

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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No. 2



### Discontent

THERE is no day so dark  
But through the murk some ray of hope may  
steal,  
Some blessed touch from heaven that we might  
feel,  
If we but chose to mark.

We shut the portals fast,  
And turn the key, and let no sunshine in;  
Yet to the worst despair that comes  
through sin  
God's light shall rule at last.

We slight our daily joy,  
Make much of our vexations, thickly set  
Our path with thorns of discontent, and  
fret  
At our fine gold's alloy,

Till bounteous Heaven might frown  
At such ingratitude, and, turning, lay  
On our impatience burdens that would  
weigh  
Our aching shoulders down.

We shed too many tears,  
And sigh too sore, and yield us up to  
woe,  
As if God had not planned the way to go,  
And counted out our years.

Can we not be content,  
And light our foreheads from the ignoble  
dust  
Of these complaining lives, and wait with  
trust,  
Fulfilling Heaven's intent?

— Celia Thaxter.

### Celia Thaxter

ONE of the ocean's best gifts to us is Celia Thaxter. She was indeed the ocean sprite so beautifully described in one of her many charming stories for little folk.

From babyhood to womanhood on a lonely lighthouse rock in the great blue Atlantic lived Celia Leighton, afterward Mrs. Thaxter. "Every wave that whitened the face of the vast sea was dear to her, every bird that floated over, every sail that glided across,—all brought her a thrill of joy. And what a keen delight came to her with the thunder, lightning, and the rain!"

Hers it was to watch for the beautiful in earth, sea, and sky. Her eye was a burning glass that concentrated all gathered glory upon her own soul. There it was pictured in splendor and in living colors, again to flash forth in conversation, story, poem, painting, or song, for the pleasure and instruction of others.

She beguiled from flower, tree, and bird, their soul secrets,—yes, and from the great sea and all it gave to her, until, as she says herself, "Sleeping or waking, year after year, she kept in her ears the sad, mysterious murmur of the sea, just like a hollow shell."

Her tender sympathetic love for the things of nature seemed unlike that of the scientist, however enthusiastic and ardent his may be. As there were no flowers like those born and nurtured under the breath of the sea, so there was no love like hers,—deep, constant, spontaneous. Each added bit of knowledge, beauty of color or sound was quickly acknowledged by a happier smile and a fuller life.

The old town of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, proudly accepts the honor of being the birthplace of the nature lover and poet, Celia Leighton. However, at a very early age, her father, owing



to some political disappointment, it is said, left Portsmouth for the desolate Isles of Shoals, having decided to spend the remainder of his days apart from his fellow men. To him, after his removal, even the horizon line that marked the mainland nine miles away was regarded with disfavor.

The Isles of Shoals are described as "stern, bleak, and forbidding, yet having a charm about them, an indescribable influence in their atmosphere, that causes one to forget the hurry and worry and fret of life." They are supposed to have received their name from the "shoaling," or schooling, of fish about them, which at some seasons is remarkable. Their hard, jagged, jutting ledges have gored the side of many an unwary vessel; for, although Mr. Leighton kept the bright rays from the lighthouse constantly streaming out into the treacherous darkness, many were his gruesome finds along the shore after severe storms.

The islands are said to be inhospitable, and after reading the glimpse Mrs. Thaxter has given of one evening's experience in time of storm, it is not difficult to believe them so. "The snow and sleet are beating against the windows, and we can have no fire; for the wind blows it all straight out of stove or fireplace, gas, flame, ashes, even brands and coal. We are sitting with the window open, choked with gas and half frozen, wrapped in all our winter garments, and the snow blowing over our heads."

This girl of the sea was fondly attached to her island home, yet a young man, Levi P. Thaxter, of Watertown, Massachusetts, who had sought the quiet of her father's home for summer study and reflection, early persuaded her to make a home with him on the mainland. But the love of the sea did not forsake her on her departure; for her first printed poem was but an outburst of her soul on experiencing, one day, an unusual longing for the sea. She scribbled the verses on the back of an envelope, and sent them to a friend. They fell into the hands of James Russell Lowell, who christened them "Land-locked," and printed them in his magazine, *The Atlantic*, which fact alone tells their worth.

This marked the beginning of Mrs. Thaxter's work as an author. Her domestic duties as wife and mother forbade her giving to the world all that was in her heart; but she produced enough to make her name known and loved throughout the country.

Her letters were so bright and entertaining that they proved to be golden cords that bound many men and women of rare intelligence to her in a strong friendship. Her appreciation of nature and art drew around her a host of authors, musicians, artists, and nature lovers. She had

so much company at times that once in writing to a friend she referred to her "Gulf Stream of company." Whittier, Paine, William Mason, Appleton Brown, Sarah Orne Jewett, Bradford Torrey, Thoreau, and many more as noted persons, were glad to be numbered among her especial friends.

Mrs. Thaxter, who was born in 1835, lived until 1894. She writes in a letter to a friend of an added happiness that came to her in her last days,—a grandson. "Oh, I never meant in my old age to become the subject of the thrall of a love like this; it is almost dreadful,—so absorbing, so stirring down to the deeps. For the tiny creature is so old and wise and sweet, and so fascinating in his sturdy common sense and clear intelligence; and his affection for me is wonderful, exquisite thing! the sweetest flower that has bloomed for me in all my life through."

Her oft-expressed desire to be permitted to lay down the armor without prolonged suffering, was



granted. After a pleasant evening with friends, reading, and listening to music, she retired, but did not again waken with the morning hours. The perpetual murmur of the sea about her grave bespeaks the heart murmur of her friends.

#### Landlocked

BLACK lie the hills; swiftly doth daylight flee;  
And, catching gleams of sunset's dying smile,  
Through the dusk land for many a changing  
mile

The river runneth softly to the sea.

O happy river, could I follow thee!

O yearning heart, that never can be still!

O wistful eyes, that watch the steadfast hill,  
Longing for level line of solemn sea!

Have patience; here are flowers and songs of  
birds,

Beauty and fragrance, wealth of sound and  
sight,

All summer's glory thine from morn till night,  
And life too full of joy for uttered words.

Neither am I ungrateful; but I dream

Deliciously how twilight falls to-night

Over the glimmering water, how the light  
Dies blissfully away, until I seem

To feel the wind, sea-scented, on my cheek,  
To catch the sound of dusky flapping sail  
And dip of oars and voices on the gale  
Afar off, calling low,—my name they speak!

O Earth! thy summer song of joy may soar,  
Ringing to heaven in triumph. I but crave  
The sad, caressing murmur of the wave  
That breaks in tender music on the shore.

—Celia Thaxter.

#### Milk or Meat

EVERY age has its special charm. We delight in the simple, artless actions of the babe; we rejoice in his growing strength, and take pleasure in his frolics, when he has become a boy; and we admire and reverence his power and resourcefulness when he has reached manhood. But for a man to act like a baby, to coo, to grimace, to caper, would disgust us. We want him to show his manhood, to be a man.

Neither would we expect him to eat the food of a child. His development depends largely upon his using the food that is adapted to his age. As a babe, he needs food which he can easily receive and assimilate; and that food is furnished in the form of milk. As he grows, he is able to take solid food; and he abandons, to a more or less degree, the food of babyhood.

