The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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ALONG THE SHORES OF AVALANCHE LAKE, GLACIER NATIONAL PARK, MONTANA

FROM HERE AND THERE

FIVE thousand persons lost their lives last year while walking on railroad tracks.

FOR some years the population of Germany has been increasing at the rate of 900,000 a year.

THE First Baptist Church of Boston, Massachusetts, has just celebrated its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary.

IN order to prevent seizure by Germany, all the mail for Russia from the United States and western Europe passes through Sweden and Finland.

THE stock dividend of $48,000,000 declared by the Ford Motor Car Company, June 4, adds nearly $28,000,000 to Mr. Henry Ford's fortune.

THE coinage of a half-cent piece is being urged, to the end "that those who are obliged to practice economy may make their money count to the best advantage."

As a wedding gift, Miss Genevieve Clark, daughter of the Speaker of the House, received from that body a diamond necklace, containing, apart from the pendant, eighty-five diamonds.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT testifies that since he became governor of New York, he has written 150,000 letters, made 40,000 appointments to office, and signed 20,000 bills carrying appropriations of several billions of dollars.

MR. F. W. GREEN, general manager of the Louisiana and Arkansas Railways, estimates that to stop a freight train weighing two thousand tons, when the train is going at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, and then start it and bring it to the same rate of speed, costs the railway company sixty-one cents.

TO prevent damage to pianos by mice, one manufacturer is using a new connection for the pedals. The pedal arms are curved down and under the front, and connected with the vertical rods beneath the case. The rods slide up and down under the action of the pedals, and are therefore made to fit the openings so closely that mice are unable to get inside the case.

IT is said that in 1914 the number of automobiles in the United States was 1,808,441, or 680,501 more cars than there were the year before. At this rate of increase there will be more than 2,400,000 cars in 1915; and these cars, with an average of 583 gallons of gasoline a year to the car, will need 1,399,200,000 gallons. The recently invented device to manufacture this commodity, at a profit, for three cents a gallon, will be of interest to the automobile-owning "ultimate consumer."

THREE years ago a young Russian girl entered Denver University to do the academic work. Though unable to either speak or write English, and so beginning under a heavy handicap, she completed, with excellent scholarship, the four years' work in three years. "It is so easy to learn here in America," she says. "The chance is so good, and the cost so much less than in Brent, in Russian Poland, where I gained my preparatory education." Another girl student, only ten years old, living in a small Iowa town, has been graduated from the high school, where she held an excellent record in mathematics, and expects to enter the University of Iowa in September.

TO prevent the violation of speed laws, automobile registers have been invented. The mechanism is inclosed in a casing carried at the rear of the car. At one end of the casing is the number of the car, and at the other end are the various registering devices. When the specified speed limit is exceeded, the telltale plate comes into view, and stays in view, thus being sure evidence for the first policeman the car passes. There is no way of getting the number out of sight except by unlocking the casing, which is supposed to be done only at the end of the day's run. The plan involves having the key in the hands of the police department, or some one other than the driver. To prevent overreaching the speed limit, an electric bell operated by a governor gives the driver warning just before a registering speed is reached.

LEVI P. MORTON, former Vice President of the United States, banker and man of wealth, celebrated his ninety-first birthday recently at his Washington, D. C., home. He was more or less active in business affairs up to his ninetieth birthday, when he retired. He founded several New York and London banking houses which bear his name, and is a director in other banks as well as in several large insurance companies. Mr. Morton was honorary commissioner to the Paris Exposition in 1878, member of Congress from New York from 1879 to 1881, minister to France from 1881 to 1885, Vice President during the Harrison administration from 1889 to 1893, and governor of New York in 1895 and 1896.

OLIVE oil, which some families manage to do without the year through, while others consider their dinner tasteless without it, is regarded abroad as better adapted than butter for army purposes, because of its concentrated food value. Consequently its exportation has been prohibited by the Italian and Spanish governments, though our Department of State obtained an exception in favor of the United States provided importers give bond that none of the product so imported shall be reexported.— *The Christian Herald.*

THE name of Huss is an abbreviation of his birthplace, Husinetz, a small village of southern Bohemia, near Prachatitz, on the Bavarian boundary. Following a custom of the times, Huss called himself Johannes of Husinetz, and, for short, Johann Hus. The double "s" which appears in English spellings does not occur in the Czech original; it was adopted by English writers to aid in the correct pronunciation of the name, which should be Hooss. His first name he spelled Jan.— *Selected.*

THE thermaphone, a device recently invented by a man in Holland, is said to be an improvement over the telephone. The receiver and transmitter take up no more room than the ordinary watch. The receiver is so small that it can be placed with comfort in the ear.

