

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

Vol. LII

WASHINGTON, D. C., JULY 5, 1904

No. 27

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

OPPORTUNITY will some day ring your bell—
Be ready;
She will not inquire if you are ill or well;
She will not stand waiting there
While you hasten to prepare;
She must hurry to where anxious others dwell—
Be ready.

—Driftwood.

What the Boy Did

IN the wilds of Ohio on a bleak, bitter November day, in a little log cabin, a fair-haired, blue-eyed baby boy opened his eyes. As the father took his namesake in his arms, he said, "He is worth his weight in gold," and the child's after-life proved this to have been a true prophecy. When James Abram Garfield was eighteen months old, his father, who with the help of Thomas and Methelabel, his brother and sister, had been fighting one of the numerous forest fires, caught cold, and died suddenly from congestion of the throat. When dying, he said to his wife, "I am going to leave you, Eliza. I have planted four saplings in these woods, and I must now leave them to your care."

Every one said that this was a sad providence—a mother so young and frail left to bring up four children, and carry on the farm alone. She was advised to sell everything, and find homes for her children among friends, but Eliza Garfield was not the woman to do this without first having made a heroic attempt to care for the family.

Thomas said to her, "Don't cry, mother, dear. I am ten years old now, and I can run the farm." His mother told him that he certainly could do a great deal toward it, and that with God's help they would keep together and pay their debts. It was now late in spring, and her small but brave helper, Thomas, sowed wheat and planted corn and potatoes on the thirty acres of land left them. With the help of a kind neighbor, Thomas completed the small barn which his father had begun. His mother and sisters split the rails and drove the stakes for the fence around the wheat-field.

James, with these examples of untiring industry and perseverance ever before him, at an early age tried to help. "Me do it too," he would cry as Thomas took the rake or hoe and went to the fields. "One of these days, Jimmy," the brother would say with a smile, although he hoped there were better things in store for the little brother he loved so dearly. While James did not inherit wealth, he did inherit from both his parents energy, courage, and perseverance, invaluable traits that may be acquired if not inherited.

About four years after the death of Mr. Garfield, Mrs. Garfield gave enough land from her small plot upon which to build a new school-house, the neighbors having clubbed together to build it. The house was twenty feet square, with a slab roof, a floor made of logs split in halves, and had log benches without backs. The

teacher, a young man from New Hampshire, boarded with Mrs. Garfield, and a warm friendship was soon established between James and himself. James, a bright, active child, never wearied of asking questions. The teacher, telling of the lad's wonderful progress in school, would say, "James will make his mark in the world one of these days, take my word for it." His mother, like the mother of Scripture, laid up these words in her heart, and determined to give James every possible advantage.

The schools of that time were very poor com-

of a favorite hero or chief. He often delivered long and loud talks to his make-believe audiences.

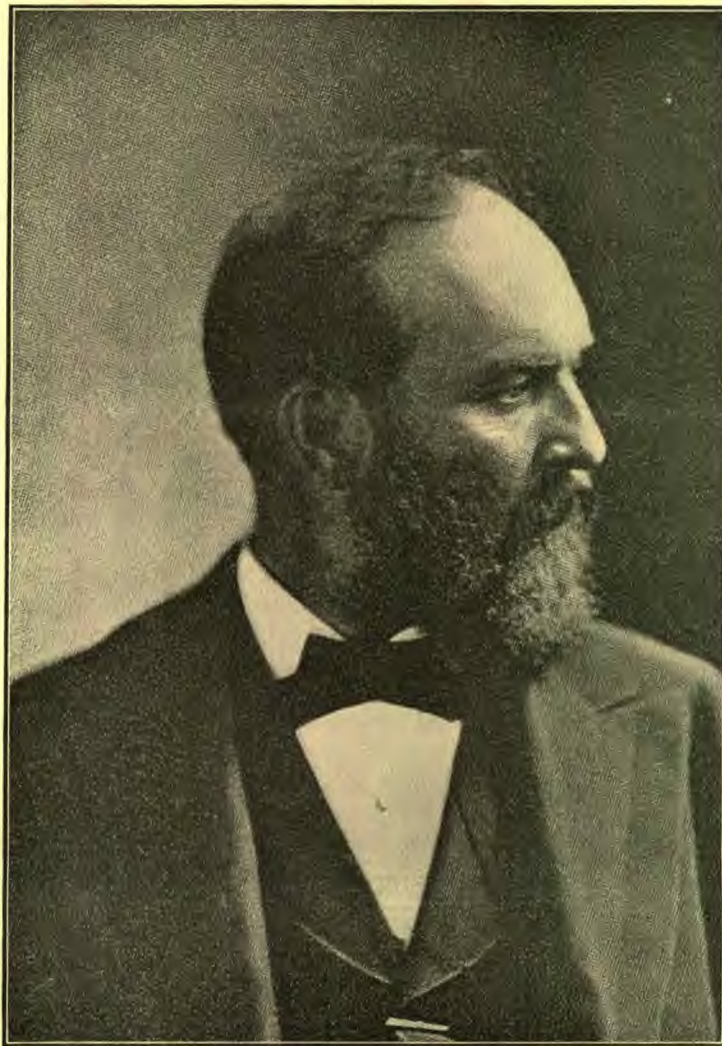
Thomas watched his progress with fatherly interest and admiration, never regretting for an instant that it was his lot to support the family, nor that James received the education that he himself so much longed for.

James did the work about the farm whenever it was possible for Thomas to get outside work so as to earn a little ready money. Once Thomas went away for six months to work,

earning twelve dollars a month. James tried hard to fill his place at home, but could not put his soul into the work as Thomas had done. He wished to read and study all the time. His mother told him that Providence would open a way for him to continue his education, though how or when she did not know. When Thomas returned with seventy-five dollars in gold, a large sum of money in those days, he hired a carpenter to build a new house from logs he had been saving for years, as the old house was very small and dilapidated. The new house was to have three rooms below and two above. During the building of the house, James became clever with chisel, mallet, and plane. Thus he learned the carpenter's trade, which helped him out of many a hard place. He earned his first dollar, which he gave to his mother, by planing twelve-foot boards for one cent each. He worked all day Saturday, since there was no school, and before night had planed as nice as could be one hundred boards.

James had a restless spirit, and longed to get into the world. About ten miles from his home there was a large potash factory. This potash was called

black slats in its crude state. James was offered work in this factory at fourteen dollars a month by Mr. Barton, the owner of the factory, who had watched James build a shed on his grounds, and admired his industry and quickness. James, who had a good bringing up, did not associate with the men whose profanity and coarse language shocked him. Instead he read the books on a shelf in Mr. Barton's house. These were entirely different from any the carefully brought-up boy had read, and did not tend to keep down his longing for activity. Among them were such books as "The Pirate's Own Book," "Lives of Eminent Criminals," Marryatt's Novels, and Jack Halyard. These books only increased his desire to go to sea. After some time James at last persuaded his mother to let him try a trip on Lake Erie. Arriving in Cleveland with high ideas of what captains ought to be, he started



THE TWENTIETH PRESIDENT

pared with those of to-day. Instead of the excellent educational opportunities every boy and girl now may have, James Garfield was taught only the "three R's"—reading, writing, and arithmetic—with geography and spelling additional. As soon as James could read, he began to devour everything he could find in the shape of a book. In the family library, containing only about six volumes, Ween's "Life of Marion" and Grimshaw's "Napoleon" were favorites with the enthusiastic boy. Every evening after the work of the day, Mrs. Garfield would read to her children from her well-worn Bible.