As it is in the physical, so it is in the mental life. The child requires mental food which he can easily assimilate and use; but as he grows older, his mind, if it has been properly developed, requires more solid food, which will exercise as well as sustain. He who feeds largely on the mental food of childhood will remain a child, useless alike to himself and others. "For when for the time ye ought to be teachers, ye have need that one teach you again which be the first principles of the oracles of God; and are become such as have need of milk, and not of strong meat. For every one that useth milk is unskilful in the word of righteousness: for he is a babe. But strong meat belongeth to them that are of full age, even those who by reason of use have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil."

If we enquire what is the food suited to either age, we need to consult both the natures and the duties of the different ages. First, then, the nature of the child is to receive and confidently to believe what is told him. The receptive faculties are the most fully developed in him; memory is his strong point. The nature of the man is to reason; receiving certain facts, he weighs them, compares them, unites them, and forms conclusions. He constructs. Second, the work of the child is just to develop, by the assimilation of the truth which he learns. The work of the

man is to create, to put the impress of his mind and hand upon the structure of the world's progress. In so far as he fails to do this, he declares himself a babe. And we may see to what extent his mental food is responsible for his failure.

It is by every one recognized that the story is the natural form in which to give truth to children. The child's mind delights in the story, and, quite unconsciously to himself, he receives in the story the food of truth that makes him grow. It may be said that children are to learn by observation as much as by story. That is true, if we limit the story to the telling of things which the child does not see. But note how much more eagerly the little one observes that tiny red and black bug if you tell the story of what it eats, where it flies, and how it sleeps its long sleep through the winter. He will watch for and talk about the "waking up" of the buds and leaves and flowers for weeks before they appear, and his sharp eyes will ever be spying about for the green things coming, because he has been told stories of their sleep. The world is all a poem to him, and the story makes it so.



MRS. THAXTER'S ISLAND HOME

The story is the natural food of the child-mind; it is the milk.

But come now to the boy and the girl of twelve and fifteen years of age. If that boy has had a healthful education, you will find his mind beginning to seek far below the surface of things for causes. He has a more intense desire to try his hand at things; he feels a power stirring within him that calls for greater activity, and this new life requires stronger food. He wants to know more about machines, about the management of crops and the secrets of plants; he wants to have the mastery of something, to fit the tone of command which has crept into his voice.

So with the girl. If she has had a free, open-air life before, and if she is not now loaded with cautions about propriety and with directions which compel a sedentary life, she takes delight in the new duties and the responsibilities that begin to crowd her life. Away now with stories! The boy is likely to feel a half contempt for the telling of stories; at least he can not spend long time in the reading of them; and the girl has use for them only to give to younger ones. Not that the love of reading is lost; but it comes to be centered more and more upon the lives of historical personages and their achievements in statecraft, science, and adventure, and bears a maturer fruit in emulation of their oratory, their inventions, and their endurance. The romanticism of the child-mind develops into the beautiful realism of the new mind of man and woman. The delight of entertainment is succeeded by the delight of accomplishment and the joy of searching out things which are needed to secure certain ends. This is the natural state.

But some will say, "My experience disproves

all that." Ah, it is true that they who experience all this are comparatively few. Too many are they to whom the fascination of the story clings through life; if interrupted at this period, yet resuming its sway very quickly, as the barely awakened new faculties are starved or stifled. Story reading has gained so firm a hold upon them that, without heroic effort, it can not be broken.

But that is not natural: what has caused it? There was poison in the milk! There are some mothers—monsters—who feed their babes milk saturated with the poison of alcohol. The child learns to love its taste, and he can not rid himself of the appetite for it. If alcohol were furnished only, or mainly, in a milk concoction, he would always drink alcoholic milk, until he sank into a drunkard's grave. So has the story been poisoned to many. The fictitious story which "teaches a good lesson," and which is fed to the child in less or greater proportion, along with the stories of men of the Bible and of history, and the stories of nature, contains the poison of the lie. Watch the children; see if such stories

do not grasp and distort their fancies as the simple, true stories do not. There is created the mania for story reading. And until the author, the teacher, and the parent have learned the deadly danger of lying to their readers or their hearers, even to teach morality, the crime of poisoning our children's mental food will continue.

Observe for a while, and you will find that Bible stories, history stories, nature stories, and some stories of travel, properly made and told, do not create that craze for story reading which fictitious stories do. They feed, but do not inflame the mind; and when the time for further development comes, the child is able to take

the steps he should; his mind grasps the realities of life; he wrestles with them manfully, and becomes what he should,—a rational, reliable being whom God can trust with responsibilities.

But now, young men and women, though we may not have had the advantages of a perfect training in this respect, let us face the situation. Shall we be babes, who depend for their food upon the milk of stories? or shall we begin to do the work, to study the problems, to surmount the difficulties, that confront us? Life is real, life is earnest; and right before us lies the most terribly earnest work that ever young men and women were given to do. Never so tremendous a work was ever before put upon mortal men and women. Cords will strain, thews will crack, brains will reel, in the awful struggle. Perfect development, perfect training, perfect command of mind and soul, will be required in that crisis. Now is the training time.

Some thoughts in regard to what we should read, in the course of training needed, will be given in a following article.

A. W. SPAULDING.

#### Our Shadow

EVERY one of us casts a shadow. There hangs about us a sort of penumbra,—a strange, indefinable something,—which we call personal influence, which has its effect on every other life on which it falls. It goes with us wherever we go. It is not something we can have when we want to have it, and then lay aside as a garment. It is something that always pours out from our life, like light from a lamp, like heat from flame, like perfume from a flower.

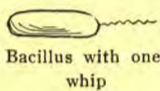


# HEALTH HINTS

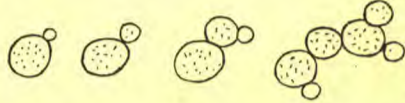
## Germs as Friends and Enemies What We Are

PEOPLE call us microbes, or germs. Sometimes the funny papers picture us as horrid-looking creatures with legs, claws, and great teeth, or in some other way which greatly misrepresents us. But we are innocent-looking little fellows, even though some of us do get into mischief.

It will be hard for me to make you understand how small we are. Much smaller, are we, than the smallest thing you ever saw. It would take many thousands of us to make a quantity equal to the ink in the period at the end of this sentence. Yet, by means of a powerful microscope, I might be seen as a fine small line like this (—) or still smaller. Some of us are so small that it is hard to see us with even the most powerful microscopes, and yet small as we are, this world would be entirely different without us, and our near relatives, the yeasts and the molds. The yeasts are larger than we germs, and the molds are still larger, so that the individual growths of mold can be seen without the aid of a microscope; but small as we are, we probably do far more work, and more varied work, than the yeasts and molds.



Bacillus with one whip



Yeast germs. Bacilli in lower corner show comparative size



One whip at each end



Whips in various positions



Tufts of whips

You may have heard the verse that runs something like this (apologies to Swift and others):—  
The little fleas that do us tease  
Have lesser fleas to bite 'em;  
And even these have smaller fleas,  
And so *ad infinitum*.  
One thousand fleas placed end to end would about equal the length of one man. One thousand germs placed end to end would about equal the length of a flea, so a microbe is as small to a flea as a flea is to a man.

