upon my heart lying,
Mysteriously, silently, from it had rolled.

And now when I feel that the world is all gloomy,
And sicken at sight of the hatred and strife,
That dream of the forest comes soothingly to me,
And sweetens the bitterest thoughts of my life.
ARCHER WRIGHT.

Rambles in Bermuda—IV

Castle Island and Its Neighbors

WHILE there are many places of historic interest in Bermuda, Castle Island is one which above all others carries the thoughts of the visitor back to the days of its early settlement. Very likely this is because its ruins have been repaired or replaced by more modern structures; so that there is nothing to divert the mind of the observer from the real antiquity of the place. Suppose we spend a short time exploring this and the adjacent islands.

On account of the tides, the afternoon is usually the best time to effect a landing on the really inhospitable shores of Castle Island; so we visit first its quiet and peaceful neighbor, St. David's. A small steamer plies at regular intervals between St. George's and St. David's; but when we leave this steamer, we seem to have entered another world. We notice first that the majority of inhabitants are barefooted, a matter, however, that does not in the least affect the social standing in Bermuda, inasmuch as few natives of St. David's are known outside their own little island. They are essentially patriotic and conservative; and the average St. Davian is quite a traveler if he leaves his island once a year for a visit to Hamilton, the metropolis. The little steamer is mostly patronized by visitors, and a few of the inhabitants who sell their produce in St. George's. There are, of course, a few families to which this does not apply; but the ordinary native prefers and enjoys the quiet, tranquil life, and almost Arcadian simplicity of his forefathers.

It is also noticeable that there is but one road, which, following the shore, makes the circuit of the island without once diverging into the interior. Even this road is an innovation; for up to a very recent date, horses were entirely unknown in the island. There is a story current among Bermudians of the astonishment and fear manifested by a St. Davian on his first visit to Ham-

ilton, at sight of one of these familiar beasts of burden. Never having seen anything larger than an occasional donkey, and the goats which supply him with milk and flesh, the horse must have appeared a strange, new species.

The especial object of interest in the island, aside from its inhabitants and the beautiful bays and beaches, is the St. David's lighthouse, the second largest in the islands, which commands a magnificent view. The Gibb's Hill lighthouse, at the other extremity of Bermuda, is much higher, and commands a much wider expanse of ocean, but by reason of its height the view of the islands is not so satisfactory. From St. David's, however, the colors stand out in marked prominence; and in early summer, when the oleander hedges are in full bloom, the blues of the ocean and the greens of the landscape, illuminated here and there with dashes of red and purple, pink and white, form a color study that could scarcely be rivaled in any other clime.

The chief occupations of the islanders are agriculture and fishing, and by these pursuits their simple wants are easily supplied.

But time passes rapidly in an island so quiet; and we must take the little steamer back to St. George's at once if we wish to take advantage of the tide to visit the ruins on Castle Island. After no little haggling over prices, a negro boatman consents to take us to the island for a few shillings. Now the trip must be made entirely by water, but in early days Castle Island was a rocky peninsula connected with the mainland by a natural bridge of rocks. The sea has worn these nearly all away and the few that remain serve only to lash the waves into greater fury as they beat about the barren and unsheltered rock, where was once the seat of government of the Bermudas. There are several rough stairways hewn in the side of the rock, leading down to the old-time landings. Most of these are dangerous, and some impassable, on ordinary days. In fact, there are many days when the hardest boatman does not attempt to land. The point most accessible is on the southern side near an old stone gate that marks the entrance to what was once Government House.

The immense thickness of the walls—such that no bullets of that time could penetrate them—shows that even in the midst of the sea the early colonists did not consider themselves secure from invasion. They were continually on the outlook for Spanish warships, though, if I remember rightly, history does not record a serious encounter. Perhaps this imaginary enemy only lent a sense of security to the festivities with which these same walls were wont to resound. The "dungeons" in the midst of the ruins are especially interesting because one does not really know what purpose they served, and can imagine all sorts of gruesome things. It is probable, however, that they were designed as a refuge in case of an attack. They consist of a series of small rooms entirely underground, with entrance even now half concealed, and furnished with air through breathing-holes pierced from above.

There are some old stone ovens still intact, and a few rooms, roofless, and with ruined stone stairways leading nowhere. Enough of the walls are standing to give some idea of the shape and size of the place.

Standing on the spot where, three centuries ago, the flower of Bermuda gathered to spend the hours in festal mirth or watch fearfully for the dreaded Spaniard, one is forcibly reminded of the words: "As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more." WINIFRED M. PEEBLES.



We Should Be Friends

WE should be friends; so let not foolish pride
Come in between our pathways to divide.
Life's short at best, and long as we shall live,
Each needs the aid the other well may give;
We should be friends.

We should be friends. What if an idle word
An angry feeling in the heart hath stirred?
On one small word lay not too great a stress,
But noble be, and this one fact confess —
We should be friends.

We should be friends. Then let us now renew
That friendship that of old was warm and true.
Though others change, let us in this agree,
If long or short our day of life may be,
We should be friends.

Let us be friends. The anguish we have known
Will for our error graciously atone;
Give me your hand, and on this sacred night,
Let us renew our pledge with keen delight —
We will be friends.

Unexpected Light

"ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy the rest,
Improve the day that God has blessed."

The singer, though light-hearted and happy, was a very conscientious girl. Her father and mother had started on the early train for the seashore, to be gone a month, for the benefit of her mother's health.

Aunt Myra, her father's youngest sister, had arrived only the evening before, to stay with her and with her little brother and sister.

It was Saturday morning, and she was very busy doing up the work and preparing for Sunday. Aunt Myra remained in her room all morning. Alice wondered at this, and thought, "If that is the way she spends her time, she will not be much help or company to me." But that song brought Aunt Myra from her room to the kitchen. Taking a chair by the table where Alice was making a cake, she said: "Alice, do you realize the truth of that song you sang a few moments ago?"

"Why, I think I do, auntie," she replied, with a look of surprise.