James had a wonderful memory, which grasped and held everything that came before his mind. With this memory was linked a strong imagination, which enabled him to fill the orchard with Indian chiefs and noted heroes of the books he read, giving to each tree the name

out to find a vessel leaving the wharf. On asking for work on a steamer, the captain, who was a coarse, drinking man, ordered him off with terrible oaths. This experience taught James that story life and real life were two entirely different things, and also shattered his high ideals of noble captains. While wandering around in search of work, he came across the canal boat "Evening Star" tied to the bank. On going aboard he found Amos Letcher, the captain, to be a cousin of his, who gave him work at twelve dollars a month, driving the mules which drew the boat between the Ohio River and Lake Erie. While on board, an incident happened which showed James Garfield's fairness. By accident James hit a boat-hand with a pole. He apologized, but the man started a fight, in which the sixteen-year-old boy threw the man down, and when urged by the crew to finish him, James refused to hit him while he was down. When the man arose, they shook hands. He was always willing to keep out of a fight, but did not seem afraid of any one.

One night as James was standing on the edge of the deserted deck, a lurch of the boat threw him overboard, and as he could not swim, and the men were below, he thought he was lost. Just then his hands hit something hard, which proved to be a rope; by this he pulled himself on deck. Examining the rope, he found it had caught in a crevice of the deck. He tried hundreds of times to catch the rope in the same place again, but failed. On seeing how wonderful had been his escape, he decided that he must make the very most of his life.

After returning home he met a friend who had been to Geauga Seminary in Chestu, and naturally was enthusiastic in telling of its advantages. James and two of his cousins decided to go and room together, boarding themselves so as to lighten expenses. On arriving in Chestu they found rooms with an old lady. James had exactly eleven dollars when he entered school, but he hoped to earn more with his carpenter's trade. How many boys and girls of to-day would start to school with eleven dollars, and only the hope, not the assurance, of earning more?

There is a description given of James at that time by a schoolmate who said, "His clear, blue eyes and free, open countenance tended to invite esteem, while his height was increased by the coarse wool and cotton trousers he wore, which were outgrown and reached only half-way down the tops of his cowhide boots. These, with a threadbare coat which was so short in the sleeves that it made his arms look like Ichabod Crane's in Sleepy Hollow, topped off with a coarse slouched hat much the worse for wear, was his only suit of clothes." His head was covered with a shock of yellow, unkempt hair, which fell over his shoulders like a Shaker's.

LOUISE R. SWIFT.

(To be concluded)

"To honor God, to benefit mankind,
To serve with lofty gifts the lowly needs
Of the poor race for which the God-man died,
And do it all for love—oh, this is great!
And he who does this will achieve a name
Not only great, but good."

For the Boys and Girls

MANY of the so-called wonderful feats or "tricks" performed by those who make a business of astonishing and deceiving the people are merely illustrations of scientific principles. Two or three simple ones are given below, with the hope that the thoughtful boy and girl will be able to recognize the natural law involved in each, and will send the editor the result of their observations in a letter.

A Simple and Puzzling Board Illusion

Procure a piece of thin board of soft wood,

say pine; it should be a foot and a half in length and two inches wide. Place it upon an ordinary kitchen table, allowing it to protrude almost half its length beyond the edge of the table. Now place a newspaper upon the table, covering the



board to the edge, as illustrated, and smooth it out carefully, being sure that the paper is in perfect contact with the board as well as with the table. Strike the board a

smart, sharp blow with the hand or an instrument, and the board will either break off or tilt the table and remain fast to it, just as if it had been nailed fast.

How to Drive a Needle Through a Copper Coin

An apparent mechanical impossibility may be accomplished by simple means, using a copper cent, and a cork, with a common cambric needle as accessories. Take a copper coin, place it upon two small blocks of wood, leaving a very narrow open space between the blocks. Now, having selected a good, sound cork, force the needle through it until the point just appears at the other end. Break off the portion of the head of the needle showing above the top of the cork. Place the cork upon the coin, and strike it a fair, smart blow with the hammer. The needle will be driven entirely through the penny by a single blow.



Putting a Bird in an Empty Cage

Take a disk of cardboard, draw upon one side a bird cage, or paste upon the card a picture of a cage cut from some paper or magazine. In the exact center of the opposite side, draw the figure of a bird so that the head of the bird points to the opposite edge of the card from what the top of the cage does. A picture of a bird may be substituted for the drawing. A bit of string attached to holes in the extreme edge of the cardboard disk will enable you to twirl the card rapidly with your fingers. The resulting illusion will show the bird in the cage sitting upon his perch, where before only the empty cage was seen. Two figures of any kind may be used in place of the bird and cage.



What Some Thinkers Say about the Bible

REVERENT students of the Bible are overwhelmed with the evidence of its divine authorship. Ask Sir Isaac Newton. "We account the Scriptures of God to be the most sublime philosophy." Ask the poet Milton. "There are no songs comparable to the songs of Zion, no orations equal to those of the prophets, no politics like those the Scriptures teach." Ask Rousseau. "I must confess the majesty of the Scriptures astonishes me; the holiness of the evangelists speaks to my heart, and has such strong and striking characteristics of truth, and is, moreover, so perfectly inimitable that, had it been the invention of men, the inventors would be greater than the greatest of heroes." Ask the philosopher Locke. "If any man would attain the true knowledge of the Christian religion, let him study the Holy Scriptures, especially the New Testament.

Therein are contained the words of eternal life. It has God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth without any mixture of error for its matter." Ask Petrarch, the man of letters. "If all other books were destroyed, this one retained would be a greater treasure than all the millions published by mortal man." Ask Sir Walter Scott, the lover and maker of books. As his dying eyes look forth from the study at Abbotsford down the winding Tweed, and Lockhart asks, "From what book shall I read?" "And do you ask?" said Scott. "There is but one book."

A Cloud of Witnesses

John Henry Newman, the author of "Lead, Kindly Light," declares of the Bible: "Its light is like the body of heaven in its clearness; its vastness like the bosom of the sea; its variety like the scenes of nature."

Heinrich Heine is a Jew, a brilliant wit, a doubter. Picking up a Bible as the only book in an hour of despair, he exclaims: "What a book! Vast and wide as the world, rooted in the abysses of creation, and towering up beyond the blue secrets of heaven! Sunrise and sunset, birth and death, promise and fulfillment, the whole drama of humanity, are all in this book! It is the book of books." Dying years after, a changed man, Heine says: "I attribute all my enlightenment to the reading of a

book. With right it is named the Holy Scriptures. He who has lost his God can find him again in this book, and he who has never known him is here struck by the breath of the divine Word."

Theodore Parker said: "This collection of books has taken hold on the world as no other. The literature of Greece, which goes up like incense from that land of temples and heroic deeds, has not half the influence of this book, from a nation alike despised in ancient and modern times. It is read in all the ten thousand pulpits of our land; in all the temples of Christendom is its voice lifted up week by week. The sun never sets on its gleaming page. It goes equally to the cottage of the plain man and the palace of the king. It is woven into the literature of the scholar, and colors the talk of the street. The merchant can not sail the sea without it; no ship of war goes to the conflict but the Bible is there. It enters men's closets; mingles in all the grief and cheerfulness of life."

Ewald is a German scholar of great learning. Picking up the New Testament, he said to Dean Stanley: "In this little book is contained all the best wisdom of the world."

Huxley, who invented the word "agnosticism" and accepted the name agnostic, pleads for the Bible as the best source of highest education for children. "I have always been strongly in favor of secular education in the sense of education without theology, but I must confess I have been no less seriously perplexed to know by what practical measures the religious feeling which is the essential basis of conduct was to be kept up without the use of the Bible." He calls the Bible "The national epic of Great Britain," "The Magna Charta of the poor and of the oppressed," and says: "I do believe that the human race is not yet, possibly never may be, in a position to dispense with it."

Matthew Arnold is a great critic, but he says: "As well imagine a man with a sense for sculpture not cultivating it by the help of the remains of Greek art, and a man with a sense of poetry not cultivating it by the help of Homer and Shakespeare, as a man with a sense for conduct not cultivating it by the help of the Bible."

Lessing is a German man of letters, a liberal thinker. Hear Lessing: "The Scriptures for seventeen hundred years have occupied the mind more than all books, have enlightened it more than all books."—Selected.