Do you suppose there are still smaller fellows to act as "fleas" to the microbes? I think not. We microbes, I think, have the honor of being the smallest living creatures in existence. Scientists call us *bacteria*, a word meaning rods or staves, because many of us are in the shape of a very small rod like a lead pencil. The study of bacteria is called "bacteriology;" and the man who devotes him-



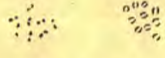
Staphylococci

self to this study is called a "bacteriologist." Before we have finished our studies on this subject, you will have learned that the bacteriologist has, within the last few years,—perhaps not much further back than you can remember,—made some most wonderful discoveries which are utilized to combat disease, to prevent destruction of property, and to aid in some of the useful arts.



Streptococci

At one time even scientific men supposed us to belong to a low form of animal life, but now it is generally understood that we are forms of plant life. We belong to a family known as fungi (pronounced fun-jy). This word is the plural of fungus. The fungi include the toadstools, puffballs, mushrooms, molds, yeasts, and bacteria,—plants that do not have the green coloring matter called chlorophyl (clo-ro-fil). This not only makes a difference in color, but constitutes an important difference in the life habits of the plants and in the work that they do.



Cocci in pairs

By means of chlorophyl, plants use the energy of the sun's rays in building up, from water and carbon dioxide gas, the various plant tissues. That is, from non-living matter—what we commonly call inorganic or mineral matter—they build up complex organic matter, such as starch and woody fiber. Fungi, having no chlorophyl, are not able to live on inorganic matter, so they thrive on dead organic matter. This they break up until it is finally resolved into such substances as carbon dioxide and water.



Bacilli

We have here a complete cycle, or circle, each part ministering to the others, and each part receiving from the others. The plants build up plant tissues, using for this purpose carbon dioxide and water, and giving off oxygen. The animals use the vegetable tissues as food, and breathe the oxygen, giving off carbon dioxide for the nourishment of the vegetables.

But if it were not for the germs, the wastes given off from animals, and the dead animals and plants, would soon cumber the earth, and after a while the carbon dioxide would all be used.

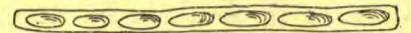
Right here we germs come in and turn all this dead matter back to carbon dioxide gas, water, and other simple substances, which the green plants can again build up into plant tissues. So, despised though we be, we are a very important factor in the great round of life which goes on from year to year, from century to century.

### Movements of Germs

If you will place in a warm corner, for two or three days, a vessel of water containing a handful of hay, the water will probably be slightly colored from the hay. It may also have a perceptible odor and taste. There will also be other changes which can not be seen with the unaided eye. If you place a drop of this water, taken from near the grass, under the microscope, you will be surprised at the sight that greets your eye. Swimming, wriggling, twisting, a seething mass of living creatures will be seen, darting back and forth across the field of the microscope, some fast, some slow, some spinning around like a top. Sometimes two or three large fellows, fastened end to end, will be seen waddling their way lazily along. You would probably exclaim,

"What are all these little animals?" When told that they are germs, you would be more surprised than ever, and say, "Germs! Why, I thought germs were plants; and just see how these little fellows swim around! You can not make me believe that they are plants."

If some one should tell you that you could



A bacillus before breaking up

not tell a plant from an animal, you would feel indignant, perhaps, as you thought how easy it is to distinguish between a rosebush and a cow; but there are some little living fellows that you could not tell whether they were plants or animals. We are accustomed to see animals have legs and move around, yet there are little fellows on the seashore which are fastened to the rock like a plant, or which grow inside of the rock. Perhaps you have sometime read in the INSTRUCTOR about corals and sea anemones. Again, you think of plants as having roots and being stationary, but there are some plants that are not only loose in the water, but they have little paddles which cause them to move around from place to place. Some bacilli single, in pairs and in chains



Bacilli single, in pairs and in chains

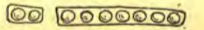
It is the constant lashing of these whips that produces the motion. There probably are many tiny animals also running about in the same drop of water; but a little study would enable you to distinguish them from the germs, or plants.



Bacilli in long filaments

### What We Look Like

While we are called bacteria because many of us are like little rods, we are not, by any means, all of this shape. We might be compared to watermelons and squashes. Some are quite round, some oblong, and some quite long with round ends, then among the squashes some are long and shaped like a corkscrew. There are all these different shapes among us. The little round fellows are called cocci (pronounced cox-eye). This word is the plural of coccus, a ball. Sometimes they are called micro-cocci (micro-coccus, a small ball). The long fellows are called bacilli (pronounced ba-silly) plural of bacillus, a staff or rod. The corkscrew-shaped germs are called spirilli, plural of spirillum, a spiral or corkscrew.



Short or long chains



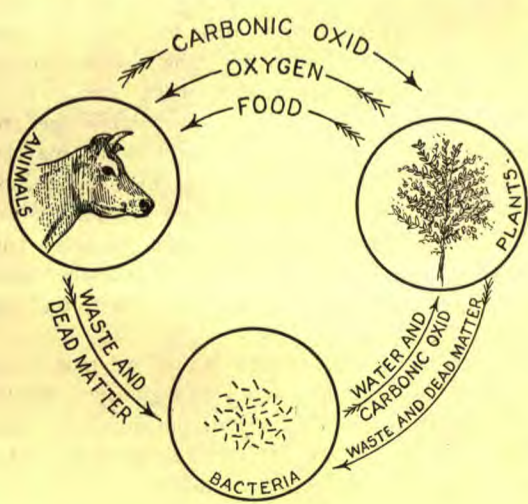
A bacillus in process of division

### How We Grow

Our method of growth is remarkable. We just keep lengthening out, elongating, stretching, as we take in food. Some of you have seen the yellow thread-like creeper that grows on low vines in the summer. It has no leaves. It is like a thick horse hair, only it is yellow; but it keeps getting longer all the time.



Coccus dividing into pairs and fours



The living cycle



So it is with us germs, we keep getting longer as we partake of food; but we do not usually remain in one piece. We keep breaking up into small lengths, and the small lengths grow longer, and again break up. A germ may look like this (—) and in ten or fifteen minutes it may be like (— —). There is trouble in the family, and a split up, so we have two instead of one. Which is father and which is son? Soon these two have become four, then eight, and so on. They are so small it ought to take a long time to grow many germs, if they double only every fifteen minutes. Let us see: 15 minutes, 2; 30 minutes, 4; 45 minutes, 8; 1 hour, 16; 1¼ hours, 32; 1½ hours, 64; 1¾ hours, 128; 2 hours, 256; 2¼ hours, 512; 2½ hours, 1,024.

Just think! the tenth generation from one germ would make 1,000 germs. The next tenth generation, or five hours from the start, would make a thousand thousand, or 1,000,000. Then each five hours thereafter would add six more ciphers to your number; so where would you be at the end of twenty-four hours? Your number would be sixty-four nonillions.

Fortunately for you and the rest of the world, we can not get food enough to grow that fast; and when we have plenty of food, we produce certain substances which are poisonous to ourselves, or which at least retard our further growth. If we could continue doubling once every five minutes, we would soon fill the earth!

I started to find where those nonillion germs would reach to if in one line. To the sun?—Yes, you could make so many separate chains of these germs to the sun that the rope would be many feet in thickness,—this the product of one germ in twenty-four hours! But as I said before, we do not continue to grow that fast. But one germ will amount in twenty-four hours to many millions, so that they can be readily seen.

