

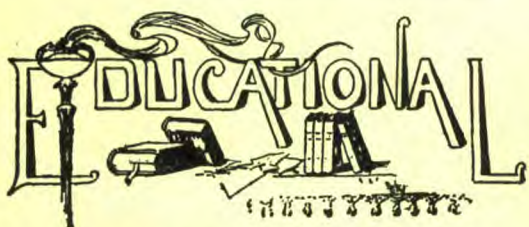
# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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## The Wonders of a Bird's Bill

PROBABLY few persons ever stop to think what a wonderful organ a bird's bill really is, less as to structure than to what is accomplished with it. It has been asked what a man would do if he had to build his home and procure his food with his hands tied behind him. This is in effect what the bird has to do, and the con-



CARDINAL GROSBEEK, OR VIRGINIA NIGHTINGALE  
structive and artistic work shown in nest building has ever defied all effort of man to successfully imitate.

A bird's bill is hand and mouth. As a hand it takes, holds, and carries food and nesting material, constructs and cleans its nest, dresses its feathers, and cares for the cleanliness of its young, and in some cases, as the parrots, assists itself in climbing. As a mouth the bill tears, cuts, or crushes the food, according to what it consists of. The bill is both lip and tooth to the bird, which has neither.

The general shape of the bill is such as to give the greatest strength with the utmost lightness and delicacy. It is formed of light, projecting skull bones, sheathed in horny cases, instead of being covered with skin.

The primary functions of a bird's bill are, first, the securing of food, and second, the building of the nest. These being the main requirements, it might be supposed that there would be comparatively little deviation from one general pat-



THE BOAT-BILL, OR CRAB-EATER

tern of bill. The difference in the nature of the food, however, and in the manner of procuring it, among the different orders and families of birds, is such that there is probably no other one feature common to the members of any group, in which is to be found so much diversity in the matter of form and general size.

For the most part, the form of the bill is found to correspond pretty closely with the nature of the food and the manner of procuring it.

The various requirements of nest building and minor matters seem to be made subservient to this essential one. Taking as a type form of bill the shape common to birds which are omnivorous in food habits, we have a nearly straight conical bill, of moderate proportions, of which the crow's is a fair example. Such a bill, while not so well adapted to the procuring of any one kind of food as some specialized form, yet seems best adapted to meet the needs of obtaining a varied bill of fare under diverse conditions. In many cases the general nature of the food of two or more families is alike, but the method of procuring it varies greatly among the different orders of birds, a fact which results in considerable difference in size and shape of bill.

The food of both pelican and man-o'-war bird is fish. The former is an honest fisherman, and, like other honest fishermen, has times of abundant success, and others when he has only "fisherman's luck." It is therefore to his advantage to have a bill adapted for the rapid gobbling up of the small fish of the schools with which he may come in contact, as well as a basket in which they may be deposited until a time of leisure for devouring them presents itself. Strength is not an essential, hence we find the bill of the pelican attaining a length of ten or more inches, the upper mandible only of sufficient strength to meet the requirements, the lower mandible a light, pliable framework, divided nearly to the tip, and supporting a capacious pouch.

The man-o'-war bird, besides being sometimes an honest fisherman, is often a robber of other fishermen, worrying other birds who have made a catch until the prey is dropped, to be seized by the marine highwayman. While the bill is of the same general pattern as that of the pelican, it is modified to meet the difference in habit, lightened and made less cumbersome by being much shortened ( $4\frac{3}{8}$  inches), and decidedly firmer, with a greatly reduced pouch.

The puffins, another family of seabirds, include crustacea with fish in their bill of fare, and find a most radically different form of



HEAD OF BALD EAGLE

bill best adapted to their needs. The gulls and terns, birds of the seas and great lakes, are more omnivorous in their food habits, being water scavengers, and their bills approach much more nearly

the type selected. Seabirds either build no nest at all, laying their eggs on bare rock or sand, or construct a loose, shabby affair, of seaweed, so that they are unhampered in this task by the lack of a more delicate organ.

The flamingo, feeding in more or less shallow lagoons, on certain crustacea, is compelled, by its height, to take its feed with bill inverted—that is, the lower mandible is above while feeding, as the bird's neck is bent down. Often scraping the food from the bottom of the pools, an exceedingly peculiar shape of bill is the result of the bird's special needs.

The typical shape of bill in the duck family is familiar to every one from the bill of the domesticated bird. It varies to a considerable extent in the different forms, but the general shape remains. The spoonbill has a very well-shaped ladle for scooping up its food.

The bill of the woodcock is a striking example of perfect adaptation to special requirements. Long, slender, and tubular in shape, the upper mandible projects beyond the lower, and the tip is flexible, and exceedingly sensitive. The bird feeds by probing in soft, damp earth for worms and the like, the flexible mandible tip acting as a sensitive finger to locate and extract the prey. The snipe, with a bill almost exactly similar,

has about the same habits in feeding. The sandpipers, with food habits more intermediary between the woodcock's and those of birds possessing the type form, have bills more approaching in shape those of the latter, and the plovers have still more typically shaped beaks.



"The flower-fed humming-bird his round pursues"



THE ARCTIC PUFFIN





THE MIDDLE SPOTTED WOODPECKER

There are examples of very remarkable bills, whose strange shapes are not explained by requirements of food getting or nest building. These are most conspicuous among certain foreign species. The rhinoceros hornbill of Africa is an example of one of these very peculiar forms of bill. In such cases it is supposed that the decorations of the bill serve as sexual attractions.

The gallinaceous birds, to which our domestic fowl belongs, are more or less omnivorous in feeding, and the bill forms are not widely divergent from the type.

The eagles and owls require bills that will hold and tear prey, and they have prolonged and strongly curved upper mandible and bills of great strength. The shrike, belonging to a very different order, yet with food habits much the same, has a similar shape of bill. The kingfisher, securing his prey with a scissors-like motion of the bill, after a dive, has a large and powerful beak, well suited to cut the water as he plunges. A small relative, found only in the West Indies, the tody, feeds upon small insects, taken both on the wing and from the foliage, and the bill is wide and long, to better adapt it to the ready securing of its prey. Both of these birds excavate holes in banks of earth for nesting, for which work their bills form excellent spades.

The bill of the parrot is well adapted to its fruit-eating habits, but is also a very useful member in climbing. It is very heavy and strong, with the upper mandible well curved. The tongue of the parrot is also remarkable among bird tongues for the resemblance it bears to the human tongue. This probably accounts for the facility with which these birds learn to articulate words. The food of humming-birds consists of two quite different substances, the nectar of flowers and minute insects. Even the latter are taken chiefly from the interior of flowers, and to facilitate the



THE ROSEATE SPOONBILL

obtaining of this food the birds are equipped with bills taking the form of long, slender tubes, and with tongues of unusual and very interesting structure.