Principal Contents

The Youth's Instructor

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The Sunrise Never Failed Us Yet

UPON the sadness of the sea
The sunset broods regretfully;
From the far, lonely spaces, slow
Withdraws the wistful afterglow.

So out of life the splendor dies;
So darken all the happy skies;
So gathers twilight, cold and stern—
But overhead the planets burn.

And up the east another day
Shall chase the bitter dark away;
What though our eyes with tears be wet?
The sunrise never failed us yet!

The blush of dawn may yet restore
Our light, and hope, and joy once more.
Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget
That sunrise never failed us yet!

—*Celia Thaxter.*

Possibilities of the Morning Watch

MATILDA ERICKSON

THE possibilities of the morning watch! But how can we measure them? The morning watch is prayer under the most favorable circumstances and at the most opportune time; and as long as all things are possible with God, all things are possible through prayer. "One of the world's renowned scientists has recently declared that prayer is the mightiest power in the universe, and that the Christian world is blind to this fact." One thing is sure: No Christian can make the most of life unless he makes the most of prayer. For while life is measured by the service put into it, genuine Christian service can proceed only from the life that has unbroken communion with heaven. The wire that makes the connection is prayer. Therefore the morning watch must be one of the Christian's supreme privileges; but he can never realize its full possibilities until he looks upon that morning appointment with God as an absolute necessity.

We make much of service, and it is right that we should. Christ said, "I am among you as he that serveth." We should copy this aspect of his life.

We are saved to serve, but only the service that is saturated with prayer counts; for, after all, "God's greatest agency for winning men back to himself is the prayers of other men." Luther, when exceedingly busy, spent more hours than usual in prayer; Whitefield and Livingstone died upon their knees; Baxter stained the walls of his study with the breath of prayer. And all these workers arose from their knees, and wrought miracles on the hearts of their fellow men. R. F. Horton, in "Victory in Christ," says: "I think all the victors who have overcome, whose bright names star the heavens and will shine forever and ever, made and kept their hours of prayer. If these souls had not insisted on being alone in deep mid-silence between themselves and God, their great deeds might never have been attempted, and it is sure that they could never have been done."

The Life That Wins

However, the Christian's first duty is not serving, but living; for back of all service must be the life that wins. As Bishop Hannington purchased the way into Uganda with his life, so every Christian must purchase a way to successful Christian service with the life that wins. He who would be a Henry Martyn in service must live Henry Martyn's life. He who would be a successful soul winner must live the life of a successful soul winner—must live the life that wins.

But "there is only one life that wins; and that is the life of Jesus Christ. Every man may have that life; every man may live that life." To live that life means to get rid of sin, and sin is the greatest power in the world except God; but as surely as the telescope can find a star in the heavens, so surely can a soul find its God. Keeping in touch with God is the secret of this life, and "prayer is the unseen wire stretched from the very heart of God to the heart of man. It is just as real and certain as electricity and gravitation. It is no more mysterious; it is no less practical. It is just as reasonable to expect to accomplish something by this means as by any other law or invention."

Test the Connection

Prayer is the great reality of life. The Christian is a diver; every day he is plunged into conditions that tend to crush out his spiritual life. His safety depends upon his connection with heaven. Every day he should test this connection, and make sure that it is safe for him to drop into the day with its problems and perplexities. You must not "face the day until you have faced God, nor look into the face of others until you have looked into his. You cannot expect to be victorious, if the day begins only in your strength," says one writer; and Rev. T. L. Cuyler says: "The true Christian goes to his closet both for his panoply and his 'rations' for the day's march and its inevitable conflicts."

A Christian who must have learned from experience the value of the morning watch, once said: "If the quiet hour does not prelude the day of activity, we shall grow fussy and fevered in our service to men. Our vitality will be exhausted, and some of our power will be coarsened. We shall lose our faith, and with our faith, we shall lose our strength." "Extreme busyness," says R. L. Stevenson, "whether at kirk or in the market, is a symptom of deficient vitality."