Sometimes in our growth, we break off, but there is an outer shell that does not break. This keeps us together in chains, as you have seen in the picture. This shell is so fine that it is difficult to detect it with the strongest microscopes, unless it is especially stained. The germs sometimes form in pairs, sometimes in long chains, before breaking up. The cocci often divide so as to form short or long chains. Sometimes the dividing is accomplished in two planes, forming, as shown in one of the illustrations.

Sometimes they divide in three planes so they form cubes of eight, and continue to multiply, forming large cubical packets. Such germs are often found in diseased stomachs. The illustrations given above are greatly magnified; for with the most powerful microscopes we look like little dots.

MIKE ROBE.

## BIBLE READERS COURSE

### The Saints' Inheritance (Concluded)

#### 1. Will the new earth be like Eden?

"And thou, O tower of the flock, the stronghold of the daughter of Zion, unto thee shall it come, even the first dominion." Micah 4:8.

#### 2. How will the saints spend a part of their time?

"And they shall build houses, and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, and eat the fruit of them." Isa. 65:21.

#### 3. How will the Sabbath be spent in the earth made new?

"And it shall come to pass, that from one new moon to another, and from one Sabbath to another, shall all flesh come to worship before me, saith the Lord." Isa. 65:23.

#### 4. Will any be sick there?

"And the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick: the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity." Isa. 33:24.

#### 5. Will any be blind or deaf or lame?

"Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing." Isa. 35:5, 6.

#### 6. From what will none suffer there?

"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters." Rev. 7:16, 17.

EMMA S. NEWCOMER.



"ONLY the eternal is important."

## THE WEEKLY STUDY

### Experiences and Labor of Paul at Corinth

#### OPENING EXERCISES.

SCRIPTURE FOR STUDY: Acts 18:1-17.

REFERENCE STUDY: "Sketches from the Life of Paul," pages 102-109.

#### OUTLINE OF TOPICS:—

- Preaches in the synagogue every Sabbath.
- Arrival of Silas and Timothy from Thessalonica.
- Opposition of the Jews.
- Departure postponed by a vision.
- Believers baptized.
- Time of sojourn among them.
- Brought before the judgment seat.
- Sosthenes beaten.
- Sailed for Syria.

#### Notes

A Sosthenes is mentioned by Paul in 1 Cor. 1:1 as a fellow laborer. If he is the same person mentioned in Acts 18:17, who was doubtless the mouthpiece of Paul's persecutors, he evidently was converted at a later date.

"Gallio was a man of integrity, and would not become the dupe of the jealous and intriguing Jews. Unlike Pilate he refused to do justice to one whom he knew to be an innocent man."—*Sketches from the Life of Paul.*

"If ministers would follow more closely the example of Paul in this particular (comments on 1 Cor. 2:1-5), they would see greater success attending their efforts. If all who minister in word and doctrine would make it their first business to be pure in heart and life, and to connect themselves closely with heaven, their teaching would have greater power to convict souls."—*Id.*

"In preaching the gospel at Corinth, the apostle adopted a different course of action from that which had marked his labors at Athens. . . . He determined to avoid elaborate arguments and discussion of theories as much as possible, and to urge upon sinners the doctrine of salvation through Christ."—*Id.*

"The most convincing proof was given that the gospel was but the development of the Hebrew faith. . . . The apostle then endeavored to bring home to their consciences the fact that repentance for their rejection of Christ could alone save the nation from impending ruin."—*Id.*

"The apostle did not labor to charm the ear with oratory, nor to engage the mind with philosophic discussions, which would leave the heart untouched. He preached the cross of Christ, not with labored eloquence of speech, but with the grace and power of God, and his words moved the people."—*Id.*

"Though Paul had a measure of success, yet he became weary of the sight of his eyes, and the hearing of his ears in the corrupt city of Corinth. He doubted the wisdom of building up a church from the material he found there. He considered Corinth a very questionable field of labor, and determined to leave it. . . . As he was contemplating leaving the city for a more promising field, and feeling very anxious to understand his duty in the case, the Lord appeared to him in a vision of the night, and said, 'Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace; for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee; for I have much people in this city.' . . . Strengthened and encouraged, he continued to labor there with great zeal and perseverance for one year and six months. A large church was enrolled under the banner of Jesus Christ."—*Id.*

"His (Paul's) efforts, however, were not exclusively confined to that city, but he availed himself of the easy communication by land and water with adjacent cities, and labored among them both by letter and personal effort. He made Corinth his headquarters, and his long tarry and successful ministry there gave him influence abroad as well as at home. Several churches were thus raised up under the efforts of the apostle and his collaborators."—*Id.*

G. B. T.

### Prayer

PRAYER is communion between God and man, between Creator and created. As a servant comes before a kind master, so we come before our God, not pleading our own merits, but the merits of our Redeemer. As a child, tired and weary, comes to an earthly parent, so we come to him who is our strength and consolation, casting all our care upon him; for he cares for us. "Our heavenly Father waits to bestow upon us the fulness of his blessing." Prayer is the key in the hands of faith by which the storehouse of heaven, with all its boundless resources, is opened to us; therefore we should be much in prayer, in secret prayer, where only God can hear. We should have the door of the heart continually open, and our invitation going up that Jesus may come and abide as a heavenly guest in the soul.

We may lift our hearts to God at any time; about our work, our studies, or anything we may be doing; and when some unexpected temptation comes, we may turn our thoughts to God, and he will hear us. "No calamity can befall the least of his children, no anxiety harass the soul, no joy cheer, no sincere prayer escape the lips, of which our Heavenly Father is unobservant."

Our Saviour, while working on earth, was much in prayer. Often, after the labors of the day were finished, and while others were resting, he was on the mountain alone with God.

We can claim the victory even while we are asking for it. A striking instance of this may be seen in the case of Judah when the Ammonites, the Moabites, and the Edomites came against Jehoshaphat: he set singers before the army, and went out praising God for victory; and when they came to the place where their enemies were, they found them all dead men.

Jesus said, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" and again, "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?"

HOWARD A. PEEBLES.





### The Mountain and the Valley

HAVE you ever heard, my laddie, of that wondrous mountain peak  
On which we all would like to live, which even children seek?  
It has reared its lofty summit ever since the world began.  
You will know it when I name it—'tis the Mountain of the Can.  
It lies beyond the valley where so many people dwell  
(The Valley of the Can't, it's called. We all know *that* place well);  
And the pathway is so rugged leading up the mountainside  
That few there are who reach the top to dwell there satisfied.

One may start out some fine morning when the sun is shining bright,  
Saying, "Pooh! that path is easy. I will reach the top by night."  
But by noon the storm-clouds gather, and a mist obscures the way,  
And he stumbles over boulders, and falters in dismay.  
He is weary and discouraged; he begins to puff and pant;  
So he turns his footsteps backward toward the Valley of the Can't.  
Here he meets again the neighbors whom he thought to leave behind;  
And henceforth dwells among them, with the lame and halt and blind.

But sometimes a man more venturesome and plucky than the rest  
Will climb through rocks and bramble till he stands upon the crest.  
Here he pauses, filled with wonder as he gazes far and wide  
At the beauty of the buildings, at the wealth on every side.  
For, behold! the grandest castles raise their turrets to the sky;  
Noblest bridges span the waters that go swiftly tumbling by.  
Sweetest flowers fill the gardens of each stately palace home;  
And Happiness and Honor dwell beneath each gilded dome.