In the tyrant flycatchers, comprising the king-bird, crested flycatcher, least flycatcher, wood-pewee, and others, a rather typically formed bill is considerably widened, tending to render more easy the capturing of insects on the wing. The typical woodpecker bill is a very efficient chisel, accompanied by a tongue which acts as a probe. This structure finds its highest perfection in the ivory-billed and pileated woodpeckers, while the flicker, feeding much of the time in the manner of the meadow-lark, and nesting usually only in the softest of dead wood, has a bill shaped more like that of a meadow-lark than that of other woodpeckers.

Intermediate between these two forms come the downy and red-head, with many other species. A peculiar construction, permitting of the extreme protrusion of the tongue in woodpeckers, is the great length of the roots of that organ, in some species extending from the base of the tongue around the back of the head, on either side of the neck, over the top of the skull, with the ends resting close to the base of the upper mandible.

Among the smaller birds, as a rule, the more the food consists of seeds and vegetable matter the more the bill tends to a heavy, short, conical



shape, while those species feeding more exclusively on insects tend to have more slender, elongated, conical-shaped bills, in some species more or less decurved. In the grosbeaks, some species of the tanagers, and some of the southern sparrows, the seed-eating type of bill finds its most extreme proportions. The warblers are among the birds exhibiting the other extreme, with the thrashers, wrens, and creepers, as examples of the decurved form of bill.

One remarkable example of the surprising manner in which nature secures for her creatures that structure best adapted to their needs is shown in the case of the crossbill. One unfamiliar with the bird's method of feeding would suppose that it would be fatally hampered in eating by the crossed mandibles, but after having watched the dexterity and rapidity with which the bird extracts the seeds from cones (its principal food), one will readily agree that the bill is shaped to its needs.

The growth of the bills of birds continues through life as with our finger nails. Where freak or accident prevents the proper meeting of the mandibles, the resulting interference with the ordinary functions of the bill minimizes the wear to a point where it is exceeded by the growth, resulting, sometimes, in peculiar malformations. Such a case was exhibited by a Porto Rican woodpecker which I collected. It had suffered an injury to the lower mandible near



THE BROAD-BILLED SANDPIPER

the base. Apparently, as this injury healed, the edges of the wound contracted, warping the mandible to that side, and tending to a corkscrew-shaped growth. The bird was debarred from hammering by the weak, misshapen bill, and the growth which normally would have replaced wear abnormally prolonged both mandibles, though why the lower so much more than the upper is not easy to understand. In this bird the upper mandible had exceeded the average length by about a third of an inch, while the lower mandible was nearly three times the normal length. The lower mandible made a half turn, so that what should have been its lower surface, was, at the tip, the upper. It would have been interesting to know if this bird was able to feed on seeds and fruit, which normally form a large part of the food of this species, or whether it was fed by the mate, which was with it when shot. At the time it was collected, the stomach was empty, while that of the mate contained the remains of a large dragonfly.

As in the time of Noah the dove returned to the ark with an olive branch in its bill as a token of promise, so now, each spring, the birds return to our dooryards and shade trees, bearing nesting material, as if it were a sign of the delightful intercourse we may have, and the study of the beautiful creatures we may enjoy if we will but meet them in friendly spirit half-way.

The horny sheath of the bill is called rhamphotheca, and is formed by the outer layers of the malpighian cells. It resembles in structure the other horny parts, such as claws, nails, and spurs. In some birds, as some of the ducks, this covering remains soft except near the tip, which contains tactile organs. In the hawks and parrots the distal end of the upper mandible is hard; basal portion, called the cere, is thick and soft. This latter is usually very sensitive, and in it the nostrils are enclosed.

In most species the cere is bare, but in some species of parrots it is covered with feathers, and in such cases its structure is similar to the ordinary skin.

The covering about the nostrils is soft in some species, and presents a means of externally closing them, though without special muscles. Such an arrangement is called an operculum, and is prominent in pigeons.

In petrels and shearwaters the operculum forms a complete tube, whence these birds are called Tubinares, or tube-nosed birds.—B. S. Bowdish.



RHINOCEROS HORN-BILL





## THE HOME CIRCLE

### The Lighthouse Lamp

THE winds came howling down from the north,  
Like a hungry wolf for prey,  
And the bitter sleet went hurling forth,  
In the sinking face of the day.

And the snowflakes drifted near and far,  
Till the land was whitely fleeced,  
And the lighthouse lamp, a golden star,  
Flamed over the waves' white yeast.

In the room at the foot of the lighthouse  
Lay mother and babe asleep,  
And little maid Gretchen was by them there,  
A resolute watch to keep.

There were only the three on the lighthouse isle,  
For father had trimmed the lamp,  
And set it burning a weary while  
In the morning's dusk and damp.

"Long before night I'll be back," he said,  
And his white sail slipped away,  
Away and away to the mainland sped,  
But it came not home that day.

The mother stirred on her pillow's space,  
And moaned in pain and fear,  
Then looked in her little daughter's face  
Through the blur of starting tear.

"Darling," she whispered, "it's piercing cold,  
And the tempest is rough and wild;  
And you are no laddie, strong and bold,  
My poor little maiden child;

"But up aloft there's the lamp to feed,  
Or its flame will die in the dark,  
And the sailor lose in his utmost need  
The light of our islet's ark."

"I'll go," said Gretchen, "a step at a time;  
Why, mother, I'm twelve years old,  
And steady, and never afraid to climb,  
And I've learned to do as I'm told."

Then Gretchen up to the top of the tower,  
Up the icy, smooth-worn stair,  
Went slowly and surely that very hour,  
The sleet in her eyes and hair.

She fed the lamp, and she trimmed it well,  
And its clear light glowed afar,  
To warn of reefs, and of rocks to tell,  
This mariner's guiding star.

And once again when the world awoke  
In the dawn of a bright new day,  
There was joy in the hearts of the fisher folk  
Along the stormy bay,

When the little boats came sailing in  
All safe and sound to the land,  
To the haven the light had helped them win,  
By the aid of a child's brave hand.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

### The Same Old Cat

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, in his inimitable way, tells the story of a "much-aggrrieved and unappreciated lad" who made up his mind that he "could not stand the tyranny of home longer," and so early one morning he put a long-contemplated plan into execution, and ran away.

All day long he played down at the old "swimming hole" with the other boys, making a raid on an orchard at noon to stifle the pangs of hunger. At night, when his companions went home, he was left alone, "with a lump in his throat that hurt worse when he didn't notice it than when he did." As it grew dark, he wandered toward home. He climbed the back fence into the big back yard, which had a "homey" look that he had never noticed before. After roaming round, getting acquainted with his home that he had left so long ago (about twelve hours since), he wandered into the sitting-room, where

father was reading the evening paper, and mother was sewing. They took no notice of him, and he sat down on the remote edge of a chair and waited to be recognized. He could hear the boys playing out on the commons their nightly game of "town-fox," but he didn't want to join them. He just wanted to stay right there at home forever. The clock ticked, O! so loudly, but otherwise the silence was so deep that it was painful. Finally, when it became more than he could bear, he cleared his throat and mustered up courage enough to say, "Well, I see you've got the same old cat."