Hugo Grotius and His Book-Chest

WHEN Prince Maurice of Nassau, son of the great Prince of Orange, was stadtholder—that is to say, governor—of Holland, two men stood in the way of his rise to arbitrary power. One of them was the advocate, Olden-Barneveld; the other, his young friend and adviser, Hugo Grotius. Hugo de Groot, generally known as Grotius, was born in Delft, April 10, 1583. He entered the University of Leyden, after a very rigorous examination, at the age of twelve; at fourteen he defended, publicly and with much applause, theses in mathematics, philosophy, and jurisprudence; took his degree as bachelor of arts; and published a translation of a learned Latin work, with copious original notes. At the age of seventeen he began the practise of law at The Hague, where he soon mounted high in political power, besides being famous for his legal and literary attainments.

This was the man whom Prince Maurice sought to sweep from his path, along with Olden-Barneveld. He succeeded in procuring their arrest and trial. Barneveld was beheaded in The Hague, and Grotius was condemned to imprisonment for life in the gloomy castle of Loevestein. Through thirteen doors, each secured with heavy bolts and locks, the prisoner was conducted to the narrow rooms designed for his living tomb. The commandant of the fortress was Lieutenant Prounix, generally known as Deventer, a bitter enemy of Grotius, so that the only consolations the prisoner had were granted by the States General. Chief of these was the daily visit of his wife and his little daughter Cornelia.

Madam de Groot was allowed to purchase food for her husband's table in the little town of Gorkum just across the Waal, and to cook in the kitchen of the prison, assisted by her maid Elsie, a comely lass of twenty. It was through her efforts, also, that books, the chief joy of his captivity, were conveyed to Grotius in his prison. These were loaned to him by his friends, his own library having been confiscated along with the rest of his property. The sister of one of these good friends was the wife of a tradesman named Daatsalaer, living in the town of Gorkum, and was frequently visited by Madam de Groot. To her house the books were sent, and were carried from it to the prison in a large chest; for the great black-letter folios of that day were excessively bulky and heavy. After the books were read, they were returned from the prison again to be exchanged for others, so the weight of the prisoner's book-chest became a frequent subject of grumbling among the soldiers entrusted with its carriage to and from the ferry.

In his gloomy prison, Grotius wrote many works, which carried his fame throughout the whole civilized world. Poems, translations, learned treatises, and moral essays flowed from his pen, and the book-chest went back and forth more frequently than ever. But all this work began to tell upon the health of the imprisoned man. "Our bird does not beat his wings against the cage, nor mope upon his perch," Madam de Groot said sadly to her friend, Dame Daatsalaer, "but I see him pining. O that I could give him wings, and open the bars!"

One day a committee of the States General visited the prisoner in his two little rooms, where they found him writing at the table, while his wife sat beside him, patching a sleeve of an old velvet doublet. Information had been lodged that Grotius had been planning escape. It was said that Madam de Groot had been seen buying some strong rope at Gorkum, and the committee had come to inquire into the matter. Accordingly they ransacked everywhere, turning over manuscripts, books, and clothing, but finding nothing.

"Take special heed to this chest, Master Lieutenant," said Mius van Holy, peering suspiciously into the chest. "Methinks that here is

space for much contraband goods besides all this learned lumber."

But nothing was there save the great folios, and the committee were obliged to withdraw. Grotius stooped to replace one of the books, but his wife stayed his hand, and stood looking at the empty box as if a new thought had struck her. "'Space for much contraband goods,' said that knave Van Holy," said she, at last. "Hugo, it might be that he spoke more wisely than he knew; it might be space for a man."

The eyes of Grotius brightened for a moment; but he presently shook his head. "Enough for his coffin, mayhap," he said, "but not for his living carriage. The chest is but four feet in length—small space for a long-limbed man."

"It may be done," cried Madam de Groot, vehemently. "Under these ornaments are air-holes. Lay by your doublet, Hugo, and make the attempt at least."

So the attempt was made; and Grotius found that by coiling up his limbs, he could really manage to lie in the chest with the lid closed.

"Let us try it for an hour," said Madam de Groot. "There, I have turned the hour-glass; knock on the lid if you can not endure to the next turning."

Strengthened by the hope of escape, Grotius patiently endured the cramped position for the hour. The next day there was another trial; and this time the hour-glass was turned for the second time. The vision of escape began to grow brighter. Still, the hazard was so great, and the risks were so terrible, that the attempt was put off from day to day until there was no knowing how long they might have hesitated had not little Cornelia innocently given the signal for action.

It was Sunday, the twenty-first of March, 1631. A wild equinoctial storm was raging, with sheets of rain dashing against the windows, and wind howling around the fortress. In a temporary lull in the storm the bells of Gorkum could be heard ringing.

"What mean those merry peals?" asked Grotius, looking up from the pictured pages of the Testament he was showing to his little daughter.

"They must be ringing for the opening of the great fair," said Madam de Groot.

"And to-morrow would be the right time for my papa to go to Gorkum," said little Cornelia; "for Madam Daatsalaer says that all exiles and outlaws may come to Gorkum on the fair-days, and none dare harm them till they are past."

Grotius softly set the child from off his knee, and passed into the bedroom, making signs to his wife to follow him.

"Wife," said he, taking her by the hand, and speaking in a low tone, "it may be that the Lord himself speaks by the mouth of the innocent child; what think you?"

"Hugo, I well believe the time has come," answered Madam de Groot, breathing quickly. "Let us put it by no longer!"

In the midst of their agitation over the hasty resolve, a grating of the locks was heard, and Deventer appeared. He informed them that he was to leave the fortress for a few days, as he had been promoted to a captaincy, and must go to Heusden to receive his company. After he had gone, Madam de Groot summoned her faithful maid Elsie, and told her all, asking her if she would be willing to take charge of the book-chest and its precious contents in case it should be sent to Gorkum the next day.

The maid quailed for a moment, but soon plucked up courage to say that she would take it, and would do her best. "You are a good girl, Elsie," said Madam de Groot, the tears shining in her keen eyes, "and I am well persuaded that you will never have to repent of what you do."

The next day was still wet and stormy, and the waters of the Waal were swollen and turbid. Dressed only in his linen underclothing, Grotius

curled himself up in the chest, with his head resting on a large pictured Testament for a pillow. His anxious wife propped his cheek with a bunch of soft thread, and padded the curves of his body with rolls of linen and paper; then with a solemn and tearful farewell, she closed and fastened the chest, kissed the lock with streaming eyes, and gave the key to Elsie. The clothes Grotius had taken off were thrown over the back of a chair beside the bed, the bed-curtains were carefully drawn, and the soldiers were summoned to carry the chest to the boat that waited for it.

"Heavier than ever," grumbled the men, as they lumbered after Elsie down the stair. "The prisoner himself must be in here to-day, besides his ponderous books." At this, Elsie laughed in the most free-hearted way possible.

The court of the prison was reached, and now came the first great danger. Should the commandant's wife, who was now in charge of the prison, inspect the books that were leaving the fortress, all would be lost. She might have done so had the weather been fair; but at the sight of the wet courtyard, where the chest stood in the driving rain, she had no will to venture into it; so the box with its precious load was safely passed through the gates of Loevestein. Two sailors lifted the chest on board the boat, talking, as the soldiers had, about the heaviness of the load, and a second time jestingly accusing Elsie of carrying off the prisoner as well as his books. Seated beside the chest on the wind-swept deck of the little boat, Elsie covered her head with a white handkerchief, the ends of which she allowed to flutter in the wind.

"Your kerchief will hardly keep your pretty head dry, mistress," said one of the sailors.

"I wear it as a signal to a fellow servant with wits not so thick as your own," said saucy Elsie.

It was, in truth, a signal to let Madam de Groot know that all was well; and Elsie knew that at that moment the eyes of her mistress were straining at the window to see whether she wore the white handkerchief, or sat with her face buried in her hands as a token of failure.

The swollen waters of the Waal were passed, the town of Gorkum was reached, and the precious chest was safely carried to the house of Daatsalaer. The shop of the mercer was thronged with customers, and Elsie ordered the men to carry the chest to the room beyond, and there quietly paid and dismissed them. Then beckoning Madam Daatsalaer aside, she said, "Madam, I have brought my master; he is in the room within there."

