

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LVIII

March 8, 1910

No. 10



APPROACH OF THE STORM



Answers to Last Week's Puzzle

Famous Explorers

- | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| 1. BALBOA. | 11. Kane. |
| 2. Champlain. | 12. Coronado. |
| 3. Livingstone. | 13. Nansen. |
| 4. Cortes. | 14. Mandeville. |
| 5. Verrazani. | 15. Columbus. |
| 6. Drake. | 16. Marco Polo. |
| 7. Speke. | 17. Ledyard. |
| 8. Bering. | 18. De Soto. |
| 9. Humboldt. | 19. Hennepin. |
| 10. Smith. | 20. Franklin. |

21. Shackleton

— *Washington Times.*

Some Household Hints

A SMALL portion of orris-root put into the ordinary water will impart a delicate perfume to the clothes.

Soda is the best thing for cleaning tinware; apply it with a damp cloth and rub well, then wipe dry.

Marks on tables caused by hot dishes may be removed by kerosene rubbed in well with a soft cloth, finishing with a little cologne water, rubbed dry with another cloth.

Rub lamp chimneys with newspaper on which has been poured a little kerosene. This will make them much clearer than if soap is used; they will also be less liable to crack.— *Selected.*

Don't Say "People"

"I AM reminded in this connection," says an editor, "that there is one word which is misused by every journalist and every author wherever the English language is written — the word 'people.' Mr. Howells, for instance, in one of his famous novels speaks of 'three people' sitting in a room. Now if two of these 'people' were to withdraw, one 'people' would be left — and very much left! It seems unnecessary to state — and yet it is necessary to state it — that 'people' is a collective noun, and can properly be applied only to a nation, a tribe, a class, a community. It is quite admissible to say, 'How are your people?' — meaning your family, your clan; but such a statement as, 'Fifty people were injured,' or, 'A hundred people were present,' is sloppy English. 'Persons' and 'people' are not convertible terms. For twenty-five years or more, I have kept my eye on this little word 'people,' and I have yet to find a single American or English author who does not misuse it. In the course of two or three hundred years, the correct employment of it may possibly become general. Meanwhile it is perhaps too much to hope that any self-respecting writer will be persuaded to drop the word 'every' from the phrase 'every now and then.' Nothing kills a sentence like a superfluous word, especially when it is meaningless."

Generosity of Love

A MAN may be a miser of his wealth; he may tie up his talent in a napkin; he may hug himself in his reputation; but he is always generous in his love. Love can not stay at home; a man can not keep it to himself. Like light, it is constantly traveling. A man must spend it, must give it away.— *Dr. Macleod.*

Patient Mercy

WHEN Alexander encamped before a city, he used to set up a light, to give notice to those within that if they came forth to him while that light lasted, they should have quarter; if otherwise, no mercy was to be expected. But such is the mercy and patience of God to sinners, that he sets up light after light, and waits year after year. When they have done their worst against him, then he comes with his heart full of love, and makes a proclamation of grace, that, if now at last they will accept of mercy, they shall have it.— *C. Buck.*

Do Your Best

A MINISTER tells that, when a boy, he was a great whistler, and sometimes whistled in unusual and unseemly places. One day not long since he came out of a hotel whistling quite low. A little three-year-old boy playing in the yard heard him and said: "Is that the best you can whistle?"

"No," said the minister, "can you beat it?"

The boy said he could, and the minister said, "Well, let's hear you."

The little fellow began his childish whistle, and then insisted that the minister should try again. He did so, and the boy acknowledged that it was good whistling. As he started away, the little fellow said: "Well, if you can whistle better, what were you whistling that way for?"

Sure enough, why should not any one do his best, if he does anything? The world has plenty of poor, slipshod, third-class work done by people who could do better if they would. Let all the boys and girls try to do their best, whether in whistling, singing, working, or playing, and whatever they do let them do it "heartily as unto the Lord."— *Our Young Folks.*

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LVIII

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No. 10

The Story of the Heavens — No. 10

H. U. STEVENS

Uranus and Neptune

ALL the planets which we have studied so far, save the small asteroids between Mars and Jupiter, have been known from times immemorial; but this week we shall learn of two which have been discovered in modern times. Think of it! actually finding a world! Who ever thought of such a thing before Herschel brought Uranus to light in the year 1781!

On March 13, 1781, while Sir William Herschel was "sweeping the heavens" with a telescope of his own construction for interesting objects for study, he came upon an object which he at once recognized as being different from a star. He thought that it was a comet, and announced his discovery as such. By watching the object for some time, the mistake was discovered, the evidence resting on the fact that this body, like all the planets, travels around the sun in an ellipse which is nearly circular, while comets, as we shall see in a future article, travel in very different paths. Its orbit was found to be outside that of the planet Saturn, being nearly eighteen hundred millions of miles from the sun and occupying eighty-four years in making one circuit. This is just the position in which we would expect to find a planet after considering the relative distances as set forth in Bode's law, concerning which we learned a few weeks ago. The law says 19.6 times, and its actual distance is found to be 19.2 times the distance of the earth from the sun — a very close agreement. In fact, it is so close that it established great faith in the law,—and, by the way, we shall find that that faith led to some errors in the discovery of Neptune, of which we will learn presently.

Little is known about the planet itself, since it is so remote that our most powerful instruments bring us only meager information in regard to the conditions found there.

It appears like a small sea-green dish, in a telescope, and has a real diameter of thirty-two thousand miles. It shows a polar compression which indicates a rapid rotation, but its actual period has not been determined with accuracy. Its density and surface gravity are both slight; it shows faint bands like those on Jupiter and Saturn.

There is, however, a peculiarity about the satellites of Uranus which we must not fail to notice in passing. All the satellites which we have studied up to the present time have revolved from west to east; in fact, all the motions so far have been in that direction; and until these satellites — which are four in number — were discovered, this was the only motion known in the solar system. But the satellites of Uranus revolve backward; that is, from east to west! A queer-acting family of moons! running around the planet in the *wrong direction*! How they became so confused we do not know; but the fact is sure; and it has inspired considerable speculation, which it will not profit us to pursue here.

Neptune, too, is so remote that little is known of its actual surface conditions; but so far as known, the facts seem to point to a world similar to Uranus,—a large gaseous ball thirty-five thousand miles in diameter, with very low density and surface gravity.

Its distance from the sun is a little more than two billion eight hundred million miles, instead of being over three billion six hundred million miles, as Bode's law would have it, and as its discoverers computed it to be, since they placed unquestioning faith in the law which we see does not hold even approximately in this case. This enormous distance places Neptune far beyond the bounds of Uranus, and gives it a year one hundred sixty-four times as long as ours.

But Neptune is of interest to us not so much for what we know of the planet itself as for the way it was discovered,—a novel way, indeed! Who ever thought of a man with a mass of figures before him, which represented the unexplained variations of a planet from the path which theory indicated that it would follow, sitting down to his desk, and after a laborious process of calculation arising to announce that he had discovered "a world" to which he could point the telescope? Who ever thought of finding *worlds* among *figures*? But this is just the thing that two men — one in England and the other in France — did in the years 1845 and 1846.

Astronomers can calculate accurately the paths all the bodies pursue in the heavens. After Uranus was discovered, its path was calculated; but the planet deviated from the path. The deviation was not great, in fact, not great enough to be discerned with the naked eye, but evident enough to the delicate instruments of an astronomical observatory. Something unknown to science was disturbing the planet; the gravitational attraction of a planet beyond, it was suspected, was drawing the planet out of its path.

Leverrier was the Frenchman who extracted from this capricious action of Uranus the evidences of a new world. He wrote to Galle, of Berlin, as follows: "Direct your telescope to a point on the ecliptic in the constellation of Aquarius, in longitude 326° , and you will find within a degree of that place a new planet, looking like a star of about the ninth magnitude, and having a perceptible disc." The planet was found at Berlin on the night of Sept. 23, 1846, as predicted, within half an hour after the astronomers began looking for it.

Adams, of Cambridge, England, had made a similar computation, and had communicated his intelligence to the Greenwich observatory some months before; but through a lack of the proper star charts (which the Berlin observatory fortunately possessed) verification was delayed till after its discovery was announced from Germany. It had been observed, however, in England, and only awaited a discussion of the observations to bring the planet to light, which would have been a matter of only a few weeks.

Neptune is the last of the planets, as far as we know; perhaps the fact that Bode's law does not hold here would indicate that this planet marks the boundary of the solar system. Other planets are suspected, however, the evidence of which we might think too slender to warrant consideration. But we do not know what may be brought to light by the true interpretation of these unexplained anomalies upon which the suspicions rest. The asteroids and Neptune were discovered in a similar way. Perhaps undreamed of surprises await us. Our suspicions place one far beyond Neptune, and the other inside the orbit of Mercury. If they exist, they will doubtless be discovered sooner or later. Several observers have already spent considerable time and labor in searching for them.