The experience of Christians in all ages emphasizes the importance of keeping the morning watch faithfully. God said to Moses: "And be ready *in the morning,* and come up *in the morning* into Mount Sinai, and present thyself there to me in the top of the mount. And no man shall come up with thee." Ex. 34:2, 3. He was to meet God alone in the mount. He did, and when he returned, his face shone. David says, "*In the morning,* will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up" (Ps. 5:3); and again, "Cause me to hear thy loving-kindness *in the morning;* for in

thee do I trust: cause me to know the way wherein I should walk; for I lift up my soul unto thee."

Isaiah had his morning appointments with God; for he tells us, "He wakeneth morning by morning, he wakeneth my ear to hear as the learned." Isa. 50:4. To Daniel the morning prayer was so important an appointment that he would rather be cast into the lions' den than fail to observe it. Of our Saviour, the maker of heaven and earth, it is recorded that "in the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed." Mark 1:35.

Prayer a Necessity

It is said that during the last forty years of his life Wesley rose at four o'clock, and spent from one to two hours in devotional Bible study and prayer. John Quincy Adams, who studied his Bible in the morning, said of this custom: "It seems to me the most suitable manner of beginning the day." Some one has said that for sixty years Gladstone went every morning to the nearest chapel or church for his morning prayer. J. Hudson Taylor would not let the duties that well-nigh crushed him crowd out his morning watch. To him it was an absolute necessity. During most busy seasons he was known to rise at three o'clock for an hour of Bible study and prayer.

It is possible for the morning watch — for Christ through the morning watch — to revolutionize our lives at their weakest points. "In the morning watch appointment, faithfully kept," as Gordon says, "lies the great secret of riding masterfully upon the tide that surges around us so fiercely, instead of being sucked under by it. And between these two tide alternatives every one must choose." It is too late for the soldier to buckle on his armor and hunt up his equipment when the enemy is upon him. He must be prepared. So must the Christian. And prayer is the best preparation he can make for meeting the events of the day. Prayer will help him to do his work, bear his burdens, solve his problems, and sweeten his pleasures.

Then, too, the morning hour seems especially fitted for prayer. It is the quiet part of the day. The toil and disappointments of yesterday lie hidden behind the curtain of night, and the cares of today have not yet overtaken us. All about us seems to say, "Be still, and know that I am God."

Yes, it is possible for Christ through the morning watch to revolutionize the lives of our young people; but to get the most out of the morning watch we must enter that chamber of secret prayer in faith; for prayer needs faith for its answer. Mere words do not constitute genuine prayer. A picture of a fire is not a fire. A description of Niagara is not the falls. It takes faith to form words into the morning watch that changes lives and things. For the prayer of faith is in the hands of the humble petitioner a check with the signature of Jesus at the bottom, and is good for any amount when presented at the bank of heaven.

We Must Pray in Faith

The morning watch must be observed in a fixed spirit to obey the counsel received. For while faith may make the requests, obedience must serve him with the blessings sent. "The name of Jesus must be the ruling power in life, in order to be the ruling power in prayer."

Prayer must be definite. Think of the wonderful answers to prayer on record in the Bible and elsewhere. Those requests were all definite. D. L. Moody said: "Our prayers go all around the world without anything definite being asked. We do not expect anything. Many people would be surprised if God should answer their prayers." All definite prayers are not answered, but all answered prayers on record have been definite.

There must be perseverance. We must "pray without ceasing." "Over one hundred years ago a number of students of Yale University rose up each morning before daybreak, and through the long winter months pleaded with God for a revival. The revival came, and it is said that every student in the university surrendered to Christ." "That is the sublimest moment in human life," says C. Meyers, "which holds on by faith to God's promises with a deathless grip."

In order to have the best results from the morning watch, the young Christian should be provided with helps for Bible study and prayer. The Bible should be given first place in the hour of secret prayer. The Morning Watch Calendar is excellent help in systematic Bible study. It is a constant reminder of things for which all should pray, and leads all who use it to pray for the same things at the same time. Then, too, the calendar, with its page for reporting daily missionary work, is a call to "help somebody today." It is well to keep a written list of the persons and things one is praying for. Gordon in his little book, "Keeping Tryst," gives a few helpful suggestions. Among them are these: (a) Guard jealously the quiet, unhurried spirit; (b) remember you have come to meet the Master — come to know him better, to hear his voice, to realize his presence, to look into his face; (c) your chief business is listening; (d) be frank and honest with the Master as his Book points out sin.

