The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LVIII April 5, 1910 No. 14

The Light That Is Felt

A tender child of summers three,
Seeking her little bed at night,
Paused on the dark stair timidly.
"O mother! take my hand," said she,
"And then the dark will all be light."

We older children grope our way
From dark behind to dark before;
And only when our hands we lay,
Dear Lord, in thine, the night is day,
And there is darkness nevermore.

Reach downward to the sunless days
Wherein our guides are blind as we,
And faith is small and hope delays;
Take thou the hands of prayer we raise,
And let us feel the light of thee!

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

THIS and THAT

THE profession of pharmacy has of late attracted many women. Experience has proved that their deftness and accuracy make them especially valuable as prescription clerks. Some of the best colleges of pharmacy now receive women.

"NORWAY has for the first time elected a woman to the Storthing, its national parliamentary body. The woman who gets this distinction is a teacher in the public schools. She is elected as a deputy, or alternate, and has a vote only in the absence of the regular member from her district."

Death in Pleasures

DID you ever read of the bee in the fable, that found a pot of honey ready made, and thought it would be fine to save all the trouble of flying about the meadows and gathering its sweet stores, little by little, out of the cups of flowers, and began to sip out of the dish? Then it went in and reveled in the sweets; but when it began to get tired and cloyed, it found, poor bee! that its wings were all clogged and would not open, nor could it drag its body out of the mass. So it died, buried in pleasure. There are many persons, like this bee, that find death in their pleasures.— *Selected.*

Be It Yours to Learn

IN our whole life-melody the music is broken off here and there by "rests," says Ruskin, and we foolishly think we have come to the end of the tune. God sends us a time of forced leisure, a time of sickness and disappointed plans, and makes a sudden pause in the choral hymn of our lives, and we lament that our voices must be silent, and our part missing in the music which ever goes up to the ear of the Creator. Not without design does God write the music of our lives. Be it ours to learn the tune and not be dismayed at the "rests." If we look up, God will beat the time for us.— *Young People's Weekly.*

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The Story of the Heavens — No. 12

H. U. STEVENS

The Universe

SO far in the course of our study we have spent most of our time in considering the beauties of the solar system. A mighty system it is! almost incomprehensible in its dimensions as compared with the things we are accustomed to meet from day to day. But now we must prepare for a broader flight and a grander view. Wh[at] we have been thinking of in the solar system as [great] we shall learn to look upon as small in comparison with the infinitudes we are soon to meet. Astronomy is the subject above all others in which we behold the Creator in the infinitude of his power; but no subject in astronomy demands such mighty stretches of all the mental powers, no subject so staggers the soul of man in his attempts to comprehend, no subject leads to such utter bewilderment by the very vastness of its theme, as that which is now before us. Such glory, such grandeur, such majesty inspire reverence and awe for Him who holds it all in the hollow of his hand; such glory, such grandeur, such majesty inspire faith and trust when we remember that this is he in whom we live and move and have our being, and who "so loved the world [this atom of a world], that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

THE NEBULA IN ANDROMEDA

In comprehending quantities some unit of measurement is needed. In the solar system we found the mile far too small for convenience. Measuring distances in miles in the solar system we found like measuring continents by paces. The "astronomical unit" we found convenient, which you will remember is the distance from the earth to the sun. Now I hear you ask, "Isn't this mighty distance large enough for our purpose?" Well, hardly: it isn't "a drop in the bucket;" and our little mile could scarcely be found even with a compound microscope. You must remember that, in the view we are now taking, not only is our earth reduced to an atom in dimensions, but our whole system — sun, moon, planets, and all — has shrunk to a mere speck in the distance, and our sun has become only a spark seen upon the distant blue of the sky, like the myriad stars seen on a clear night.

You have all observed the fact that it takes some time for sound to travel. You have heard your echo from some distant building or hill some seconds after the words were uttered. Sound travels at a velocity of 1,[100] feet a second; but I wonder if any of you have thought that it takes light some time to travel, [and] we can actually produce "light echoes" similar to sound echoes. But this is actually the case; [the] velocity, however, is staggering to comprehend, [being] 186,000 miles a second. This velocity would carry it around the earth over seven times at every tick of the clock, and to the sun and back in about sixteen minutes. Now multiply this 186,000 by the number of seconds in a year, and you have the distance, in miles, which is taken as the unit in measuring stellar distances. A mighty measuring rod, isn't it? About 63,000 times the distance of the earth from the sun! Distances expressed in this unit represent the number of years required for light to travel over them. And to prepare our minds for the distances as they really are, we might say that our nearest neighbor among the stars is some 4.4 light-years distant, which means that if this star, Alpha Centauri by name, were to-night blotted from existence, its light would continue to come to us and we would know nothing of the disaster for over four years from to-night, even though the news came on the wings of light, at the rate of 186,000 miles a second.

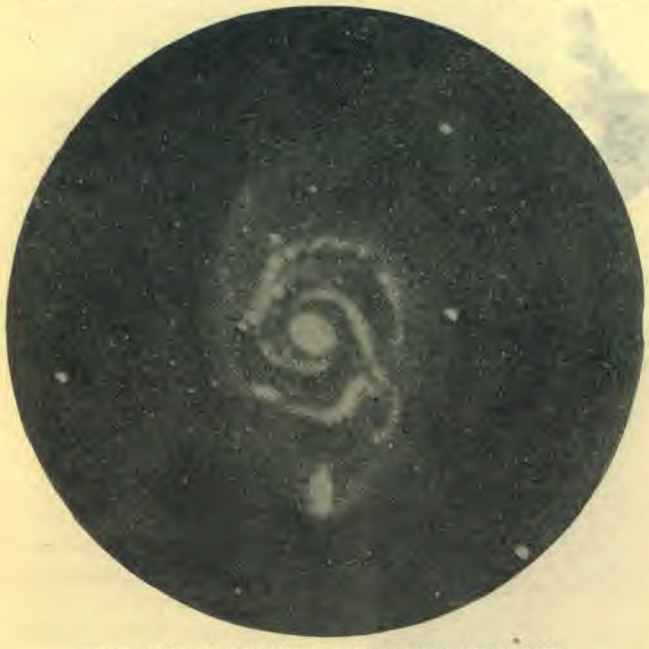
The distances are so vast, and the difficulties under which they are measured are so great, that not so much along this line has been accomplished as one might wish. In fact, the majority of the stars are so remote that we can not possibly measure them,— so vastly remote that the most skilled astronomer, with the most refined instruments, is baffled in his best efforts. But some are known, and here are a few of them.

Light consumes 8.4 years in coming to us from "Sirius," that very bright star southeast of Orion in the constellation Canis Major; 12.1 years are consumed in coming from Procyon, the brightest star in Canis Minor, several degrees north of Sirius.

Arcturus, in the constellation Bootes, which is mentioned in Job 38: 32, is so remote that twenty-five years would be consumed in the transmission of a message from it on the wings of light.

Polaris, the pole-star, is some forty-four light-years distant; while some stars are so remote that the light which we are receiving from them was started on its voyage during the times of the Revolution which freed our country from English rule. And the confines of the universe are so remote that doubtless the light struck by God on creation morning has not reached them yet. And what makes it all seem grander to us than ever is the thought that we are not exceptions to the rule, but other suns and systems are as far removed from their neighbors as we are from ours.

As the stellar distances are past comprehension, so their number is past counting. Those which are separately visible to the naked eye, however numberless they seem, amount to something between six and seven thousand in a clear, moonless sky; and the sharpest eye could not see half this number at one time. But even a small telescope increases their number enormously; a mere opera-glass brings out at least 100,000, and with a 2½-inch telescope, Argelander, a German astronomer, counted and plotted on a chart 300,000 stars north of the celestial equator, while the number visible in the Yerkes telescope of 40-inch lens exceeds 100,000,000. But even this is not the end. Behind them all, especially in the milky way, is a haze of light which defies the analyzing power of the strongest glass, and which testifies to a myriad stars beyond.



THE SPIRAL NEBULA IN CANES VENATICI

Their very number and distance confuse us by the enormity of their magnitude; but it is in a consideration of their nature that we are impressed with wonder and admiration.

Each star is a sun, in many ways like our sun, some larger, some smaller,— the center of a system around which revolves worlds and satellites upon which intelligences live and flourish. Our world is wrapped in a halo of white light; some worlds are bathed in red, some in yellow, some in green, and some in blue light. Some worlds have more than one sun, sometimes one sun giving one color of light and another sun another kind. Thus Antares, a very bright star in the southern evening sky in summer, is fiery red, and it has a green companion. Our imagination can give us some idea of the beautiful effects produced by the ever-changing relations of these sister suns upon the sky of any planets which might be revolving around them.