Other Worlds Inhabited

Science knows little about the inhabitants of other worlds. In fact, from a scientific view-point this is largely a matter of speculation and fancy. We need a higher source of information in order to acquire certain knowledge about such matters.

The following extract taken from "Early Writings," pages 39, 40, will give us some light upon the subject:—

"The Lord has given me a view of other worlds. Wings were given me, and an angel attended me from the city to a place that was bright and glorious. The grass of the place was living green, and the birds there warbled a sweet song. The inhabitants of the place were of all sizes; they were noble, majestic, and lovely. They bore the express image of Jesus, and their countenances beamed with holy joy, expressive of the freedom and happiness of the place. I asked one of them why they were so much more lovely than those on the earth. The reply was, 'We have lived in strict obedience to the commandments of God, and have not fallen by disobedience, like those on the earth.' Then I saw two trees; one looked much like the tree of life in the City. The fruit of both looked beautiful, but of one they could not eat. They had power to eat of both, but were forbidden to eat of one. Then my attending angel said to me, 'None in this place have tasted of the forbidden tree; but if they should eat, they would fall.' Then I was taken to a world which had seven moons. There I saw good old Enoch, who had been translated. . . . I asked him if this was the place he was taken to from the earth. He said, 'It is not; the City is my home, and I have come to visit this place.' He moved about the place as if perfectly at home."

The following, from "Special Testimonies on Education," page 49, reveals the numbers of such worlds:—

"If men could see for a moment beyond the finite vision, if they could catch a glimpse of the Eternal, every mouth would be stopped in its boasting. Men, living in this little atom of a world, are finite; God has *unnumbered worlds* that are obedient to his laws, and are conducted with reference to his glory. When men have gone as far in scientific research as their limited powers will permit, there is still an infinity beyond what they can apprehend."

It is hoped that the remaining articles will enable us to "catch a glimpse," feeble and imperfect though it may be, "of the Eternal" by a contemplation of the eternal and infinitude of creation as revealed in an astronomical study of the universe at large.

Light on the Sanctuary

Adapted from the Manuscript of Hiram Edson

OVER in the western part of New York, on the Erie Canal, there lies the snug little town of Port Gibson. In 1844 there was here a little company who believed Jesus would come on the tenth day of the seventh month; that is, October 22. They gathered together at Brother Hiram Edson's farmhouse, to pray and to wait. But, just as everywhere else, the day passed slowly by, the sun sank, and they were left alone: Jesus had not come.

Ah, what a time of sadness! Men and women all cried; it seemed they could not pray. Worse it was to them than if they had lost father, mother, all brothers and sisters, and every friend. The night grew on, and some quietly slipped away to their homes. The others stayed, scarcely noticing their going, and still they wept and grieved, until at last the dawn of a new day came. And its grayness seemed the grayness of their lives. Was there, then, they reasoned to themselves, to be no second coming of Christ? Was the Bible all false? Was there no Jesus who had died for them? Should they never see that golden-home city of the redeemed, nor walk in that country whose inhabitants should say, "I am no more sick"? Could there be no God at all?

"Not so, brethren," said Hiram Edson to the few who remained; "I remember how many times the Lord has sent us help and light when we needed it. There is a God, and he will hear us. Let us go and seek him for light on this matter."

And so the brethren went out of the house in the gray dawn, back to the barn, and opening the granary they went in, closed the door, and knelt down to pray. I can not tell you what they said, nor how they were comforted; but of this I am sure, that they knew their prayers were heard and accepted in heaven where Jesus was, and they were promised they should know what their disappointment meant.

After breakfast, Brother Edson said to one of his friends who was still with him, "Let us go over to see some of the brethren, and comfort them." So they started across lots, these two, going through a corn field, where the corn had been cut, and stood in shocks. They were both thinking very deeply, and each walked without thinking of the other.

They came to the middle of the field, and suddenly Hiram Edson felt as it were a hand upon him, stopping him where he was. It seemed as if a glory shone around him, and looking as in a vision he saw that Jesus, our High Priest, had entered that day into the most holy place of the sanctuary in heaven, and there he would stay until he had finished the work of cleansing it. "The sanctuary to be cleansed," said a voice, "is in heaven."

The other brother had gone on, not noticing that Brother Edson had stopped. Now, coming to himself at the fence the other side of the field, he paused, and looked around for his companion, and there he saw him away back in the middle of the field.

"Brother Edson," he called, "what are you stopping for?"

And Brother Edson called back, "God is answering our morning prayer."

Then, coming up, Brother Edson began telling him what he had seen and heard. "My mind," he said, "is carried to the tenth and eleventh chapters of Revelation, where John was told to take a little book from the angel's hand and eat it. It tasted like honey in

his mouth, but when he had eaten it, it was as bitter as gall. That is our experience, brother," said Brother Edson. "We have taken the book of the prophecies. Was it not sweet when we took it, to know that Jesus was coming yesterday? But now it is bitter, very bitter. Yet he says we must prophesy again before many people and nations and tongues. And the sanctuary, I saw, is in heaven, and Jesus yesterday entered upon his work of cleansing it."

It seemed very new and strange to them both, but they believed, though they could not understand, and then they went on to tell the brethren.

Among Brother Edson's friends was a Dr. Hahn, who lived at Canandaigua, on Lake Canandaigua, twelve miles away. He and his wife were believers in Jesus' coming. There was also a young man by the name of O. R. L. Crozier, who lived sometimes with Dr. Hahn and sometimes with Brother Edson. He was a talented young man, and had helped in the spreading of the first and second angels' messages.

These three had been publishing a paper called the *Day Dawn*, to help give the warning. They could not get it out every week, for they were poor, but as often as they could get enough money, they would hire the printing-office at Canandaigua to print a number of the *Day Dawn*.

Brother Edson made a visit to Dr. Hahn and Brother Crozier, and told them what had been revealed to him in regard to the sanctuary.

"Will the Bible bear that out?" asked Brother Crozier.

"I believe it will, for I am sure it is the truth," said Brother Edson.

Then Brother Crozier began to study to see what he could find about the sanctuary question. And this is what he found:—

1. "Sanctuary" means a sacred place, where God dwells.

2. The earth is never in the Bible called the sanctuary.

3. The tabernacle made by the Israelites in the wilderness, was called the sanctuary, and afterward the temple built in Jerusalem was also called the sanctuary.

4. There were two rooms in this sanctuary, the first called the holy place, the second the most holy place. And the most holy place was sometimes just itself called the sanctuary, because in it was the sacred ark, which held the law of God, the ten commandments, and upon its cover, called the mercy-seat, there dwelt always a bright light, which was the presence of God.

5. Into this most holy place, or sanctuary, the high priest went only once every year. He went in on the tenth day of the seventh month, and that day was called the day of atonement. The high priest went in before the ark, where God dwelt. He swung before him a censer filled with burning incense. There he stayed for some time, while the people outside all waited, breathless, listening to hear the tinkle of the little bells upon his robe when he should come out. They did not know but that for their sins God would slay their high priest. But he always came out, bearing upon him the sins of the people. All the year long, the people had confessed their sins here at the sanctuary, slaying a lamb or some other animal at the same time, and the priest sprinkled some of its blood before the door of the sanctuary. This was said to carry the people's sins into the sanctuary, and on this day of atonement the high priest was said to cleanse the sanctuary, by taking the sins of the people out.

At the door of the tabernacle, or temple, a goat was brought to him, and laying his hands upon the goat's head, he confessed over him the sins of the people, and then the goat was sent away to wander in the wilderness.

6. The high priest stood for Christ, who is our high priest. The lamb which the sinner slew also stood for Christ, who was slain for our sins. The goat stood for Satan, who will have to bear all the sins that are forgiven, and be punished for them. The sanctuary on earth was made after the pattern of one in heaven, so it stood for that sanctuary.

7. Therefore, there is a sanctuary in heaven, where Christ acts as our high priest. At the time of the end he goes in to cleanse the sanctuary from all the sins of his people since the world began; and when he has finished cleansing the sanctuary, he will come out to his waiting people. All their sins are taken away, and he will lay these sins on Satan, who will have to die for them. Then Jesus will take his people home.

From the prophecy of Dan. 8:14, we know that the cleansing of the sanctuary was to begin in 1844, on the twenty-second day of October. So on that day, instead of coming to earth, Jesus began to cleanse the sanctuary in heaven, and in that sanctuary he is now. When he has finished its cleansing, he will come to receive his people. We are the people watching in the court, listening to hear his coming step. We can not tell how long it will be, but we know it can not be long.