Here dwell artists, poets, statesmen—men of letters and renown,  
Who by honest toil and patience have achieved a victor's crown.  
Here they live and learn and study, and in daily knowledge grow,  
While their brethren in the valley pay them homage from below,—  
Pay them homage—yet forgetting that should they, too, persevere,  
They might some day reach the summit with the men whom they revere.  
Forgetting that each lesson learned, each slight accomplishment,  
Brings them on just one step farther up the mountain's steep ascent.

Now, my laddie, where will you dwell when you grow to be a man—  
In the Valley of the Can't or on the Mountain of the Can?

—Gertrude Morton.

### A Domestic Parable

"FOLLOW me," said the needle, to the thread,  
"and you will never go wrong—[aside] till I do."

"How sharp she is!" whispered the pin to the scissors, sarcastically.

"That's rather a pointed remark, Miss," said the needle, fixing her single eye coldly upon her critic.

"Oh, well, I'm nothing if not pointed, you know."

"I don't know; it seems to me your point isn't worth much when you lose your head."

"Thank you; I am glad I have a head to lose," snapped the pin.

"There, now; don't be so cutting," said the scissors; "you are invading my province. That remark of Miss Needle's was altogether proper. Every one knows that it is only by patient, quiet, unquestioning following that the thread accomplishes the task the needle points out for it."

"A Daniel! another Daniel!" cried the bodkin.

"There it is again; you are always pushing your nose into other people's affairs."

"Pushing is my motto, I admit," said the bodkin; "and I am always running into things; but I usually leave them richer for my coming, at least, I never run through folks."

"Don't talk so," said the needle. "Miss Scissors is always cutting, I admit, but she never willingly hurts anybody's feelings."

"And I never cut till I am crossed," added the scissors, apologetically.

"And Miss Pin will admit that I generally stick to my point," said the needle, still suing for peace.

"It isn't enough to stick to one's point," replied the pin refusing to be propitiated; "I try to make my point stick."

The needle gave it up. "I'll break before I'll bend again," she said, stubbornly.

"And fly in my lady's eye, eh? I prefer to bend."

"Oh, I knew you'd turn crook at last," snapped the needle; and away it flew in two pieces.

And the pin that had lost its head, and might have turned needle if it had only had an eye to it, doubled up with rage, and fell out on the carpet.

"I don't believe in people's agreeing about everything," said the scissors to the bodkin, when it was all over; "I notice my two blades never accomplish anything when they are perfectly parallel to each other; but if two people would get along well in this world they must be closely riveted together at heart—as these two blades are, you see?"—Edward L. Pell, in *Push*.

### Bray's Enemy

"PLEASE, Mr. Joynes, there's a little boy at the back gate to see you."

"At the back gate? Bring him in, Peter."

"He won't come in, sir; says he's awful busy and hasn't time."

"How big is he?"

"About as big as my fist, sir," said Peter, grinning.

The good-natured gentleman went out to the back gate. "Well, countryman," he said, pleasantly, "what can I do for you?"

The small boy—he was a very small boy—

took off a soft, dirty hat, and held it behind him. "I've come to tell you, sir, that Bray's got to be killed."

"Bray, my big Newfoundland dog? And who sent you here with that information?" asked the gentleman, losing all his pleasant looks.

"Nobody sent me," answered the boy, stoutly. "I've come by myself. Bray has runned my sheep free days. He's got to be killed."

"Where did you get any sheep?" asked Mr. Joynes.

"My sheep are Mr. Ransom's. He gives me fifteen pence a week for watching them."

"Did you tell Mr. Ransom that Bray had been running them?"

"No, sir; I telled you."

"Ah, that is well. I don't want to kill Bray. Suppose I give you fifteen pence a week for not telling Mr. Ransom when Bray runs his sheep? How would that do?"

As soon as the little shepherd got the idea into his head, he scornfully rejected it. "That ud be paying me for a lie," he said, indignantly. "I wouldn't tell lies for all the money in the world."

When he said this, Mr. Joynes took off his own hat, and reached down and took the small, dirty hand in his. "Hurrah, herdsman!" said he. "I beg your pardon for offering you a bribe. Now I know that the keeper of Mr. Ransom's sheep is not afraid of a man four times his size, but that he is afraid of a lie. Hurrah for you! I am going to tell Mr. Ransom that if he does not raise your wages, I shall offer you twice fifteen pence, and take you into my service. Meantime, Bray shall be shut up while your sheep are on my side of the hill. Will that do? All right, then. Good morning, countryman."—*Our Boys and Girls*.

### Talents

"I REMEMBER," said grandma, "when I was little girl seven years of age, my father kept a butler—a very solemn, but a very kind old man.

"Every night, when, exactly as the clock struck eight, my aunt sent me out of the dining-room to go up-stairs to bed, for little girls were brought up very strictly in those days, old Thomas was always waiting in the hall to hand me my little brass candlestick, to light me up the stairs to the room. I always said, 'Good-night, Thomas,' and he would reply in a very slow, solemn way, 'Good-night, Miss Nannie; don't forget to take account of your servants.'

"What he meant was this: My Uncle William, who had come home from India when I was about six years old, had been very kind to me while he stayed with my father, because he saw that I was a very lonely little child in a very big, empty house; for I had neither mother, brother, nor sister. So he would often take me on his knee and tell me Bible stories.

"One day, when we were sitting together in an old summer-house in the very small back garden which town houses generally have, he told me the parable of the 'talents.'

"'Nannie,' he said, 'I am going away very



soon, and I want you to promise me that every night before you get into bed, you will "take account of your servants."

"There are many "talents" God has given to other children, and not to you, for you are a lonely little girl,—no mother to love you, no brothers or sisters to play with you,—but there are many "talents" you have which some children have not.

"See here," he said, taking my little hand in his, "here are ten little fingers, and down there inside your shoes are ten little toes; and inside that mouth is a little tongue; and at each side of this neat, brown head is an ear; and looking straight up at me are two brown eyes. Now, these are all your servants, or "talents," given to you by God to use, while many little children are lame or dumb or deaf or blind, and you are his little servant, and I want you every night to "take account of your servants," and find out if they have been pleasing God, or only pleasing yourself, all through the day.

"For all those servants of yours are "talents," or gifts, from God, and he is watching every day now what you give them to do, and one day he will make you give an account of their doings."

"And then, after I had promised to do as he told me, he kissed me, and set me down, and away I ran to my kind old friend Thomas, to tell him in my own way all that Uncle William had said.

"And from that time until my aunt took me away to live in the country, old Thomas never forgot every night to say, 'Don't forget to take account of your servants, Miss Nannie.'"—*Great Thoughts.*

## GOOD MANNERS

### Conversation

It is a happy occasion when the wee tot of the household lisps his first intelligible word, and it is amazing how fast he increases his vocabulary from this time on. He learns to talk just as do those with whom he associates, not only imitating what they say, but also the tones in which they speak. And it is not to be wondered at that often the small child employs slang and bywords, and even swears, and that the tone of his voice is by no means always sweet and musical. Parents who become impatient, and speak harshly, need not be surprised if, upon some unexpected occasion, the little child echoes the same words, in a similar tone of voice; for he simply repeats that which he has already heard.