"Do you know," said Aunt Myra, "that this is the day the song is speaking of?"

"This! Why, this is Saturday, Aunt Myra; what do you mean?"

"This is the Sabbath of the Lord," said Aunt Myra, smiling,—"the seventh day of the week,—the one the Lord has blessed and sanctified, set apart and made holy, and given to us for a day of rest."

"Why does everybody keep Sunday, then?" asked Alice. "I never heard any one say a word against it before."

"Everybody does not keep Sunday,—I, for one, your grandmother for another, and many others keep the seventh-day Sabbath."

"You and grandma?" said Alice, in surprise. "Why, papa and mama do not know of it."

"No, dear," replied Aunt Myra. "We had not written because we hoped to visit you long before this; but mother's health has been so poor we could not come. When your father wrote me, it seemed impossible for me to leave her, but a friend kindly offered to stay with mother and

care for her as we thought it best for me to come. Mother said, "Myra, the Lord is opening the way for the third angel's message to be carried to my son and his family."

"Third angel's message! What is that?" asked Alice.

"Would you really like to know?" asked Aunt Myra.

"Why, yes," answered Alice; "I like to learn anything that is good."

"Well," said Aunt Myra, "after dinner we will have a long study. I want you to learn the answer to your question from the word of God."

While getting dinner, Alice's mind was filled with perplexing thoughts. Aunt Myra was in her room, earnestly praying that this girl might receive the true light of his word.

Dinner being over, they went out on the lawn, where, as Aunt Myra said, "We can breathe God's pure air as we read his precious word."

"Aunt Myra," Alice said, earnestly, "if you have any scripture to prove that Saturday is the Sabbath, I want to see it. I have been a Bible student since I was quite a little girl, and have seen nothing to that effect; and father and mother are constant readers of the Bible, and they have never mentioned such a thing."

"You know," said Aunt Myra, "that Saturday is the seventh day?"

"Yes."

"Then let us turn to the twentieth chapter of Exodus, and read the ten commandments."

When they had read the fourth, they turned to the thirty-first chapter of Exodus, and began at the twelfth verse, reading the rest of the chapter. There they found that the seventh-day Sabbath is a sign, a perpetual sign, with the children of Israel forever.

"Now we will turn to the fourth chapter of Hebrews. Here we find that if Jesus had meant for us to keep another day, he would have said so. We will also turn to Luke 16:17," said Aunt Myra.

Alice read: "'And it is easier for heaven and earth to pass, than one tittle of the law to fail.'"

"I see, I see," she cried; "the changing from the seventh to the first is one tittle, and it is impossible for it to fail. Oh, how I wish father and mother were here, so I could show them!" and she reached over and kissed away the tears that fell on Aunt Myra's cheek,—tears of gratitude that God had given this girl the light that she so desired her to receive.

The remainder of the day was spent in looking up other texts on the same subject, until Alice was astonished that there was so much on the subject, and that she had never seen all this before.

"I know, Aunt Myra," she said, "that some good angel sent you here to reveal this message to me, and I can never keep Sunday again; but what will father and mother say?"

"We will pray constantly, Alice, that upon their return they may see the truth as you have seen it."

As the Sabbath day closed, they knelt together, aunt and niece, the first time in their lives, and Alice thanked God that his true Sabbath had been revealed to her, and promised that she would keep the day the remainder of her life.

In one month her father and mother returned,

After the usual greetings, Alice said, "Mother, you and father look as if you had found both health and happiness while you were gone."

"We have," said the father, while the mother stood smiling. "We have found more than that; we have found God's true Sabbath."

Oh, what a rejoicing when all was told!

There had been a man teaching at the seashore, and Mr. and Mrs. Norton had listened until they had become interested, and had searched out the truth for themselves. MRS. M. E. UNDERWOOD.

Perseverance—I

It has been truly said that there is no royal road to success. The greatness which we covet and admire in men is the result of indefatigable push and energy.

Success grows out of struggles to overcome difficulties. If there were no obstacles to surmount, there could be no success in the truest sense of the word. "Heaven helps those who help themselves," is a maxim we do well to remember. In order to succeed we must persevere through trials and obstacles, and many times practise the most rigid self-denial. A harvest can be gathered only where seed has been sown. Strenuous individual application is the price we must pay for true distinction; excellence has been forever placed beyond the reach of indolence. Greatness can not be transmitted to another. It is related of an old bishop, who possessed great power in his day, that he was once asked by his stupid and idle brother that he make a great man of him. "Brother," replied the bishop, "if your plow is broken, I'll pay for the mending; or if your ox die, I will purchase you another; but I can not make a great man of you; a plowman I found you, and a plowman I must leave you." One person, writing of himself, repudiated the idea of being "a genius," but attributed his success to industry. "My mind is like a beehive," he said; "but full as it is of buzz and apparent confusion, it is yet full of order and regularity, and food collected with incessant industry from the choicest stores of nature."

Disraeli, a Jew, was hissed when he first appeared in Parliament, and every sentence was laughed at. But he did not become discouraged, and mope and whine in solitude. He persevered. Writhing under his humiliation and defeat, he said, "I have begun several times many things, and have succeeded in them at last. I shall sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me." And it did come. By persevering effort he forced his way to the front, and arose to be one of the leading men of England till at last he occupied a place where men laughed with him instead of at him. His success was the result of dauntless energy and unfailing perseverance.

Never, since the advent of sin, was competition in every branch of industry so fierce as now. Tireless energy is in demand. On every hand we can see wrecks; on some hidden shoal or unknown rock they have stranded. But we must not falter because of these. God will honor the right, and triumphantly vindicate those who adhere to righteous principles. In this time especially we are exhorted to be diligent. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

G. B. THOMPSON,



The Master's Word

"HEAVEN and earth shall pass away: but my words shall not pass away." Luke 21:33.