All this Brother Crozier found from studying the Bible. "That agrees," he said, "with what Brother Edson saw and heard. The sanctuary is in heaven."

They talked it over, all the brethren, and especially Brother Edson, Dr. Hahn, and Brother Crozier. Said the first two to Brother Crozier, "We must get out another number of the *Day Dawn*, and tell this to the brethren everywhere."

The brethren near them were glad to hear this truth, for it explained their disappointment, and showed them that Jesus had not left them, but that they might expect him to come very soon. So they agreed that if they could get money, they would send out this truth in the *Day Dawn*. And they worked until they got money enough at last, and then they printed the paper. It had taken time to study this out, and it was not till the early part of 1846 that they published this light on the sanctuary in the *Day Dawn*.

They sent it out to all the brethren and sisters whose names they could find. Pretty soon came back letters, some of them thanking God for the light, others doubting. Among them was a letter from Elder James White, and another from Elder Joseph Bates. Each of these men, one in Maine, the other in Massachusetts, had gotten a copy of the paper. "You have the truth," each of them wrote; "we indorse what you have written about the sanctuary. Can we not have a conference of those who believe this new light, that we may be firmly united?"

So the brethren in western New York appointed a conference to be held at Brother Edson's house, and invited Brother White and Brother Bates to come. Both tried to come, but Brother White could not get away, and only Brother Bates came from the East.

They had a good time studying the sanctuary question, and found joy together in this light God had given. But Elder Bates had another message. He talked to them about their duty to keep the seventh day as the

Sabbath. One day he preached to them on the Sabbath question, showing them that God set apart the seventh day at creation for his holy Sabbath, and that it had never been taken away, only people had begun to keep Sunday, a heathen holiday, in its place.

When Elder Bates had finished, Brother Edson arose and said, "I thank God I have found a man who can stand up and say, 'seventh-day Sabbath.' I stand with you side by side."

Then Brother Crozier arose and said, "Better go slowly, brethren, better go slowly. Let us be cautious, and not step upon new planks until we know whether they will hold us up or not."

"I have been studying the question of the Sabbath for a long time," answered Brother Edson, "and for my part I have put my weight on it, and I know it is a plank that will hold us up."

And Dr. Hahn said, "That's the truth," and his wife said, "It is the truth," and several others also at that time stood up for the Sabbath. But Brother Crozier rejected it, and he became one of the strongest writers against God's law, and one of the bitterest opposers of the third angel's message.





A. W. SPAULDING.

Of What Does Your Newspaper Consist?

MR. BYRAN C. MATTHEWS, in a recent number of the *Independent*, gave an article on his study of a New York daily. He chose one of the best dailies, and classified all the news items found in the paper for a period of three months. He placed all these items under such headings as would indicate their character; such, for example, as art, accident, blackmail, benevolence, catastrophe, club life, social functions, forgery, judicial, murder, literary, musical, religious, robbery, etc.

"For the sake of drawing some general conclusions concerning the character of the news," says Mr. Matthews, "the headings under which the items had been classified were arranged in four groups, the 'Trivial,' the 'Unwholesome,' the 'Demoralizing,' and the 'Worth While.' Under these four groups the case may be tabulated as follows:—

GROUPS	NO. OF ITEMS	PER CENT
Demoralizing	2,289	22.8
Unwholesome	1,684	16.8
Trivial	2,124	21.2
Worth While	3,932	39.2
Total	10,029	100.0

Demoralizing		22.8 per cent
Unwholesome		16.8 per cent
Trivial		21.2 per cent
Worth While		39.2 per cent

"Our effort has been to use these terms as they are used by intelligent people in ordinary parlance. By the 'Trivial' is meant the light, inconsequential matter, such as is a loss of time for one to read if he has anything to do that is worth doing. It may not be harmful *per se*, it may not have enough meaning to have real influence, yet it may serve the purpose of entertainment for idle people of small brain caliber whose only function in life is existence. This trivial kind of news is illustrated by a caption that appeared on the front page of one of our morning dailies of a recent issue, 'Alfonso Grows Whiskers.' On the front page of the next issue we were told that the 'King Loses His Whiskers.' These two items of tremendous significance to the American people were given prominent places on the front pages of two successive issues,

where they occupied seven and one-half inches of space.

"We have called one group the 'Unwholesome' and another the 'Demoralizing.' The word demoralizing is used to embrace all such items as, when read, will leave one's character not quite as clean as it was before reading. This influence on character of a single item or of a half dozen items is imperceptible, but nevertheless real. Its reality is seen in the case of one who is a habitual reader of such literature, whether found in newspapers or printed in books. Many items do not have exactly the effect of soiling one's character, but rather of depressing his spirits. They tend to demoralize in the sense of throwing out of order, or putting into disorder, as we say a holiday demoralizes the work of a school. All such items were classed as 'Unwholesome.' The distinction we make is seen by illustration. To read about disasters and catastrophes is not necessarily demoralizing in the sense of injuring character, but it certainly is depressing and unwholesome, while to read of assaults and prize-fights is positively demoralizing, even brutalizing. Likewise, to read about insanity and disease is depressing and therefore unwholesome, yet not demoralizing, while to read of wars and murder and suicides and divorce suits is demoralizing. According to our classification and grouping of 10,029 items, 16.8 per cent were unwholesome and 22.8 per cent were demoralizing. It is a conservative estimate, therefore, that one fifth of the items that appeared during the three months under consideration were positively demoralizing,—one fourth would perhaps be nearer the truth. If our estimate for this,—measured by daily press standards,—this model daily, is reasonable, what would be found in a similar study of the sensationals and the yellows?

"If we had an endowed press, and the function of the modern daily were truly and entirely educational, the unwholesome news even then could not be wholly eliminated, as that which is demoralizing could and ought to be. Much that is unwholesome ought to be eliminated. There is absolutely nothing gained, but much is lost, in publishing the repulsive and nauseating details of railroad disasters and lynchings, of the horrors of cyclones and earthquakes. However, in this day of injustice, much that is depressing ought to be published, so that those who are living in comfort and plenty may know what their fellows in life are suffering because of wrong economic conditions. When, for example, a mother is crazed because of her own hunger and that of her babes, the public ought to know it. When a man out of a job, in a fit of desperation, steals bread for his hungry family or kills himself, the public ought to know that. To furnish the public with such news, however depressing it may be, is a part of the truly educational function of the entire press.

"After we have deducted the trivial, the unwholesome and demoralizing from our 10,029 news items, we have a little more than 39 per cent left, made up of that which is 'worth while,' clean, wholesome news freed from scandals, murder trials, suicides, divorce proceedings, and all other news for the publication of which there is never any excuse."

"GREAT occasions do not make heroes or cowards; they simply unveil them to the eyes of men. Silently and imperceptibly, as we wake or sleep, we grow strong, or we grow weak, and at last some crisis shows us what we have become."

A Visit to the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky

WILLIAM P. PEARCE, D. D.



DID you ever visit Mammoth Cave? It is one of the wonders of the world. To describe it is an impossibility. Pen will not portray this immense and intricate labyrinth, with its unnumbered nooks and crooks,



THE IRON GATE

about a century ago. They have been transformed into modern houses by weatherboarding on the outsides and plastering and papering the insides. Before it is a grove of oaks and cedars, and around it flower beds and gardens. The rustic scenery, the little farms, and far-stretching woods of the two-thousand-acre estate, is really enchanting.

The visitor to the cave is provided with a special dress, which is as amusing as comfortable.

The entrance to Mammoth Cave is reached by a shady path running down a wild ravine some three hundred yards from the hotel. The opening is in the form of an arch having a span of seventy feet. It was much smaller when discovered in 1809 by a hunter named Hutchins, who, having wounded a bear, pursued it to this cave. Since then the fallen trees and rocky debris have been removed, and a stairway of seventy steps has been built for the convenience of visitors. Near the bottom of these steps a little cascade emerges from a rift of the arch nearly fifty feet above. Doubtless this rill was the betrayer of the cave, prying the rocks apart and causing the earth to cave in. As it strikes the stones below, it makes perpetual music, then disappears

immediately, to continue its wanderings in the nether world.

The visitor is provided with a lamp. Following the guide, he comes to the Iron Gate, built in 1874 to keep out vandals. Each guide carries a key, thus unlocking and locking the gate as he goes in or comes out.

Mammoth Cave is always in a normal condition. The current of air is at all times fifty-four degrees. It has five different levels, and, so far as discovered, about two hundred thirty streets and avenues. The eternal silence is almost oppressive to the cave visitors.



THE BRIDAL ALTAR

After passing through the Iron Gate we enter The Narrows,—walls of rock piled on either side. Half way down and to our left rest the remains of two of the first owners, whose monuments are these walls of stone.