The divine admonition is, "Let your speech be alway with grace, seasoned with salt." But the trouble is, much of the speech of the present time is disgraceful, and is seasoned with pepper, and the consequence is, it cruelly burns into the very depths of the soul.

The child who hears nothing objectionable in the home, may have his speech contaminated easily by evil associations. How shocked he is when, for the first time, he hears a little playmate swear or speak in a boisterous, disrespectful manner. But if the association continues, he becomes accustomed to it, and after a time he may learn to speak in the same ill-bred way himself; for truly, "evil communications corrupt good manners." Children who have acquaintances that swear, instead of imitating them, should endeavor to persuade them to abandon their evil course. "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." It is a great sin to break any of the commands of God, and surely to swear is a fearful sin in the sight of heaven. "Let your

communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil." Swearing does not make a truth any stronger, and it always lowers the speaker in the estimation of all good people.

It is a terrible comment upon our latter-day training that so many little children speak so disrespectfully, especially to older persons. Proper reverence for parental authority has largely left our world, while an impolite, bold, defiant, discourteous spirit is seen on every hand. Slang is employed by many, old and young, so that one who adheres to pure diction, who preserves proper dignity of speech under all circumstances, is conspicuous in the world about him. Slang in speech and ragtime in music are suitable companions to associate together; but it detracts from an individual's dignity to cultivate a taste for either one. "The words of the wise are pure words." A five-minute conversation with an individual will reveal to a great degree what he really is as regards refinement and culture; and it matters not what may be the subject under consideration. The girl whose face wears an expression which says to everybody, "How pretty I look," who is anxious to talk to boys and to strangers, who employs slang phrases, who simpers and giggles at mere nothings, is the girl who bids fair to grow up a weed in the garden of human society. The one who talks and laughs in a rude, boisterous manner; who speaks unthoughtedly; who is ignorant of the art of being a good listener, and consequently seeks to monopolize every conversation, is also unfortunate. She can never become the fragrant rose or the modest lily until these unpleasant traits of character are eradicated. Such persons are conspicuous in railway coaches, street-cars, steamboats, etc. They seem to delight in attracting attention, while oblivious to the fact that their conduct is a disgrace to themselves and to their parents, and is a source of much annoyance to others.

"Honor thy father and thy mother" has a striking application to conversation. It means that one should speak kindly and respectfully not only to his parents, but to all with whom he comes in contact. The bold, rude boy or girl is shunned by everybody, while the modest child finds that everybody is his friend. The boy who politely says, "Sir?" "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," secures odd jobs where other boys who say, "What?" "Yes," and "No," fail.

A little stanza written many years ago, may prove helpful to him who will study its meaning:—

"If you your lips would keep from slips,  
Five things observe with care:  
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,  
And how, and when, and where."

It is not profitable to form the habit of talking in a light and trifling manner. David's prayer was, "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditations of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer." As you would avoid trash in reading, be careful to avoid the same element in conversation. Let the mind be occupied with valuable thoughts, and the tongue will be employed in uttering profitable words. For as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. A stream always partakes of the nature of the fountain.

Never listen to a private conversation which you know it was not intended that you should hear. Such an act of ill manners is much like that of reading letters that belong to some one else; and surely one should not be guilty of such an infringement upon the rights of others.

It is very impolite to interrupt a conversation unless necessity demands it, in which case one should politely ask to be excused for so doing. While conversing, one should accord to others their proper share of time, and not so monopolize the conversation that no one else can "get a word in edgewise." Shallow thinkers are some-

times fluent talkers; as Solomon says, "A fool's voice is known by multitude of words." But do not be so backward as to decline to speak when circumstances require that you should do so. If politely asked a question, have courage to reply without hesitation; but do not allow your courage to assume the form of boldness. Be modest in your every manner; for modesty is a charm that is indispensable to beauty of character.

Where several individuals are present, it is impolite to prolong a conversation upon a subject in which perhaps not more than one or two listeners are interested. To whisper to a person in the presence of others is very ill bred. One playmate should not whisper to another, but should let the conversation be without "secrets," and such as all may pleasantly and profitably share.

It is not permissible to call adult persons by their Christian names upon short acquaintance; and it is never allowable unless circumstances render it perfectly proper. All undue intimacy should be discarded. If you do not wish others to entertain a permanent dislike for you, live above such evidences of lack of true culture and refinement. Be dignified in manner that you may wield the proper influence upon the world around you. No young lady should stoop to utter an undignified remark to any young man, and *vice versa*. No son or daughter should be so disrespectful as to employ the terms "old man" and "old woman" in place of "father" and "mother;" nor should "Mr. Brown" be spoken of as "Brown" or "Old Brown."

It is cruel to speak lightly of another's deformity or misfortune. One should be careful to speak kindly of all such persons. It is wrong to mock another, or call him ill names. The terrible fate of the children who mocked Elisha, recorded in 2 Kings 2: 23, 24, should teach every one how God regards sinful speech. Be careful not to make fun of another's religion, no matter what may be his belief. Such treatment is not Christlike, and can accomplish only harm. Only the judgment day will reveal how many a poor soul has turned from Christianity simply because those professing it have failed to live up to its divine principles. Ill manners in any respect always reflects upon the religion which one professes. "Blessed are they that do His commandments."

MRS. M. A. LOPER.

(To be concluded)

### Manners for Boys

KEEP step with any you walk with.

Lift your hat in saying "Good-by" or "How do you do?"

Lift your hat when offering a seat in a car, or in acknowledging a favor.

Always precede a lady up-stairs, and ask her whether you may precede her in passing through a crowd or public place.

Let ladies pass first, standing aside for them.

Let a lady pass first always, unless she asks you to precede her.

Look people straight in the face when speaking or being spoken to.

In the parlor, stand till every lady in the room is seated, also older people.

Rise if a lady comes in after you are seated, and stand till she takes a seat.

Take your hat off the moment you enter a street door, and when you step into a private hall or office.—*Selected.*

## THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

### III—The Decree of Artaxerxes

(January 21)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Ezra 7 and Nehemiah 2.  
MEMORY VERSE: "For Ezra had prepared his heart to seek the law of the Lord, and to do it,



and to teach in Israel statutes and judgments." Ezra 7:10.

In our last two lessons we have studied about two decrees made by Persian kings concerning the Jews. The first was the decree of Cyrus, giving the captive Jews in Babylon and its provinces permission to go to Jerusalem and rebuild the temple, which had been destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar seventy years before. See Ezra 1. The second was the decree of Darius, who granted them permission to go on with the work of building the temple, which had been stopped by Smerdis. See chapters 4, 5, and 6.

We now come to the third decree—the most important of them all—given by Artaxerxes Longimanus to Ezra. Under the decree of Cyrus, the Jews had begun to build the temple, and under the decree of Darius they had finished it. But the city still lay waste and desolate; and the Jews were not allowed to govern themselves, according to the laws that the Lord had given them through Moses.

About fifty-eight years from the time the temple was finished, or in the year 457 B. C., Artaxerxes wrote a decree of great importance to the Jews, and gave it to Ezra, a scribe of the law of God, to carry out. In this decree the king gave Ezra permission to go to Jerusalem, and to take with him as many of the children of Israel still living in Babylon as wished to go. The king and his counselors offered rich gifts to the God of Israel. "All the silver and gold . . . in all the province of Babylon" was granted to Ezra, besides a free-will offering from the people. All this was to beautify the house of the Lord, to offer sacrifices, and to establish his worship. If any more money was needed, it would be furnished freely from the king's treasury.