Some stars show a tendency to cluster. These clusters present wonders to the keen eye and the thoughtful mind. The largest and finest cluster in the whole sky is called "Messier 13, Herculis" from the fact that it is recorded as No. 13 in Messier's catalogue and is in the constellation Hercules. It consists of thousands of stars; and a habitable planet in the midst of the group would have a gorgeously decked sky. To the naked eye this group appears as a hazy patch of light because of its distance, but a telescope reveals its glory. There are many other such patches of light; some, like this one, are resolvable into stars by telescopes of sufficient power; it was thought at one time that all such patches could be so resolved if the power of the lens was sufficiently increased. But the spectroscope, an instrument by means of which light is analyzed, has shown us differently. Some of them perhaps may be resolved, but not all, since some are composed of gaseous material which is in a state of incandescence by some unknown means.

Some hazy patches of light — although the spectroscope shows them to be composed of solid matter — have not as yet been resolved into star clusters by the most powerful telescopes. These two classes of hazy patches are called nebulæ. Little is known absolutely of their nature and meaning, although considerable speculation has been offered to explain their connection with the rest of the universe. Many theories have been advanced which start with these bodies and attempt to trace the developments of suns and systems therefrom. But such speculation will profit us little here. We will therefore leave it to pursue phases of the subject concerning which we have more accurate information. The distances of the nebulæ are comparable to the distances of the stars. Their magnitude is simply amazing. Some present very striking detail. Figure 1 is a photograph of the great nebula in Andromeda, the brightest in the sky. Figure 2 is an interesting one showing a spiral form.

The nebula in the middle of the sword of Orion, known as the "Great Nebula of Orion," seems to present some peculiarities not shared by the other nebulæ. This is what is known as the "open space in the heavens." An article in the March issue of the *Signs of the Times Monthly* on this subject presents some very interesting developments in astronomical research along this line.

Persecution in Madagascar — No. 2

LAST week the account was given of the death of Rasalama, the first martyr in Madagascar. Following her death, other loyal ones were soon called upon to seal the testimony they bore of the love of God in their hearts, with their lives.

Mr. Matthews continues the story of these heroes of the cross of Christ as follows: —

"After the death of Rasalama, two hundred Christians were sold into slavery. Rafaravavy was also sold, but her owner, so long as she did her allotted task, allowed her much personal liberty. Among those who had witnessed Rasalama's martyrdom was the young man referred to in the previous article, Rafaralahy, who had been in the habit of receiving Christians for worship at his house near the capital. This man was betrayed by a former friend, an apostate who owed him money, and took this means of canceling the debt.

"After being confined in heavy irons for three days,

he was taken out for execution. On the way he spoke to the officers of the love and mercy of Christ, and of his own happiness in the prospect of seeing that divine Redeemer who had loved him and died to save him. Having reached the place of execution, the same spot on which Rasalama had suffered nearly a twelvemonth before, he spent his last moments in supplication for his country and his persecuted brethren, and in commending his soul to his Saviour. As he rose from his knees, the executioners were preparing, as was the custom, to throw him on the ground, when he said that was needless, he was prepared to die; and, quietly laying himself down, he was instantly put to death, his friends afterward being allowed to inter his body in the ancestral tomb.

"Rafaralahy's wife was seized, cruelly beaten, and compelled to name those who had frequented his house. Rafaravavy, one of these, fled, and by the aid of native friends finally reached Tamatave. There, by the aid of sympathetic friends among the Europeans, with six other Christians, she escaped to Mauritius in safety. Five of these, including Rafaravavy, visited England, and were present at a great meeting in Exeter Hall on June 4, 1839. Their presence centered extraordinary interest upon Madagascar, and indirectly upon the general work of the society. The refugees were accompanied by Mr. Johns. They returned to Mauritius in 1842, and undertook work there among the Malagasy slaves then in that island.

"David Griffiths had been allowed to return to Antananarivo as a trader, and he and Dr. Powell, whom business took to Madagascar, did all in their power to aid those whose Christian faith brought their lives into jeopardy. In May, 1840, sixteen of the proscribed made an attempt to reach the coast. Unhappily, they were betrayed, captured, and, five weeks after their flight, they were brought back. Two managed to escape. Of the rest, on July 9, 1840, nine were executed.

"Many of the native converts fled to the forests, where they died of fever; or to the mountains, where they lived among the dens and caves of the earth; or to distant parts of the island, such as to the Ankarana in the north, or to the Betsileo country in the south, or to the Sakalava tribe, who occupy some six hundred miles of the west side of the island, where the most of them were murdered as Hova spies.

"The province of Vonizongo, being about forty miles to the northwest of the capital, having no governor, and very few government officials, became a hiding-place for many of the persecuted Christians. Midnight prayer-meetings were held there for years — first in the house of Ramitraha (who was afterward burned at Faravohitra) and afterward in the house of Razaka. The converts traveled twenty, thirty, and even forty miles to attend those meetings. At Fihaonana they had one of the few Bibles that had been saved. This was a well in the desert, for the 'Word of God was precious in those days.' The converts met and spent the night in reading the Scriptures and in prayer; and the very dark nights of the rainy season they ventured on singing a hymn to refresh their weary hearts and souls, trusting the noise of the falling rain would drown their voices, as it might well do. On such nights the queen's spies did not venture abroad.

"Many of the persecuted fled from the capital and other parts to Vonizongo, and hid there for months, and some for years. The rice-pits under the floors of the huts were favorite hiding-places, while refuge was also found among the rocks, in the ravines on the hillsides, and in the 'cave'(?) used as a smallpox hospital. Some of the rice-pits had underground passages connecting them with pits in the neighboring huts, from which a passage led to the outside, so that if any in hiding in the first rice-pit were searched for, they could crawl into the pit in the adjoining hut, and thence find their way outside.

"On one occasion Rafaravavy Maria, who afterward escaped from the island and was brought to England, was in hiding in a hut in Vonizongo, when an officer sent to search for her arrived in the village. He had come so suddenly that she had not time to get into the rice-pit or outside into the fosse; she had barely time to crawl under a low wooden bedstead, and the woman of the house had only time to draw the mat on the bed down in front of it to hide her. She put some baskets with rice and manioc on the bedstead, to keep the mat from slipping down, when the officer entered the hut. He said, 'Have you Rafaravavy here?' The woman of the house answered, 'Look and see.' He just looked round the hut, did not look under the bedstead, and went away. When he left the village to seek for her elsewhere, Rafaravavy escaped to a place of safety.

"When very strict search was made by the queen's orders for Bibles and other Christian books,— for the officers more than suspected that they had not all been given up,— the Christians in Vonizongo were very much afraid they might lose their copy of the Scriptures. They said, 'If we lose our Bible, what shall we do?' A consultation was held as to how and where the Bible was to be hidden to insure its safety; and it was agreed that the best and safest place in which to hide it was the smallpox hospital. The officers dreaded smallpox too much to venture there.

"A little to the northeast of the village of Fihaonana a hill rises, and near the foot of it stands a cluster of large boulders. Inside that cluster, during the lulls in the persecution, from ten to thirty of the converts used to hold a Sabbath morning service. Underneath one of the largest of the boulders, at the foot of the hill, there is an artificial cave, dug out by the people to serve as a smallpox hospital for the village: in the dark corner of this cave the Bible was hidden between two slabs of granite. The queen's officers arrived at the village, as it was expected they would, to search for the Bible and other Christian books, which the queen and the government had reason to believe, from the reports of the spies, were to be found there. A bootless search was made in the huts of the suspected, in the rice-pits, and in the village fosse; and then the officers directed their way to the cluster of boulders on the hillside. As they were about to enter the cave where the Bible lay, some one said, 'I suppose you know that this is the smallpox hospital?' 'We did not,' they said, starting back in horror. 'Wretch! why did you not tell us sooner? Why did you let us come so near?' The officers beat a hasty retreat, and the Bible was safe. This particular copy is now, and for many years has been, in the museum of the British and Foreign Bible Society, Queen Victoria Street, London."

"Razaka lay for over two years in hiding in that cave, and during that time he seemed to have learned most of the Bible by heart. After the martyrdom of

Ramitraha, the queen had sent to have him arrested as the ringleader of the 'pray-ers' in Vonizongo. Had he been caught, he would have been put to death. He had before that been sold into slavery for his religion; but, as a distant relative bought him, his slavery was of a mild type. He heard that the officers had been sent out to arrest him, and he went into hiding. A report was spread that he had escaped to the Sakalava tribe in the west, and the search was given up.

"On a dark night he returned to the cave, and there began his long concealment of two years. At night his wife took him rice; in the daytime, when it was safe, he lay at the mouth of the cave and read and reread the Bible. How many times he read it through I do not know, but I do know that he had the most extraordinary knowledge of the Scriptures of any man I have met. This qualified him for the honor afterward conferred upon him of becoming native pastor of the church at Fihaonana and the apostle of the Vonizongo district." T. E. BOWEN.

Some Inspiring Incidents in the Life of a Great Scientist

ALMOST from childhood the mere mention of Agassiz's name has always given me a peculiar thrill of pleasure, for while he was one of the greatest scientists whose feet have ever trod our American shores, he was at the same time a humble, trustful, and prayerful child of God.

Louis Agassiz was born in Switzerland in 1807. Until he was ten years old, his parents were his only teachers. He early gave evidence of the great naturalist that he was afterward to become, by his passionate love for the things of nature. He was constantly bringing home specimens of reptile, insect, or fossil.