They have not passed away. The ages lie
In myriad heaps of ashes, cold and gray,
Upon the moorlands, stretching far away
Into the past, where, gaunt against the sky,
A cross once stood and raised its arm on high.
Gone is the cross, and likewise gone are they
Who saw the Master lifted up that day
To perish that the world might never die,
But have eternal life. Caiaphas lies
To sleep his last, and Herod's bones are dust;
Judea's memory is a thing of rust,
Which time shall sweep away. The arching skies
Themselves shall pass; the earth itself decay;
But Christ's sweet words shall never pass away.

— Selected.

WEEKLY STUDY

Historical and Biographical Exercise

Wycliffe, Huss, and Jerome

FIRST EXPERIENCE—TEN MINUTES

SELECT three persons to prepare, either in writing or for a concise statement, a brief biographical sketch of the three Reformers,—Wycliffe, Huss, and Jerome. The facts for these sketches may be gathered from the notes on this lesson, chapters five and six in "Great Controversy," and from a biographical dictionary or other reference-books that may be accessible. Each person should occupy only about three minutes.

SECOND EXERCISE—TEN MINUTES

Select some one to occupy five minutes in simply mentioning characteristics in the lives of these three Reformers, which are worthy of imitation. Let another be appointed to call attention to manifest providences of God in the lives of these Reformers.

THIRD EXERCISE—TEN MINUTES

A lively catechetical exercise may be made interesting and profitable. It should be conducted by the leader or some person qualified to question the young people vigorously on the points passed over.

The following questions and suggestions may be helpful to the one selected to conduct the exercise:—

Time covered by the work of Wycliffe.

What queen was converted under Wycliffe's teaching? Result to the cause of God.

By what name is Wycliffe often called?

What was the great and most prominent work of his life?

How did he die?

What violence was done to his bones long after his death?

What people carried the work of the Reformation to Bohemia?

Locate Bohemia.

Who were the great champions of the work in Bohemia?

How did their life work end?

At what place?

Where is Constance?

Who said, "Most joyfully will I wear this crown of shame for thy sake, O Lord Jesus, who for me didst wear a crown of thorns"?

Who said, "Prove to me from the Holy Writings that I am in error, and I will abjure it"?

What is the meaning of "abjure"?

Mention practical lessons that we may learn from the spirit of these men, and the movement which they started? (Let many answers be given.)

John Wycliffe

John Wycliffe, "the Morning Star of the Reformation," was born at Spreswell, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, England, about the year 1312, and died at Lutterworth, December 31, 1384. He was educated at Oxford, and early in life occupied many honorable positions in the schools and in the Church of England, and took the degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1365. Strange as it may appear, his work as a great Reformer began in politics, when, as a member of the British Parliament, he maintained the political independence of the crown and the country from the pope by defending before the University of Oxford the action of King Edward Third and the entire Parliament, in refusing to pay the papal claim of right to collect tribute from the people of Great Britain. Wycliffe's defense was so emphatic and so successful that the claim was never again made by the pope, and Wycliffe won a high place in the esteem of the British people and their king. This was the opening of a life-long struggle against the encroachment of the papal power; and repeatedly he was summoned before councils to answer for his writings and preachings; but he was so firmly entrenched in the confidence of the people, and in the hearts of many noble and powerful men, that he was always in some way rescued from violence, which often seemed inevitable.

Although a scholar and teacher of the highest rank, an astute and powerful statesman, and a powerful preacher of the word, Wycliffe's crowning work, for which the English world is most indebted to him, was the translation of the Bible into the English language. First he translated the New Testament; and while he was at work, a certain man named Nicholas, of Hereford, England, began the translation of the Old Testament; but a sentence of excommunication was soon passed upon him, and he was unable to proceed with his work. Wycliffe took up the task of Nicholas where he had left it, and in 1382 completed the translation of the Bible, and thus gave to the English people the first copy of the Sacred Book in their own language. This translation marks an epoch in the development of the English language.

John Huss

John Huss, the Bohemian reformer and martyr, was born in 1369 at Sunhussnetz, Bohemia, and died at the stake in Constance, Germany, July 6, 1415. He received his education at Prague, where he took the degree of Bachelor of Theology and Master of Arts. In 1403 he was appointed Rector of the University of Prague. He was a diligent student of Wycliffe's writings, and waved aloft the torch which had fallen from Wycliffe's hands, in the hope that he might effect a religious reformation in Bohemia.

From the beginning of his advocacy of the doctrines set forth by Wycliffe, he met with strong opposition from the leaders of the Catholic Church; but the students of the University, and the common people, who assembled in vast numbers at the Bethlehem church, of which he was the pastor, received his teachings with rejoicing. In 1414 the religious agitation of Bohemia assumed such dimensions that King Sigismund of Hungary decided that the case ought to be brought before the General Council about to be assembled at Constance. Huss cheerfully agreed to appear. Soon after his arrival the cardinals trumped up a charge against him, and placed him in confinement in a Dominican convent. In the investigation which followed, Huss was dealt

a hearing. Later, in June, 1415, he was given a second hearing before the king; but his attempt to vindicate himself was interrupted by tumultuous cries.

The condemnation of Huss to the stake was a foregone conclusion. He himself knew it. His letters bear the stamp of approaching death. On Saturday July 6, 1415, the sentence of the Council was pronounced in the Cathedral condemning him as a heretic, and condemning his books to be burned. Huss fell on his knees, and lifting up his hands, appealed to heaven, and prayed for his enemies. Thereupon followed his degradation from the priestly office, and all cried out together, "Thy soul we deliver up to the devil." Huss answered, "I commend it to the holy Lord Jesus." Then a paper cap a yard high was placed on his head, and he was led forth to the judgment square, and burned as a heretic. As the flames rose around him he refused again to recant, and died singing, "Christ, thou Son of the living God, have mercy upon me." His ashes were thrown into the Rhine.

Jerome of Prague

Jerome, also of Prague, Bohemia, was a fellow laborer in the Reformation with Huss, and shared with his noble leader a martyr's death.