God bless the boy, who, finding he has made a mistake in his valuation of home, is brave enough to go back, and prove just how much "the same old cat" is worth as compared with no cat and a homeless life.—*Selected.*

### A Charm of Youth

If young people only knew it, nothing renders them so charming as a beautiful deference to their elders. The girl who, as naturally as a flower to the sun, turns to her father and mother, anticipating their wishes and yielding her own desires in ready consent to their will, is simply irresistible. The stronger the nature, the finer and sweeter it becomes if this grace of obedience gives it its final and crowning charm.

Foreigners understand this as American girls do not, or shall we say, as American mothers fail to do? The pretty English girl looks up to mama for direction, and accepts mama's guidance in perfect docility, until her wedding day. The German, the Swiss, the French, the Italian girl of good family is solicitous to please her mother, and wears the grace of filial courtesy as if it were a decoration. The manners of our young country women are often at fault in this regard. "How unamiable and unformed is the younger Miss Ransom," said a dignified Dutch matron to the writer in criticism of a young lady, born with the traditional silver spoon, and educated in one of our best seminaries. "Her tone of patronage, and her supercilious air in addressing her mother, mark her as insufferably ill bred."

Girls little know, when they snub their mothers, or assert their independence of these older, wiser heads, how disagreeable an impression their conduct makes. The young man looking for a wife will do well to avoid the pert, flippant young woman in her teens or her twenties who fancies she is sufficient in herself, and scorns the advice of her mother.

Character is often indicated by apparent trifles. The girl who brings a shawl to wrap around mother's shoulders, who slips a cushion in the precise angle to relieve a tired back, or remembers a hassock for her mother's feet, will one day make a loving wife to the man whose heart shall safely trust in her. She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life. For true wearing qualities, warranted to last through all stress of weather, we recommend the girl who is the tender, thoughtful, and deferential daughter at home.

I once knew a dear girl, in years little more than a child, whose study it was to make up all the deficiencies in her mother's lot. Her father was brusque and tempestuous, but Kathleen always bore the brunt of his temper, and managed to coax him into a sunny mood before her mother

had time to be wounded by his petulance. A baby came, and the mother was much worn by the interruptions the little one made in her slumbers. Many a night the little crib was carried into Kathleen's room, and the daughter cared for the baby that her mother might rest. Kathleen was of sturdy fiber, and had New England granite in her composition, but all her courage, vigor, and resolution were tributary to her mother's enjoyment.

As for young men, it is needless to say that nothing imparts to them such an air of distinction as devotion in word and look to their parents. Youth is ardent, impetuous, impulsive, and apt to chafe at restraint. The very qualities which enable young men to conquer the world, which make them heedless of obstacles, and cause them to smile at impediments alarming to older and more cautious friends, interfere to prevent their willingness to be controlled. Yet never was there a good soldier or a good citizen who did not learn by strict discipline to rule himself and to defer to others. This lesson acquired, he was in a position to command.

Even when parents and teachers are arbitrary and unreasonable, it is the duty of young people to bear with them respectfully. In the long conflict with trouble, in the disappointments and anxieties which they have borne, parents may have been embittered, or may have grown pessimistic and discouraged. Youth is the true season of optimism. We shall never be sorry, we who are young, that we have been loving and patient with the parents who were in truth a little exacting at times. When they are gone, and the generation that now stands between us and eternity is no longer a breakwater against the flowing sea, we shall be glad of every kind word we ever said, of every bit of self-control we ever showed, while still the happy circle was intact. —Mrs. Margaret Sangster.

### Refuge

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?"  
Rom. 8:35.

Two loving friends—a father and his child—  
Strolled side by side one day,  
'Cross verdant fields, midst blossoms fair and wild,  
And loitered by the way.

The little one, in quest of "posies" sweet,  
Ran on in sportive glee,  
And finding some, with joy knelt down to pluck  
The blooms so fair to see.

From father's sight the child had gone aside,  
Regardless of alarms.  
A shadow grim o'ercast, she cried, and sprang  
Into her papa's arms.

And so in life, when trials thick and fast  
Our daily walk beset,  
'Tis but the mist that veils our Saviour's face,  
Which we should not forget.

Misfortunes dire are not a signal sure  
That God has left us 'lone;  
More oft it is our Saviour bending o'er,  
To hover near his own.

'Tis not a truth, in conflicts fierce, that God  
From us has gone away;  
'Tis then he comes to us more closely still,  
To prove our hope and stay.

So when the storm-clouds low'r in darkness o'er,  
To Jesus look above;  
'Tis only he who o'er thee bends to give  
His kiss of matchless love.

G. E. POOLER.



### The Beauty of the Morning

O, the beauty of the morning! It showers its splendors down  
From the crimson robes of sunrise, the azure mountain's crown;  
It smiles amid the waving fields, it dapples in the streams,  
It breathes its sparkling music through the rapture of our dreams.

It floats upon the limpid air in rainbow-clouds of mist,  
It ripples through the glowing skies in pearl and amethyst,  
It gleams in every burnished pool, it riots through the grass,  
It splashes waves of glory on the shadows as they pass.

It steals among the nodding trees, and to the forest croons  
In airy note and gentle voice, 'neath waning plenilunes;  
It calls, and lo! the wooded brakes, the hills and tangled fens—  
A world of life and mystery—swarm with its denizens.

It trembles in the perfumed breeze, and where its ardor runs,  
A thousand light-winged choristers pant forth their orisons;  
A thousand echoes clap their hands, and from their dewy beds  
A million scarlet-throated flowers peer forth with startled heads.

O, the beauty of the morning! It rains upon our ears:  
The music of the universe, the chiming of the spheres;  
From cloistered wood and leafy vale its tuneful medleys throng,  
Till all the earth is drenched in light, and all the world in song!

—Elisha Safford, in *Will Carlton's Magazine*.



### November Study of the Field

#### OPENING EXERCISES:—

Singing.  
Responsive Scripture Reading: Psalm 90.  
Prayer.  
Singing.

#### FIELD STUDY:—

Among the Waldensians.  
In Cuba.  
Among the Santals.  
Among the Islands.

SINGING: "Christian, Onward" (*Review and Herald*, September 6).

TWO-MINUTE REPORTS from George W. Casebeer, O. E. Davis, W. H. Meredith, A. H. Piper, P. Giddings, W. J. Tanner, H. C. Goodrich, Georgia A. Burgess, D. C. Babcock, F. B. Armitage, C. E. Rentfro, H. W. Miller.

#### SINGING.

#### QUESTION BOX.

#### COLLECTION.

#### CLOSING EXERCISES.

#### Note

The material for this month's study will be found in the September numbers of the *Review and Herald*. Do not forget that a map always adds to the interest of the meeting, and can be easily constructed in outline at least if one is not at hand.