The suddenness of this speech was dangerous; for Madam Daatsalaer uttered a cry that drew the attention of all in the shop. But recovering herself, and making an excuse, she followed Elsie into the next room.

"Master! master!" cried Elsie, rapping on the lid of the chest.

There was no answer.

"O my master!" cried the girl, wringing her hands. "He is dead! surely he is dead!"

But at that moment there was a rap within the box. The lock was turned, the lid thrown back, and Grotius arose in his linen garments, looking, through exhaustion, almost as white as they.

"Why are you so pale, madam?" said he, looking at good Dame Daatsalaer, who was white and trembling.

"Alas! I am sorely frightened," said she, breaking into tears. "My lord, the whole world is talking of you, and there will be no keeping this hid."

"Madam," said Grotius, with steadfast gentleness, "I am at this moment thanking God for the deliverance he has granted me; but sooner than harm shall befall you, I will enter the chest again, and be carried back as I came."

His sincerity and nobleness touched the good woman's heart. "No! no!" said she; "what-

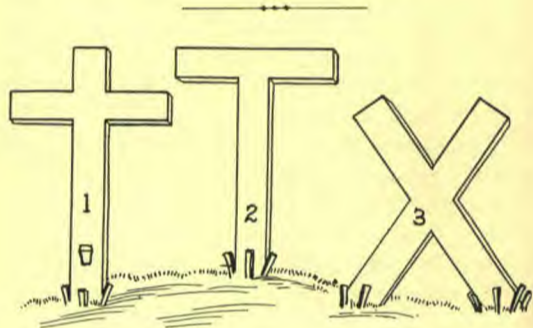
ever comes, my husband and I will do all that we can to aid your escape."

And so they did; for Daatsalaer spoke to a friend of his, a master mason named Petersen, who consented to take Grotius to Antwerp disguised as a journeyman bricklayer. Clad in a coarse doublet and trunk hose, carrying a trowel and a measuring rod, Grotius traveled safely to Antwerp, in the Spanish Netherlands, and so came into the world again, and to the honor and fame that belonged to him.

Meanwhile at Loevestein all was confusion and tumult; a messenger was dispatched to Heusden to carry the news of the escape to Captain Deventer, who returned in hot haste, and rushed in rage to the rooms of Grotius. "Here is your cage," said Madam de Groot, with a smile, "but your bird is flown."

The commandant hurried to the house of Daatsalaer. There was the book-chest and the Testament and the bundle of thread, but no further sign of Hugo Grotius, who had passed forever from the prison of Captain Deventer.

The stadtholder was not so angry as had been expected; he even used his influence to have Madam de Groot released from the prison, where she was for a short time held. She and Cornelia joined Grotius in France, where they found him honored as he deserved. Such is the story, and the true story, of Hugo Grotius and his famous book-chest.—*Harper's Young People*.



1. Usual form of cross. 2. Oldest form of cross.
3. St. Andrew's cross.

The Origin and Use of the Cross

MUCH is written of the cross. That Jesus died upon it, is all that many people know. Long prior to Christ, however, the cross was used. Its origin takes us back to the lowest forms of heathenism among the Asiatics, Egyptians, Grecians, and Romans. It began with the sun-worship, when Ishtar, the Assyrian Venus, was represented as holding a staff, the upper end of which was in the form of a Latin cross. In Assyrian history it was worn as a religious emblem, as many Catholics wear it to-day. There are specimens of such still preserved in the British Museum. They date back as far as one thousand years before Christ. The emblem is also found on Greek pottery seven hundred years before Christ, and was also used as a symbol by Buddha; while Roman coins of the period of two hundred sixty-nine before Jesus show the cross of Saturn.

The cross was generally used as the weapon for capital punishment. King Bomilicar was crucified by the Carthagenians. Alexander crucified two thousand Tyrians, and the Jews crucified Christ. In such a death was comprised every idea and circumstance of disgrace and public scandal. Few punishments produced more suffering. The passing of the spikes through the hands and feet shocked the whole system, and the depending of the body upon these frail and wounded members was only a remote attack upon the citadel of life. The flies in great numbers irritated the sore places. The sun pouring its rays down upon the unprotected head caused thirst, dizziness, and faintness. The breath came in gasps. The heart worked under great disadvantages, and every straightened movement for relief but aggravated the pain. For days the victims lingered, suffering untold pain.

Some years ago a party of travelers were passing over the Swiss mountains. After they had gone a considerable way, it began to snow heavily, and the oldest of the guides gravely shook his head and said: "If the wind rises, we are lost." Scarcely had he spoken, when a gale arose, the snow was whirled into drifts, and all marks were obliterated. Cautiously they moved on, not knowing where they were, and almost giving themselves up for lost. At length one of the guides, who had gone a short way before them to search out the path, was heard shouting. "The Cross! The Cross! We are right." He had come across one of those religious memorials which are so prominent in Roman Catholic countries, and this one, set up at first by some private individual for personal reasons, had become at length a well known and easily recognized landmark for the traveler.

O young people, though the cross had its origin in heathenism, it eventually became the grandest implement and the most glorious emblem of death. It is the sinner's landmark. "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life."

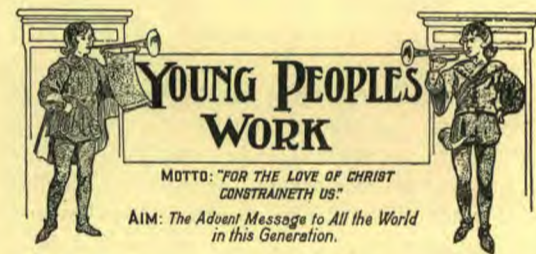
"It is the old cross still,
Its triumph let us tell,
The grace of God here shone,
Through Christ the blessed Son,
Who did for sin atone;
Hallelujah for the cross!"

WILLIAM P. PEARCE.

"GREAT privileges never go save in company with great responsibilities."

WHEN we climb to heaven, 'tis on the rounds of love to men.—*Whittier*.

EVERY day should have some part free for the Sabbath of the heart.—*Wordsworth*.



"FOR my part in the plan is but weakness,
My place in the structure small—
But what a thing for a worm of the dust
To be in the plan at all!"

Can All Accomplish Something for the Lord?

YES, if the heart is wholly and unreservedly given to God, he will bless even the lowliest service. The following letter from a sister in St. Joseph, Louisiana, shows what a busy person may do. One needs not wealth and high social position to make him an acceptable servant.

"I am a poor widow with a mother and a daughter to support. My daughter is now attending school in New Orleans, Louisiana. Our home is in Vicksburg, Mississippi, and we spend the summer there. I am a cook by trade, and have served as such here for the past three winters.

"I have had the blessed privilege of telling these poor people of the true Sabbath, of which they had never heard, and now many of them acknowledge it as such. The pastor of the Flourmont Baptist church has publicly confessed to his people that all who teach that the first day is the Sabbath of the Lord are teaching that which is not truth.

"Two persons are strict observers of the Sabbath. We meet first in one home and then in another for our Sabbath meetings, and have Bible

readings, singing, and prayer. The *Little Friend* is the only paper we take. When my daughter was with me, we had Sabbath-school regularly, and also a Sunday-school for several hours in the afternoon. Seventy-two pupils were in attendance. Many had never heard of such a school, as there had been none here for ten years. I also organized a public school, and secured a teacher from Vicksburg.

"Last year I sold ninety-six books—'Gospel Primer' and 'Christ in Song;' and bought and gave away one hundred tracts. I supply not less than four families with food daily. I gave away one suit of clothes to-day, and have given quite a number of others.

"The Sabbath-school has closed, as I have been very busy with other work, but I am still continuing my Bible readings among my neighbors, especially those on the Sabbath.

"CHARITY BROWN."

"The love of Christ constraineth us." Are you, dear reader, so filled with that love that you want every one else to know how precious it is? Then go and tell it to those who know it not, and you shall receive a blessing.

EMMA NEWCOMER.