In his intellectual development he made such astonishing progress that at the age of twenty-six years he had already attracted the interest of scientific men all over Europe; he had visited almost every museum on the Continent, studying and making drawings of their specimens.

The existing species of fishes, but more particularly the fossil forms, were studied by Agassiz much more thoroughly than by any who had gone before him.

Every new fact discovered in nature he endeavored to put in its proper place in the general plan of the Creator. A reverent belief in a Creator was the key-note of his study of nature, so he was of course bitterly opposed to the Darwinian theories of evolution. He was positive in his conviction that every living thing had been brought into existence by the Creator for some definite purpose, even though we may not be wise enough to discern the same.

He could present the most profound scientific truths in a manner so fascinating as to charm even the most uneducated mind, yet at the same time he improved every opportunity to inspire a spirit of true devotion in the hearts and lives of the most intellectual with whom he was constantly thrown in contact.

His marvelous genius and the sweetness of his disposition equally earned for him not only the admiration, but the personal esteem and friendship of such prominent men as Von Humboldt and Cuvier. Humboldt wrote to Agassiz's mother, "How happy you are to have a son so distinguished by his talent, and yet so modest as if he knew nothing!"

The sincere humility of this remarkable man was well illustrated by his reflections on his fortieth birthday. He stood looking thoughtfully out of the window. "Why so sad?" some one asked him; to which he replied, "I am so old, and have done so little."

On his fiftieth birthday Longfellow, who was one of Agassiz's most intimate friends, wrote the beautiful poem with which many of our readers are already familiar, but for the benefit of those who are not, I will quote several stanzas, as it is a beautiful picture of the spirit in which Agassiz investigated nature: —

"And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying: 'Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee.'

"'Come wander with me,' she said,
'Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God.'

"And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

"And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song
Or tell a more marvelous tale."

Before his death God satisfied every great desire that he ever had cherished, and my entire purpose in writing this article is that while you read it, your soul may be fired with an undying purpose to make in a *similar* manner Agassiz's God *your* God.

He was ambitious to uncover some of the marvelous scientific wonders of the American shores. The trip to this country seemed an utter impossibility on account of his extreme poverty, for at that very time he was making his breakfasts in his own room and securing his dinners for a few cents at the cheaper eating-houses. When, lo! the king of Prussia granted him a commission for this very purpose, and provided him with the necessary means.

Agassiz was not only a student, but a teacher in the widest sense of the word. He had no sooner reached our shores than he was desirous of lecturing to the American people, that he might impart to them some of the wonderful stores of truth that he had gathered. And almost instantly the Lowell Institute made all the necessary arrangements, and he lectured before large and enthusiastic audiences all over the country. At the same time he would instruct the country stage-coach driver, or perhaps a group of workmen by the roadside, with the same earnest enthusiasm that he manifested in lecturing before the most intelligent people.

Agassiz, shortly after arriving in this country, appreciated the necessity for permanent students and fixed headquarters, and his desire was speedily realized in his being offered the chair of natural history in a scientific school just organized in connection with Harvard.

When he accepted this position, his entire outfit consisted of a blackboard and the lecture room, and the necessary materials for illustrations were gathered from day to day. He secured a little wooden shanty where he began to store some of his collections. This was the beginning of the great Harvard Museum of Comparative Zoology, of which he had already begun to dream, and which Providence permitted him later to see spring into reality.

He was then sighing for some new worlds to con-

quer that were not included in the grants of the king of Prussia. And it was then that the United States government put a ship at his disposal, provided with the necessary outfit and means, and with this he traveled along our Atlantic coast, and discovered many new objects and facts.

The great educational centers of Europe vied with one another in endeavoring to tempt him to return to Europe, but to each he turned a deaf ear. He felt that in our country would be the best opportunity to carry out some of the scientific projects that were in his mind, among others the hope of founding a great museum so arranged as intelligently to reflect nature and teach the history of animal life, both past and present. He wanted to establish an institution of this kind that should be a center for the spread of knowledge, and he lived to see his ambition realized. In 1858 a wealthy man died, leaving the necessary money to establish this museum, and it was dedicated in 1860.

While Agassiz had the ability to fire his students with his own enthusiasm, he also had a unique way of compelling them to observe. A new student would come to the great Agassiz, expecting to be taught wonderful things. Instead of that he would be given an animal, a shell, or something similar, and asked to sit down by himself and study it. Often the student would in a few moments think he had observed all there was, and would report when Agassiz came by. The student, to his surprise, would be told to look again, and sometimes he would have to continue this program for days, until he would be in utter despair in his efforts to discover another detail. But these students learned to *observe* and compare, and that is the first and last lesson in science.

Agassiz was desirous of visiting the Amazon region and the South American shores to secure new specimens. No sooner had he decided upon this, than a wealthy gentleman in Boston proposed to maintain the entire expense of the expedition. When Agassiz arrived in Brazil, the emperor furnished him a traveling companion, and endeavored in every way to make his stay there profitable. Up to that time there were known only one hundred different varieties of fishes in the Amazon region, but Agassiz on his expedition collected fourteen hundred forty-two species.

Agassiz was the father of our American summer-school idea. He desired to open up such a school somewhere on the Atlantic coast where teachers could come during their summer vacation and study scientific truth in some well-established laboratory, and at the same time sit at the feet of some of the great masters in science.

Scarcely had the wish been expressed before a wealthy gentleman in New York heard of Agassiz's dream. He immediately proposed to purchase the grounds and necessary buildings and give fifty thousand dollars for equipment and endowment. It was almost the first of April when this gift was received, and Agassiz was determined that the school should be opened the eighth of July, 1873. Four days before the day set for opening, Agassiz arrived, and was assured by the workmen that it would be impossible to finish the buildings. With his characteristic ability to surmount obstacles, the carpenters were persuaded to work extra time, and everybody on hand was drafted in, and just as the students arrived on the morning of the eighth, the work was completed. This summer school proved to be Agassiz's last work, as he died the following December.

At the opening exercises, before the entire company of assembled students, who were themselves educators from different parts of the country, this great man, who had received from France "the Legion of Honor," the highest tribute at its disposal; who had received from England the Copley Prize, the greatest recognition of scientific worth which it could grant; whom the king of Prussia was proud to consider his personal friend; and whose name had been written at the very top of the page of fame by scientific men in every portion of the civilized world,— this man turned to these students at the opening exercises and called upon them all to join him in silently asking God's blessing on that effort.

"Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass." This verse seems to mean more to us as we see it translated into a literal reality in such a life. Open your Bible to that scripture (Ps. 37:5), and then on your bended knees resolve by God's help that from henceforth your life and your career shall be a striking fulfilment of its inspired truthfulness. This will not mean merely to pray, and "in all thy ways acknowledge him" for the success that you will attain, but it also means taking in Christ as your silent partner, and determining, as far as God may impart grace to you, that you will never bring disgrace upon your Partner by any act of yours.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

The Alphabet of Character

ALPHABETS often have other uses than to indicate the letters of a language.

When Mr. George Westinghouse, who invented the air-brake now in use on all modern locomotives, was a boy struggling for a place in life, he invented, for his own use and guidance, what he called an alphabet of character. What all the twenty-six letters of that alphabet stood for he has long since forgotten, but the important parts are still kept in an old memorandum book. They read like this:—

A stands for my Ability to do what I am told to do, and do it right.

B is not only my Boss, but my Business, and my knowledge of what I am doing.

C is for Character, Can, and Control of myself. When I look at C, I know I ought not to lose.

D stands for Dare, Doing, and Did, which are bravery, action, and accomplishing what I set out to do.

E is for Effort, Enthusiasm, Enterprise, all of which I must have if I am to make character good.

F stands for Friendship, Faith, and Fidelity — making friends I can keep, faith in my work and the future, fidelity to friends and my duty.

The remainder of the alphabet was carried out in the same fashion, but the pages which carried the notes have long since been lost. Of what is given above Mr. Westinghouse says:—

"That much of such an alphabet, lived up to, would, anyway, pretty nearly take care of any young fellow. I am not saying that I wholly lived up to it, but I tried to, and, after success came to me, I was always looking out for the young fellow who was 'trying' to do the same thing. Trying to do things right, even when there is a slight failure or a great failure, counts for ever so much. If no one ever tried to do right, I fear

the world would be a heavy loser. I have been told by some that there is little use of thinking of the right unless you can do it at once. I have always replied to them that I did not think they understood the battle. For the first important start in a battle for the right is the effort you put forth to try to do it. If you fail, try again. If you succeed, all the better. But because you have tried and failed, don't give up. Try seventy and seven times if necessary, but don't surrender on account of one or two failures."— *Selected.*

Not Less Load, but More Support

My boyhood, writes G. A. Cleveland in *Saturday Evening Post,* was spent on a farm in the beautiful Annapolis Valley in Nova Scotia. Being the eldest of a family of boys, it fell to my lot early in life to run errands and help with the chores. A rake or a fork had been left at the barn, and was needed in the hay-field; and the hired man sat on a rock and smoked his pipe, while I ran to fetch the missing tool. How steep the hill sometimes got, where the road wound up through the apple orchard to that barn! A little saleratus or ginger or tea was needed in the culinary department, and it meant a "hurry-up" run for the boy to borrow some from a neighbor, "till some one could go to town." It seemed to me that nobody ever thought a boy might be tired. Nobody? Well, there was one exception.