When Prayer Fails

While thinking about the boundless possibilities of prayer in the morning watch, we must come face to face with the fact that prayer often fails. The *Missionary Review of the World* in the January, 1910, issue, after fifty years of study of prayer and missions, challenged any one to bring to its notice *one* spiritual awakening in any land which was not begun in prayer, and not proportionate to the maintenance of intercession. When Haydn, the great musical composer, was asked how he most quickly regained his strength, his answer was, "Prayer." The Idaho railway engineer who never lost a life, attributed his success to prayer. Prayer has divided seas, caused the water to gush out of flinty rock, rolled up rivers, muzzled the mouths of lions, fed multitudes, healed the sick, and raised the dead. It has bridled human passions, converted men and women, comforted breaking hearts, and inspired fainting, despairing disciples with new hope.

All this, prayer has done, and much more. But still, as one writer says, "most prayers are not answered, and yet God fulfills his promises." The same writer continues: "The stigma upon Christian life is the unholy content without any distinct experience of answers to prayer." To harbor known sin in the heart is like cutting the telegraph wire. The machine may click, but no message reaches the other end. Sin breaks the connection. When prayer fails, it is time to repair the machinery at our end of the line; and the quickest way to do it is to send up the distress signal: "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me."

If prayer fails, it is our fault, for prayer need *never*

fail. It never does fail when we give it its proper place in our lives — when it is to us as truly a necessity as the food we eat and the air we breathe. It is when prayer becomes a secondary matter with us, when we use it as a sort of top dressing, when we turn to it as a last resort after we have tried everything else and failed,— it is when prayer is used in this way that it fails. "When every drop of blood that courses through the veins is touched by the Holy Spirit, the man on his knees has a leverage underneath the mountain which can cast it into the sea if necessary, and force all earth and heaven to recognize his power in His name."

No Time to Pray

Yet in the face of this and innumerable other facts showing plainly that "prayer is the greatest force in God's great world," men and women, Christian men and women, men and women who declare stoutly that they believe these facts, say they have not *time* to pray. "The great people of the earth today are the people who pray,— the people who take time to pray. They have not time? It must be taken from something else. That something else is important, very important and pressing; still it is less important and pressing than prayer. There are people who put prayer first, and group the other items in life's schedule around and after prayer. These are the people who are doing the most for God: in winning souls, in solving problems, in awakening churches, in supplying both men and money for mission posts, in keeping fresh and strong the lives far off in sacrificial service in foreign fields, where the thickest fighting is going on, in keeping the world sweet a little longer." *Take* time to pray!

OSTRICH EGGS HATCHING OUT

Nothing will give us such clear visions of ourselves or of Christ as will secret prayer; and more than that, the chamber of secret prayer is the station where we connect with the great dynamo of heaven, and receive power to live the life that wins. From every viewpoint prayer is the Christian's greatest privilege.

To my mind no duty before us as workers is more important than to teach our young people to pray. We must know for ourselves the value of the morning watch if we are going to show our young people its value. The saddest sight of earth is not that of a young Christian laid away to rest beneath the turf when others are entering their careers. The greatest of all tragedies is the tragedy of the young person who fails to remember his Creator in the days of his youth, and fails to make Jesus Christ his personal friend. And I believe the place in which to learn to know him whom to know is life eternal, is the chamber of secret prayer. In a certain Roman Catholic chapel hangs a picture of Jesus. Before it is a stool. To those who remain standing, the picture holds no attraction. One must kneel to see the beauty and glory of the countenance. So it is by kneeling before the open Bible that we learn to know the Saviour as he is. And to know him means to love him, to serve him, to follow him.

We should meet him, then, regularly each day; we should meet him, then, regularly every morning; for the Christian who learns the joy and comfort and help of beginning the day with God will pray more through the day, and will have an evening appointment with the same unchanging Friend, that the hand that unlocks the door in the morning may bolt it again at night.

A Turkish Tradition

'Tis said the Turk, when passing down an Eastern street,
If any scrap of paper chance his eyes to greet,
Will never look away, like us, unheedingly,
Or pass the little fragment thus regardless by,
But stop to pick it up because,—oh, lovely thought!—
The name of God may thereupon perchance be wrought.