But more was to be done at this time than to beautify the temple, and establish the religious worship of the Jews. Magistrates and judges were to be appointed, men were to be chosen to teach the laws to any who did not know them, and power was granted to Ezra to see that they were carried out.

The date of this decree to restore and build Jerusalem—457 B. C.—marks the beginning of the twenty-three hundred days, that important period of prophecy about which we have already studied. We should get this date so well fixed in our minds that we shall never forget it.

There were still Jews in Babylon and its provinces. Some of them were trusted servants in the king's palace. Thirteen years after Ezra and his company had gone up to Jerusalem, Nehemiah, the king's cupbearer, learned that those who had gone up from Babylon were in great affliction and reproach; the wall of Jerusalem, which they were trying to build, had been broken down, and its gates burned with fire.

When Nehemiah went before the king with wine, his face was sad, and the king asked the cause of his grief. Nehemiah told his sorrow, and the king asked him what he wished to do. Before he answered, Nehemiah tells us, he prayed to the God of heaven. He did not trust himself to speak till he had sent a swift, silent prayer that God would touch the king's heart, and give him just the right words to speak.

"And I said unto the king," he continues, "If it please the king, and if thy servant have found favor in thy sight, that thou wouldest send me unto Judah, unto the city of my father's sepulchers, that I may build it."

He also asked for letters to the governors of the king's provinces, that they would bring him safely to Judah; and for a letter to the keeper of the king's forest to give him beams to use in building the gates and wall of the city.

All these things were graciously granted by the king, who also sent a company of captains

and horsemen with Nehemiah and his company to guard them, and bring them safely on their journey.

Questions

1. What decree was granted by Cyrus? What work was begun under this decree? Tell how the work was stopped. Ezra 1 to 4.
2. Who was Darius? Tell how he came to be interested in the work the Jews were doing at Jerusalem. What decree did he make concerning them? Ezra 5, 6.
3. Who was Ezra? See Ezra 7:1-5. What had he set himself to do? Memory Verse. Who was king in Babylon at this time?
4. Tell in your own words the substance of the decree that Artaxerxes gave to Ezra. Ezra 7:12-28. Can you give any reason why Ezra should have been trusted to carry out this great work?
5. In what way does this decree of Artaxerxes differ from the decrees of Cyrus and Darius? At what time was it given? Of what important period in prophecy does this date mark the beginning?
6. Who was Nehemiah? Neh. 1:11, last clause. What did he hear about the work at Jerusalem? Neh. 1:1-3. How was this matter brought to the notice of the king?
7. When asked what he wished to do, what requests did Nehemiah make of the king? How freely were they granted? To whom does Nehemiah give the glory because his requests were granted? Neh. 2:4-8.



III—Sunday and Slavery

(January 21)

MEMORY VERSE: "O that thou hadst harkened to my commandments! then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea." Isa. 48:18.

Questions

1. What is the result of worshipping the true God and keeping his law?—Freedom and rest. Isa. 48:18; Ps. 119:44, 45.
2. What is the result of disobeying the law of the Lord and worshipping false gods?—Slavery and unrest. Ex. 23:23; Ps. 106:36; Isa. 48:22.
3. What is the most ancient form of idolatry? 2 Chron. 14:2-5 (margin); Eze. 8:15, 16; note 1.
4. What day was early dedicated to sun-worship? Note 2.
5. How generally was the sun worshiped among the ancient nations? What seemed to go hand in hand with sun-worship? Note 3.
6. What relic of sun-worship has come down through the ages to our time?—Sunday.
7. Is there, then, any relation between Sunday and slavery? Note 4.
8. Through what were the church and state united in the early centuries of the Christian era?—Largely through Sunday legislation. Note 5.
9. In elevating Sunday in the place of the Sabbath, what did the papacy become?—A persecuting power. Dan. 7:25; Matt. 24:21, 22.
10. What experience awaits those who refuse to observe Sunday, the mark of the beast? Rev. 13:15-17.
11. For what must we, therefore, conclude that Sunday observance stands, in contrast with Sabbath observance?—That while the Sabbath stands for liberty, rest, and peace, Sunday stands for slavery, oppression, and persecution.
12. Then where alone can liberty be found? Ps. 119:44, 45.
13. In view of this, what admonition is most applicable? 1 Kings 18:21.

14. Describe the deliverance of those who refuse the mark of the beast. Rev. 15:2-4.

Notes

1. The most ancient form of idolatry is sun-worship. In turning from the worship of the Maker to the worship of the things that were made, the sun, the most prominent and powerful agent in the kingdom of nature, with its brilliancy, largeness of size, and apparent life-giving power, was most naturally looked to as the first and chief object of worship.
2. The day dedicated to the worship of the sun was the day on which light was created—the first day of the week. Being dedicated to the sun, it was naturally called "Sunday," as were the days dedicated to the moon, to Saturn, and other of the ancient gods, called Monday, Saturday, etc. That this was an ancient arrangement is shown by the title given to the day in Constantine's famous Sunday law of 321 A. D.—"the venerable day of the sun." *The North British Review* (Vol. 18, page 409) calls it "the wild, solar holiday of all pagan times."
3. Dr. Talbot W. Chambers, in the *Old Testament Student* for January, 1886, correctly styles sun-worship "the oldest, the most wide-spread, the most enduring, of all the forms of idolatry known to man." He adds: "The chief object of worship among the Syrians was Baal—the sun, considered as the giver of light and life." "In Egypt the sun was the kernel of the state religion." "In Babylon the same thing is observed as in Egypt." "In Persia the worship of Mathra, or the sun, is known to have been common from an early period." The "Encyclopedia Britannica" says: "Sun-worship was the primitive form of the Egyptian religion," and Rawlinson adds that "no part of the Egyptian religion was so much developed and so multiplex as their sun-worship."—"Religions of the Ancient World," page 21.

As every student of ancient history knows, all these ancient nations practised slavery. Slavery was common among them, and at times, as with Greece and Rome, the number of slaves equaled, and sometimes outnumbered, the freemen. Along with sun-worship, this embodiment of human selfishness—slavery—has come marching down through the ages even to our own time. The two have gone hand in hand.

4. The relationship between Sunday observance and slavery is more close than might at first appear. The most ancient and wide-spread form of idolatry—sun-worship—led to Sunday-keeping; and selfishness, or covetousness, which is idolatry, led to slavery. The two are simply two phases of the same sin,—that of idolatry,—Sunday observance representing the religious side, and slavery the social side, of this sin. Just as covetousness leads to human slavery, so Sunday observance leads to the same thing, only in another way. Every Sunday law is simply an attempt to make men the slaves and servants of men.

5. Constantine's Sunday law, the first on record, was enacted in 321 A. D. This required judges, townspeople, and the occupations of all trades to rest on Sunday, but permitted work in the country. In 386 A. D. a more strict imperial law was enacted, forbidding all work on Sunday. Work being forbidden, the people would attend games, shows, and the theater on Sunday. In 401 A. D. at a convention held at Carthage, the church bishops petitioned the emperor to forbid all public shows and the like on Sunday. The desired law was secured in 425 A. D. "In this way," says Neander, "the church received help from the state for the furtherance of her ends." In the year 800 A. D. Charlemagne enacted a law requiring church attendance on Sunday. See *Religious Liberty Leaflets*, No. 2, entitled, "Sunday Laws: Their Origin, Nature, and Object."