He was born in 1365, and was burned at the stake in Constance, May 30, 1416. He studied at Oxford, and returned to Prague with Wycliffe's theological writings. Later on, he studied in Paris, where he took the degree of Master of Arts. He returned again to Prague in 1407, and entered into hearty sympathy with the plans of Huss. In 1410 he was suspected of heretical doctrines, and fled to Vienna; but was there arrested and imprisoned. When Huss was summoned before the General Council at Constance, Jerome encouraged him to fortitude, and promised to go to his assistance if necessary. On April 4, 1415, he fulfilled his promise; but on the advice of the Bohemian nobles he fled from Constance the day after his arrival, but was almost immediately arrested, and taken in chains to Constance, where on May 30, 1416, he was condemned by the Council as a heretic. As the flames crept about him, he sang the hymn, "Hail, Festal Day!" His ashes were also scattered upon the Rhine.

Despise Not the Little Ones

THERE is a very pretty story told of the late Earl of Shaftesbury, who one day when out walking in one of the busiest streets of London with a friend, was accosted by two little street arabs. They had been standing on the edge of the pavement, gazing, half bewildered, at the great sea of traffic rolling ever on and on.

As the earl approached them, maybe they saw by the kindly light in his eyes that their request would not be denied them; for fearlessly one little lad held out his dirty hand, saying, "Mister, will ye help us across to the other side, for we are afraid, and want some one to lead us."

The earl readily consented, and taking one little grimy hand of each child, led them until they safely landed on the other side. When he returned, his friend questioned him, in a half-contemptuous manner: "What ever made you do that, to take their dirty hands into your own? I should have been afraid to touch them."

His lordship smiled, replying: "One day when my work here is ended, and I get over yonder, I want to meet those lads, but no longer poor and dirty; and to hear my Master's welcome, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.'—Selected.

ONE who falls may get up again and press onward if he has a brave heart.



CHILDREN'S PAGE



The Angel in the Stone

In a fair and ancient city,
Neath the blue Italian sky,
Where rich treasures art has gathered,
As the years rolled swiftly by;
Treasures vast of painting, sculpture,
Rare mosaic, carving strange,
Stands a statue that has witnessed
Four long centuries of change.

Long ago a block of marble
To that city fair was borne,—
Marble free from stain or flaw-mark,
Pure as pearly cloud of morn;
And the rulers sought a sculptor,
Bade him carve a statue grand,
That it might adorn their city,
Fair as any in the land;

But the sculptor's hand, unskilful,
Marred the beauty of the stone;
It was cast aside as worthless,
Left unheeded and alone;
Covered o'er with dust and rubbish,
Vanished all its beauty rare;
So it lay—spoiled, ruined, wasted!
Through full many a weary year.

Till a young and un-
known sculptor,
Passing by, with
thoughtful brow,
Saw the stone, and
said, "An angel
Hides within it even
now."
"Take the stone and
free the angel,"
Said the rulers, half
in scorn.
Many a day the artist
labored,
Until one fair sum-
mer morn

Saw the statue stand
completed;
And the rulers proud
declared
He had found the hid-
den angel
In the marble once
so marred.
And in place of highest
honor
Glad they set the
statue fair,
While the city rang
with praises
Of the sculptor's skill
so rare.

Read ye not a deeper
meaning
In this tale of long
ago—
Story of a soul's salva-
tion
From the depths of
sin and woe?
Made by God in perfect
beauty,
Crown of all his
Eden bright;
Ruined, lost by sin and
Satan,
Hidden far from love
and light,

Till the great and heavenly Artist
Cleansed away each soil and stain,
Carved and shaped, until in beauty
Shone God's image forth again.
And in purity and beauty
It will stand in courts above,
While the heavenly city echoes
Praises to redeeming love. —Selected.

The Marshal of the City of Refuge

WHEN he reached the fence, Toggles stopped
before the sign that he and grandpa had nailed
there the day they made the farm a City of Ref-
uge for the birds. He read it through again:—

TRESPASS IF YOU WANT TO
BUT DON'T HARM THE BIRDS

The summer was almost over; it was what
grandpa called Indian summer now, and Toggles
had been thinking that he and the birds had
had a very good time of it. Among those he
liked most was the beautiful bird that grand-
pa called a golden robin, and mama a Balti-
more oriole, and whose wonderful nest was
swung like a tiny hammock from the branch of

a big walnut-tree on the edge of the orchard.

He was just thinking of him when he came into
the woods, and saw, just a little way ahead, the
man with the green tin box. The man had not
seen Toggles, for he had his back turned. Tog-
gles thought he might be a soldier or a sailor, he
walked so straight; but maybe he thought that
only on account of the cap and the field-glasses.
The man was going toward the orchard, and Tog-
gles followed him, keeping out of sight, but watch-
ing closely; for, being the Marshal of the City
of Refuge, it was his business to see what a
stranger was doing on his grandpa's farm.

The man was walking slowly. Once he stopped
to pull some leaves and put them in the green tin
box, and several times he whistled,—so like a
bird that when the real birds answered him, Tog-
gles could hardly tell the difference. Then he
came out by the big walnut, laid the green tin box
and the field-glasses down on the ground, and,
throwing off his coat, began climbing the tree.

Toggles had never seen a grown man climb
a tree before, and he watched eagerly, very much
surprised and interested, until he saw him swing
to the limb from which hung the oriole's nest, and

take out his knife;
and then he suddenly
wished he were big
enough to take hold of
the tree, and shake it
until the man should
come tumbling down
like a ripe apple.

He was so very an-
gry that he never
stopped to think of
anything but the out-
rage to the oriole, and,
when the man reached
the ground with the
nest in his hand, he
walked straight up to
him, the words fairly
tumbling over one an-
other in their eager-
ness to get out and tell
his indignation.

"Don't you know it's
wicked to steal nests?"
he asked. "That's the
birds' house, that they
live in, just the way we
live in our houses.
How'd you like it if
you went home some
night, and found a big
giant had carried off
your house?"