The following questions suggest what may be found in the issues of the *Review* during September. These or similar questions could be handed out the previous week, and a lively and interesting exercise be prepared to close the field study:—

1. How did the offering to missions during 1905 compare with the offerings of the previous year?
2. What was the total amount raised in the denomination for evangelistic purposes in 1905?
3. How many were baptized in the German Union Conference during the first six months of 1906?
4. What is the approximate circulation of the London periodicals preaching present truth?
5. How many baptisms are reported from Amoy, China?
6. Name the new workers that have recently joined our laborers in Honan, China.
7. About how many Catholics have taken their stand for the truth in Europe during the past year?
8. What prophecy concerning Burma is being fulfilled?
9. How many Sabbath-keepers were recently baptized in Burma?
10. In what way has the work in Portugal been strengthened?
11. What remarkable progress among the boys is reported from Somabula Mission, South Africa?
12. What new witness for the truth is at work in Bohemia?
13. How many were recently baptized in Hayti? What is remarkable about this?
14. What interesting experience among the school children was reported from Rarotonga?

E. H.

### The Indispensable Agent

THERE exists in some small minds an aversion, an antipathy, a dislike, to what is exemplified by the words "canvassing agent." Why, perhaps no one can tell. Although often derided and made little of, and scorned by men of little wit, there is no profession or calling more worthy and deserving of commendable praise than that of the canvassing agent.

The canvassing agent has done more to advance the interest of the people than all the printers, publishers, editors, teachers, lecturers, and merchants combined. He is the teacher of the people by object-lessons on nearly all subjects in which man is interested. There is hardly a good article or implement, improvement, invention, or discovery that to-day stands favorably before the people that was not placed there primarily and principally by the efforts of the canvassing agent. It is he who paved the way when the road was the most difficult, who taught to believe when the people were most unbelieving, and to-day, when the sales of these articles mount up into the millions, it can all be traced to the nucleus formed by this king pioneer, the canvassing agent.

Coal was first introduced by agents. The use of "stone coal," as it was called within the memory of men yet living, was unknown until agents were sent out to canvass directly among the people, not alone to sell it, but to teach its use to those ignorant, to show how to build fires, to demonstrate its cheapness compared to wood fuel. The parlor heater and the cook-stove, the sewing-machine and the knitting-machine, the iron plow, the steel point, the thrashing-machine and the fanning-mill, the reaper and the mower, the corn-sheller and hay-rake, the sulky plow and riding cultivator, as well as the drill and needle, were each and all introduced in turn by the canvassing agent, and great were his efforts in convincing the people of their superiority over "father's way," and their absolute necessity.

It was the canvassing agent who sold our mothers the old family Bibles we prize so highly, and the hymn-books from which the songs that still linger in our memory were learned. It was the canvassing agent who surmounted mountains in inducing our fathers to buy those volumes

which imparted to us our knowledge of the world, its men and affairs.

Many of the men in history, who won fame and renown as statesmen, soldiers, authors, and scientists, or gained a world-wide reputation in commercial life, laid the foundation of their success, perhaps gained a knowledge of men and human nature which was of infinite worth to them, by acting as canvassing agents.

Napoleon Bonaparte, when a poor lieutenant, took the agency for a work entitled "L'Histoire de la Revolution." In the foyer of the Louvre can be seen to-day the emperor's canvassing outfit, with the long list of subscribers he secured. George Washington, when young, canvassed around Alexandria, Virginia, and sold over two hundred copies of a work entitled, "Rydell's American Savage." Mark Twain was a book agent. Longfellow sold books by subscription. Jay Gould, when starting out in life, was a canvasser. Daniel Webster paid his second term's tuition at Dartmouth by handling "De Tocqueville's American" in Merrimack County, New Hampshire. Gen. U. S. Grant canvassed for Irving's "Columbus." James G. Blaine began life as a canvasser for a "Life of Henry Clay." Bismarck, when at Heidelberg, spent a vacation canvassing for one of Blumenbach's hand-books.

Our canvassers should feel that they are God's workmen, and the love of souls should lead them to make every effort to enlighten men and women in regard to truth.

We have a grand work to do for the Master, to open the Word of God to those who are in the darkness of error. Come, join our corps of canvassers. The canvassing work is God's means of reaching many who otherwise would not be impressed with the truth.—J. R. Ebersole, in *Atlantic Union Gleaner*.

### The Work of "a Lost Soul"

PRESIDENT BROWNE, of Harpoot College in Turkey, says: "One evening I was riding into one of our lowest villages in eastern Turkey, and my horse almost stepped upon something in the mire. As I looked, I saw a little humpbacked girl. When she opened her mouth, her utterance was more foul than the mud and mire beneath her. Arriving at the teacher's house, I spoke to him about that little humpbacked girl, and he said: 'Don't tell me anything about that girl; she is a lost soul.' I worked five days there in that village to persuade the parents of this little girl to allow her to come to our school. Within a year her heart had melted, a character had begun to develop, and her face became bright and hopeful. As the years went by, she developed a marvelous capacity for patience and love, and when from the villages came especially hard cases, we would bring them to her. When she was graduated, she was made the principal teacher in our college. She had rare talents for teaching; we had never seen anything like it before. But one day she came to me and said, 'I am not contented to be a teacher in the college.' 'Why not?' I asked. 'Why are you not satisfied here?' 'I want to go,' she replied, 'to the places where others do not wish to go.' So I sent her out to a place on the northern branch of the Euphrates, where she did a work that none of our teachers had been able to do. She introduced the gospel and founded four churches. Think of it! This 'lost soul' had founded four churches, in spite of her deformity and the early influences of her life."—Nelson A. Jackson.

### Joseph

TWELVE children like the patriarch, has the year:  
Which loves the best? Ah! that I may not say;  
But well I know October triumphs in  
"A coat of many colors" glad and gay.  
—Sarah Jeanette Burke.



# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## Who Loves Best?

Who loves the trees best?  
"I," said the Spring.  
"Their leaves so beautiful  
To them I bring."

Who loves the trees best?  
"I," Summer said.  
"I give them blossoms,  
White, yellow, red."

Who loves the trees best?  
"I," said the Fall.  
"I give luscious fruits,  
Bright tints to all."

Who loves the trees best?  
"I love them best,"  
Harsh Winter answered.  
"I give them rest."

— The Round Table.

## Mr. Dickey One-Leg

HE came into the world one day in late summer. He did not seem much different from any other English sparrow in the neighborhood. He was simply the same little bunch of brown feathers and business that they all are. But from among his fellows he soon came to be known by the fact that he had chosen for a roost a sheltered spot beneath the roof of the back porch.

At first he always flew out when any one came near, and as his chosen resting place was near the pump, he was often disturbed. As the days went by, and no one seemed to pay any attention to him, he sometimes stayed when any one came to the well for water. After a time he became more bold, and would even take his place at roosting time, although some of the women were chatting on the back steps but a few feet away.

There was some very cold weather that winter, and one day in February the thermometer went down to twenty-seven below zero. It would seem that all the birds out of doors would freeze to death. But Mr. Dick of the back porch did not intend to freeze, not at least when there was so much warmth inside the house.