JULY STUDY OF THE FIELD

(July 16)

China

OPENING EXERCISES:—

Prayer.

Singing.

Scripture Reading—Psalm 50.

FIELD STUDY:—

(a) Conditions in Honduras. *Review and Herald*, May 19.

(b) The Work in Iceland. *Review and Herald*, May 26.

(c) Peru, Unentered. *Review and Herald*, June 9.

(d) Incidents from Work in China. *Review and Herald*, May 19, 26; June 2, 9, 16.

(e) Pastor Oberlin and his Wonderful Work, *Review and Herald*, June 16.

CLOSING EXERCISES:—

Consecration Service.

Benediction.

Note

There are so many good reports this month that the program can easily be varied. The entire hour could be devoted to the reports from China. The article on "The Bible in India" is an excellent one to study. Ten minutes could well be spent in two- or three-minute messages from the field. Our workers everywhere report progress. We must catch the inspiration that these good words from the field bring, and let it mold our lives. By the study of the field we may be able to encourage some of our young friends to take a stronger hold on the truth, which is making its way, according to God's Word, to the ends of the earth.

E. H.

A New Tract Rack

WE now manufacture a good, substantial tract rack made of oak-grain strawboard, in imitation of wood, and capable of holding a quantity of five or six different kinds of tracts.

Tract racks will do *their* work while you do *yours*.

Price, 20 cents each, postpaid; or six for \$1.

Better send for six racks, and put them up in the dentists' and doctors' offices, barber shops, lunch rooms and hotels, railway stations, etc., in your town,—wherever people are compelled to wait.

Many persons date their first knowledge of Bible truth to literature obtained from a reading rack. No doubt you will be glad to use a number of these racks in your vicinity.

Address Review and Herald Publishing Assn., 222 North Capitol St., Washington, D. C.

Childrens Page.

When My Dolly Went to School

WHEN my dolly went to school,
I bought her a slate and rule
With my only silver dime;
And I said to dolly dear,
"Now, my pretty, do you hear?
You must always be on time."

But I told her not to worry,
Nor get into a flurry
If she happened to be late;
And what teacher has to say
She must every word obey,
And must always sit up straight.

Then her little study book
And some other things she took,
With a bottle full of ink,
And a pen and blotter too,
With a tablet clean and new,
For to write her little think.

But my dolly had a will,
And she never would sit still,
So the teacher had to use a stick.
Then the boys would tease her so
Just because she didn't know
How to get her 'rifmatic.

Soon my dolly grew so haughty,
And some days she was so naughty,
That she wouldn't mind a rule;
And she couldn't learn to spell,
Nor would she get her grammar well,
So I thought I'd take her out of school.

And I'd wait a year or two
Till my dolly older grew,
Then, perhaps, she'd try to learn.
But she promised to do better,
So I did consent to let her
Go to school another term.

— Alice Lewis Richards.

Animal Stories

A Motherly Gobbler

MR. MORRIS once owned a gobbler that possessed the maternal instinct in the superlative degree.

Mr. Gobbler was determined to sit. Sometimes it was on apples, sometimes on potatoes, and at last, all else being taken from him, he pushed some corn-cobs into one corner of a manger, and tried again.

Mr. Morris decided that if the old fellow would sit, he might as well do it to some purpose, and accordingly gave him a "sitting" of hen's eggs. He was faithful to the task imposed upon him, and at the end of three weeks "came off" very proudly with his family of chicks.

For the first few days he was very proud of his chicks, and strutted around the yard taking the best of care of them. One day Mr. Morris took some friends to the chicken yard to see the funny sight, and they laughed considerably, for the brood and their foster-mother certainly presented an amusing appearance. Mr. Gobbler seemed to realize that they were making fun of him, and from that time on, whenever he saw a stranger approaching, he would walk away and pay no attention to his charges until the people were out of sight.

Notwithstanding his difficulties with visitors, he successfully raised his little brood until they left him of their own free will, and went to roost with the older chickens.— *La Pette Howe.*

How a Dog Saved a Horse

When I was a boy, our folks owned a dog

called Rover. No dog-fancier would have taken a second look at him on account of his pedigree, for he had none. But this deficiency was well supplied by brave, intelligent doghood.

There wound through our farm a spring stream with high, precipitous banks on one side, while the ground sloped gradually on the opposite side to banks as high or higher. Not far from the house and by this stream we staked out one of the horses, so that it could reach the tender, juicy grass close to the edge of the water. The high-

occupied. One day the child's older brother, Fred, and my mother had been out with Billy. When they reached the top of the hill at the foot of which they lived, Billy started to run.

As they neared the house, little Kathie ran out to meet them. Fred saw her coming, and tried with all his strength to stop the horse, but in vain. Much more quickly than I can tell it, they reached the foot of the hill, the child in the path, when Billy dropped his head and stopped within a foot of the child, and stood there looking as innocent and gentle as if he had never had an evil thought in his horse brain.— *Etta M. Dodge.*



Tommy's Dream

TOMMY had a curious dream one night. He had been kept in from play to help his father. But, instead of being proud to think that his father wanted his help, he was cross about losing his play — so cross that his father quietly remarked he would not ask him to stay in again.

When he lay down to sleep that night, he dreamed that two angels were sent down to earth to make a record of all the nice, loving things the boys and girls were doing. One angel was to take note of all the big things that were done, and the other was to write down all the little, unnoticed deeds of life. They parted as they reached the earth, and when they met again, on their way back to heaven, they compared notes. One had scarcely filled two pages of his book.

"There are not many conspicuous things done, after all," he said, in explanation.

"I have scarcely found time to write down all that I have seen," said the other angel, and he showed a little book filled from cover to cover with the record of loving little deeds.

Tommy's heart stood still, and he thought, "My name must be there, too; for it was a nice thing to stay in and help father."

Then he heard the angel explaining why there were some boys and girls he did not take any notice of at all. "They did nice things," he said, "but they were so cross about it and so unwilling that I could not write them down; for, you know, I was told only to record the loving deeds of life."

Then Tommy woke up, and, as he lay still and thought about it, he knew that he could not possibly have been in the angel's book that day.— *Ram's Horn.*

Best Lessons

"OH, there's that Ruth Knolls and her brother again! Do you know, Miss Merton, she is just awfully dull in school, and we girls laugh at her so much. She hasn't a particle of brilliancy."

Viva chattered this speech out as she walked along the street beside Miss Merton.

"She has something far better than brilliancy," said Miss Merton.

"What?" said Viva, her cheeks flushing uncomfortably; for she felt that she had made a mistake, and she was very anxious to stand well in Miss Merton's opinion.

water mark and flood probabilities were not understood, so disregarded.

One night in early spring there came one of those sudden, flooding rains so characteristic of central Kansas twenty years ago. Some time in the night Rover came to the doorway of our partially built house where we were camping out, and barked fiercely. As marauders of various kinds were not uncommon, we were suspicious. After barking a few times in a way indicating that something unusual had happened, he ran rapidly toward the stream. In a few minutes we heard his pattering feet again as he bounded up to the doorway, barking more fiercely than ever.

Following him this time, he led us to the horse, which stood in the still rising deep water, with its nose drawn down, pulling vigorously. As near as he could get to the horse stood Rover, making his only effort, by barking and tail-wagging, to release the horse. We waded in, severed the rope, and saved the horse, much to the delight of Rover.— *Kraken.*

Just in Time

Years ago my father owned a high-spirited and vicious horse, Billy. One of his bad habits was to start at the top of a hill and run to the bottom, and no power on earth could stop him.

At the time of which I write there was a two-year-old child living in the house which my father

"She has a courteous manner. That is a grace that is very great, but far too rare. I know Ruth quite well, and her kindness and courtesy are unfailing in company or at home. She is good."

"I am sorry I spoke so," said Viva. "I really don't know anything about her except that she stumbles so dreadfully in her lessons."