The man seemed very
much surprised, but he
laid down the nest, and
then sat down on the
grass.

"Whose little boy
are you?" he asked.

The voice was kind,
and Toggles answered
the question, although
he was very angry still.

"My name is Tog-
gles," he said, "and I
am living with mama,
here on grandpa's
farm, and my grandpa
does not like people to
steal nests on his land.
Didn't you read the
sign?"



KITTY'S WAY

"Yes," answered the man; "and I thought it was a very good sign. Do you help your grandpa take care of the birds?"

"I'm marshal," said Toggles; "that's what I've got my star for, because I'm the Marshal of the City of Refuge for the birds. If you saw the sign, why didn't you mind?"

"Is it always wrong to take birds'-nests?" asked the man.

He spoke so gently, and looked like such a nice, good man, that Toggles could hardly believe he had really done the wicked thing that he had seen, only—there lay the branch cut off, with the nest hanging from it.

"Yes, sir," he answered promptly; "it always is,—that is, unless, of course, they're last year's nests."

The man took the branch from the ground.

"This is a last year's nest," he said.

Toggles looked him squarely in the eye.

"I don't know what your name is," he said, "but it's a very wicked thing to tell lies. I saw the oriole last Sunday."

Something very like a smile crossed the man's face; but when he answered, it was grave enough.

"And so did I," he said; "and Monday. Have you seen him since then?"

Toggles thought a moment.

"No," he said.

"And neither have I. He started south Tuesday night, and he won't be back until next May. He'll never use this nest again. And I wouldn't mind a big giant's taking away my house, if I were all through with it and had gone to live in another country,—would you?"

Toggles thought again.

"No," he answered. "Where's he gone to?"

"To Central America," replied the man. "He goes there every winter. But he'll come back in May, and make a new nest. Now, the kingfisher down by the swamp,"—

"I know him!" broke in Toggles.

"He comes in March, and so do the mourning-doves; but, the robins,"—

"They come first," said Toggles.

"Not this year. The blackbirds were ahead of them this time. But, by the way, have you seen,"—

And that was the beginning of a talk that lasted until they heard the dinner-bell ringing from the other side of the orchard.

"Grandpa," exclaimed Toggles, as he ran panting up the front steps, "I've been talking with a man that knows more about birds,—oh! more than anybody; and to-morrow he is going to take me over to Mr. Smith's farm to show me where some owls live, and I want to know who he is."

"Did he carry a green tin box?" asked grandpa, "and wear a cap?"

"Yes," exclaimed Toggles; "that's the man."

"I think," said grandpa, "that it must have been the minister who lives in the village. He is a great friend of the birds, and I am very glad that you are acquainted with him."—*S. S. Times.*

What Happened to Robert

THE house seemed very still that morning. Father Craig had gone to Boston on the early train, and Mother Craig had been called from her breakfast to go to Aunt Phebe Perry, who was very ill. But Rob did not mind being left. As soon as his breakfast was well swallowed, he took his rifle out on the south porch to give it a cleaning; for he had laid out a famous day's sport.

His mother always looked sober when the rifle was brought out; for her tender heart was sorely hurt when any little thing came to harm through it; but Rob's favorite uncle had sent it to him the Christmas before, and his father approved

of it as one of the ways to make a boy manly. So his mother said very little, except now and then to plead gently the cause of those who could not plead for themselves.

So Rob sat there, rubbing and cleaning, whistling merrily, and thinking of the squirrel's nest he knew of, and the rabbit tracks of which Johnny Boullard had told him. He whistled so shrilly that presently a broad-brimmed hat appeared around the corner of the house. There was a little girl under the hat, but you didn't see her at first.

"Sh! Robbie," she said, holding up a small forefinger. "Amy Louise [her doll] is dreadful bad with her head, and I'm trying to get her to sleep."

"Why don't you put a plantain leaf on her head? Plantain's prime for headaches," said Rob.

"Would you please get me one, Robbie?" pleaded the trusting little body. "Mama said for me not to go away from the house, and Norah is cross this morning."

Time was precious just then; but this one sister was very dear. So laying down his rifle, Rob ran over to the meadow across the road, and brought back a huge plantain leaf, which he bound carefully upon the head of Amy Louise, quite extinguishing that suffering doll, but to the great content of the little girl.

"Now, Mr. Squirrel," he said, "look out for yourself, for I'll have a crack at you presently."

He leaned back against the side of the porch to plan his route, for the day was too hot for any unnecessary steps. Just then he heard a click, and looked around straight into the barrel of another rifle.

"My!" said Rob. "That's a pretty careless thing to do."

But the big man holding the rifle did not move, and kept his finger on the trigger. He was a stranger to Rob, and under the circumstances the most unpleasant one he had ever met.

"Will you please lower your gun? You might shoot me," said Rob, trying to speak bravely, but with a queer feeling under his jacket.

"That's what I came for," said the man.

"Came to shoot me?" cried Rob. "What have I done?"

"Nothing that I know of," said the man, indifferently; "but boys do a great deal of mischief. They steal fruit and break windows and make horrid noises. Besides there are a great many of them, and they might overrun us if we didn't thin them out, now and then."

Rob was horrified. Without doubt, the man was an escaped lunatic; and right around the corner of the house was Ethel, likely to appear at any minute. Just then the man spoke again.

"Besides it's necessary to kill to get food."

If Rob had not been so frightened he would have laughed as he thought of his wiry little frame, with scarcely a spare ounce of flesh on it; but he answered, very meekly, "But I'm not good to eat."

"No," said the man, "you'd be tough eating."

"And my clothes wouldn't be worth anything to you," said Rob, glancing quickly over his worn suit.

"No," with indifference. "But I came out for a day's sport and you're the first game I've seen, and I may as well finish you and look farther. I saw some small tracks around here," and again that terrible click.

"Oh," cried poor Rob, "don't shoot me! I'm the only boy my poor father and mother have and they'd miss me dreadfully."