From The Narrows we enter Broadway,—a vast corridor four miles in length, through which once flowed a mighty Nile. Here is seen the wooden pipes which carried the water from the spring at the mouth to the saltpeter vats during the War of 1812 with Great Britain. They are still in a fine state of preservation, as are the prints of the ox hoofs in the hard dirt floor. There are four routes to be taken, but the reader will content himself by simply seeing a very few things of the many on these routes.



MRS. PEARCE, THE GUIDE, AND MR. PEARCE

Here are two stone cottages, built more than a half

century ago, by a number of men suffering from consumption. A physician, noticing that the water-pipes of the old miners were still in absolute preservation, came to the conclusion that the place would be beneficial to those suffering with this dread disease. Fifteen came. Two resided in one of the cottages, the other being used as the kitchen. The rest of



THE STONE COTTAGE

the consumptives lived in tents. It was not long, however, ere all died. Their bodies were buried in a grove back of the hotel garden, where also rest the remains of Stephen Bishop, the first guide and explorer.

Grant's Coffin is a sarcophagus-like rock forty feet long, twenty feet wide, and eight or more feet thick. Interesting as this is, the Bridal Altar, composed of three beautiful stalactites, is more so. Fourteen weddings have taken place there. As the visitor comes to the altar, the guide volunteers the information that marrying in the cave has been prohibited. Of course, some one asks, "Why?" and dryly he answers, "Because it is driving matrimony into the ground."

The entrance to Gothic Avenue is Booth's Amphitheater. Here is seen a tall cliff, which is reached by a broad flight of

stairs. Here the celebrated actor recited a part of "Hamlet" to test the acoustic properties, to the delight of his friends, and the writer made a speech to the many members of his party.

There are two unparalleled illusions in Mammoth Cave. The one is the Star Chamber, the other the "Statue of Martha Washington." The Star Chamber is a hall several hundred feet long, about seventy feet wide at the floor and narrowing to forty feet at the ceiling, which is sixty feet above our heads. The light-gray walls are in strong contrast to the lofty ceiling coated with black gypsum; and this again is studded with white spots caused by the effervescence of sulphate of magnesia. A moment's look and the stars seem to twinkle,—the Milky Way appears, and a comet is seen crossing the sky. Collecting a number of lamps, the guide bids his friends extinguish

theirs. Bidding them "Good night" he leaves, with the promise of coming back in the morning. Plunging into the gorge, a darkness like Pharaoh's falls upon the visitors. Two or three minutes pass—minutes long as hours. Then in the distance one sees a faint glimmer of light like the first streak of dawn. Now it increases in volume till it tinges the top of rocky hills. Here and there a star twinkles in the limitless sky of black. Here and there a white veil of mist lies like a resting angel on the worn rocky face.



PATH TO CAVE



GRANT'S COFFIN

is Echo River. On the way one passes the Bottomless Pit, which is nearly two hundred feet deep. Standing on the Bridge of Sighs, the guide illumines the dome, a hundred forty feet high, and the chasm below.

Echo River is twenty to thirty feet deep. In it are found eyeless fish. The ceiling is nearly one hundred feet high, and is most beautifully mottled with black and white limestone, like snow-clouds in a wintry sky. During the rainy season the walk is submerged, and sometimes the waters rise to the roof.

A surprising feature of this river is that it is one vast resonator. Its branching avenues and crevices, its lofty roof of limestone rock, its ancient battlemented shores, all serve as reflectors of sound, no matter how slight, and send it back intensified a thousand times, with its roughness blended into one sweet volume of glorious harmony. Never did "My Old Kentucky Home" sound so sweet as here. Just imagine yourself four and a half miles underground, with a company of others, singing a verse or two of that Southern melody:—

"The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corn-top's ripe, and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day."

After going down the Hill Difficulty, and passing through the long, narrow, winding passage called



BOOTH'S AMPHITHEATER



MOUTH OF CAVE

Elbow Crevice; after a glimpse of Annetta's Dome and the long, slender rock called Lover's Leap; after meditating in the Egyptian Temple and having a good laugh in squeezing through the serpentine channel with walls eighteen inches apart, called the Fat Man's Nursery; after looking upon Victoria's Crown, crossing the natural bridge over the River Styx, attending service in the Methodist Church, and visiting a hundred one points of interest, one feels loath to turn his back on this marvelous underground city with grottoes and domes, dells and cascades, halls and chapels.

But he need not return as he went. There is a short route called the Corkscrew—a long web of fissures which tests one's physical powers. Here we scramble up ladders, wind around or climb over rocks, until we have ascended one hundred fifty feet, from which we descend and enter the Rotunda on the other side.

As we come to the mouth of the cave and extinguish our lights, we can not refrain from exclaiming, with Sir Walter Blackmore, as we associate the Creator with this great creation:—

"That clearer marks of masterly design,
Of wise contrivance, and of judgment, shine
In all parts of nature, we assert,
Than in the brightest works of human art."

"Reforming Ruth"

ANNA CROFTON tapped lightly at the living-room door, and then opened it to find her friend, Margaret Endicott, struggling with a large armful of pink roses; so big a bunch that every vase refused to hold it; such fragrant flowers that their perfume drifted out beyond the hall.

"Peggy, you extravagant thing!" she cried. "I haven't seen roses to be compared with these this winter. But what on earth's the matter with you? You're anything but blooming. Don't worry, dear. You sha'n't go to prison, even if it takes all my next month's allowance."

"O Nan! Do help me with these wretched roses first! Then I'll explain!" sighed Margaret, wearily. "Run and get the big blue Canton jar, there's a dear child."

Anna wondered and obeyed. Then, when the roses had been left nodding gracefully beside the piano, Margaret sank into a chair.

"It's Ruth again," she said. "Just at the last moment the telephone rang, and she called me up to say that she 'was dreadfully sorry, but she simply had to go sleighing with her cousin, and that she sent me her love and some flowers and knew the party would be a great success.' Just a regular Ruth regret, you know. Then a messenger came with this armful of roses—and—and my party's spoiled because now there's an uneven number of guests, and I'll be so busy serving and receiving that I can't substitute."

Anna's lips had shut tightly together. "Yes, I know. She did the same thing with me last month, and sent me a raft of daffodils with her apologies. Only mine was just a 'bring your thimble and take a cup of tea' gathering, and no real harm was done. But it felt, just the same! See here, Peggy! Every year we try to do something worth while, and this time I propose that we reform Ruth."

"O let's!" cried Margaret, enthusiastically. "We've all suffered at her hands. It isn't that Ruth's not generous,—she'd give you her head,—only, well she's

never learned to sacrifice her immediate interests to any promise."

"She's due for some sort of festivity soon," said Anna, reflectively. "I felt it in the air the last time I saw her. I surely do hate to miss one of Ruth's functions, but duty is duty."

Somehow the girls took kindly to the reform movement, for, as Margaret had said, they had all suffered at her hands. The invitations for Ruth's skating-supper were received, and on the afternoon of the supper the telephone tingled with regrets and the messenger boys tramped up the front steps with fragrant bundles tucked under their arms. At five every bowl and vase in the drawing-room was filled with flowers, and the air was as sweet as roses and violets could make it. But in front of a cheerful fire sat an unhappy girl, crying in miserable bewilderment. Had all her friends gone mad? Or did they hate her, or were they making fun of her?

Or—suddenly the real reason flashed across her mind. Then, being a girl of immediate action, she struggled into her coat and ran over to Margaret's, to find the chief conspirators sitting before another fire, looking almost as forlorn as she had a few minutes ago.

"O girls! Did you *have* to teach me?" Ruth laughed and cried together. "Was I really such a little selfish beast? But I've learned my lesson, 'honest and true, black and blue,' as we used to say."

"Well," answered Anna, her eyes twinkling with fun, with winked-back tears, too, "you know every winter we try to do some really good work, and this year—well, this year it was 'Reforming Ruth.'"
—Selected.

Our Words

It is not because we do not know the harsh word will wound a friend or brother, that we say it. Sometimes it is spoken from thoughtlessness, but more often it is because of the spirit of evil working in our hearts.

If we stopped to think of the effect of our words each time before we spoke, there would be left unsaid much that wounds. "By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned," said our Saviour. This shows that our words determine whether or not we shall reach the home that Christ is preparing for us.

"Careful with fire is good advice you know;
Careful with words is ten times doubly so."

"Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds;
You can't do that when you are flying words.
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead,
But God himself can't kill them when they're said."

Kind words are always acceptable, whether to the stranger or to our friends in the home or at school.