That evening he began to realize that the weather was much colder than usual, and, when it got worse than he cared to endure, he left his perch under the porch and knocked on the window; anyway his bill did some good tapping. Whether he was knocking for entrance or only trying to fly into a place that his instincts taught him to be warmer than where he was, I can not say. I have known more than one bird to be puzzled by the mysteries of glass.

The lady within heard the noise, and being very kind and hospitable, she let down the window, and Mr. Dick flew in. He lighted on the curtain pole above the window, and looked down on his hostess in a very serious and interested way. She gently closed the window and went back to her place by the table. Woman and bird watched each other for a time, and then Mr. Dick concluded it was all right, and settled down for his night's rest. In the morning he was impatient to be away, and the lady let him out, and gave him a fine breakfast on the snow just outside.

The weather kept cold. There was nothing anywhere for a bird to eat, and no comfortable place to sleep, and the next night Mr. Dick came back and knocked once more on the window. Again the lady let him in, and he slept safely and comfortably on the curtain pole above the window.

But next day the weather grew warmer, and he seemed to think his old place under the porch was

good enough, so he went back to roost on the ledge under the shelter of the roof. Sometimes he seemed afraid to stay there in the evening until it had grown somewhat dark so that the foolish little fellow thought no one would notice him. Then he would fly under when no one was looking, or at any rate he thought there was not, and there he would remain. More than once, just at bedtime, the man went out and lighted a match, to find Mr. Dick perched up in his corner, all safe and comfortable.

When the spring came, Mr. Dick found a mate, and they built a nest in the rotten stub of a silver maple, where a woodpecker had made his hole the previous winter. When Mrs. Sparrow settled down to the work of brooding, Mr. Sparrow was kept busy getting food for her and the

tried to explain he was hurt and couldn't work any more that day.

Then Mrs. Sparrow became angry and flew at him to give him a flouncing. Lame as he was, he could fly as well as ever, and he kept out of her way. Then she coaxed him, and pleaded with him, and reminded him of the babies. He had settled on the tin roof of the back porch. He could not stand very easily on one leg, so he squatted down on his breast and closed his eyes as if he felt pretty miserable. I have no doubt he did feel so, having one of his legs chopped off. But Mrs. Sparrow did not intend to let him sleep or to give him very much peace. Every now and then she landed near him, sometimes talking to him in a quiet, earnest way, sometimes scolding him pretty thoroughly, always urging him to help about getting food. And when Mrs. Sparrow was not busy coaxing or entreating or scolding her mate, she was busy getting food for the young sparrows in the nest.

Sometimes Mr. Sparrow would rouse a little, tumble or hop about on one leg, using his wings very vigorously the while. Then he would settle down again, close his eyes, and with bill open, seemingly pant for life.

Mrs. Sparrow either could not understand what ailed him, or else thought he was a mere good-for-nothing. Anyway, she made up her mind to get a divorce from him then and there, and marry somebody who would work, instead of lying around on the roof all day.

Shortly after coming to this conclusion, she appeared with a new husband. He was a fat, smart, rather young-looking creature. He followed Mrs. Sparrow until he caught sight of Mr. Sparrow-with-the-one-leg, and then he stopped and shouted out a challenge.

Mr. One-leg answered him back. At this, Mr. New Sparrow assumed a fighting attitude and challenged again and called names. Mr. One-leg answered him back, challenge for challenge, name for name. But Mr. One-leg wouldn't leave his rest on the roof. Then Mr. New Sparrow flew a trifle nearer the nest and challenged again. Mr. One-leg brightened up a trifle, and challenged louder than his enemy. Then Mr. New Sparrow attempted to fly to the twig just in front of the stub that held the nest. That was the signal for a fight.

Mr. One-leg went at Mr. New Sparrow like a shot from a gun. Mr. New Sparrow was off with a vengeance, and kept well out of the way of Mr. One-leg, who soon came back and settled in a crotch of the maple. The next day was a repetition of what the previous day had been. Mrs. Sparrow found several mates, and brought them to the maple, only to have them all driven away again by the furious attacks of Mr. One-leg. And he not only attacked the birds she brought, but he gave her a good scolding each time into the bargain. Sometimes he remonstrated, sometimes he waxed wrathful. But she could scold, too, and they had it back and forth quite considerably.

She objected to having to do all the work herself, and he, of course, couldn't help, and wouldn't allow any other bird to do what plainly it was his duty to do. She called him a miserable, lazy good-for-nothing. He tried to explain that he wasn't lazy, but sick, and ought to be in the hospital instead of having to fight for his rights and be abused by her. But after a day or two he grew much better, seemed to get his



babies. But sometimes he had a little leisure, and perched on the highest stub of the old maple, where he tried his best to warble the thankfulness he felt. Sometimes it seemed as if he really would manage a trill or two, and possibly a few rounds of melody, but they were mere suggestions, that failed to develop into reality. He couldn't sing, that was very evident; but he continued to persist in making the attempt. Aside from showing how he felt, he certainly failed completely.

In Morgan County, I am told, there is a royalty of two cents paid for the head of an English sparrow. The boys, consequently, are growing quite expert with their deadly sling shots in their ambitious efforts to earn spending-money. In process of time one of these ambitious youngsters passed by the old silver maple, where Mr. Sparrow was trying to sing his head off. Whiff! went the sling shot, and Mr. Sparrow flew away with one of his legs missing. It had been shot off just above the joint by the keen cutting shot of the boy's weapon.

Crutches are unknown among sparrows, and hopping on one leg is neither graceful nor easy. Mr. Sparrow came back to his tree after a time, but he was scolded severely by Mrs. Sparrow when he did. She did not seem to know what was the matter with him, or seemed to think he was merely playing lazy. She told him to be off on a hunt for food. He argued back, and



spirits again, and managed to use his one leg quite dexterously. Once in a while he would wobble a little and have to hop some to keep his balance.

As soon as he was well enough to gather food, he found little trouble in making up with his wife, and he was soon as useful and as happy a bird as he ever had been. His mate followed him around as lovingly and dutifully as in the former days. And the young birds grew and flourished under their care, and soon went out into the world to brave their own dangers, such, for example, as boys and sling shots.