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ARE YOU looking for something to read that is both entertaining and pressed full of practical, helpful hints? Then read Mrs. Loper's articles.

A NEW system of railroad signaling has been adopted by New Zealand. Collisions, it is claimed, are now absolutely impossible.

IN 1834 one of the leading railroads of the United States printed on its time-table: "The locomotive will leave the depot every day at ten o'clock, if the weather is fair."

A PARIS physician has the honor of discovering that electricity may be used instead of chloroform as an anesthetic. The electrodes are applied to the forehead and back of the neck, and with a current pressure of fifty volts insensibility may be produced in ten minutes.

A NEW kind of water-pipe, wooden pipes wound with iron, have come into use by mill owners and mining engineers in western Canada. This kind of pipe is regarded as superior to iron pipe, since it weighs less, costs less, and is less liable to burst in freezing weather.

THE Finnish Diet, or parliament, assembled under the sanction of the czar, Dec. 6, 1904. Its meeting is an event of great political interest to the Finnish people. The czar has also permitted the return of all exiled Finns who have seats in any of the four chambers—the nobles, the clergy, the burghers, and the peasants—which constitute the Diet.

To give money to missions seems a small thing when one stops to think of what some of our missionaries have to give. Were we to ask one who has laid her husband in a foreign grave if giving money is much, we know what the answer would be. Money is needed; it is a good gift. Let us hasten to give the dollars; but let us also make the greater gift—that of the heart, the life—to the cause of Christ.

"AMONG the exhibits at the St. Louis World's Fair were several tons of cobalt ore, the result of a discovery in the province of Ontario. It was purely a chance find, as none of the usual indications of the presence of cobalt had been observed. Dr. A. E. Barlow, of the Canadian Geological Survey, expresses the opinion that the deposits will be found to add greatly to the mineral wealth of Ontario. Cobalt is a very hard metal, somewhat resembling steel, and more tenacious than iron. It is valuable in the manufacture of wire and paint, and as an alloy."

A REVOLUTION in the delivery of mail in apartment houses is promised by a recent invention of a New York woman. The patent has already been obtained, and the General Postal Department is considering the advisability of its adoption by the department, and its installation in the city of Washington. "The invention consists of a receptacle with compartments corresponding with the number of apartments in the building in which it is to be installed. Its operation is simple, and electricity is the motive power. When the human letter-carrier from the post-office arrives at the house containing this invention, he simply deposits his mail in the compartments as they are identified with the names of the residents of the apartments, then touches a button, and the automatic carrier does the rest. "It rises like any other elevator, and upon arrival at the second floor is caught and detained for a moment by a lever. Every compartment in the mail elevator has a corresponding one in the building, and when the elevator is detained at each floor, its compartments automatically dump their contents into the boxes on that floor, and the machine proceeds to the next, and so on to the top story, after which the elevator is automatically returned to the starting-point at the ground floor. If there is no mail for a certain box, no harm is done; for the elevator simply opens its mouth and yawns, then proceeds in quest of more favored individuals."

#### Opportunity

THE key of yesterday  
I threw away.  
And now, too late,  
Before to-morrow's close-locked gate  
Helpless I stand—in vain to pray!  
In vain to sorrow!  
Only the key of yesterday  
Unlocks to-morrow.

—Priscilla Leonard.

#### Fat-Tailed Sheep

THE fat-tailed sheep is found in Asia and Africa, in Syria, India, and China, also in Barbary, and such large numbers are raised in the colony of the Cape of Good Hope that it is often known as the Hottentot sheep. This sheep is of small size, with soft and short wool. Its peculiar characteristic is the enormous development of the tail by the growth of a large mass of fat on each side of the lower part of this appendage. This is sometimes so great that the tail alone has been known to weigh seventy pounds or more. This tail is esteemed a great delicacy for food, and to protect it from being injured by being dragged on the ground the shepherd often places it upon a board or a small truck with wheels, which is attached by a light string harness, to the body of the animal.—*Week's Progress.*

#### Smallest Measure of Weight

THE smallest measure of weight in use, the grain, has its name from being originally the weight of a grain of wheat. A statute passed in England in 1266 ordained that thirty-two grains of wheat, taken from the middle of the ear and well dried, should make a pennyweight, twenty of which should make an ounce, while twelve ounces were to make a pound. The pound, therefore, consisted then of 7,680 grains. But several centuries later the pennyweight was divided into twenty-four grains, which made the troy pound, as now, 5,760 grains. The pennyweight was the exact weight of a silver penny. The standard grain, prescribed by act of Parliament in the reign of George IV, is such that "a cubic inch of distilled water weighed in air by brass weights, at the temperature of sixty-two degrees Fahrenheit's thermometer, the barometer being at thirty inches, is equal to the weight of 252.458 grains."

—*Week's Progress.*



PROVO, UTAH, Nov. 12, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: I enjoy reading the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. I like the Children's Page, and the articles on good manners and the missionary campaign.

We have a Young People's Society. I go to Sabbath-school. Mrs. Williams is our teacher. I like her very much. I can not go to the church-school, but go to Sabbath-school. Grandpa is not an Adventist, but grandma and I are. I am going to try to help in the work for Jesus.

I hope this will be printed.

CLARA M. WOODEN.

DEXTER, Mo., Nov. 20, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: I look for the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR every week. I am twelve years old. I live in the country. We have no Sabbath-school here. I just began studying the Sabbath-school lessons in the INSTRUCTOR. I think they are very interesting. I go to the public school, and am in the fifth grade. I hope I can go to the church-school later on, for I want to learn of Jesus. I hope this letter will not be missed, as it is my first one. I hope to meet all the INSTRUCTOR readers in the new earth.

KATIE FISHER.

I certainly could not overlook this letter because it was so well written. A neatly and carefully written letter is so much more appreciated by the one receiving it that I hope every boy and girl who has the opportunity of going to school will make vigorous efforts to learn to spell properly, punctuate correctly, and use capitals where they belong.

WHITNEY, ORE., Nov. 15, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: Enclosed please find seventy-five cents, for the renewal of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. I greatly enjoy reading the INSTRUCTOR, and can not get along without it. I like the stories in the Children's Page, and also the articles "Around the Work Table."

I live in the Blue Mountains in eastern Oregon. My papa is a carpenter; he works away from home most of the time. We live on a ranch two miles from town. I like to live in the country, because of the beautiful scenery in every direction. I am a boy thirteen years old. There is no Sabbath-school within forty miles of us; so we have Sabbath-school at home. I have four brothers and two sisters younger than I. We are all trying to be Christians, and hope to be among the saved when Jesus comes.

I would like for some boys to write to me, and describe the country they live in, and I will write to them about the interesting things of this country.

CHAUNCEY L. RAVER.

I like the boy who enjoys the country. God has made the trees, the birds, the streams, and the flowers to tell us of his loving thought for us. We should appreciate these gifts more as we older grow. Why not write to one another, boys? There is an education in a well-conducted correspondence. I sometimes think it would be valuable if each one who answers a letter should very kindly call attention to mistakes in spelling or in the use of capitals. A service of this kind should be appreciated more than a pretty Christmas or New-year's gift.