"One little act of kindness done,
One little kind word spoken,
Has power to make a thrill of joy
E'en in a heart that's broken.
Then let us watch these little things,
And so regard each other,
That not a word nor look nor tone
Shall wound a friend or brother."

Christ says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Can we not start anew and make our daily prayer, as did the psalmist of old, "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer"?

L. RUTH CONE.



CHILDREN'S PAGE



"Mary Ann Hubble"

I ONCE knew a woman named Mary Ann Hubble,
And this woman always was looking for trouble;
She was looking all day from the time she got up,
To the candlelight-hour when she sat down to sup;
She would look all around her, and search high and low —
Just looking for trouble where'er she would go.
And you may be sure that this Mary Ann Hubble
Had more than her share of what people call trouble.

— Deborah E. Olds, in *St. Nicholas*.

The Crowning of China's Baby Emperor

HE was dressed in sable skins, little black satin boots, and a little sable hat. (You know he is only three years old.) He was brought in a chair to the "hall," and then placed in the great throne chair. Below were all the great princes and grand council.

A master of ceremonies presided, and it was expected it would take two hours to do all in proper order; but alas for "order" and "old-time customs"! They had not counted on the baby wanting his mother and his nurse, and he simply set up a wail that filled the great hall.

The master of ceremonies called the proper ones to come forward at the proper time and make the proper prostrations. The poor little emperor called for his "ma," and when an official tried to quiet him, he put up his hand and said, "I will strike you."

At last his father, the regent, was allowed to go and comfort him, and things were rushed through without proper regard for the "rites and ceremonies of the ancients."

I went to see the great "burnings" for the empress dowager. People think the things burned — not counting her clothing — cost over thirty thousand dollars. One boat sixty feet long, with beautiful satin curtains, carved furniture, and costly porcelains, was soon only ashes. The same things were burned for the emperor, but I did not see them. — *The Dayspring*.



THE CHINESE EMPEROR

Tabby's Visit to Town

A True Story

"I DON'T know which one to keep," said Mrs. Hawkins. "They are all pretty; and since their mother is such a good mouser, they should all be fine at that, too. I'll leave it to you, children. Pick out the one you like best, and we will give the other two, with Tabby, to the butter and eggs man."

Robert and Amy hardly knew which to choose. They were all pretty kittens, beyond doubt. One was yellow, like Tabby, its mother, with very, very soft fur; another was maltese, except for a tiny locket of white under its chin; and the third was no color in particular, but it had the best eyes of all. Strangely enough, this was the one they decided upon at last.

The children would have been glad to keep all three, and Tabby as well, but Mrs. Hawkins said one cat was enough for a city home. Besides, the butter and eggs man lived in the country, where cats were

badly needed, and the Friday before, when he had come into town, he had made an earnest plea for the family.

"He promised to take good care of them," said Robert, who had heard him; "and he'll let us know every week how they are getting along."

So when the butter and eggs man came the following Friday, he brought a big box with him, filled with little holes to give the family plenty of air on their seven-mile trip. The old cat seemed rather doubtful about getting into the box at all, but when two of her children were put in before her, she made a great leap and landed beside them. Then the butter and eggs man clapped on the cover, promised again to bring news of the family the next Friday, and drove off.

The ugly little kitten looked very lonesome in its basket, now that its brother and sister were gone. It was quite big enough to take care of itself, but, as Amy said, any kitten would have been lonesome in its place. It got out of the basket, by and by, and went on a little journey through the dining-room into the parlor and back, which seemed to improve its spirits, and in the evening it cheered up long enough to play with a spool. Still, any one could have seen that it missed its mother.

The next morning both children ran into the kitchen to see the "orphan," as Robert called it. Amy was first, and when she reached the basket, she started back with a little cry of surprise.

"Robert, come here, quick!" she

cried. "Look here in this basket!"

Robert looked, and it was his turn to start back.

There was the kitten, just where it had gone to sleep the night before; and there beside it was Tabby, licking its fur with her tongue, purring over it, and extending all the attentions that a mother cat should toward her children!

"How did she find her way back?" Robert asked. "She couldn't possibly have seen out of that box in the wagon."

"I can't tell you that either," his mother answered. "But the instinct of animals is very wonderful."

It seemed, however, that the strange happenings were not over, even then; for an hour later, when the children came again to the basket to look at the mother cat, she was gone. They waited all that day for her to return, and early the next morning they ran to the basket, but she was not there. The week went by, but still she failed to come back.

"I wonder ——" began Amy; but she stopped short, and said, "Wait till the butter and eggs man comes."

He came while the children were home from school, and they stormed him with so many questions that he threw up his hands in perplexity.

"Why, yes," he said, at length. "The cat is there, and so are the kittens. They are doing very nicely. She has been there all the time."

Then it was the children's turn to give *him* some in-

formation, and they did, with glee. He could hardly believe at first that the old cat had made a visit to town and back without his knowing it; but in the end, of course, he had to believe.

"She just came to see if her kitten was all right," said Amy, "and when she saw it was, she was satisfied, and went back."

And so, indeed, it seemed; for Tabby stayed in the country after that, and never visited town again.—*Paul Suter, in the Sunday School Times.*

A Bit of Royal Discipline

MANY anecdotes of royal personages are told, especially upon their accession to the throne. The following, however, culled from an 1840 German magazine, seems to have escaped notice. It relates to a bit of insubordination on the part of King Edward when a child.

One day at Windsor Palace he stood at a French window looking out upon the gardens when he should have been studying. His governess remonstrated with him, but to no avail. Finally she told him that if he did not learn his lessons, she would have to put him in a corner.

"I won't learn," answered the youngster; "and I won't stand in a corner, for I am the Prince of Wales!" At this he kicked vigorously at the window and broke two panes. The governess at once sent for

his father, the prince consort, and told him the whole circumstance.

"Sit down there," said Prince Albert to his son, pointing to an ottoman, "and wait till I return." When he came back, he carried a Bible.

"Listen now," he admonished the boy, "to what the holy apostle Paul says to you and other children in your position." He then read Gal. 4: 1, 2: "Now I say, That the heir, so long as he is a child, differeth nothing from a servant, though he be lord of all; but is under tutors and governors until the time appointed of the father." "It is true," continued Prince Albert, "that you are the Prince of Wales, and if you conduct yourself properly, you may become a man of high station, and after the death of your mother, may even become king of England. But now you are a little boy, who must obey his tutors and governors. Besides, I must impress upon you a saying of the wise Solomon in Prov. 13: 14: 'He that spareth his rod hateth his son: but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes.'" At this, he gave the heir to the British throne a tingling chastisement, after which he stood him up in the corner, saying, "You will stand there and study your lesson till Miss Hillyard gives you leave to come out. And never forget that you are now under tutors and governors, and that hereafter you will be under a law given by God."

Who can doubt that firmness of this character, on the part of both parents and teachers, is needed in our own land? — *Young People.*

The Humming-Bird



THE humming-bird is an easy one to study, after you know it and its way; that is, it is easy to study if you know how to study it. If you will take your position by the side of a flower bush of some kind, and stand perfectly still, the humming-birds will come within two or three feet of you, and may be easily seen. Frequently they will alight upon a branch right by your side, and you can watch them brush up their feathers and wipe the honey off their bills and primp just like girls getting ready for a party.

It is a mistake to suppose that humming-birds visit flowers only for the honey they find in them. They do eat the honey they find, and are very fond of it, but what they really go to flowers for is for the purpose of gathering the little insects that get into the flowers. They have probably learned to like the honey by swallowing insects that are covered with it, for many insects actually drown in the sweet sirup found in flowers.

The humming-bird has a long, thread-like tongue, with barbs upon it. The bird can send its tongue down into the heart of a morning-glory, and the small bugs and gnats that may have gotten into the flower are easily brought up and eaten by the bird.

The bill of the humming-bird has a hole in the end of it, too, and is used as a boy uses a straw in drinking soda-water. It can stick the bill down into a flower and suck out every particle of sweetness that is in there.

The humming-bird builds the tiniest nest that boys and girls ever saw. It is about an inch across and an inch deep, and as delicately woven as a piece of silk. It is lined with the softest of downy stuff, and there isn't a rough place in it. In this nest the bird lays only

one or two eggs, as she does not desire a large family.

When it is first hatched, a humming-bird is no larger than the first joint of a baby's little finger, and is as much like a worm as anything else. The egg is about the size of a pea, and hatches in ten or twelve days.

The humming-bird is our most artistically colored bird. One great man has referred to it as a "glittering fragment of the rainbow," and that comes very nearly describing it. Along its back it is a beautiful metallic green, while around its throat is a collar of ruby red, tapering off into white. The female does not wear the ruby collar.