"No doubt she is very sorry about it, and I am sure she works faithfully. It is a fine gift to be quick and bright in understanding things. But you know, my dear, that it is far more important to be kind-hearted and gentle. When you girls go out in the world, no one will ever ask or know whether you got good grades in algebra or Latin. If you have done your best, it is wrought into you, whether your best is very good or only mediocre. But be sure of this: Every one who meets you will know without putting you through an examination whether you are a gentlewoman or not. It isn't practical to quote Greek or discuss psychology or read Shakespeare with every one you meet; but you can always speak kindly and listen courteously, and quietly look out for the opportunity to do little deeds of kindness that make our lives so much more worth living."—*Selected.*

The Anvil of God's Word

LAST eve I passed beside a blacksmith's door,
And heard the anvil's vesper chime;
Then looking in, I saw upon the floor
Old hammers worn with beating years of time.

"How many anvil's have you had," said I,
"To wear and batter all these hammers so?"
"Just one," he answered, then with twinkling
eye,
"The anvil wears the hammers out, you
know."

And so, I thought, the anvil of God's Word
For ages skeptic-blows have beat upon;
Yet though the noise of falling blows was heard,
The anvil is unworn—the hammers gone."—*Selected.*



A Beacon Light of Progress—Fort Snelling

MUCH of the early history and development of the Northwest is read in the story of Fort Snelling. Situated on a high bluff above the Mississippi, facing the Minnesota as it flows to meet the great river, the old stone fort looks out now upon scenes of peaceful civilization; but when its ramparts were reared above the cliffs, it stood as the one fortress of protection on the far frontier, amid the most bloodthirsty savages.

During Jefferson's administration, in 1805, the United States government sent its first commissioner, Lieutenant Zebulon M. Pike, to explore the Mississippi River. He was instructed to deal with the British traders who were violating the laws of the United States in regard to the fur trade, and to form alliances with the Indians, then almost wholly under the dominion of the British, who were teaching them to despise the weakness of the new government. He reached the mouth of the Minnesota in September, and held council with a band of Sioux headed by Little Crow. He induced these Indians to cede certain of their lands to the United States, and it was then that the government secured the military reservation upon which Fort Snelling now stands. Lieutenant Pike's voyage of discovery, up the Mississippi to the homes of the Chippewas, is one of the thrilling adventures of our early history. He carried the flag into lands which,

though belonging to the United States, had felt for years the iron rule of the British trader, dealing under and wrongfully flying the Union Jack.

John C. Calhoun, secretary of war during the Monroe administration, was deeply interested in the development of the Northwest and the condition of the aborigines, and it was due to his efforts that Fort Snelling was founded for the double purpose of encouraging the fur trade and the protection of the frontier. Under his orders a portion of the Fifth Regiment of Infantry, then stationed at Detroit, was ordered, February, 1819, to proceed, under Colonel Leavenworth, to the military reservation secured by Lieutenant Pike, at the junction of the Mississippi and Minnesota Rivers, and there establish a military post. They reached their destination in September, having gone by way of the Great Lakes, and the Fox and Wisconsin Rivers to Prairie du Chien, and thence up the Mississippi. Rude barracks were put up for protection during the winter, and the following year excavations for the foundation of the fort were begun, the corner-stone of which was laid Sept. 10, 1820. This was, at first, called Fort St. Anthony, but Colonel Josiah Snelling having assumed command in 1820, the name was changed, by recommendation of General Scott, to commemorate that of the builder. The building was finished in 1822, and the post became a center of civilization. All the northern exploring parties, with their guards of soldiers, set out from it, and to it they returned for rest and protection. Missionaries and traders found there a warm welcome from the isolated officers and their wives; settlement was encouraged, and the savages held in check by the presence of United States authority, as vested in the soldiers at the fort.

Reminiscences of early days on the frontier, of Indian uprisings, of hardships endured from isolation and climatic conditions, fill pages of the early history of the old fort, but the most interesting memories cluster around the exploring expeditions which revealed the richness and extent of this great country of ours.

The expedition sent out from Michigan, in 1820, under Lewis Cass, reached Fort Snelling by way of Lake Superior, on the way north. There, too, came the artists, geologists, and surveyors of the northern boundary of the United States, in 1823, under Major Stephen H. Long. In 1832, Schoolcraft's expedition for the exploration of the Mississippi River used Fort Snelling as a point of vantage; Catlin, in his "North American Indian," describes the picturesque setting and scenery. Jean Nicolle spent a year there, and went from thence with his assistant, John C. Fremont, "The Pathfinder," to make a very exhaustive exploration of the basin of the upper Mississippi, and David Dale Owen made there his headquarters when investigating Minnesota, during the summers of '47, '48, '49, and '50. All of these efforts were of great scientific value to the United States, and would have been scarcely possible without Fort Snelling as a base of supplies and protection.

During the Indian uprisings the fort and block-house afforded shelter for the settlers. It seems strange now to recall that the first farmers in Minnesota were the Swiss refugees from Lord Selkirk's starving settlement, in Manitoba. They came to Minnesota in 1827, and were allowed to farm on "the reservation," on the west side of the river, under the protection of the fort.

The country adjacent to Fort Snelling is exceedingly picturesque. Historically and romantically the old gray stone pile might well appeal to those good Americans who glory in the story of the nation.—*John Gordon.*

THE census returns show that the number of children in the United States between the ages of ten and fifteen who are working for their living is one million seven hundred fifty thousand.

Ostrich Plucking

OSTRICH plucking is an event which is advertised in the newspapers of California, and attracts crowds of visitors to the farm to witness the operation. The removal of the feathers is not really a "plucking," but is literally a "cutting." The bird to be clipped is coaxed into a corner, and a bag drawn over his head. The birds are so large and strong that careful handling is necessary, but as an ostrich without sight is helpless, he offers no resistance after his head is covered. The big plumes are carefully cut away, leaving an inch or so of the quill.

After the feathers have been cut away, the head is uncovered, and the bird allowed to run off, and it is always amusing to see the air of shame a plucked bird has as he sidles back to his pen, as though he realized that he had lost his beauty and attractiveness, and felt a sense of mortification.

* The birds live in captivity sixty or seventy years, and at a period of every nine months yield about thirty dollars' worth of feathers.—*Selected.*

Why Not?

[THE stanzas given below were written for the author's Sabbath-school class of boys in the Haskell Home, to assist in reviewing the life of the prophet. Each pupil was expected to memorize the poem, and to verify each point by a text of Scripture. The boys so thoroughly enjoyed the work that they asked to have the stanzas appear in the INSTRUCTOR.—Ed.]

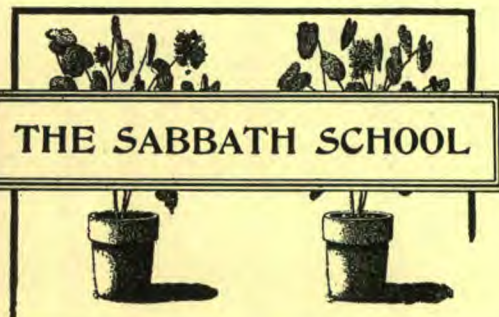
ELIJAH was a man of old,
With passions like our own,
Who knew discouragement and fear,
And felt both sad and lone,
E'en once forgot that God was nigh,
And ran away and wished to die.

And yet God used him in his work,
And heard him when he prayed,
In famine sent him food and drink,
And cheered him when afraid,
Was with him in temptation's hour,
And gave him overcoming power.

By faith he grasped Almighty strength,
And rose above his fears,
And finished grandly all his work—
When lo! a light appears,
And he is taken up on high,
To live with God beyond the sky.

If one just like us gained the sky,
Then why not *you?* and why not I?

JESSIE F. WAGGONER.



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

III—The Syrian Army Smitten with Blindness

(July 16)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 2 Kings 6:8-33.

MEMORY VERSE: "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." Ps. 34:7.

"Then the king of Syria warred against Israel, and took counsel with his servants, saying, In such and such a place shall be my camp. And the man of God sent unto the king of Israel, saying, Beware that thou pass not such a place; for thither the Syrians are come down."