"Pshaw!" cried the other. "They wouldn't mind it much; besides, I'm coming around in a day or two to shoot them."

"Shoot my father and mother?" gasped Rob.

"You wouldn't do such a wicked thing!"

"Why, yes, I would," laughed the dreadful man. "They are larger and better-looking than you, and their clothes are worth more. I've had my eyes on this family for some time, and I may as well begin now."

It seemed to Rob as if his heart stopped beating. Then he cried out, "Please, please don't kill me. I'm so young, and I want to live so much."

The big man laughed derisively.

"Do you think I shall find any game that doesn't want to live? What do you suppose I own a gun for, if I'm not to use it?"

Somehow, even in his terror, this argument had a familiar sound. Just then the big man took deliberate aim. Rob gave one look at the landscape spread out before him. It was so pleasant and life was so sweet. Then he shut his eyes. Bang!

When he opened his eyes he saw only the old south porch, with the hop tassels dancing and twining, and his rifle fallen flat on the floor. It was all a horrid dream from which his fallen rifle had wakened him. But the first thing he did was to peep around the corner of the house to assure himself of Ethel's safety. Yes, there was the broad-brimmed hat flapping down the garden walk, attended by the cat and her two little kittens and lame old Beppo, the dog.

Rob did not take up his beloved rifle. Resting his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hand, he sat looking off over the fields, while a serious thinking went on under his curly thatch, and his thoughts ran something like this:—

"I wonder if the birds and squirrels feel as frightened as I did. I guess they do, for sometimes, when I only hurt and catch them, their hearts are just thumping. And how cowardly that big man seemed coming out to shoot me—so much smaller! But I'm a great deal bigger than the things I shoot, and we don't use them in any way. Mother won't wear the birds' wings nor let Ethel, and we don't eat them. I guess I've had a sort of warning. Oh, what if that dreadful man had found Ethel!" and Rob went around the corner of the house.

The procession had just turned and was coming toward him.

"How is she?" he asked, nodding toward the afflicted Amy Louise, hanging limply over her little mistress's shoulder.

"She's ever so much better. I think she would be able to swing a little if I hold her," with a very insinuating smile.

"Come along, then," laughed Rob, turning toward the swing.

"But aren't you going shooting, Robbie?"

"No," said Rob, with tremendous emphasis.

When Mrs. Craig came home, tired and sad, in the middle of the afternoon, instead of the forlorn little girl she expected to find wandering about, there was a pleasant murmur of voices on the south porch, where Rob sat mending his kite, while Ethel rocked gently to and fro, with Amy Louise and both kittens in her lap.

"You didn't go hunting, then, Robert?" asked mother.

Robert shook his head, without giving any reason; but that evening, as Mrs. Craig sat at twilight in her low "thinking chair" by the west window, there was a soft step behind her, a quick kiss on the top of her head, and a note dropped into her lap, and the note said:—

"I will never again kill any creature for sport."

ROBERT ANDERSON CRAIG.

And Robert Anderson Craig is a boy who will keep his word.—*Hester Stuart in the Congregationalist.*



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

III—Asking for a King

(October 17)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 Samuel 8.

MEMORY VERSE: "I will be thy king: where is any other that may save thee?" Hosea 13:10.

After the death of Eli, Samuel became the judge of Israel. Under this rule the Philistines were subdued, and the Israelites had peace. Samuel "went from year to year in circuit to Bethel, and Gilgal, and Mizpeh, and judged Israel in all these places."

The schools of the prophets were founded by Samuel so that the young people who wanted to devote themselves to the Lord might be trained for his service. They were taught the writings of Moses, sacred history, sacred music, and poetry. One of these schools was at Ramah, the home of the prophet Samuel, and another at Kirjath-jearim, where the ark of God was taken after it was sent back by the Philistines.

When Samuel was old, and the work of judging Israel was too much for him to do alone, his two sons were appointed to help him. But they did not walk in his ways. Like Eli, he had been too indulgent with them when they were young. They did not judge justly, but sought to make money out of their office, taking bribes from the people; that is, paying for giving judgment in their favor. God had forbidden the judges to take gifts from the people, because "a gift doth blind the eyes of the wise." (See Deut. 16:18-20.) It makes one disposed to favor the cause of the giver, even though it be not just.

The people were very dissatisfied, and they made the bad conduct of Samuel's sons the excuse for doing what Moses had long before said that they would do. Before Israel entered Canaan, Moses told them that the time would come when they would say, "I will set a king over me, like as all the nations that are about me." (See Deut. 17:14.) Now these words were exactly fulfilled; for the people came to Samuel, saying, "Make us a king to judge us like all the nations."

In this they were making a great mistake. It was not God's plan that men should ever have kings set over them. Neither did he want his people to be like the nations. The word that he put into the mouth of Balaam was that his people should not be "reckoned among the nations." His presence with them was to separate them from all the nations, and to make them far more glorious than all, a wise and understanding people, the head of the nations, and not the tail. God wanted their minds to be drawn to him, that they should look to him for wisdom and guidance and power, and that he should be the glory of his people.

Samuel was much troubled when the people asked for a king. But God told him not to mourn. He said that in asking for an earthly king, his people had rejected him that he should not reign over them. Samuel was told to show Israel what having a king would mean—that instead of the free, happy life they now had, their sons would be taken to be the king's soldiers and horsemen, and to work in his fields; and their daughters would be taken to be his cooks; and the best of the fields and vineyards and olive-yards, as well as the tenth part of their increase, he would take

to give to his servants and officers. All their finest young men and maidens, and their asses, he would take for his work. Then they would cry out in their trouble, but it would be too late.

The people would not heed his warning words. They were determined to have a king, that they might be like the nations, and that their king might go before and fight their battles.

Even the heathen, as we have often seen, never forgot the mighty victories that Israel gained when God led forth their armies. But the Israelites themselves soon forgot, and murmured over the very thing that was their chief glory in the sight of the nations. Instead of coming up to the high place where God wanted them, they wanted to stay down among the other nations. When God said to them, "I will be thy King; where is any other that may save thee in all thy cities?" they still said, "Give me a king and princes." So God gave them a king in his anger. See Hosea 13:10, 11. He told Samuel to hearken to their voice, and make them a king.