The lower part of the back tones down from the metallic green to a brownish violet. The whole appearance of the bird is that of polished steel whose hues have been fastened by fire — burnished until it glistens in the sun. It is easy to tell the male from the female by the fact that the tail of the male is forked, while that of the female is rounded.

It can fly so rapidly that its course can not be followed, and yet it can poise in the air and seem to stand fixed against the background of the scene. It moves its wings so rapidly that it produces a humming sound, from which it gets its name, and when it hovers over a flower near you, the wings appear as a halo about the bird.

The humming-bird, small as it is, is a little fighter, and can chase a hawk away from its nest. Often when you hear an old crow carrying on, it is because one of these little streaks of color is after him. It has been known to attack boys who were about to trouble its nest.—*George E. Burba.*

"THINGS without remedy should be without regard."

Kindness to the Erring

For my part, I confess I have not the heart to take an offending man or woman from the general crowd of sinful, erring beings, and judge him harshly. The little I have seen of the world, and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed, the brief pulsations of joy, the feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the tears of regret, the feebleness of purpose, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends, the scorn of the world that has but little charity, the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voice within, health gone, even hope, which stays longest with us, gone, I have little heart for aught else but thankfulness that it is not so with me, and would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow being with Him from whose hands it came.—*Selected.*

What Shall Boys Read?

A FEW weeks ago a young boy in Indiana committed suicide. He left a note for his brother saying he had read two books on infidelity which had plunged him into the depths of despair, and he begged his brother to urge all young boys never to read bad literature. Not long ago five boys derailed a train on the New York Central Railway. One of these boys carried in his pocket the blood-curdling stories of the Jesse James robberies. The chaplain of Newgate prison claims that cheap literature has put many boys behind iron bars.

Franklin, when fifteen years old, read an infidel book by Shaftsbury, another by Collins; and had it not been for a few good books which he had read before, his infidelity would have blasted his life. Two books well-nigh robbed our republic of a good president; for when young Lincoln read them, they nearly unsettled his moral character. Garfield, when a young boy, read four books which made such an inroad upon his love of mother and home that he fully determined to try a "life on the wave"! His mother saw that the books had sown the seeds of evil in his heart, and that he had started on the road to ruin. Serious illness and the counsel of his mother and some friends brought a turning-point in his life; but two or three years before his death, he declared publicly that he had never been able to fully eliminate from his mind the unwholesome influence of those books.

These experiences are danger-signals that should lead every thinking boy at once to take a resolute stand against bad literature. A story is told of a certain prisoner in Sydney, Australia, who was about to be hanged. The prosecuting attorney said to him, "This is your supreme hour." "No," replied the condemned man, "my supreme hour was, when at the age of fourteen, I made a wrong decision." So make the right decision now, boys. Refuse to read any book or paper which you would not be glad to share with your mother. Make up your minds that you will shun the devil's bait, however tempting he makes it appear. You have no time for cheap novels, and remember that usually the novel with a nice cover on, and selling for one dollar and fifty cents, is about as bad as the cheap one. Often the only difference between the two is one dollar and forty cents. Cast aside the illustrated Sunday edition of the daily paper. Turn away from the book that spoils your appetite for your Sab-

bath-school lesson; that sets you to dreaming when you should be working or studying; that makes you think less of home and loved ones; that makes you so hungry for exciting adventure that you forget to be pleasant, kind, and helpful at home.

You can no more escape the influence of the books you read than you can keep the air you breathe from entering your lungs. Few things are more to be desired than a good book or more to be dreaded than a bad one. Bad books are one of Satan's special agents for ruining boys; and no boy who desires to become a true man can afford to ruin his mind with bad reading. Boyhood is the foundation upon which manhood rests. Every day you are building—building for eternity. There is plenty of good timber. Choose wisely, use the best, that the foundation of your manhood may be true and solid. MATILDA ERICKSON.

Boys Who Are Needed

"I DON'T know what we should do in this world without boys," said one of the members of a large business house. "There seems to be certain things to be done which only a boy can properly perform, and if a boy—the right kind of boy, I mean, of course—is not forthcoming, one feels at a loss how to get these things done at all. We have half a dozen first-rate boys connected with our establishment, and I don't know how we could run the business smoothly and successfully without them."

The qualities which make a boy so indispensable to all departments of our modern life are not hard to distinguish or define, says an exchange. They are evident on the front of all the boy's activity—his frankness and honesty, his versatility, his abounding vitality and endurance, his teachableness, his obligingness, his good spirits, his readiness and enthusiasm for subordinate service. Because of these characteristic qualities, the right kind of boy is a treasure to any employer. His cleverness and enthusiasm alone are a perpetual source of refreshment and help to a busy man.

The boy who is needed is the boy whose native moral quality has not been impaired by wrong thinking and wrong-doing. He has honesty, obedience, and loyalty in the glance of the eye and the inward feeling of his heart. There is something distinctly winning about his face and personality. He may be "green," inexperienced, awkward, at first, perhaps, but he is the kind of boy who is needed in the most earnest and important affairs, because his heart and will are pure and right. Details and methods are things which he can learn—that every employer knows. He has no false pride. He will take hold of his simple and subordinate duties with an enthusiasm that seems to quicken the whole business with its overflow. The proudest and most devoted employee of a great business concern is very likely to be the boy who takes care of the office and does the errand-running. He is glad of a chance to serve, and, in due time, to rise.

Such is the boy who is needed everywhere in this busy and exacting world—not less in the educational and social world than in industrial and commercial life. His life will be as sincere and pure as the native disposition of the human heart before it has been seduced and corrupted. A good boy is a natural boy, and that is why we are drawn toward him, and feel the need of him, and get so much personal help out of his service and sympathy.—*Young People's Weekly.*



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XV — Prophetic History of the World

SYNOPSIS.—In the second, seventh, and eighth chapters of Daniel prophetic symbols are given, outlining the history of the world from that time until the close of the present age. As recorded in Daniel 2, a great metallic image was shown to Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, in a dream. This was finally displaced by a stone cut out of a mountain, without hands, which filled the whole earth. The different parts of the image represented four great world empires which followed one another in succession, and the stone the kingdom of God which succeeds all earthly kingdoms. The same history is outlined in Daniel 7 by means of wild beasts as symbols, with additional details concerning the four empires and the development from the fourth of an antichristian power, ending with the setting up of God's everlasting kingdom. In chapter 8 is recorded a vision given in the last year of the kingdom of Babylon, in which symbols were shown representing the two world powers to succeed that nation, and giving further details concerning the work of the great antichristian power.

Questions

1. To what do the symbols in Daniel, chapters 2, 7, and 8, refer? Dan. 2: 38, 39; 7: 17-19; 8: 20-23.
2. Explain the first symbol in each of the chapters 2 and 7, and their meaning. Dan. 2: 31, 32, 38, 39; 7: 3, 4.
3. How was the next great world power symbolized? Dan. 2: 32, 39; 7: 5; 8: 3, 4, 20.
4. How was the third kingdom symbolized? Dan. 2: 32, 39; 7: 6; 8: 5-8, 21, 22.
5. How was the last great world empire represented? Dan. 2: 33, 40; 7: 7, 23; 8: 9.
6. What changes in the Roman power are symbolized? Dan. 2: 33, 41-43; 7: 7, 8, 24.
7. What is to take the place of all earthly kingdoms? Dan. 2: 34, 35, 44, 45; 7: 9-14, 18, 26, 27.

Notes

1. "King" and "kingdoms" are here used interchangeably; "king" usually in the dynastic sense, and meaning "kingdom."
2. Both of these symbols evidently refer to Babylon, for in each chapter the four kingdoms reach to the same point, the setting up of God's kingdom. The lion with eagle's wings is a true representation of the rapid development of the kingdom of Babylon under Nebuchadnezzar the Great, and the plucking of the wings and the giving of a man's heart its quick decline. Babylon was conquered by Medo-Persia in 538 B. C. (See Daniel 5.)
3. Medo-Persia continued from 538 to 331 B. C., when it was overthrown by the Grecian army under Alexander the Great. It is thought that the three ribs in the mouth of the bear represent the three prominent provinces that were overthrown by Medo-Persia in the establishment of its power — Babylon, Lydia, and Egypt. Raising itself up on one side may refer to the fact that Persia became the stronger element in the nation. This, and the fact that Persia came up last, is represented in the two horns of the ram in Daniel 8.
4. The swift-footed leopard, with its four wings, is a fitting symbol of Grecia during the Macedonian era. The four heads, doubtless, represent the four divisions into which Alexander's kingdom was divided after his death in 323 B. C. In Daniel 8 this division is represented by the four horns which came up after the notable horn was broken. The division which included Macedonia and Greece — the original

seat of this world empire — was made a Roman province in 146 B. C., and the last of the four divisions, Egypt, came under the imperial sway of the iron monarchy in 30 B. C.