It seems to be true with birds, as well as with people, that if one only has the spirit and courage to push ahead, he can succeed in spite of great and many obstacles. A handicap does not necessarily prevent or hinder success. So it has proved with Mr. Dickey One-leg.—*L. A. Reed, in "My Garden Neighbors."*

### Scripture Enigma

1. WHITHER did Jonah vainly seek from God to flee?
2. Who once three angels entertained beneath a tree?
3. A noted brook that flowed beside Jerusalem.
4. A "ready scribe" who wrote the book that bears his name.
5. A judge who hoped to gain a bribe for Paul's release.
6. Who made a molten calf rebellious tribes to please?
7. A man that grossly mocked and cast stones at his king.
8. Whom did Paul ask his parchments, books, and cloak to bring?
9. Who unto Solomon for God's house workmen sent?
10. And where was it for precious gold his servants went?
11. Whom, four days dead, out of the grave did Jesus call?
12. Who loved this evil world, and hence deserted Paul?
13. On whose behalf did Paul an earnest letter write?
14. To whom was he conveyed a prisoner by night?
15. Whom did his godly father on an altar bind?
16. And for whose vineyard was it that a king repined?
17. A word the Ephraimites could not pronounce aright.
18. Where Paul, from Troas traveling, tarried for a night.
19. Where was the birthplace of the prophet Samuel?
20. Who touched God's ark, and instantly a victim fell?
21. Who cherished angry thoughts, and then his brother killed?
22. And into whose young mind were holy truths instilled?
23. A king's son on his bed once barbarously slain.
24. Who proved a friend to Paul, ashamed not of his chain?
25. A man that timidly, with deeply felt concern, Came unto Christ by night, the way of truth to learn.

In the letters of each name combined  
A gracious admonition you will find.

—Selected.

### A Brave Little Newsboy A True Incident

A RAGGED newsboy had lost his mother. In the tenderness of his affection for her he was determined that he would raise a stone to her memory. He and his mother had lived together, and they had been all in all to each other, but now she was taken, and the little fellow's loss was irreparable. Getting a gravestone was no easy task, for his earnings were small; but love is strong. Going to a cutter's yard and finding that even the cheaper class of stones were far

too much for him, he at length fixed upon a broken shaft of marble, part of the remains of an accident in the yard, and which the proprietor kindly named at such a low figure that it came within his means. There was much yet to be done, but the brave lad was equal to it. Next day he hauled the stone away on a little four-wheeled cart, and managed to have it put in position. One of the men at the cutter's yard, curious to know the last of the stone, visited the cemetery one afternoon, and he thus describes what he saw and learned: "Here it is," said the man in charge, and sure enough there was the monument at the head of one of the larger graves. I knew it at once. Just as it was when it left our yard, I was going to say, until I got a little nearer to it, and saw what the little fellow had done. When I saw it, there was something blurred my eyes so that I couldn't read it at first. The little man had tried to keep the lines straight, and evidently thought that capitals would make it look much better and larger, for nearly every letter was a capital. I copied it, and here it is, but you want to see it on the stone to appreciate it:—

MY MOTHER  
SHEE DIDE LAST WEAK  
SHEE WAS ALL I HAD. SHEE  
SED SHED Bee —

And here the lettering stopped. After a while I went back to the man in charge, and asked him what further he knew of the little fellow who brought the stone.

"Not much," he said, "not much. Didn't you notice a fresh little grave near the one with the stone? Well, that's where he is. He came here every afternoon for some time, working away at that stone, and one day I missed him, and then for several days. Then the man came out from that church that had buried the mother, and ordered the grave dug by her side. I asked if it was the boy. He said it was. He had sold his papers all out one day, and was hurrying along the street out this way. There was a runaway team just about the crossing, and it ran over him, and he didn't live but a day or two. He had in his hand when he was picked up, an old file, sharpened down to a point, that he did all his lettering with. They said he seemed to be thinking only of that until he died, for he kept saying, 'I didn't get it done, but I meant to finish it,' and he died with those words on his lips."

When the men in the cutter's yard heard the story of the boy the next day, they clubbed together, got a good stone, inscribed upon it the name of the boy, which they succeeded in getting from the superintendent of the Sunday-school which the little newsman attended, and underneath are the touching, expressive words, "He loved his mother."—*Selected.*

### Chats on Letter-Writing—No. 4

THE element of permanency distinguishes written words from spoken words. Letters are likely to be preserved, and this makes it advisable to give a word of caution with regard to what is put in them. We should avoid very carefully, putting into a letter anything which we would not care to meet in later years. It may be that we feel inclined to write something unpleasant or discreditable regarding some individual, and years may prove that our views were unfounded. How unpleasant and uncomfortable then it might be to face these written statements, in after days. On general principles, even of kindness, to say nothing of the lower motives of policy and wisdom, we should abstain from writing what is uncharitable or depreciatory of any one. It should also be borne in mind that the letter may fall into hands we little suspected would ever get it.

Another important point is that we shall do

well to avoid writing that which we would feel ashamed of, were the letter to be made public, as might and does occasionally happen. If we write only that which is kind, not defamatory in any way, we need never fear the light of publicity; but if we give expression to thoughts which would cause us to repent having written them, we have good reason to dread their ever being read by those for whose eyes they were not intended.

Again: letters have a value according to the writer; and in many instances they are kept as mementoes of those by whom they are composed. What a pity, then, to have preserved, for future reading, any unworthy thoughts. If we write to relatives, our letters are sure to be treasured, and we should do wisely to refrain from writing anything that will cause our loved ones to regret that such sentiments were entertained by us. It is just as easy, and infinitely better for both reader and writer, to confine our expressions on paper to what is good, beautiful, pleasant, helpful, inspiring, and uplifting. Then let us ever try to write only such letters as will by no means cause pain or sorrow to those who read them, and never lead to repentance or remorse on the part of those who wrote them, at any time or under any circumstances.

Your letter may reach the addressee when he is sad, and needs encouragement. How much more helpful, just then, would a letter be that breathed a spirit of good cheer, of gratitude, hopefulness, and resolution. It may be that the very word your friend most needed when your letter arrived, was what you felt prompted to put into it. It is a good thing to make our letters suggestive of brighter and better thoughts, at all times, than are brought to mind by the daily round and the commonplaceness of the life of most of us. We can make our letters messengers of heaven, if we put into them the spirit of brotherly love, of true human comradeship, of Christian sympathy, and genuine interest.

Letter-writing is an art worthy of our best and highest efforts, and any endeavor directed to the attainment of proficiency in it will not be wasted, but rather reward the student abundantly.

HENRY W. ROSE.



GALESBURG, ILL., Sept. 2, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: Enclosed you will find the answers to the Scripture Enigma published in the INSTRUCTOR of August 28. I got my paper at Sabbath-school yesterday afternoon, and I spent my spare time this morning in finding the answers. With the knowledge gained in church-school of the Bible, I found them readily. In looking these up, I have not only read the chapters in which the answers were found, but have read parts of others, thus gaining valuable information. Hoping that you will soon again publish some such questions, I will close.

Sincerely,

IRMA HAGGENJOS.

INGERSOLL, O. T., Sept. 12, 1906.

DEAR FRIENDS: You will find my renewal for four months. I would like to send for one year, but can not now. I am twelve years old. I have no brothers or sisters. I have just returned from the Oklahoma camp-meeting. We had a good meeting, and many gave their hearts to the Lord. I very much enjoyed hearing Elder Loughborough talk of the early days of this message. I loved to look at him in his old age, and think how God had kept him. I want to be among the boys who shall carry this message in the days of peril. I love our YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. May the dear Lord bless the editor.

HERMAN T. PRICE.