In every human soul remains, however dim,
Some image of the Deity, some trace of him.
And how can we, then, any scorn as foul and dark,
That bear, though frail and lowly, still that holy mark?
And since his impress is upon all nature seen,
How can we aught disdain as common or unclean?

—*Selected.*

A Shattered Industry

I HAD not thought of it in America; but being reminded of the matter here in Africa, I recall that one does not see ostrich plumes worn on hats as much as formerly. The style has changed; and the change of fashion in Europe and America has shattered a great and growing industry in South Africa.

A few years ago the highly developed plumes brought such prices that ostrich farming became a profitable business. Lands best adapted to it rose to fancy prices, and speculation rates prevailed. Then came a change in fashion, about two years ago, with feathers falling in the market; and then came the war, with no sale for either plumes or diamonds. The first things that were cut off were the expensive and unnecessary luxuries. So all up through the ostrich country of eastern Cape Province, men in the trains were talking of this and that failure among the ostrich farmers.

I met one farmer, now a brother in the faith, who formerly had five hundred ostriches on his farm. Two years ago he was offered $3,000 for a pair of high-bred birds. Now they might bring one or two hundred dollars if some one wanted them. Many farmers have turned their birds onto the veld, or prairie, where in this dry season they are dying of starvation. This brother is keeping the remnant of his flock by cutting up the cactus bush for feed. Another brother, who has a small number, said he was trying to trade them for fowls, bird for bird.

There are several ostriches wandering about on the Maranatha Mission farm. I noticed that the fence posts at the corner of the field were not only large ones, but were braced up by wire guy ropes, running from the top of the posts to stakes driven a few feet away.

"Why do you have those corner posts so securely stayed up?" I asked.

"We had ostriches in this field," the farmer said. They were terrible birds for pushing over wire fencing. They take fright at something, and start running; and if they come plump into the fence, over it goes unless made as secure as possible. We had all this fencing thrown down flat, once, when the birds got frightened and ran into this corner."

In the breeding season the ostrich is a savage bird, and may be a dangerous thing to meet in the open field unless one knows how to deal with it. The neck is the vulnerable point; and those who handle ostriches know how to catch the bird by the neck before it can strike with the knife-like toe, or how to drive it back by pushing a forked stick or branch against its throat.

The old story we have heard of the ostrich is really true, they say. Cover its head, and it seems to think itself hidden. Impossible as it is for so large a bird to hide behind any ordinary screen,— and when grazing on the distant veld it looks about as large as a bullock,— it hides its head where all the world is shut out from its vision, and thinks itself out of sight of all the world.

Along with the fair plumage — finer and more beautiful than the softest silk — there goes an ugly temper and a foolish, shallow mind. W. A. SPICER.

Worshiping Gobin

IN South America an image is substituted for the Deity. The people have an image rather than Jesus or Mary, and it is the image they worship rather than the one the image is named for. I have seen people at a certain place worship what they call "the Black Christ," a very famous idol. I remember seeing a woman with five children following her and one on her back, tramp for seven days to reach this image, that she might pray to it. She said, "We worship the blessed Lord of Gobin. My children and I had the smallpox. I prayed to the blessed Lord of Gobin, and he healed us, and I came with my children to thank him and make him an offering." She passed cities and villages where there were hundreds of images of Christ, but they were not *the* image. It was one particular image that she had prayed to, and to that image she came to return thanks.

I saw people go from Gobin, and I went with some of them, to Escapoulis, a distance of two hundred miles. They went to worship another image of Jesus; they were not devotees of Gobin, but of this other image called "the blessed Lord of Escapoulis." I visited this shrine during the pilgrimages in January. It was estimated that thirty-five thousand pilgrims came and went during the two weeks. I passed thousands on the highway. To one woman ninety years of age, who was hobbling along, I said, "Mother, where have you been?" "Oh," she said, "I have been to Escapoulis to worship the blessed Lord of Escapoulis!" I asked if he performed any great miracles this year. She said, "Yes, yes, my lord!" She told me of many miracles, and I saw posted on the walls of the temple over the name of the priest that wrote it out, declarations of great miracles that had been performed during that two weeks by this stick of wood thirty-nine and one-half inches tall. It was claimed that it had given sight to the blind, restored the maimed, and imparted health to the sick. That old woman told me where she lived, a place over three hundred miles from where she talked to me. She must have tramped a distance of six hundred or six hundred and fifty miles over mountains and through forests and streams, because her heart was hungry for God. The best she knew was this stick of wood over three hundred years old, so she went to worship it.