One stormy winter day, when the snow lay deep on the fields, and the old zigzag fences were cracking with the frost, my father and I had finished the afternoon's work at the barn. The cattle had been fed, and their stalls littered with a fresh bedding of straw. The cows had been milked, and the stable doors clamped together with the big wooden buttons. One more task only remained to be done before we might snuggle down beside the broad fireplace, where the blaze crackled cheerily up the great chimney and made the lights and shadows chase each other away into the farthest corners of the old-fashioned kitchen. The big wood-box must be heaped up with fuel for the long winter evening, and for the morrow.

How I enjoyed seeing my father chop fire-wood! He was a giant in stature and strength, and withal an expert with the ax. With his ax in one hand and a long, rock-maple limb in the other, balanced over the chopping-block, he struck always in the right place and at just the right "slant," and it was a tough stick indeed when a "stove-length" did not drop with every blow.

On the particular evening in question, I had carried the wood into the house as my father chopped it, load after load, till the last one had been reached, which, boy fashion, was the biggest of all. I had started toward the door with this, my knees aching, my fingers numb with cold, and my arms seeming ready to pull out clear to my back-bone, when my father came up behind me. I thought he would take the load from me, but instead he picked me up in his arms, just as I was, load and all, and we went on together in that way into the house, where the children were playing on the floor in the light of the fire, and my mother was bustling hither and thither preparing the evening meal. My father! he knew when a boy was tired, and knew, also, how to help him, while allowing him to finish his own job.

Many a year has passed since then. The old farm is far away, and is owned by strangers. The children who played in the light of the fire have scattered, men and women, to the four quarters of the earth, and father and mother have long since gone to their rest. But often still I find myself staggering under a load that seems too heavy for my strength to bear, tired and full of heartache, and wondering whether anybody cares. Sometimes, a greater, mightier Father comes to me, and gathers me, with all my load, into his "everlasting arms;" and then — would you believe it? — just as in that winter evening long ago, all the weight of the load is taken away.— *Selected.*

As Easy to Smile as to Frown

When life has a notion of treating us wrong,
Or we fancy, at least, this is so;
When we notice the discord that sounds in its song,
And hear it wherever we go,
Why, then, there's a maxim that we may apply,
And by it our troubles may drown:
It's as easy to laugh as to weep or to sigh,
And as easy to smile as to frown.

If the day has a way of weeping a bit,
What matter, what matter to you?
To-morrow the specter of tempest will flit,
The skies will be cheery and blue;
So, though the world moves in a devious way,
Look upward and onward, not down,
For care writes his record in wrinkles and gray:
It's as easy to smile as to frown.

— *Selected.*

To Aid Dumb Animals

Mrs. Russell Sage has sent a check for fifteen hundred dollars to the president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the money to be used for a hospital where homeless animals may receive care and treatment when they are sick or injured. Half a dozen veterinary surgeons have volunteered their services for the work in New York, and hundreds of dogs, cats, and horses have received treatment free. — *Selected.*

Wild Oats

No farmer ever sows wild oats in the spring-time, waiting till the days of ripening sun to sow the grain which will bring him profit. Instead, he makes every possible effort to keep his fields clear of the troublesome and worthless wild oats, sowing instead the bread-producing wheat. And this he cultivates and cares for faithfully, assured of a harvest of food at the season's end.

No wise young man will fail to see the application. The spring-time of life is the sowing time. If the sowing is of worthless wild oats, the harvest must be the same. If the sowing of good seed is delayed until the summer-time of life, the harvest must be scant; and mingled with it will be the early ripened seeds of wild oats, making all of little value.

Take a serious view of the duties of a young man. Every day lost at seed-time lessens the returns from the harvest. Be diligent, therefore. While the fires of youth burn strong, make the best of every opportunity. It is the duty of every one to train himself to the end that he may be able to hold his own with every man. "When the diligent man builds a house, the devil builds one next to him. When a lazy man builds a house, the devil moves in."

Max Hill.

··CHILDREN'S··PAGE··

Something Unusual

He hunted through the library,
He looked behind the door,
He searched where baby keeps his toys
Upon the nursery floor.
He asked the cook and Mary,
He called mama to look,
He even started sister up
To leave her story-book.

He couldn't find it anywhere,
And knew some horrid tramp
Had walked in through the open gate
And stolen it, the scamp!
Perhaps the dog had taken it
And hidden it away,
Or else perhaps he'd chewed it up
And swallowed it, in play.

And then mama came down the stairs,
Looked through the closet door,
And there it hung upon its peg
As it had hung before.
And Tommy's face grew rosy red,
Astonished was his face,
He couldn't find his cap — because
'Twas in its proper place.

— *Emma Endicott Marean, in Youth's Companion.*

Easter Monday in Washington, D. C.

SHOULD you chance to be in Washington, D. C., on the morning of Easter Monday, about nine o'clock, you would notice that the streets were becoming thronged with children, dressed in their prettiest spring clothes. You would also observe that each child carries a dainty basket filled with brightly colored Easter eggs. If you should watch the children, you would see that they were all going in one direction. Let us follow them.

We walk down the broad avenue past many large public buildings, and finally come in sight of a beautiful white mansion, standing back some distance from the street, and surrounded by great lawns and beautiful trees and foliage. This is the White House, or the Executive Mansion, as it is sometimes called, where the President of our nation lives — the place which has at some time been the home of every president of the United States except Washington. Here the children turn and lead us on to a large gate at one side of the grounds.

At places of public gathering we are often informed that children will not be admitted unless accompanied by their parents or older people; but this time it is just the reverse. Guards stand at the gate, who inform us that this is Children's day at the White House grounds, and no grown people are permitted to enter unless they have children with them. Here are seen sweet-faced old ladies, whose little ones have all grown up, but who still love the company of blithe little forms and merry voices, trying to make friends with some little tot until they are safely past the guards.

Easter Monday is usually a very pleasant day in Washington, and here amid such beauty we could for a moment shut out our thoughts of the busy outside world, and imagine we were in a real little paradise. From every leafy bush and budding shrub come the voices of the birds to mingle with those of the happy children. The trees are waving their fern-like leaves in the warm, gentle breeze, and over on the open lawn the large fountain is breaking forth in sprays of silvery water. What an ideal place for children! They throw off their caps and bonnets, and then up and down the little hills and grassy slopes go the Easter eggs. Many an egg gets broken and stepped on, and the grass is soon covered with pretty colored fragments. But the President doesn't care, and the children do not care; so along over the grass go the eggs, and the children after them. The crocuses and tulips along the beautiful circling walls hold up their little heads as if surprised to see so many eggs just as brightly colored as themselves.

This fun continues until one o'clock. Not many eggs are likely to survive till this hour, anyway, and the children are told it is time to stop rolling eggs. They eat their lunches on the lawns, and later in the afternoon the Marine Band favors them with a very fine outdoor concert. And at night in hundreds of Washington homes children with tired little limbs and large, blinking eyes, fall asleep thinking of the fun they have had rolling Easter eggs on the lawn of the President's home.

CLARA L. LESLIE.

Bob, a Tame Quail

TAME quail! The word would be a misnomer were it not that it has so often been said that taming the quail was an impossibility. Bob's little biography will certainly convince all who are skeptical that they can not only be tamed, but may become the most affectionate of pets, following at call or whistle.

It was in the spring of 1896 that the *paterfamilias* took it into his head that the quail could be tamed, and forthwith instructed the man on the farm to bring him the quails' eggs that he might find while plowing. In a short time fourteen little eggs were left at the store, unfortunately after the paterfamilias had started for home, so that the embryonic Bob and his brothers were obliged to remain in the store overnight and till noon the following day, when they were brought home and given into the care of an old speckled biddy which had been most persistent in her determination to rear a family.

The old biddy seemed to appreciate her part in the pater's determination to disprove the notion that quails can not be domesticated, for there never was a more faithful brooder.

In a little over a week the speckled biddy finished the incubation the mother quail had begun, and was rewarded with four little birdlings, which the pater at once claimed as his own.

How and what to feed our birds now that we had them, was a very puzzling question. But they must be fed. So, with many misgivings, stale bread dipped into sweet milk was dropped into each small bird's mouth. As this did not prove fatal, it was repeated, this time adding some clean gritty sand to each bird's portion. About this time we began to look diligently for moth-millers and their larva, flies, and spiders. I had read somewhere that spiders were as medicine to sick birds, so I gave spiders to the sick ones to make them well, and to the well ones to keep them well.