### Buttons on Coat Sleeves

FREDERICK THE GREAT, of Prussia, who was a great admirer of smart uniforms, finding that his soldiers were in the habit of wiping their faces with the sleeves of their coats, ordered that a row of buttons should be placed on the upper side of each, and this broke the habit. The original purpose has been long since forgotten, and the buttons were placed under the sleeves to be out of the way.—*Selected.*

### Grasshoppers' Ears

IN the tibia of grasshoppers' and crickets' forelegs may be seen a bright, shiny spot, oval in form, which is said to be a true ear. Old naturalists supposed these strange structures helped in some way to intensify the penetrating, chirping sounds of crickets. No one for a moment thought they might be ears. Sir John Lubbock and other naturalists have decided that crickets, bees, ants, and other little animals shall not keep their sense organs a secret any longer, and although they are often in unsuspected places, careful experiments show they are to be discovered. Some grasshoppers have no ears in their legs, and, as a rule, these can not sing.—*Selected.*

### "Daresn't Take a Dare"

A BOY of fourteen who had been noted for reckless, not to say foolhardy daring, by the death of his father became practically the man of the house, and the real dependence in many ways of his mother and sisters. The other boys were quick to notice a sudden change, even in his ways of playing, though he was still a leader in sports when he had time to be. "I b'lieve you daresn't 'take a dare'!" cried one of them, disgustedly, when he had quietly refused a perilous leap that was proposed to him. "What's the matter, anyway?" "No matter!" was the prompt answer. "But I've got something besides my own skin to think about now; that's all. Father gave me mother and the rest to take care of, and I have to take care what I do."—*The Friend for Boys and Girls.*

### The Burning of Oakwood School

THE Oakwood School building at Huntsville, Alabama, burned down on the evening of October 11. Scarcely anything was saved from the fire. One of the older boys lost his life, having gone to his room to get some things after having once made his escape from the building.

The insurance is two thousand dollars; but the loss was much more than this.

Why these calamities come one after another, we can not tell. It may be that our various institutions do not lie close enough to our hearts, so close that there arises daily to our Father above a united petition from his people all over the world that his protection may be over every institution, whether large or small.

### The Farmer's Hymn

LORD GOD of nature, I give thanks to thee  
For all the boundless heavens stretching far.  
And for the earth that thou hast given me,  
So shapen like a star.

I thank thee for the daybreak and the dark;  
I thank thee for the green and spreading  
bough,  
And for the four great winds, and for the lark  
That guides with song my plow.  
I thank thee for the storm and cloud of white;  
I thank thee for the field's exhaustless wealth;  
But most I thank thee for the common light,  
Thy robe whose touch gives health!

—Edward Wilbur Mason.

## THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

### VI—Creation of the Earth

(November 10)

MEMORY VERSE: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." Gen. 1:1.

REVIEW.—At one time all the angels were —. Then one of them wanted —. His name was —. He became proud because —. He said in his heart —. Then he began to find fault with —. Other angels — with —. Then there was —. There were — armies. — led the good angels, and — led the evil angels. — was cast out of —. His angels were — with —. Satan now works to —. He goes about like —. 'At other times he appears as —. He has come down having — because —. The fallen angels will be — in —.

#### Questions

1. Who lived in the beginning with God? John 1:1.
2. Who is the Word? Rev. 19:12, 13.
3. By whom were all things made? John 1:2, 3. How many things were made without him?
4. What other names are given to Christ in Heb. 1:8, 10?
5. What Bible texts can you find that give an account of the creation?
6. When we look upon the earth, or into the sky, whose work do we behold? Heb. 1:10.
7. How did he make them all? Ps. 33:6.
8. How much time did he use in creating all things? Ex. 20:11. Why were they created? Rev. 4:11.
9. For what purpose was the world made? Isa. 45:18.
10. What change will come to the heavens and earth? Ps. 102:25-27.
11. What honor did God give to man when he was created? Ps. 8:4-8. Over what was he to have rule, or dominion? What was under his feet?
12. Name some of the things over which he was to rule. Does he rule all of these now? How do you think God intended he should treat the birds, beasts, and fishes?

#### Lesson Story

"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."

As John saw heaven opened and the Son of God coming to earth, he says, "and his name is called the Word of God." This shows that Jesus is the Word.

"All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made." He was in the beginning with God in the work of creation.

Children inherit the name of their father, and so Jesus inherited the name of God, his Father. "But unto the Son he [God] saith, Thy throne. O God, is forever and ever." "And, thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth; and the heavens are the works of thy hands."

"For he spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast."

"In six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is."

"For thus saith the Lord that created the heavens; God himself that formed the earth and

made it; he hath established it, he created it not in vain, he formed it to be inhabited."

The Lord wishes the earth to be filled with holy, happy people, and his purpose will be carried out, for he says, "As truly as I live, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord."

In its present state "one generation passeth away, and another generation cometh: but the earth abideth forever."

"Of old hast thou laid the foundation of the earth: and the heavens are the work of thy hands. They shall perish, but thou shalt endure: yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed."

"What is man, that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man, that thou visitest him? For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet: all sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field; the fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas."

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON

### VI—Work of the Angels in the Plan of Salvation

(November 10)

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

#### Questions

1. What are the angels called? Heb. 1:14.
2. To whom do the angels minister? Heb. 1:14; note 1.
3. Mention one way in which they minister to God's children. Ps. 91:11, 12.
4. Tell how angels ministered to Jesus after his great temptation. Matt. 4:11.
5. In the heavenly courts, what is their attitude to Jesus? Heb. 1:6.
6. Relate one instance in which the angels wrought deliverance for the army of Hezekiah. 2 Chron. 32:21, 22.
7. When Daniel was in urgent need of protection and deliverance, who was sent to his relief? Dan. 6:16-22.
8. Who was sent to warn Lot concerning the destruction about to fall upon Sodom? Gen. 19:1; note 2.
9. As Lot lingered, what did the angels do for his safety? Gen. 19:16.
10. What promise was fulfilled in these instances? Ps. 34:7.
11. As the message of the third angel is about to close, what work is done by the angels? Rev. 7:1-3.
12. As Jesus comes the second time to gather his faithful ones, who will come with him? Matt. 25:31.
13. What is the last joyful work of the angels in making the plan of salvation complete? Matt. 24:31.

#### Notes

1. It is through Christ, by the ministration of his heavenly messengers, that every blessing comes from God to us.—"Desire of Ages," page 143.

2. When an earthly government sends an ambassador to another country, in such a representative is vested all the power of the nation in whose service he is. So when God commissions a heavenly ambassador to represent the government of the universe, all the power of the kingdom of heaven is vested in the messenger sent for the accomplishment of God's purpose.





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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.

ONE thousand dollars a week is expected of the Sabbath-schools for mission offerings during the year 1906. Nearly *twenty-seven thousand dollars*, almost one thousand dollars more than half the amount, has been raised during the first six months.