When we are not willing to let God lead us, he allows us to go in our own way, that we may be led to see the error of it, and learn that his way is best.

Questions

1. Who judged Israel after Eli's death? At what places did the people come to him for judgment?
2. Where was Samuel's home? What did he establish there? At what other place was there a school of the prophets? Tell what was taught in these schools.
3. Who were appointed to help Samuel with his work of judging? How did these young men behave? What instruction was given for the judges by Moses? Deut. 16:18-20.
4. What did the dishonesty of Samuel's sons lead the people to do? Were they right in asking for a king? Who was their true King?
5. Tell the reason why God did not want Israel to have an earthly king. Who had foretold that the Israelites would desire a king?
6. How did Samuel feel when the people asked for a king? How did God comfort him? What did he say that the people were doing in choosing to have a king?
7. What did Samuel tell them that their king would do? Did they change their minds? What did they say?
8. What did God then say to Samuel? When we choose our own way instead of God's, what is the best thing that he can do for us?



III—The Call of Abraham

(October 17)

MEMORY VERSE: "For the Lord is our defense: and the Holy One of Israel is our King." Ps. 89:18.

Questions

1. When the world had departed from God, and gone into idolatry after the flood (Joshua 24:2), why did not the Lord again destroy them by a flood? Gen. 9:11.
2. What provision did the Lord make to extend his kingdom in the earth? Gen. 12:1, 2.
3. Whom was Abraham called to leave?
4. Where was he told to go?
5. How did Abraham manifest his faith in God? Heb. 11:8.
6. What promise was made to Abraham at this time? Gen. 12:2, 3.
7. To whom was this promise first made, and in what words? Gen. 3:15.

8. What was comprised in the covenant made with Abraham? Gen. 13:14-16.

9. With whom was this same covenant later confirmed? Gen. 26:3, 4; 28:13, 14.

10. When was it again renewed to Jacob? Gen. 35:9-12.

11. How is this experience described in Ps. 105:8-12?

12. What evidence have we that these promises did not refer to an earthly kingdom? Heb. 11:8-10, 13-16.

13. Who are associated with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in these promises? Gal. 3:16; Heb. 11:39, 40.

14. Who is the Seed referred to in all these promises? Gal. 3:16.

15. Through whom was Abraham told to look for Christ? Gen. 21:12.

16. In what remarkable manner was Abraham's faith tested on this question? Gen. 22:1-16.

17. What comment on Abraham's faith in God and his ability to perpetuate his kingdom, is given in Heb. 11:17-19?

Notes

1. Although God had promised never to destroy the world by a flood again, the time came when idolatry was so universal that he had to select one family, as in Noah's day, through whom he might perpetuate his kingdom. Abraham was chosen to be the representative of the true God in the earth, and called to leave his idolatrous surroundings, that he might learn more perfectly God's will concerning him. We are told that "he went out, not knowing whither he went"—a very precious lesson to those who have given the keeping of their souls to the God of Abraham. He who guided his every step, that nothing might interfere with his receiving "the promise," is doing the same thing for every child of Abraham. And some day very soon, all together will enjoy the fulfillment of that promise.

2. It is interesting to note that when Abraham departed from the land of his fathers, he was accompanied by many whom he and Sarah had taught to worship the true God. Wherever he pitched his tent, he erected an altar close by, where all might come for the morning and evening sacrifice; and, later, those who received instruction from Abraham, passing by the altar, were frequently led to offer sacrifices to the true God also. Read the story in "Patriarchs and Prophets," page 25 and onward.

3. Every experience through which we may be called to pass will find its counterpart in the experiences of these faithful patriarchs. When the way seems most difficult, read Hebrews 11, and then turn back and read the history in detail. It will do you good. A recently converted Chinaman, in telling why he was happy, even when his clothes-line gave way, and he was compelled to wash the heavy pieces a second time, said that "Job helped him." The Sunday-school lesson on the previous day had been a study of Job. His integrity and faithfulness to God in the face of losses made the Chinaman strong to trust the Lord when difficulty came. Since the temptations are the same,—for "there hath no temptation overtaken you but such as is common to man,"—there is strength in meeting them in the same way—with faith in Israel's God.

CHILDHOOD is often prolonged too far. Young women and young men continue to be dependent children even when they are eighteen or twenty years old, thus entering the responsibilities of life totally unready. We ought to begin earlier to be men and women, to do our own thinking and to carry our own burdens.—Forward.



The Falling Leaves

LIGHTLY he blows, and at his breath they fall,
The perishing kindred of the leaves; they drift,
Spent flames of scarlet, gold aerial,
Across the hollow year, noiseless and swift,
Lightly he blows, and countless as the falling
Of snow by night upon a solemn sea,
The ages circle down beyond recalling,
To strew the hollows of eternity.
He sees them drifting through the spaces dim,
And leaves and ages are as one to him.

— Charles G. D. Roberts.

The Resisted Flood

THE Stillaguamish River empties its waters, from the snows of the Cascade Mountains, into the great Pacific. Floating along with the current are solid fir logs and smaller driftwood. With the water, these move steadily on toward the ocean. Twice each day, however, this steady progress is interrupted. A tide from the mighty deep comes in like a flood. Flood meets flood, power opposes power. The waters from above seem impotent against the tide from below. Logs and driftwood pause for a moment, then are swept backward—on, on, swiftly and more swiftly, as if hurried to some vortex of destruction.

But what seems a resistless tide has soon spent its strength. An exhaustless source of power keeps pouring down streams from the eternal hills. Gradually the tide is stayed. The objects that mark its rise tremble for a moment before resuming their former course. Only for an hour has progress been stayed. Driftwood is left upon the banks, to burn in some household fire. The higher the tide and the fiercer the battle against it, the more rapid the progress upon its receding wave. Ere the tide returns, wood and water will have passed the narrows out into the broad ocean.