When the birds were about a week old, one little one that had never been strong — the pater had helped it out of the shell — died, probably from too vigorous exercise, for their training to follow at call began at once. Their basket was placed near the dining-table each meal-time, a little low, coaxing whistle given out, which in a few days the birds recognized and came tumbling over the side of the basket as fast as ever they

could, each one trying to see which could reach the pater's feet first. Before they were two weeks old, they would follow about the lawn, even going across the street into some vacant lots, where each busied himself in searching for insects. When the little brood became too much scattered, the whistle they had all learned to know, would bring them together again.

It was certainly an interesting sight to see a great tall man marching across the street with the tiny birds, seemingly so happy and contented, all eager to follow him. And the pater was as proud of his brood as the old speckled biddy could possibly have been.

When the grasshoppers became abundant, I would gather them for the birds. One afternoon I was especially successful in catching the "hoppers" for which the birds were so eager, and I was so delighted to see the little fellows striving with one another for them that I must have overfed the birds, for the next morning the largest and strongest was not able to go for his usual morning stroll, and by evening he was dead. "Then there were two."

I must have tried their nerves very much about this time trying to make them sleep as well-trained birds should — side by side; while they were just as determined in their way — tail to tail. This I learned afterward was very proper in a quail, it being their nature.

As cold weather came on, I realized I was not feeding food nourishing enough, for the little female was taken with that much dreaded disease — diarrhea — and soon died. And then there was one. There was also a shower, although the only visible cloud was one little dead quail.

One quail out of four, surely success was not wearing a very beaming smile.

It was quite pathetic to see Bob the day his little mate died. He remained near her most of the day, sometimes hopping up on the cushion for a few moments, till at last he nestled beside her for a longer time, and plumed her feathers, especially those of the head, then came and hopped into my lap, and never went near her again.

From this time on, Bob became our almost constant companion. He was never more happy than when following us about, and would follow for blocks along the street. Of course advance was made slowly, as Bob's hunting instinct would get the better of him, when he would stop to peep under leaves or look about the trunks of the trees. But he was usually obedient to the call, "Come on, Bob," and would come running, always folding his feathers tightly to his body, and raising his head high, coming up with the most delightful little chuckle, as much as to say, "Here I am."

About this time Bob began to feel that he had grown to be a big bird, and gave one of the wild quail calls, which to my untrained ears sounded more like "Hurrah for Bryan" — it being presidential year — than anything I could think of. Strange as it may seem, there was but one man who recognized this as a common call, all the others — for Bob had many callers — would invariably ask, "How did you teach him that?" or, "Did you teach him to say that?"

We tried again and again to get him to repeat this call, but for a long time were unsuccessful, when at last, much to our pleasure, he raised himself to his full height, vociferously hurrahed for Bryan, not once, but three or four times in quick succession. From this time on he would almost always repeat the call after us. Once in a while, like a spoiled child, he would refuse to show off, but would, instead, spread his wings, prance about, and chuckle.

He very seldom gave the well-known call of "bob-white." In the following spring when the wild quail in the back meadows were calling to their mates, we heard him call "bob-white" for the first time. For some reason he was very chary of this call, and could seldom be coaxed into repeating it.

I well remember the first time Bob took a bath; I rushed to rescue him from instant death; he had discovered a pile of nice fluffy coal ashes, and into it he went with the utmost abandon and delight. I knew then why Bob refused to bathe when offered a basin of water. I had even sprinkled him with water, when he would run for his life to avoid the little drops. He was now provided with a box of earth to bathe in. In the summer he would take his earth bath in the garden, when, if one of the hens would discover him and come too close, Bob would bristle up ready to fight. But the hen seemed to consider it an unequal combat, and would turn aside. Once a half-grown buff cochin and Bob met as they were strolling in the path, both were ready for a fight, and went at it tooth and nail. I wished to interfere, but the pater wanted to see the fight out, and held me back. After a few flops and strikes the rooster went off, neither of them the worse for the encounter.

One afternoon we were sitting out under a large apple tree, Bob trotting about our chairs or chatting at his reflection in the window, when a wild quail came to the yard fence and called. Bob paid no attention. After a few calls, the bird flew into the tree over our heads. When, whiz! in an instant they both went flying through the air. We have never felt that Bob was "running away," but instead was driving the wild bird off. He might have followed farther had his wings been stronger and more used to flight. But as it was, he was perfectly willing to be carried back, where he again took up his strutting at the window, seemingly very much satisfied with himself.

Bob was very fond of this bird in the window, and this suggested the idea of placing a mirror in one corner of his room. The looking-glass worked like a charm. Bob would sit in front of it and coo affectionately, or strut back and forth, spreading his wings and chatting vociferously, even looking for the bird behind the glass. Here we kept always on hand a dish of water, a dish of corn-meal containing enough cayenne pepper to give it a little sharpness. Millet seed was given three times a day — just what I could pick up between my thumb and two fingers. Hemp seed was his favorite seed, but was given to him very rarely, owing to its fattening qualities. He was very fond of peanuts — in fact, any kind of nuts. And no paper parcel came within his sight but he soon had a hole pecked into it. If it contained cookies or the much loved peanuts, his pleasure was unbounded. And how he would chuckle and work to break the shell!

When Bob was four years old, the pater heard of some wild quail confined in a cellar, and succeeded in getting a mate for him. But they never became friendly. The poor little dejected thing spent most of her time in the window, even sleeping there, while Bob kept his usual haunts. If I sat in the room, she would go to the looking-glass, and Bob would come and sit at my feet or in my lap, pluming himself, never taking the least notice of the little female. It was such a miserable-looking object that the pater

was moved to pity, and when spring came, gave her her liberty.

Before we had learned that Bob would not fly away from us, we used to carry him in a little covered basket to visit our friends. He soon learned to know and dislike the basket, and would run and try to hide, and usually after he was captured, he would struggle fearfully when he found he was going to be put into the basket. With the basket out of sight, we could pick him up at any time. He would show his delight at regaining his freedom by hopping out of the basket the instant the cover was removed, and chatter and scold or "Rah for Bryan" most lustily.

Besides his aversion for the basket, he was always afraid of the broom, at sight of which he would run, his looks and actions indicating the greatest fear. We were never able to discover why the broom should be an object of such terror when he had only known the kindest treatment, and had no fear whatever for other sticks. He never showed the least fear for any of the garden implements, but would follow the pater about, getting into dangerously close proximity to the hoe or rake.

Our feet seemed at times to be objects of his particular dislike. He would pick at them fiercely, especially if they chanced to be bare. Many a barefoot urchin has felt the force of Bob's bill as it came with quickly repeated pecks upon the innocent foot. He was often so fierce, and so enjoyed the sport, that we had to pick him up so that the child could escape. Sometimes in walking rapidly across the floor Bob would be sent farther than he intended to go, but such an accident deterred only for the time being. We probably encouraged Bob's pugilistic tendencies by teasing him, by moving our feet back and forth, so that he would continue the pecking, and by laughing at him, for Bob well understood the laugh, and knew that we enjoyed it all as much as he did.

Bob delighted to get upon my shoulder and cuddle up close to my neck. There he would remain by the hour, pluming himself for dozing. All must surely be convinced that at least one quail was domesticated.

He lacked a few weeks of being seven years old when he died. We missed our little pet so much that we have never cared to find a second Bob, and would for a long time look carefully to see that he was not underfoot, or under the rocker, or caught in the swinging door.— *Alice Miller-Eberbach.*

A Visit to the Tennessee School for the Blind

IT is now about one and one-quarter centuries since a great French philanthropist invented embossed letters and made the first successful attempt to educate the blind. The world was glad, and encouraged the new idea, not only with good wishes but with means. In a short time schools for the blind were started in England and Scotland and other countries in Europe, and later in the United States.

All did not pursue the same course, nor was the end they proposed to reach the same. There were almost as many systems as there were schools. But out of this confusion a system has been adopted for most blind schools, that is very similar to that used by the best grammar and high schools for the seeing. The Tennessee school for the blind, which I visited recently, consists of a literary department, a music department, a department of expression and physical culture, and an industrial department. The literary department consists of twelve grades. Written quarterly examinations are held each semester, and pupils are graded by the averages they make.

Besides their literary work each pupil is taught to do manual work. The boys have piano tuning, broom, mop, mattress, and hammock making, and chair caning. The girls are taught to sew by hand and on machines, to cut, fit, and make dresses, to make bead work, to knit and crochet, and to do many kinds of

SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND, TENNESSEE

fancy work. In addition to making most of their wearing apparel, they hem towels, napkins, tablecloths, and sheets; make pillow-cases, and do household sewing for the institution.

There are very nearly two hundred pupils in the institution, and nearly forty in a similar school for blind colored children, which is under the same management, but located a mile from the one I visited.

The braile type is used. It was very interesting to see the pupils read, and perform problems in arithmetic on their slates made especially for them.

The institution has a circulating library of about four thousand volumes, from which books are sent to the blind anywhere in the State. These are allowed to go through the mail free.

An expert ophthalmogist is connected with the school, and the sight of many is restored by having proper care.

It was wonderful to watch them walk around. All seem contented and happy. One little girl, nine years old, is in the fourth grade, and she reads from her blind book nearly as fast as a child in the same grade could read by sight.