5. These symbols fittingly describe the great universal empire of Rome (Luke 2:1) which had the strength of iron, and literally devoured and broke in pieces the nations of earth. The little horn of Daniel 8 must also refer to Rome, which from the standpoint of the prophet was seen coming out of one of the divisions of Alexander's kingdom, and which did the work attributed to this symbol. It represented a power greater than either of the preceding powers in the chapter, for while the ram "became great" and the he-goat "waxed very great," the little horn "waxed exceeding great."

6. Rome was broken into fragments by the incoming of the northern barbarians between the years 351 and 476 A. D. From the ruins arose several independent nations. Scott, in his notes on Daniel, says: "It is, however, certain that the Roman empire was divided into ten kingdoms, and though they might be sometimes more and sometimes fewer, yet they were still known by the name of the ten kingdoms of the Western empire." The ten kingdoms which seem to fulfil all the conditions of prophecy are as follows: Alemanni, Franks, Suevi, Vandals, Burgundians, Ostrogoths, Visigoths, Anglo-Saxons, Lombards, Heruli. For more than fourteen centuries these separate nations of Europe have existed, and although repeated efforts have been made to unite them, as foretold in the prophecy, this divided condition exists, and will exist until the setting up of the kingdom of God.

7. This is the objective point in these prophecies. All earthly governments have in them the element of decay — sin; and the climax of the great conflict between good and evil is the destruction of sin, and the setting up of the kingdom of God which shall stand forever. We now each have the privilege of admitting the kingdom, or rule of God, into our lives, and becoming one of the "saints of the Most High."

The work of the little horn on the head of the fourth beast of Daniel 7, and the little horn of Daniel 8, will be considered in another lesson.

Junior Reading Course No. 2

No. 21 — "My Garden Neighbors," Pages 133-150 Notes and Suggestions

WHAT tools does Mrs. Spinner use in her carpentry? How does she build her house so accurately? Where does she get her clothes-brush? What is peculiar about her eating? How does she make her living? Can the spiders teach us any lessons? Are there any birds around your home now? On page eleven of this paper you can learn something about the humming-bird.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Course No. 3

No. 21 — The Spirit of Prophecy

TEXT: "The Great Second Advent Movement," chapters 13-15.

SYNOPSIS.—The spirit of prophecy, one of the gifts of Christ to his church, was manifested to comfort and instruct the disappointed ones, at the very beginning of the third angel's message, in the person of Ellen G. Harmon, a seventeen-year-old girl. Her first vision was given at Portland, Maine, shortly after the passing of the time, and, with others which followed, was directed to the correction of errors then coming in among Adventists, the principal of which were, new time-setting, "the spiritual coming," "millennial days: no more work," "the shut door," sanctification, and mesmerism. The physical manifestations accompanying these open visions were in accordance with the experiences of Biblical prophets, and tended to establish faith in their genuineness. The exercise of the gift of prophecy through Miss Harmon was the greatest factor in uniting believers upon the new truths of the third angel's message.

Study

1. Why was the gift of prophecy needed at this time?

2. Through whom was this gift now manifested?
3. Relate the tests made upon Miss Harmon, and show by Biblical proofs the genuineness of the manifestations.
4. What was her experience in receiving these visions and entering upon public work?
5. Explain the false and the true theories of the "shut door," and show what positions were taken by the different parties.
6. How was the fanaticism concerning "millennial days: no more work" dealt with by the spirit of prophecy?
7. Relate the conflict between the spirit of prophecy and fanaticism combined with mesmerism.
8. Toward what object was the spirit of prophecy directed, and what was the result?

Notes

1. The spirit of prophecy is a perpetual gift to the church from the time of Christ's ascension. But its reception is dependent upon the receptivity of the church and of individuals in the church. Since the time of the apostles, it has now and then been manifested in some degree, but it was not until the remnant church, in its humility and its great need, accepted it, that it was restored to the place it occupied before the great apostasy. Irving in England saw and taught the truth concerning it, but weak-minded and ambitious persons took advantage of his teachings to pervert the truth through fanaticism. At about the same time, Foye and Foss in America, received manifestations of the gift; but the leaders, warned by Irving's experience, feared fanaticism; and the two prophets, each in his turn, proved unfit for the work. The comparatively prosperous and popular people who proclaimed the message before 1844 could not be used by God for the restoration of this great gift; but the poor unlearned, despised company who clung to God after the disappointment were in a state of mind wherein God could work, and to them came the great gift. Can it be held by a people less humble, less devoted, less self-sacrificing?

2. Without the guidance of the spirit of prophecy, we can not see how the scattered, torn flock in 1845-50 could have been united upon the truths of the third angel's message. That Spirit spoke with authority, and to its teachings those who had accepted it could cling with firm faith while yet their sight of the truth was dim. God found one, "the weakest of the weak," with a nature and an experience that fitted her to be his spokesman. We should not be led by this circumstance into holding that the spirit of prophecy can not be manifested at once through more than one. There have been others among us who have received revelations from God, as Elder James White, Hiram Edson, and many others; yet only through one, so far, has come the full manifestation of the gift. There have been false prophets among us, and doubtless will yet be. There will also come true prophets. Joel 2:28, 29. By Scriptural tests and by their fruits we shall know them.

3. The "open vision," with physical manifestations, was necessary at the beginning to establish the faith of a simple people in a new manifestation. In these later days we, who may see more easily the truth and the need of this gift, do not require such manifestations to establish our faith. Rather, the tests of Deut. 18:22 and Isa. 8:20 are to be applied.

Golden Thoughts

For the world is full of roses,
And the roses full of dew,
And the dew is full of heavenly love
That drips for me and you.

—Riley.

When over the fair fame of friend and foe
The shadows of disgrace shall fall, instead
Of words of blame, or proof of thus and so,
Let something good be said.

—Riley.

Thou that hast given so much to me,
Give one thing more,—a grateful heart;
Not thankful when it pleaseth me,
As if thy blessings had spare days,
But such a heart, whose pulse may be thy praise.

—George Herbert.

When I have anything to do, I go and do it.—
Raleigh.

The chains of habit are too small to be felt till they
are too strong to be broken.—*Johnson.*



XII — A Man Healed of Dropsy: Parable of the Great Supper

(March 19)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Luke 14:1-24.

MEMORY VERSE: "Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God." Luke 14:15.

The Lesson Story

1. Some of the Jews had complained of Jesus because he healed people on the Sabbath; but he had shown that it was right to relieve suffering on the Sabbath. "And it came to pass, as he went into the house of one of the chief Pharisees to eat bread on the Sabbath day, that they watched him. And, behold, there was a certain man before him which had the dropsy. And Jesus answering spake unto the lawyers and Pharisees, saying, Is it lawful to heal on the Sabbath day?"

2. "And they held their peace. And he took him, and healed him, and let him go; and answered them, saying, Which of you shall have an ass or an ox fallen into a pit, and will not straightway pull him out on the Sabbath day? And they could not answer him again to these things.

3. "And he put forth a parable to those which were bidden, when he marked how they chose out the chief rooms; saying unto them, When thou art bidden of any man to a wedding, sit not down in the highest room; lest a more honorable man than thou be bidden of him; and he that bade thee and him come and say to thee, Give this man place; and thou begin with shame to take the lowest room.

4. "But when thou art bidden, go and sit down in the lowest room; that when he that bade thee cometh, he may say unto thee, Friend, go up higher: then shalt thou have worship in the presence of them that sit at meat with thee. For whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.

5. "Then said he also to him that bade him, When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbors; lest they also bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee. But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind: and thou shalt be blessed; for they can not recompense thee: for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.

6. "And when one of them that sat at meat with him heard these things, he said unto him, Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God." Then Jesus said: "A certain man made a great supper, and bade many: and sent his servant at supper time to say to them that were bidden, Come; for all things are now ready.

7. "And they all with one consent began to make excuse. The first said unto him, I have bought a piece of ground, and I must needs go and see it: I pray thee have me excused. And another said, I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them: I pray thee have me excused. And another said, I have married a wife, and therefore I can not come.

8. "So that servant came, and showed his lord

these things. Then the master of the house being angry said to his servant, Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind. And the servant said, Lord, it is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room.

9. "And the lord said unto the servant, Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled. For I say unto you, That none of those men which were bidden shall taste of my supper."

10. This parable of the supper well represents the supper of the Lamb of God, spoken of in Rev. 19:9. All are invited to it, and many are the excuses daily offered for delaying acceptance. Only those who love Jesus better than anything in this world will be ready to go in to the supper when he says, "Come; for all things are now ready." We must accept the invitation now; by and by will be too late.