I visited the place and saw the image. There I saw also two little girls ten or twelve years of age, with just a few rags to cover them, and I could track them by the blood from their knees on the stones. Their eyes were fixed on the glass case containing the image; tears were running down their cheeks. They were muttering a prayer, making the sign of the cross, and counting the beads around their necks. The tears ran down my cheeks. My heart ached, and I said, "How long, O Lord, how long shall we allow mothers and children like these to cry out after God because their hearts have not been satisfied, when we could give them the gospel that would satisfy them?"

When leaving, I heard a cry I shall never forget. My interpreter and I rushed down the center of the city. Looking down a little valley at the door of the temple where the image was kept, we saw a little company of Indians kneeling. They had strapped on their backs their cooking utensils, bedding, and their little children. Mothers, fathers, boys, and girls were kneeling there with all their belongings on their backs. This was the last day of the pilgrimage. They were about to return home, several hundred miles away, in the mountains, and were saying good-by to the image. Tears were dropping down to the stones as they made the sign of the cross, and chanted, "Good-by, Escapoulis."

They climbed slowly to their feet, and with tears running down their cheeks, looked over their shoulders toward the temple containing the stick of wood to which they had been taught to turn their hearts in longing prayer. Then they began climbing the mountain, going back to their huts with the same load that they had brought with them. I saw them kiss the wooden heel of the image, and lay offerings at its feet.

In the name of Christ, who died for South America, let us pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers to this neglected continent so near our own doors.— *James M. Taylor, in the Medical Missionary.*

A Queer "Missionary"

THE following incident, taken from a letter of one of our missionaries in South America, is amusing yet sad. How dull of comprehension are many minds to the real meaning of the gospel!

"I have some interesting experiences among the people. Yesterday I went to visit a lady who had been coming quite regularly to our meetings. After chatting awhile, she asked how we were sent as missionaries — if we were paid wages, and if our traveling expenses were paid by the mission. When I explained it to her, she said: 'Well, I have been thinking. First, I was a Catholic; then I left that, and joined the Salvationists; then after a while I got in with the Spiritualists. I did not remain long in that, but became interested in some English religious society. Then the Methodists came, and I was converted to them. I've been with them a long while now. I would like your kind of work; I'd like to travel. I would like to take a trip to Europe. I think I'll speak to your pastor, and see if I cannot be sent as a missionary to Europe.' I could scarcely refrain from smiling as I thought what a queer missionary she would make."

M. E. KERN.

Historical

A Carol From Flanders

IN Flanders on the Christmas morn
The trenchèd foemen lay,
The German and the Briton born —
And it was Christmas Day.

The red sun rose on fields accursed,
The gray fog fled away;
But neither cared to fire the first,
For it was Christmas Day.

They called from each to each across
The hideous disarray
(For terrible had been their loss):
"O, this is Christmas Day!"

Their rifles all they set aside,
One impulse to obey;
'Twas just the men on either side,
Just men — and Christmas Day.

. . . . .

O ye who read this truthful rime
From Flanders, kneel and say:
God speed the time when every day
Shall be as Christmas Day.

— *The Literary Digest.*

A Backward Glance Through Some of Europe's Past Wars

[To aid in a better understanding of the present great war, a review of some of Europe's past struggles will be given in a series of articles bearing the foregoing title. The answers have been taken from Myers's "General History," edition of 1890.]

What object lesson of freedom and liberty had the French people been deeply interested in?

Not one of the least potent of proximate causes of the French Revolution was the successful establishment of the American republic. The French people sympathized deeply with the English colonists in their struggle for independence. Many of the nobility, like Lafayette, offered to the patriots the service of their swords; and the popular feeling at length compelled Louis XVI to extend to them openly the aid of the armies of France.

The final triumph of the cause of liberty awakened scarcely less enthusiasm and rejoicing in France than in America. In this young republic of the Western world the French people saw realized the Arcadia of their philosopher. It was no longer a dream. They themselves had helped to make it real. Here the rights of man had been recovered and vindicated. And now this liberty which the French people had helped the American colonists to secure, they were impatient to see France herself enjoy.