If any one has any literature for the blind in the braile type, and would like to send it to the school, he can address it to the School for the Blind, Nashville, Tenn. Books and papers other than those especially prepared for the blind are read by the teachers to the pupils as they have opportunity.

DORA V. HAYSMER.

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Society Studies in Bible Doctrines

XVIII — The Heavenly Sanctuary and Its Cleansing

SYNOPSIS.— The earthly sanctuary and all its services were typical of the true tabernacle in heaven, and the ministration of Christ for sinful humanity. There Jesus appears before God, offering his own blood in behalf of sinners. By prayer we come to God through him and receive forgiveness of sins. As at the close of the typical year there was a day of atonement or judgment, so the heavenly sanctuary is to be cleansed or justified by the blotting out of sins which have been forgiven. The time for this work to begin was definitely pointed out to the prophet Daniel. The sins thus removed will then be laid upon Satan, the wicked will be destroyed, and the righteous redeemed.

Questions

1. When did the services in the earthly sanctuary cease to be of any value? **Matt. 27: 50, 51.**

2. Of what was the earthly sanctuary a pattern, or type? **Ex. 25: 9, 40; Heb. 8: 5.**

3. Give a general description of this heavenly sanctuary from notices of it in the Scriptures.

(*a*) Apartments. **Heb. 9: 24.**

(*b*) Furniture of the first apartment. **Rev. 4: 5; 8: 3.**

(*c*) Contents of the most holy place. **Rev. 11: 19.**

4. Were the services in the earthly sanctuary also a type of the heavenly? **Heb. 8: 3-5; 9: 6-9.**

5. Who is the high priest in the heavenly sanctuary? **Heb. 8: 1, 2; 9: 11.**

6. What sacrifice does he offer? **Heb. 9: 12-14.**

7. What is now necessary for the sinner to do in order to obtain forgiveness? 1 John 1: 9; Rev. 8: 3, 4; 1 Peter 2: 5; Hosea 14: 2 ("as bullocks *the offering of* our lips." A. R. V.).

8. Is it necessary that the heavenly sanctuary be cleansed or purified? **Heb. 9: 23, 25, 26.**

9. Just before what event does the blotting out of sin take place? **Acts 3: 19-21.**

10. How is the fate of all determined? **Dan. 7: 9, 10.**

11. What definite time was pointed out when this cleansing should take place? **Dan. 8: 13, 14.**

12. When did this period of time begin and end? **Dan. 9: 25.**

13. What decree goes forth at the close of this judgment work? **Rev. 22: 11, 12.**

14. What rewards are then given? **Rev. 20: 15; Heb. 9: 28.**

15. Upon whom, as the antitypical scapegoat, are the sins of the redeemed placed? Rev. 20: 1-3.

Notes

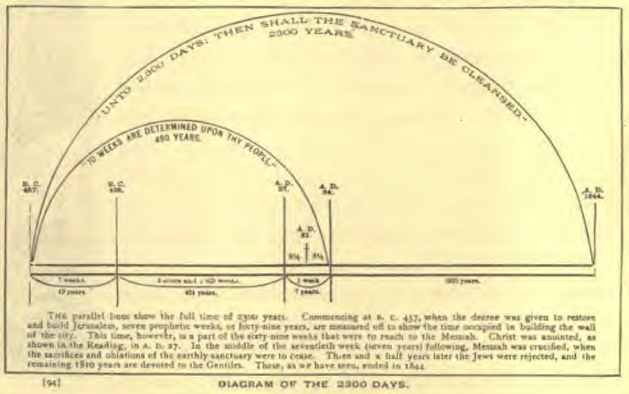
1. This miracle signified that type had met its antitype, that the "Lamb of God," to whom all sacrifices pointed, had been sacrificed for the sins of the world.

6. "Moses made the earthly sanctuary, 'according to the fashion that he had seen.' Paul declares that 'the tabernacle and all the vessels of the ministry,' when completed, were 'the patterns of things in the heavens.' And John says that he saw the sanctuary in heaven. That sanctuary, in which Jesus ministers in our behalf, is the great original, of which the sanctuary built by Moses was a copy.

"The heavenly temple, the abiding-place of the King of kings, where 'thousand thousands ministered unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him,' that temple filled with the glory of the eternal throne, where seraphim, its shining guardians, veil their faces in adoration,— no earthly structure could represent its vastness and its glory. Yet important truths concerning the heavenly sanctuary and the great work there carried forward for man's redemption were to be taught by the earthly sanctuary and its services." —*"Patriarchs and Prophets," page 357.*

10. "As anciently the sins of the people were by faith placed upon the sin-offering, and through its blood transferred, in figure, to the earthly sanctuary, so in the new covenant the sins of the repentant are by faith placed upon Christ, and transferred, in fact, to the heavenly sanctuary. And as the typical cleansing of the earthly was accomplished by the removal of the sins by which it had been polluted, so the actual cleansing of the heavenly is to be accomplished by the removal, or blotting out, of the sins which are there recorded. But, before this can be accomplished, there must be an examination of the books of record to determine who, through repentance of sin and faith in Christ, are entitled to the benefits of his atonement. The cleansing of the sanctuary therefore involves a work of investigation,— a work of judgment. This work must be performed prior to the coming of Christ to redeem his people; for when he comes, his reward is with him to give every man according to his works."—*"Great Controversy," pages 421, 422.*

12. This decree was made by Artaxerxes in 457 B. C. Twenty-three hundred prophetic days, or years, would reach to 1844 A. D., the time when the cleansing of the heavenly sanc-



[94] DIAGRAM OF THE 2300 DAYS.

tuary or investigative judgment began. The "seventy weeks" (Dan. 9: 24-27) are a part of the same period, and establish to us the certainty of this interpretation.

15. "Since Satan is the originator of sin, the direct instigator of all the sins that caused the death of the Son of God, justice demands that Satan shall suffer the final punishment. Christ's work for the redemption of men and the purification of the universe from sin, will be closed by the removal of sin from the heavenly sanctuary and the placing of these sins upon Satan, who will bear the final penalty." —*"Patriarchs and Prophets," page 358.*

Missionary Volunteer Reading Course No. 3

No. 25 — God's Agencies: The Health Work

TEXT: "Great Second Advent Movement," chapters 23, 24.

SYNOPSIS.— The health work began through the direct agency of the spirit of prophecy. In 1863 Sister White was given in vision the first instruction about healthful living, and from that time on the Testimonies have led in this as in every other phase of the work. The principles of health are reform, temperance, and reason in diet, dress, cleanliness, and physical and mental exercise.

In 1866 the Health Institute, later called the Battle Creek Sanitarium, was established, and a health journal, the *Health Reformer*, later the *Good Health*, was begun. The reform dress for women advocated by the Testimonies met so much opposition from our people that it was never generally adopted, but the principles embodied in the costume have since been recognized and adopted by all conservative hygienists. In diet, re-

form embraced self-control and regularity in eating and the avoidance of harmful articles of diet. Again the record must be that our people as a body have failed to come up upon the high plane set for them. Sometimes the teaching of violent reform has induced many to go to the other extreme of lawlessness; but the Testimonies have ever held, as they hold to-day, the mean of progressive reform and firm self-control.

The second health institution established was the Rural Health Retreat, now the St. Helena Sanitarium, in California. To-day there are in all the world eighty-nine sanitariums,— some of which are private institutions,— besides many treatment-rooms, vegetarian restaurants, and other health enterprises. But the value and power of the health work is not measured by institutions, but by the private lives of all our people.

In 1892 the Haskell Orphans' Home was established at Battle Creek, Michigan, affiliated with the sanitarium of that place, as was also the James White Memorial Home for the aged. The American Medical Missionary College, established in 1895 at Battle Creek, for many years did great service to the cause in training physicians of both sexes. Its graduates are now found in all the world, engaged in medical missionary work.

Study

1. How did the health work begin among us?
2. When and where was institutional health work begun among us?
3. What was the health dress advocated, and why was it rejected? Note 1.
4. How does your personal life agree with God's teachings concerning diet? Note 2.
5. Tell of the history of the Rural Health Retreat, the Haskell Home, and the American Medical Missionary College.
6. What are God's directions concerning the size and the location of our health institutions? See "Ministry of Healing," chapter "In Contact With Nature," and "Testimonies for the Church," Vol. VII, sec. 2.
7. Relate from chapter XXIV how the work in California began, and of its guidance by the spirit of prophecy.
8. Tell of the sickness of Elder White and his recovery. This is more fully told in "Life Sketches."
9. Review the past lessons on this book.

Notes

1. Fashion largely determines our tastes. In dress, the beautiful of yesterday is ugly to-day, and vice versa. One of the most lamentable mistakes of our people was the rejection of the reform dress. While to many eyes, accustomed to the fashions of to-day, it is uncouth, yet, compared with the ugly fashionable dress of that day, it is beautiful and altogether sensible. The damage to us consisted not so much in the loss of a healthful mode of dress, as in the education it gave in rejecting the instructions of God's Spirit, and in conforming to the world's standard. Had we not been unfaithful in this, as in many other such things, the work would before this have been finished, and Christ would have come. (See "Testimonies for the Church," Vol. IV, pages 634-648.)