This happened a number of times. The king

of the Syrians would say, I will make my camp in such and such a place. But when he came there, expecting to surprise Israel, they had escaped from him. The king of Syria was very much troubled. He thought one of his servants must be telling his plans to the king of Israel; so he called them all together, and asked, "Will ye not show me which of us is for the king of Israel?"

"And one of his servants said, None, my lord, O king; but Elisha, the prophet that is in Israel, telleth the king of Israel the words that thou speakest in thy bedchamber.

"And he said, Go and spy where he is, that I may send and fetch him. And it was told him, saying, Behold, he is in Dothan. Therefore sent he thither horses, and chariots, and a great host: and they came by night, and compassed the city about.

"And when the servant of the man of God was risen early, and gone forth, behold, an host compassed the city both with horses and chariots. And his servant said unto him, Alas, my master: how shall we do? And he answered, Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them.

"And Elisha prayed, and said, Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes, that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.

"And when they came down to him, Elisha prayed unto the Lord, and said, Smite this people, I pray thee, with blindness. And he smote them with blindness according to the word of Elisha. And Elisha said unto them, This is not the way, neither is this the city: follow me, and I will bring you to the man whom ye seek. But he led them to Samaria. And it came to pass, when they were come into Samaria, that Elisha said, Lord, open the eyes of these men, that they may see. And the Lord opened their eyes, and they saw; and, behold, they were in the midst of Samaria."

Now Samaria was the chief city of Israel. The king lived there, and there he had his soldiers. So when the great host that had been sent to take Elisha walked into Samaria, and the gates of the city were closed behind them, they were wholly in the power of the king of Israel.

"And the king of Israel said unto Elisha, when he saw them, My father, shall I smite them? shall I smite them? And he answered, Thou shalt not smite them: wouldest thou smite those whom thou hast taken captive with thy sword and with thy bow? set bread and water before them, that they may eat and drink, and go to their master.

"And he prepared great provision for them: and when they had eaten and drunk, he sent them away, and they went to their master. So the bands of Syria came no more into the land of Israel."

Not all the mighty host that the king of Syria sent to take Elisha could do any harm to the Lord's prophet; for the Lord protected his servant. Very often when we are in danger, and sometimes when we are in danger and do not know it, if our eyes could be opened, we would see angels about us to keep us from harm. Let us never forget the Memory Verse,— "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them,"— and think of it whenever we are in danger or tempted to do wrong.

Questions

1. What king again made war against Israel? With whom did he counsel? What did he say? Who told the king of Israel what the Syrians were going to do? How did this help the king of Israel?
2. Did this happen more than one time? See verse 10. What did the king of Syria think? What did he ask his servants?
3. What did one of his servants say to the

king of Syria? What command did the king then give? In what city was it told the king that Elisha might be found? Whom did the king send to take Elisha?

4. What did Elisha's servant see the next morning when he went out to take a walk? What did he say to his master? What cheering answer did Elisha give? How many did he say were with him and his servant?

5. What did Elisha ask the Lord to do? What happened to the young man? What did he see?

6. What did Elisha ask that the Lord would do to the Syrian hosts? How was his prayer answered? Where did the prophet lead them? When they were inside the city, what did he ask of the Lord?

7. Find Samaria on the map. Who lived there? Whom did he have with him? What must the Syrian soldiers naturally have thought when they found themselves in the power of the king of Israel?

8. What did the king ask Elisha if he might do? How did the prophet reply? What did he bid the king set before the Syrians? After this was done, where were the men sent?

9. Why could not the host of soldiers take Elisha? Does the Lord send his protecting angels to shield his children from harm? How do you know this? Repeat the Memory Verse. What lessons may we learn from our study to-day?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON


III—Another Persecuting Power
 (July 16)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Rev. 13: 11-18.

MEMORY VERSE: "And I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire: and them that had gotten the victory over the beast, and over his image, and over his mark, and over the number of his name, stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God." Rev. 15: 2.

Questions

1. Describe briefly the work of the first beast of Revelation 13.
2. What next attracted the prophet's attention? Verse 11.
3. Out of what did this beast arise? Out of what did the first beast arise? What is the significance of the sea? Rev. 17: 15. Then how do these powers differ? Note 1.
4. What beast is used as a symbol of this new power? Verse 11. What do the two horns denote? Note 2.
5. With what voice does this power speak? Verse 11. What does this indicate as to its real character? How does a nation speak?—Through its legislative body; the laws enacted are its voice.
6. What power was coming up in 1798 when the other beast went into captivity? How accurately does the United States meet the specifications of prophecy? Note 3.
7. What power will this beast exercise? What authority will he assume? Verse 12.
8. Will there be any exceptions? Verse 15, last part; Rev. 15: 2.
9. How does this beast manifest its power? Verse 13.
10. For what purpose? What demand will be made upon all that dwell on the earth? Verse 14.
11. What will he further cause to be done? Where is this mark to be placed? Verse 16.
12. What decree is made concerning those who will not receive this mark? What else were they to receive besides the mark? Verse 17.
13. What is the mark of the beast? Note 4.
14. What will finally be the penalty for refusing to bow to this image? Verse 15; note 5.

15. What song will be sung by those who gain the victory over the beast? Rev. 15: 3.

Notes

1. The other powers about which we studied in both Daniel and Revelation arose out of the sea. This signified, as we have learned, that they came up where governments had previously existed; for the sea symbolized peoples and multitudes and nations and tongues. But this new power was to arise out of the earth, in contrast with the seas. It must come up where no government had previously existed.

2. "Here is a striking figure of the rise and growth of our nation. And the lamb-like horns, emblems of innocence and gentleness, well represent the character of our government, as expressed in its two fundamental principles—republicanism and Protestantism."

3. The only power which was coming up at the time when the beast went into captivity in A. D. 1798, was the United States. The Declaration of Independence was signed in A. D. 1776, setting forth the truths that men are created equal, and endowed with the right of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The Constitution was adopted and ratified April 30, 1798. Every specification touching the rise of this power is met in the rise of this nation, and the movements to fulfil the specifications indicated by the dragon voice are already far advanced.

4. "The light we have received upon the third angel's message is the true light. The mark of the beast is exactly what it has been proclaimed to be."—*"Testimonies for the Church," Vol. VI, p. 17.*

God's law is a definition of his character. The fourth precept, enjoining the seventh day as the Sabbath, defines *who* the true God is. The beast sits in the temple of God, exalting himself above God, claiming even to be God, and having power to change his precepts. His purpose is to shut away from mankind the true God, and substitute himself. To do this he must necessarily change that commandment which defines who is the true God, and substitute one which will exalt himself. This "the man of sin" has done. When this change is enforced and accepted intelligently, the mark of the beast will be received. That Catholicism recognizes the substitution of Sunday for the Sabbath of Jehovah as the special mark of her power, is acknowledged in her standard works. The following is clear:—

"*Ques.* How prove you that the church has power to command feasts and holy days?

"*Ans.* By the very act of changing the Sabbath into Sunday, which Protestants allow of; and therefore they fondly contradict themselves by keeping Sunday strictly, and breaking most other feasts commanded by the same church."—*"Abridgement of Christian Doctrine."*

5. "In the conflict the Sabbath will be the special point of controversy throughout all Christendom. Secular rulers and religious leaders will unite to enforce the observance of Sunday; and as milder measures fail, the most oppressive laws will be enacted. It will be urged that the few who stand in opposition to an institution of the church and the law of the land ought not to be tolerated, and a decree will finally be issued denouncing them as deserving of the severest punishment, and giving the people liberty, after a certain time, to put them to death. Romanism in the Old World, and apostate Protestantism in the New, will pursue a similar course toward those who honor the divine precepts."

"In one night they determine to strike the decisive blow that shall forever silence the voice of the reprover."—*"Great Controversy."* "The decree which is to go forth against the people of God will be very similar to that issued by Ahasuerus against the Jews in the time of Esther. . . . The Protestant world to-day sees in the little company keeping the Sabbath a Mordecai in the gate."—*"Testimony," No. 32, page 206.*



ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.