Questions

1. For what reason had some of the Jews complained of Jesus? What had he proved to them? Luke 13:14-17; John 9:14, 16. Where did Jesus go one Sabbath to eat? Who, among others, was there? What question did Jesus ask the lawyers and Pharisees who were watching him? Luke 14:1-3.

2. How did they treat his question? What did the Saviour then do for the afflicted man? What question did he then ask? How did the lawyers and Pharisees show that they knew he was right? Verses 4-6.

3. How did some of the guests at the house where Jesus was, manifest their pride and selfishness? What did Christ say in reference to such conduct? When they chose the best places for themselves, what embarrassment might they have to suffer? Verses 7-9.

4. What course did the Saviour recommend? In doing as he advised, how may one be honored by his host? How then would the other guests regard him? Repeat what Jesus said next. Verses 10, 11.

5. When a person gives something to any one who is not in need, who will probably give something to him in return? If, instead, he gives to those who have nothing to give him, how will he be rewarded? Which reward will be the greater? Verses 12-14.

6. What did one of those at the table say to Jesus? In reply, whom did Jesus tell about? On what errand did the man of whom Jesus told, send a servant? Verses 15-17.

7. What did all those do who had been invited to the supper? What was the excuse of the first? of another? of still another? Verses 18-20. What are some of the things that will hinder people from being present at the supper referred to in the memory verse?

8. How did the man of whom Jesus told, feel about the excuses offered? Then what was the servant sent to do? Verses 21, 22.

9. To what other places was he told to go to get persons to attend the supper? Verse 23. Where does the Saviour wish his people to go, to tell of the things he has prepared for those who will come to him? Mark 16:15.

10. What does the parable of the supper represent? Who are invited to the supper of the Lamb? Who only will be ready to sit down with Jesus at the feast?

HUMILITY, like darkness, reveals the heavenly lights.—*Thoreau*.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

XII — Jesus Dines With a Pharisee on the Sabbath; Heals Man With Dropsy; Parable of the Great Supper

(March 19)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Luke 14:1-24.

LESSON HELP: "Christ's Object Lessons," pages 219-237.

MEMORY VERSE: Luke 14:15.

Questions

1. With whom did Jesus dine on a certain Sabbath? Who was present? What did the Pharisees do? Luke 14:1, 2; note 1.

2. What question did Jesus ask the Pharisees before performing the miracle of healing? Did they make any reply? What did he then do? Verses 3, 4.

3. What further question did Jesus ask to defend his act? With what result? Verses 5, 6.

4. In what practical way did he teach a lesson on humility? What led him to do this? Verse 7; note 2.

5. Relate the parable. Verses 8-10.

6. What is the penalty for self-exaltation? What is the reward for humility? Verse 11.

7. How did Christ further attack their selfishness and feelings of caste? Whom should we bid to a feast? Why? When will we be rewarded? Verses 12-14.

8. What did Jesus' reference to the resurrection of the just lead one of the guests to say? Verse 15.

9. What further parable did Jesus put forth? What did the servant announce? What excuses did those make who were bidden? Verses 16-20.

10. What further command was given the servant? From what places were the guests gathered? What statement was made concerning those who did not accept the invitation? Verses 21-24.

11. What, in the parable, was the real reason for all the excuses made? Note 3.

12. What is taught by the bringing in of the unfortunate classes? Note 4.

13. In what way does the parable have a special emphasis in the last days? Matt. 24:14; Rev. 14:6.

Notes

1. It is very probable from what follows that the man with the dropsy was not one of the guests. He may, with Oriental freedom, have come in to look on, or he may have been placed there by envious design.

2. "The couches on which the guests reclined at meals were arranged so as to form three sides of a square, the fourth being left open to allow the servants to bring in the dishes. The right-hand couch was reckoned the highest; and the others, the middle and the lower respectively, the places on each couch being distinguished in the same way, from the fact that the guest who reclined with his head, as it were, in the bosom of him behind, seemed to be the lower of the two. The 'highest place' on the highest couch was thus the 'chief place.'—*Geikie's 'Life and Words of Christ,' Vol. II, pages 319, 320.*

3. "All the excuses betray a preoccupied mind. To these intended guests other interests had become all-absorbing. The invitation they had pledged themselves to accept was put aside, and the generous friend was insulted by their indifference."—*"Christ's Object Lessons," page 222.*

4. The parable was doubtless aimed at Jewish bigotry and exclusiveness, and was meant to help his disciples gain a new conception of the work which they must do for the Gentile world. It is a lesson for all time. When Satan can not prevent men from accepting Christ, he will endeavor to foster selfish pride and build up the feeling of caste within the church.

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To-morrow is with God alone,
And man hath but to-day.

—Whittier.

No Single Admissions

A PRIEST had a striking dream. He dreamed he had ascended the ladder that reached from earth to heaven. Expectantly he knocked upon the door. Some one responded, and demanded, "Who is there?" Proudly the priest called his name. "Who is with you?" came the reply. "No one," answered the priest; "I am alone." "Sorry," said the angel, "but we are instructed never to open these gates for a single individual." And crest-fallen and disappointed he descended to earth.—*The War Cry*.

Chinese Girl Editor

A CHINESE girl, a member of an aristocratic family, has been made the editor of a daily newspaper in Peking. It is known as the *Woman's Journal*, and is doing great good in the enlightenment not only of the women of China, but also of citizens in general. It is shaping public opinion against foot-binding, and is making war on the opium habit. It is printed in the Chinese language, and is quite attractive in typographical appearance.

When it was started, the paper encountered much criticism and opposition, but its editor had the zeal and determination of a girl with a mission, and she has lived to see the journal on a paying basis, and its opinions highly respected.—*Selected*.

A Personal Experience

PICKING up a paper, I believe it was the INSTRUCTOR, one day, I read of a man who had a "prayer book;" that is, he had a book in which he asked those who would allow him to pray for them to write their names. For these he prayed, and, one after another, he saw them come to Christ. This appealed to me, as I am so often asked to remember some one in prayer, but the requests were so many, and the list of names so long, I could not remember them all by name every day. While the idea was still fresh in my mind, I purchased a small note-book. In this I entered the names of those for whom I had a burden on my heart, and also the names of those who from time to time would ask me to pray for them. At the morning sea-

son of secret prayer, I remember these all by name and their individual needs before God. Yes, this took some time, fifteen minutes or more, but I received such a blessing in the intercession, I felt well repaid for the effort it cost.

Among the names on my list was that of a young girl, whose case so far as I could discern, seemed hopeless. Still I persisted in prayer, remembering before God the promise that if we ask, he will do. John 14: 14. One day I sat down and wrote a letter to this young woman, making a strong appeal for the Christian life. The day following I left the city, and was gone for over two months, so did not see or hear of her during that time. I could not help thinking that my letter had been ridiculed and my efforts vain. But I continued to pray as I had done before.

Think of the joy I experienced when, returning to the city, one of the first to meet me at the church was this young woman, who, putting her arms around me, said, "I have given my life to Christ, and I am so happy!" More than her testimony as a proof of her conversion was the work she was doing for others.

I can now better understand the spirit that prompted Samuel to say, "God forbid that I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you." Let us all remember to sow beside all waters, for we know not which shall prosper, this or that. A WORKER.

Sowing Beside All Waters

GOD has made it possible for us to do good in many ways. By speech, by writing, by example, by prayer, and by personal appeal we may help others. One may do good by a mere gesture, by a hearty hand-shake, and by a smile. The story is told of a whole family brought into the church by a smile. We may be useful in business life, in social life, and in political life. We may find way to the heart of hardened sinners and worldly men by adapting ourselves to their whims and modes of thought and life.

A recent writer in a Western paper tells of a young minister stationed over a rural congregation on the frontier who won a wicked man to God by a novel stratagem. The man was a blaspheming infidel, and the young preacher, whose zeal knew no bounds, asked him to attend church. He replied with an oath, saying that he had no clothes fit to wear to church, whereupon the minister proposed to exchange suits with him. The bargain was made and carried out. The rustic people smiled when they saw the infidel coming down the aisle dressed in a black suit and the minister entering the pulpit dressed in a blue suit of overalls, but they understood the significance of the transaction and admired the pluck of the preacher. He preached a telling sermon, and the infidel became mortified and ashamed of his part of the program, and went to the minister and promised to lead a better life. It was not long before he became a member of the church and a consistent Christian.

A literal imitation of this example could not be commended indiscriminately. There are places where it would not be right. But this young man knew the place and the people. It is an illustration of the declaration of the apostle, "I am become all things to all men, that I may by all means save some."—*Selected*.

"A STORE makes not great rivers turbid grow.
When saints are vexed their shallowness they show."