2. With many, transgression of the laws of health is easily excused, and the principles God teaches are lightly laid aside, often the excuse being made that such and such a one is extreme or fanatical upon the subject. The real reason is that lust reigns. To the Christian, self-control is a necessity, and abstinence from gluttony is not a hardship, but a delight. Too widely to-day among old and young is spreading the evil of self-indulgence. The use of alcoholic liquors and tobacco is not unknown, tea and coffee are frequently used, and condiments and flesh foods, which the Testimonies unequivocally condemn, are found more or less frequently on the tables of the majority. The people who came out of Egypt and lusted after these things left their carcasses on the wilderness sands. A strong young guard is required by God, and their strength will be measured by their self-control.

Junior Reading Course No. 2

No. 25—"My Garden Neighbors," pages 197-212

Notes and Suggestions

TELL the story of the crow's perseverance. What do you think of the crows that gathered mussels? How did the lark protect itself from the crow? How did a lark show its appreciation of Dr. Wheaton's kindness? Are you making friends with the birds this spring? Notice carefully some of Dr. Reed's rules for gaining the birds' confidence.

Although the crow will pull up young corn and get at the sprouting grain, and thus do much damage to the farmer's crop, he does more good than he does harm, and it is a mistake to make war upon him. In the course of a day a crow will kill thousands of bugs and beetles and worms, and even mice and moles, that would eat ten times as much of the crops as he destroys.

One of the cunning things that a quail does is to mislead its enemies when they come about the nest or the very young birds. The old bird will flutter about on the ground as if it were crippled. A cat, for instance, will see her and attempt to catch her. The bird flutters and flutters, but manages to keep a foot or two out of reach of the cat all the time, getting farther and farther away from the nest. She thus keeps up the deception until she has led the enemy a long way from her home, when she will fly up into a tree or across the fields. Boys have been known to follow a quail two hundred yards in an effort to catch her, believing that the bird had a broken wing. A number of other birds practise this same deception.— *Geo. E. Burba.*

"Waste Not, Want Not"

ONE day in crossing a crowded street in London, Carlyle, to the surprise of his companion, picked up a crust of bread, which he brushed clean and carefully deposited on the curbing.

"That," said he, "is only a crust of bread. Yet I was taught by my mother never to waste, and above all, bread, more precious than gold; the substance that is the same to the body that truth is to the soul. I am sure the little sparrows or a hungry dog will get nourishment from that bit of bread."— *Selected.*

Have You Learned the Art?

WHILE recently visiting a lonely aged sister who has learned through many a conflict the truth of Rom. 8:28, we learned from her lips the secret of cheerfully bearing trials. This sister, seventy-two years of age, and suffering from a dread disease, can meet with the church she loves only on quarterly meeting occasions, which she looks forward to and prizes very much. On at least two of these occasions the team that was to have brought her passed by and left her sitting with her shawl and hat on. So after the last time this happened, a few of us went to her to try to console her, and this was what she told us: "I have learned a new way to spell disappointment, instead of *d* I begin it with *h.*" Now, dear reader, can you spell and pronounce it? If not, put these texts together, and then try again and again until you can get the experience into your life: Rom. 8:28; 2 Cor. 4:17; Eph. 1:11-13; James 1:2-4. R. P.

THE homes of a nation are the bulwarks of personal and national safety and thrift.— *J. G. Holland.*

THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

III — The Resurrection of Lazarus

(April 16)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: John 11:1-54.

MEMORY VERSE: "Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." John 11:25.

The Lesson Story

1. About two miles from Jerusalem, on the eastern slope of Mount Olivet, was the quiet little town of Bethany. Here lived Mary and Martha and their brother Lazarus. ("It was that Mary which anointed the Lord with ointment, and wiped his feet with her hair.") "Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus," and he sometimes came to their home to rest after his toilsome journeys.

2. While Jesus was away teaching and preaching and performing miracles, he received a message from these sisters, saying, "Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick. When Jesus heard that, he said, This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby," and "he abode two days still in the same place where he was. Then after that saith he to his disciples, Let us go into Judea again.

3. "His disciples say unto him, Master, the Jews of late sought to stone thee; and goest thou thither again?" But Jesus taught them that the work of God must be done even amid danger. Then he said, "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth; but I go, that I may awake him out of sleep." He did not say that Lazarus had gone to heaven, but that he was sleeping. "Then said his disciples, Lord, if he sleep, he shall do well. . . Then said Jesus unto them plainly, Lazarus is dead. And I am glad for your sakes that I was not there, to the intent ye may believe." He knew they were about to see a greater miracle than if he had raised Lazarus to health when he was sick, and thus their faith would be made stronger.

4. Then Jesus said, "Nevertheless let us go unto him." And Thomas said to the other disciples, "Let us also go, that we may die with him." He thought the Jews would surely kill Jesus, but he would rather die with his Master than forsake him.

5. When Martha heard that Jesus had come, she went to meet him, and said, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died. But I know, that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee." Thus she showed in this great trouble her faith in Jesus. "Jesus saith unto her, Thy brother shall rise again. Martha saith unto him, I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day. Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." He said that after the resurrection of those who believe in him, they shall never die, and asked, "Believest thou this?" Martha answered, "Yea, Lord: I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world."

6. Many of the Jews had come from Jerusalem to comfort Mary and Martha "concerning their brother," and Mary was with them in the house. But when Martha called her "secretly, saying, The Master is come, and calleth for thee," "she arose quickly, and came unto him. Now Jesus was not yet come into the town, but was in that place where Martha met him." The Jews who were with Mary said, when they saw her hastily depart, "She goeth unto the grave to weep there," and they followed her.

7. "When Mary was come where Jesus was, and saw him, she fell down at his feet, saying unto him, Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died. When Jesus therefore saw her weeping, and the Jews also weeping which came with her, he groaned in the spirit, and was troubled, and said, Where have ye laid him? They said unto him, Lord, come and see.

8. "Jesus wept." He wept not alone for the sorrow caused by the death of Lazarus, but for all the aching hearts in the years that should follow. "Then said the Jews, Behold how he loved him! And some of them said, Could not this man, which opened the eyes of the blind, have caused that even this man should not have died? Jesus therefore again groaning in himself cometh to the grave. It was a cave, and a stone lay upon it. Jesus said, Take ye away the stone." Martha objected, saying that her brother had been dead four days. But Jesus answered, "Said I not unto thee, that, if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?

9. "Then they took away the stone from the place where the dead was laid. And Jesus lifted up his eyes, and said, Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me. And I knew that thou hearest me always: but because of the people which stand by I said it, that they may believe that thou hast sent me. And when he had thus spoken, he cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth. And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes: and his face was bound about with a napkin. Jesus saith unto them, Loose him, and let him go.

10. "Then many of the Jews which came to Mary, and had seen the things which Jesus did, believed on him. But some of them went their ways to the Pharisees, and told them what things Jesus had done. Then gathered the chief priests and the Pharisees a council, and said, What do we? for this man doeth many miracles. If we let him thus alone, all men will believe on him: and the Romans shall come and take away both our place and nation. . . . Then from that day forth they took counsel together for to put him to death. Jesus therefore walked no more openly among the Jews; but went thence unto a country near to the wilderness, into a city, called Ephraim, and there continued with his disciples."

Questions

1. What little town is situated on the eastern slope of Mount Olivet? How far is it from Jerusalem? Who lived in Bethany? How did Jesus regard this family? How had he become familiar with their home life?

2. While Jesus was away teaching and preaching, what message did he receive from these sisters? When he heard of Lazarus's sickness, what did he say? How many days did he remain in the place where he was? Where did he then suggest going?

3. Why were his disciples afraid to have him go into Judea? What did Jesus teach them? What did he then say about Lazarus? How did the disciples show that they did not understand what Jesus meant? Why was Jesus glad that he was not in Bethany when Lazarus was sick?

4. When Jesus determined to go to Bethany, what did Thomas say to the other disciples? What did he think the Jews would surely do? Why did he wish to go with Jesus?

5. Who went to meet Jesus when he was come to Bethany? How did Martha greet him? How did she show her faith in him? By what assurance did he seek to comfort her? When did Martha say that her brother should rise from the dead? What did Jesus say about himself? Of what future happy time did he then speak? What question did he ask Martha? How did she reply?

6. Who was in the house with Mary? How did Martha call her? What did Mary do when she heard that Jesus was come? Where did she find Jesus? When the Jews saw Mary go out hastily, what did they say? Where did they go?

7. When Mary came where Jesus was, what did she do and say? How did her grief, and that of the Jews, affect Jesus? What question did he ask? Give their reply.

8. How did Jesus show his grief? For whom did he weep? When the Jews saw him weeping, what did they say? What question did some of them ask? What did Jesus then do? Describe the tomb of Lazarus. What command did Jesus give? Why did Martha object? How did Jesus reply to her?