A LITTLE fellow was being chased by a bumble-bee. In his fright he ran to his mama for protection. To save her child the mother quickly placed her own hand between him and the bee, receiving the sting herself. Then she tried to quiet the child by assuring him that there was no need of alarm; the bee had only one sting, and mother had that in her own hand. Thus it is with us. We need not fear however much the enemy of our souls may annoy us. We are safe; for our Saviour has borne for us the sting of death.

THOSE who read Brother Wong's series of articles that recently appeared in the INSTRUCTOR will be interested in the following note just received from him:—

"After three months' visit in Honolulu, I am now ready to sail on the 'China,' leaving the fifth of October for my native land. The opening providences of God for my future career are remarkable; and I hope I shall have time before long to report through the INSTRUCTOR some of my experiences.

"Please send my INSTRUCTOR to Canton, China, care of the British post-office.

"Hoping to have your prayers for the work in China, and wishing you much of the Lord's blessing and Holy Spirit, I am,

"Yours in his service,

"G. DOANE WONG."

THERE is an allegory which some have read, and more have read of. Men sit, Plato says, in a cave with their backs to the sunlight. To and fro behind them pass things real and stable and everlasting, the shadows of which fall upon the wall of the cave.

The men of the cave are for the most part content with its twilight, which they take for light, and with the shadows on the wall, which they take for realities; but now and then one of them bethinks himself, and turning his eyes round to the light, understands. He then discerns everything, not as it seems, but as it is—real manhood, real beauty, real truth, real life.

We are in the cave of sin and death, and not until we are turned about by the Spirit of God and made to face the Sun of Righteousness, do we see the beauty of real life, the beauty of Christian character.

May God early make our young people discontented with the twilight and darkness of sinful flesh and turn them about to see, love, and live the holy, just, and pure.

## What One Person Did

IN the Northern California Conference is a sister who is not in good health, but she loves this message, and is anxious to take the light of truth to others. She visited *every house in San Francisco* with our literature. She disposed of six thousand one hundred and forty-two copies of the Capital and Labor number of *The Signs of the Times*, secured places for twenty-five Bible readings, sold fifty-four books and one thousand tracts.

## Youth and Age

ONE old man in his ninety-first year, sold fifteen hundred copies of the Earthquake number of *The Signs of the Times*.

The experience a young boy got selling the Earthquake special of the *Signs*, enabled him to earn this last summer a scholarship by canvassing. He is also helping his brother obtain one.

There are now *fifty students* in Walla Walla College who earned scholarships by canvassing last summer.

I can hardly think of anything that would be more pleasing to heaven than to see every State in the Union dotted with young men and women, boys and girls, going from house to house selling our literature, and by this means earning money for a course in one of our training-schools. May the experience of these fifty young men and women inspire many others to follow their course.

### Because His Bag Was Packed "The Wise took Oil"

READER HARRIS, leader of the Pentecostal League, and one of England's eminent lawyers, got his first lift in life significantly. Employed in the drawing office of the Great Western Railway Company's engineering shops, he found young men were occasionally sent down the line on responsible commissions. Receiving instructions in the morning, they spent the day preparing to start. Shocked at the waste of time, he filled a bag with traveling conveniences, and took it to the office to be ready to start at short notice. His companions ridiculed the idea. But one day the chief engineer came in and asked about the bag. The owner said, "I determined, if I had a chance to go, to be ready." "You did? You see that train?" "Yes." "Jump in; I'll telegraph instructions." From that time Mr. Harris made rapid progress. They who wait for Christ in readiness shall not wait in vain.—*E. M. Waddell*.

## When the Corn was Sacrificed

SEVERAL years ago there was a great revival in Ohio. One man who had for years sold his corn to the distillers, was earnestly pleading for a pure heart. All at once he arose, walked down the aisle, took his seat by the door, and finally slipped away. For two nights he was absent, but the third night he returned, his face glowing with peace. He said that every time he tried to pray, the question, "What will you do with your corn?" sounded louder than his prayer. At last he knelt down in the barn and said, "Lord, I shall not rise from my knees until this matter is settled." Then came with greater force than ever, "What will you do with your corn?" Although there was no other place to sell it, and he needed the money, he said, "Lord, I will let every bushel of corn in these bins rot before I will sell one to the distillers." "Immediately," said he, "the Lord flooded my whole being with light, joy, and peace. And, brethren, I will never sell another grain of corn to the distillers as long as I live." In less than a year the price of corn went up, and he sold his corn for double the price he could have gotten from the distillers. God always gives us more than he takes away.

although perhaps we can not always see it as plainly and quickly as this man did.—*Cara S. Park, in Sunday School Times*.

## Hale and Hearty at 306

OLDEST of all living things in New York is the big tortoise of the Bronx Zoological Park, which is three hundred and six years old. He was a "slider" when buffalo were grazing on what is now the White House lawn at Washington (Memoirs of Col. Samuel Argall, Deputy Governor of Virginia, 1612). In the first three hundred years of his life he attained a weight of one hundred and fifty-six pounds. In the last six he has gained eighty-one pounds. And he keeps on getting fatter and bigger, greatly disconcerting scientists who have been accepting as a fact, that the size of the big South Pacific tortoises was an indication of their wealth of centuries of age.

Buster is the tortoise's name. His shell and his flesh are worthless, and he is too old to add to his ancient line, now practically extinct. He came from the Gallapagos group to the Bronx six years ago, but not directly. His race is forgotten on the islands, and only a few specimens are distributed in zoological parks over the civilized world.

In spite of his years, and the new environment into which he has been cast, Buster is healthy, and promises to live to a hearty old age of a thousand or so. He is very gentle, and eats from the hands of his keepers.—*New York Herald*.

## Autumn

THERE are clouds on the distant mountains, and mists on the plain below,  
There's a sorrowful drip of the fountain, and its cadence is soft and low,  
But sadder and more sorrowful in its ceaseless undertone  
Is the heart that has no hope in God, but is living its life alone.

There's a mournful chirp in the songs of the swallows which twitter about the eaves,  
A sorrowful breath in the autumn wind, as it whispers among the leaves;  
But the untold longing within the heart, deeper than sob or moan,  
Is the hungering for a better life than the soul has ever known.

The shining sun with the smile of heaven kisses the gloom away,  
And his loving radiance lingers on the hills through the golden day,  
And the fading flowers on the hillside, with their blue, wide-open eyes,  
Look up from the autumn of the earth to the sunshine in the skies.

I witness the loving care of God, as I see the sparrows fed,  
And the child of God and the child of sin receiving their daily bread.  
O'er all the earth, impartial, fall the sunshine and the rain,  
And my faith in a loving Father's care, I never shall lose again.

My life, my all, to him I give, and he will accept I know.  
I'll come when the Saviour shall bid me come, and go when he bids me go.  
Glad to be reckoned as his dear child, I can only praise and pray,  
Feeling that I am complete in him, and my sins all washed away.

I think of the loved ones lying asleep under the ridges of clay;  
But they are at rest, I can not weep, I shall meet them another day.—  
Calmly resting in silence, under the autumn skies.  
We are walking in His dear steps, hoping to gain the prize.

L. D. SANTEE.