222 NORTH CAPITOL STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE M. DICKERSON . . . EDITOR

Subscription Rates

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION	\$.75
SIX MONTHS	.40
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TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES	1.25
CLUB RATES	
5 to 9 copies to one address, each	\$.55
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100 or more " " " "	.45

Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post-office at Washington, D. C., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

THE State of Iowa has laudably taken the lead in a good work. She has decided that in the future she will give half of her tithe to the support of missionaries in foreign countries, and that half of her laborers shall have the opportunity of going to a foreign field. There is no doubt that other conferences will speedily follow her example. Surely this will cause an awakening that will hasten the coming of the Saviour.

THE journal of the American Medical Association, after careful investigation, affirms that no less than 4,449 persons were hurt by the use of fireworks on the Fourth of July, 1903. The number of deaths was no less than 470. Four hundred and seventy deaths—the result of one day's sport of a single year! Such a record should have been enough to eliminate every fire-cracker and toy pistol from the program for July 4, 1904.

THE article "What Some Thinkers Say about the Bible," is interesting because it gives the testimony of men of various classes and religious beliefs, together with those of skeptics and infidels. Had these men been able to tell of the beauty and worth of the Bible from a personal living experience, their testimonies would mean much more. They are given here simply to show that there is a peculiar uplifting power in the Bible that all, even agnostics, recognize, and feel unwilling to have the world lose.

"THE latest place in which to suspect the presence of radium is hot springs. Recently a sensitized photographic plate was adjusted between two lettered brass stencil plates and lowered into the hot water of the Hot Springs of Arkansas. The experiment was carried on in a dark cavern in the rear of a local bath-house. The plates were thoroughly wrapped in several folds of thick black paper, enclosed in a dark stained glass bottle wrapped in several thicknesses of cloth, thus shutting out every particle of light, and then lowered into the dark pool. A few hours sufficed to bring forth a perfect negative, which is now on exhibition."

A NEW YORK CITY alderman proposes that an ordinance be passed making it an offense punishable by a fine of one hundred dollars, for any one to decline to move along when requested, giving the cherished end seat of the street-cars to a newcomer. Evidently this will seriously inconvenience a multitude; for the chivalrous end-seat monopoly has a gigantic constituency, and one as tenacious as the steel trust. Doubtless this action, when fully enforced by the proper officials, will in time make it easier for the good church people to relinquish the end seat of the church pew to a brother or sister coming in late.

His Heart's Blood

CHRIST'S love transforms. It repeats itself in our lives. A chaplain on the battle-field came to a man who was wounded, lying on the ground. "Would you like me to read you something from this book,—the Bible?" he asked the soldier. "I'm so thirsty," replied the man, "I would rather have a drink of water." Quickly as he could the chaplain brought the water. Then the soldier asked, "Could you put something under my head?" The chaplain took off his light overcoat, rolled it, and put it gently under the soldier's head for a pillow. "Now," said the soldier, "if I had something over me! I am very cold." There was only one thing the chaplain could do. He took off his own coat, and spread it over the soldier. The wounded man looked up into his face and said, gratefully, "Thank you." Then he added feebly, "If there is anything in that book in your hand that makes a man do for another what you have done for me, please read it to me." Men are ready to hear us read the Book only when our lives interpret what the Book says.

Recently a story appeared in one of the papers, called "How a Man Coined His Heart." The man was a poor artist. There had been in his life a sad story of unrequited love. The world had not known anything of it. He had kept his secret. But there came a call for a piece of work,—a calendar,—and the artist put his life's story into it: the springtime, with its beauty; the summer, with its bloom; the autumn, with its decaying hope; the winter, with its dreary desolation. He coined his heart into his picture, and sold it to get bread for his hunger. Christ coined his heart into a great sacrifice of love, and purchased redemption for the world. So if we are Christ's are we to coin our hearts into stories of love and service, into deeds of kindness and helpfulness.

Nothing but the love of Christ in us will enable us to do this. A soldier may be without love for the commander or for the cause he serves, and may march and fight merely for the paltry money he receives. But the Christian must love, or his life will count for nothing. There is a legend of an artist who had a marvelous red tint in his pictures. No other had learned the secret, and it died with him. After his death an old wound was discovered near his heart, and the secret of the wonderful color in his paintings was revealed. It was his heart's blood that gave his work its inimitable hue. The legend tells a deep spiritual truth. Only heart's blood will put the heavenly color into our work. What we do without love fades out. When it is the love of Christ that constrains us, our simplest, commonest acts have divine beauty and blessing in them.—*Sunday School Times.*

A Dramatic Incident at Lincoln's Inauguration

"In his later life Nast remembered much of this Washington experience with that feeling of shuddering horror with which we recall a disordered dream," Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine writes in describing some of Nast's experiences just before the Civil War, in the June *Pearson's*. "The atmosphere was charged with foreboding. Even the busy days about the Willard Hotel were strewn with ominous incidents.

"The day of inauguration was one of gloom, and the city drew a great breath of relief when it was over, and there had been no outbreak, yet the tension was not relaxed. The men who had sworn that Abraham Lincoln should never take his seat were not gone. Night came down, brooding danger.

"It seemed to me," said Nast, "that the shadow of death was everywhere. I had endless visions of black funeral parades, accompanied

by mournful music. It was as if the whole city were mined, and I know now that this was figuratively true. A single yell of defiance would have inflamed a mob. A shot would have started a conflict. In my room at the Willard Hotel I was trying to work. I picked up my pencils and laid them down a dozen times. I got up at last and walked the floor. In the rooms next mine other men were walking; I could hear them in the silence. My head was beginning to throb, and I sat down and pressed my hands to my temples.

"Then all at once, in the Ebbett House, across the way, a window was flung up, and a man stepped out on the balcony. The footsteps about me ceased. Everybody had heard the man, and was waiting breathlessly to see what he would do. Suddenly, in a rich, powerful voice, he began to sing 'The Star Spangled Banner.'

"The result was extraordinary. Windows were thrown up. Crowds gathered on the streets. A multitude of voices joined in the song. When it was over, the street rang with cheers. The men in the rooms next mine joined me in the corridor. The hotel came to life. Guests wept and flung their arms about one another. Dissension and threat were silenced. It seemed to me, and I believe to all of us, that Washington had been saved by the inspiration of an unknown man with a voice to sing that grand old song of songs."—*Week's Progress.*



KEENE, TEXAS, June, 1904.

DEAR READERS OF THE INSTRUCTOR: I noticed in the last INSTRUCTOR there were no letters from the young people. I think as our editor has been kind enough to give us a corner in the paper, we should show our appreciation by writing.

I for one certainly do enjoy reading the letters and the good, instructive pieces, and hope many will profit by the helpful instruction appearing from week to week.

The past few weeks my sister and I have been off selling *The Life Boat*. We sold about two thousand copies of the April number. We enjoyed our work, and hope it will not be in vain, but that results of it will be seen in the kingdom of heaven.

We expect to start out again in a few weeks to sell the special number of *The Southern Watchman* and the Anti-fiction number of *The Life Boat*.

I suppose most of our readers know of Keene; it is where our work in Texas is centered. We have the pleasure of attending school and Sabbath-school with our own people.

MAMIE L. HARPER.

This letter in an encouraging one; it inspires the editor to want to make the paper even better than it now is, and it must encourage many young people to go to work scattering the pages of truth. We shall be glad to hear the result of the effort with the *Watchman*. What can not consecrated young men and women do for God?

BELLAIRE, MICH., June 5, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: We all enjoy the INSTRUCTOR very much; sometimes we can scarcely wait for it to come. I give the papers all away to those not of our faith. With good wishes for the INSTRUCTOR and all its readers, I am,

Sincerely, RUTH SCHOOLCRAFT.

Such cheery, appreciative letters as this one, are always welcome. Another young woman wrote interestingly of her appreciation of the INSTRUCTOR. She spoke especially of enjoying the articles on Whittier that appeared in recent numbers. She said these articles gave her her first love for poetry.