9. When they had taken away the stone, what did Jesus do? After praying to his Father, to whom did he cry? How were his words obeyed? Describe the appearance of Lazarus. What did Jesus say to those who stood by?

10. What effect did this miracle have upon many of the Jews who witnessed it? What course did some of them take? What did this cause the chief priests and Pharisees to do? How did they acknowledge the power of Jesus? Why did they fear this power? From that day forth what did these wicked men take counsel to do? Where did Jesus go? Who continued with him?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

III — The Resurrection of Lazarus and Priestly Plottings

(April 16)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: John 11:1-54.

LESSON HELPS: "Desire of Ages," chapters 58, 59; *Sabbath School Worker.*

MEMORY VERSE: John 11:25.

Questions

Resurrection of Lazarus

1. While Jesus was out of Judea, what message came to him? John 11:1-3.

2. What did he say when he heard it? What did he do? Verses 4-6.

3. What objections were offered by the disciples when Jesus proposed to go into Judea? Verses 7, 8, 16.

4. What was Jesus' reply? Verses 9, 10; note 1.

5. By what figure did Jesus speak of the death of Lazarus? How did the disciples understand him? Why did he say he was glad he was absent from Bethany? Verses 11-15.

6. What did Jesus find when he arrived at Bethany? Verses 17, 19.

7. How did each of the sisters express her confidence in Jesus when meeting him? Verses 20-22, 32.

8. What did Jesus say to Martha? What was her reply? What great truth did Jesus then state? Verses 23-26; note 2.

9. When Mary came to meet Jesus, who followed her? When Mary came where Jesus was, what did she do? What did she say? Verses 28-32.

10. When Jesus saw them weeping, how did it affect him? What question did he ask? What query arose in the minds of some? Verses 33-38; note 3.

11. When they reached the tomb, what did Jesus direct should be done? What protest was made? What gentle rebuke did Jesus administer? Verses 39, 40.

12. What did Jesus then do? With what result? Verses 41-44.

13. What were the different effects on those who saw the miracle? Verses 45, 46.

Priestly Plottings

14. What perplexing question came before the Jewish Sanhedrin which was called immediately after the resurrection of Lazarus? Verses 47, 48.

15. By whom and how was the council brought to a decision? Verses 49, 50, 53.

16. In what sense were Caiaphas's words a prophecy? Verses 51, 52; note 4.

17. After this, where did Jesus go? Verse 54.

Notes

1. "'Are there not twelve hours in the day?' I am under the guidance of my Father; as long as I do his will, my life is safe. My twelve hours of day are not yet ended. I have entered upon the last remnant of my day; but while any of this remains, I am safe."—*"Desire of Ages," page 527.*

2. "In Christ is life, original, unborrowed, underived. 'He that hath the Son hath life.' The divinity of Christ is the believer's assurance of eternal life. 'He that believeth in me,' said Jesus, 'though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this?' Christ here looks forward to the time of his second coming. Then the righteous dead shall be raised incorruptible, and the living righteous shall be translated to heaven without seeing death. The miracle which Christ was about to perform, in raising Lazarus from the dead, would represent the resurrection of all the righteous dead. By his word and his works he declared himself the Author of the resurrection. He who himself was soon to die upon the cross, stood with the keys of death, a conqueror of the grave, and asserted his right and power to give eternal life."—*"Desire of Ages," page 530.*

3. Jesus' heart was touched with sympathy for the sorrowing sisters. He also wept for the unbelieving Jews, some of whom even now were casting reflections upon his claims. Verse 37. Yet it was not merely on account of the present circumstances that he wept. "The weight of the grief of ages was upon him. He saw the terrible effects of the transgression of God's law. He saw that in the history of the world, beginning with the death of Abel, the conflict between good and evil had been unceasing. Looking down the years to come, he saw the suffering and sorrow, tears and death, that were to be the lot of men. His heart was pierced with the pain of the human family of all ages and in all lands. The woes of the sinful race were heavy upon his soul, and the fountain of his tears was broken up as he longed to relieve all their distress."—*"Desire of Ages," page 534.*

4. "In declaring that one man should die for the nation, Caiaphas indicated that he had some knowledge of the prophecies, although it was very limited. But John, in his account of this scene, takes up the prophecy, and shows its broad and deep significance. . . . On the lips of Caiaphas this most precious truth was turned into a lie. The policy he advocated was based on a principle borrowed from heathenism. Among the heathen, the dim consciousness that one was to die for the human race, had led to the offering of human sacrifices. So Caiaphas proposed by the sacrifice of Jesus to save the guilty nation, not from transgression, but in transgression, that they might continue in sin. And by his reasoning he thought to silence the remonstrances of those who might dare to say that as yet nothing worthy of death had been found in Jesus."—*"Desire of Ages," page 540.*

"NOTHING overcomes anger more than silence."

The Youth's Instructor

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Good-by

THE flame of friendship burns and glows
In the warm, frank word, "Good-by!"
—*Eliza Cook.*

Playing for Prizes

THE following question, with its pertinent answer, appeared in a recent number of the *Christian Endeavor World:*—

"'Will you kindly tell us what you think of playing for prizes, no matter how small in value, at progressive domino parties, or at any places where games are played? Some of us young people have been discussing this, and do not agree. We want your opinion.

"'PENNSYLVANIA.'"

The answer is by the author popularly known as "Pansy." She says:—

"Let me tell you what I once heard a wise and famous Christian educator say to a boy who was fingering a pack of cards preparatory to a game with his younger sisters and brother.

"'Young man, with those cards in your hand you are under the rebel flag. The world is in rebellion to our King, and that is one of the allurements used to win people to the enemy's side. I wouldn't flaunt a rebel flag if I were you, for amusement, nor for any other reason.'

"The whole complicated machinery of social prizes is rapidly proving itself to be under 'the rebel flag.'"

Take Time

TAKE time to be on time. Begin planning for a task as soon as you know you have it to do. If you must be at a certain place at a certain hour, set yourself a time to start, and be ready to start at that time. If you go to your work every day, find out just how long it takes to make the distance. If you can walk in ten minutes easily, start at ten minutes of seven in the morning and at ten minutes of one after dinner. If the meal is not finished, go without, but be on time. Going hungry may help you to remember.

Take time to be on time. It is not graceful to run to catch a car. Your bundles may fall, or you may trip. The on-time people are all watching you from the car windows, and should an accident happen, be sure they will enjoy your confusion. Then it is not good for one to run for a car, unless one happens to be a small boy or an active little girl. Grown people take chances every time they exert themselves so violently. If you *are* a small boy or an active little girl, you are forming a bad habit if you are under the necessity of running to catch a car. You can not afford it.

Take time to be on time. The very fact that you are in your place when the bell rings, when the whistle blows, when the clock strikes, is a wholesome stimulant for a good day's work. You will be proud of yourself — not to mention your employer's opinion. You will be worth more, financially and morally. Figure it up. Five minutes a day amounts to twenty-six hours a year. The moral loss is ever so much greater. So set yourself a time, and be ready, always.

MAX HILL.

Quoting the Bible Lightly

IT can not but surprise every reverent person to note the careless lightness with which even professed Christians sometimes quote from the Bible, often diverting the most solemn words from their original meaning. A lesson for such may be taken from the comment of a so-called non-believer, who thus rebuked his nephew for the offense:—

"I can not understand how any one in Christendom, least of all a church-member, as you are, can show so little sense of the eternal fitness of things, so little reverence, as to say, as you did when you raised the curtain, 'Let there be light!' You believe that these words were uttered by your Creator upon the completion of the world, and yet you repeat them as flippantly as if they had been said by your next-door neighbor upon the occasion of lighting a candle. You would not turn from their original meaning even the words of an acquaintance, in repeating them. How, then, can you use in this way the words of the Bible?"

The young man could not answer the question.—*Young People.*

Muck-Rakers and Muck-Makers

THE man to be dreaded in a democracy is not the *muck-raker,* but the *muck-maker.* The muck-raker may be laughed out of court, but the muck-maker ought to be haled into court. If a train is rushing down-hill because control of the brakes has been lost, the man who seizes hold of them and succeeds in bringing the cars to a halt, is likely to give the passengers a severe jolting, but he saves their lives.

Secrecy is an impotent and futile remedy for secret corruption. Political and financial corruption are like tuberculosis, in need of the fresh-air and sunlight treatment. When men have become almost comatose in their unconcern touching the civic weal and the civic right, then flashes of wakefulness are branded as hysteria.

A muck-raker is he who honestly and bravely tries to undo, in part, at least, the disastrous consequences wrought by the treasonable deeds of the civic muck-maker. When it is sought to cleanse a city which has been befouled by civic muck-makers, rose-water is not a sufficiently strong deodorant. Carbolics and chlorides become necessary at such a time. Nothing could be worse than that the nation seek to intimidate the so-called muck-rakers into silence if such a thing could be. The battle of the republic must be against the muck-makers, the despoilers, the defilers, the betrayers. The real muck-raker is not he who speaks the truth touching evil conditions, but he whose conduct so pollutes a city's life as to make plain speaking inevitable.—*Stephen S. Wise, in March Pacific Monthly.*