"When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him." Isa. 59:19. The flood of temptation is but for an hour. The Holy Spirit, like the waters from above, is a steady current to resist and overcome. The flood may, indeed, be the means of arresting the driftwood of sin, that it may be consumed along the way, while the solid timber of character will continue its course until its place is found in the mansions of God.

JOEL C. ROGERS.

The Bonnet of the Goddess

No man is always wise, and Thomas Jefferson, great man as he was, certainly must have been nodding when he made himself responsible for the bonnet that adorns the head of the Goddess of Liberty on the dome of the Capitol at Washington.

Ninety-nine strangers out of a hundred who approach the Capitol for the first time stare up at the distant figure, and ask what on earth she has on her head. Then after a second stare, they almost inevitably say, "Why, it isn't the goddess at all; it's an Indian." Some few remark: "Well, it looks like the goddess, but of course it can't be; for a Greek divinity never wore an Indian head-dress or war-bonnet."

Yet it is the goddess, and she has Indian feathers on her head. Fantastic as it may seem, Jefferson had a reason for it which he decided was valid. "The Greeks and the Romans put a liberty cap upon their goddess," he said, "but that

cap was the symbol of freedom, not freemen. When a slave became free in those days, he assumed the cap. It has no place in the heraldry of men who were born free. We will have none of it."

Jefferson was in a position to make his ideas felt in those days; so it was decided that the goddess should not wear a liberty cap.

The next question was, What should she wear? Such a matter was taken very seriously in the early years of the republic, and there seem to have been long discussions about the coiffure of the lady. Finally, Jefferson won the second time.

"The goddess was to be henceforth an American goddess; she ought to have a distinctively American head-dress; certainly there was no other so very American as the Indian feather bonnet." So she was fitted out with one and placed on high to show the nations of the world what this young country could do when it really tried. If she was mortified over it, she has at least had time to get over her regrets in the better part of a century which has elapsed since she was elevated to her lofty perch on the Capitol's dome.

It is a matter of rejoicing that Jefferson was familiar only with the head-dresses of the Eastern Indians, which fell back only to the nape of the neck. If he had known of the "creations" of the Northwestern braves, we might have seen a perfect river of feathers extending from the goddess's crown to the earth behind her. For these head-dresses were not assumed at random, nor by any one who wishes to wear them. Not at all!

Every single feather of them is granted by a council of chiefs, only to a brave who has accomplished some feat of courage in war. If it is a particularly gallant feat, he is permitted to place a large spot upon the feather. Thus, those chiefs who have such wonderful bonnets have won them by an almost inconceivable series of gallant deeds. The goddess, as the greatest of all, would certainly have had a bonnet that would have been the wonder if not the admiration of the world, had Jefferson been aware of its significance.—*Young People.*

History Stories

I—The Beginning of Roman History

IN the vision of the great image, the Lord revealed to Daniel and Nebuchadnezzar the most important events to take place in the history of nations from that time down to the end of the world. Four great kingdoms were to bear rule over all the earth. Babylon, the "golden kingdom," was then in the height of her power; but within the lifetime of Daniel, her glory faded, and the Medo-Persian empire began its rule. Two centuries thus passed. On several occasions the Persians made gigantic efforts to conquer Greece; but the tables were turned, and Alexander the Great, at the head of the Grecian army, crossed over into western Asia. Three great battles decided the fate of Persia. In eight years Alexander marched his army over five thousand one hundred miles, then wept because there were no more worlds to conquer, and finally died in a drunken fever, not yet thirty-three years of age, leaving his kingdom "to the strongest."

With this brief introduction, we will turn our attention to the fourth kingdom, which Daniel says "shall be strong as iron." During all the years the other three were struggling for power, this one slowly gathered strength in the peninsula of Italy. Of the early history of Italy we have very little definite knowledge; and of how and when its people first settled there, we know nothing. But there is good evidence that the ancient inhabitants of Italy were descendants of

the same son of Noah that we are (Japheth), and that they belonged to the same race,—the Caucasian. The Italians, who were settled in central Italy, included many independent, warlike tribes. On the north were their enemies, the Gauls, who had crossed over the Alps and settled; while in southern Italy the Greeks had established many cities.

Most important of all the Italian people were the Latins, who lived in the western part, just south of the Tiber. This is not a large stream, yet it has a history that places it among the most noted rivers of the world. It would, therefore, be well to find its exact location on the map. On the southern bank of this river, about fifteen miles from the sea, stands a low hill, upon which was founded the city of Rome,—a city "which was destined to shed more blood than any other city of the world."

There are many interesting stories told in connection with the settlement of Rome; but as these traditions are not very reliable, we shall notice only one. The Lord pointed the Romans out to Daniel as "the children of robbers," and this is exactly what their legends say. Romulus and Remus were brothers; they quarreled, and Remus was killed. Romulus then found that the number of settlers was too small, so "he opened an asylum on the Capitoline Hill;" and "all manner of people—thieves, murderers, and vagabonds of every kind—flocked thither." This plan worked so well that in four years there was a large company of men. Then Romulus pretended to have discovered the altar of Consus, the god of councils. The Sabines, a neighboring tribe, were invited to this wonderful spot; and at a signal from Romulus, their maidens, thirty in number, were carried off to be the wives of the Romans. This caused a long and terrible war between the Romans and the Sabines, which was brought to an end by the women running between the armies in one of the battles, and begging them to make peace on terms that they all live together, and that each woman choose her husband from either party, as she might desire.

There is probably very little truth in this story; but it is interesting to note that the Romans glory in this and similar legends, while the Bible names them "the children of robbers."

ROY F. COTTELL.

"Oh, the little more, and how much it is!
And the little less, and what worlds away!
How a sound shall quicken content to bliss,
Or a breath suspend the blood's best play,
And life be a proof of this!

— Robert Browning.

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