Who was the ruler of France at the time of the Revolution?

Louis XVI, who had married the fair and brilliant Marie Antoinette, archduchess of Austria, was the young ruler of France. He knew a political tempest had long been gathering. And he tried to avert it by calling to his side the most eminent financiers as his ministers and advisers. But the disease which had fastened itself upon the nation was too deep-seated. The traditions of the court, the rigidity of long-established customs, and the heartless selfishness of the privileged classes, rendered reform and efficient retrenchment impossible.

In 1787 the king summoned the Notables, a body composed chiefly of great lords and prelates, who had not been called to advise with the king since the reign of Henry IV. But miserable counselors were they all. Refusing to give up any of their feudal privileges, or to tax the property of their own orders that the enormous public burdens which were crushing the commons might be lightened, their coming together resulted in nothing.

As a last resort it was resolved to summon the united wisdom of the nation — to call together the States-General, the almost forgotten assembly, composed of representatives of the three estates, the nobility, the clergy, and the commons, the latter being known as the Tiers Etal, or third estate. On the fifth of May, 1789, a memorable date, this assembly met at Versailles. It was the first time it had been summoned to deliberate upon the affairs of the nation in the space of one hundred and seventy-five years. It was now composed of 1,200 representatives, more than one half of whom were deputies of the commons. The eyes of the nations were turned in hope and expectancy toward Versailles. Surely if the redemption of France could be worked out by human wisdom, it would now be effected.

What did the States-General Assembly accomplish?

At the very outset disputes on the manner of voting arose in the Assembly, which occupied the time for five weeks. Finally the commons declared themselves the National Assembly, and invited the other two orders to join with them. Finding public opinion was with the commons, the other two orders finally joined with them.

What outbreak on the part of the people occurred during the session of the National Assembly that was the beginning of the Reign of Terror?

The Bastille was the old state prison, the emblem, in the eyes of the people, of despotism. A report came that its guns were trained on the city: that provoked a popular outbreak. "Let us storm the Bastille," rang through the streets. The mob straightway proceeded to lay siege to the grim old dungeon. In a few hours the prison fortress was in their hands. The walls of the hated state prison were razed to the ground, and the people danced on the spot. The key of the fortress was sent as a "trophy of the spoils of despotism" to Washington by Lafayette.

What was the significance of the storming of the Bastille?

The destruction by the Paris mob of the Bastille is to the French Revolution what the burning of the papal bull by Luther was to the Reformation. It was the death knell not only of Bourbon despotism in France, but of royal tyranny everywhere. When the news reached England, the great statesman Fox, perceiving its significance for liberty, exclaimed, "How much is this the greatest event that ever happened in the world, and how much the best!"

What was the result of the fall of the Bastille?

The fall of the Bastille left Paris in the hands of a triumphant mob. Those suspected of sympathizing with the royal party were massacred without mercy. The peasantry in many districts, following the example set them by the capital, rose against the nobles, sacked and burned their castles, and either killed the occupants or dragged them off to prison. This terrorism caused the beginning of what is known as the emigration of the nobles, their flight beyond the frontiers of France.

THE HOME CIRCLE

"You must live each day at your very best:
The work of the world is done by few;
God asks that a part be done by you."

Peace

ERE our dear Saviour spoke the parting word
To those who loved him best when here below,
While deep emotion every bosom stirred,
He said, "My peace I give you ere I go."

His peace, sweet peace! As falls the summer dew
On drooping flowers, so fell those words of cheer
Upon the earnest hearts that dimly knew
What they, like their dear Lord, must suffer here.

O Christ! whose human heart remembers still
The pangs from which death only gave release,
Strange griefs, strange fears, our yearning souls must fill;
Withhold what else thou wilt — but give us peace

— Julia C. R. Dorr.

A Life Like Maggy's

MAGGY worked in a rooming house — one of those very old ones on the street behind the new hospital. It was narrow and tall, and blackened by soot and smoke; outside, at the rear of the building, was a flight of rickety stairs; over the creaking front steps hung the sign, "Furnished Rooms for Light Housekeeping." The house had no furnace; in each room was a miserable little fireplace. Lodgers carried their ashes down to the pit; the garbage they left on the fire escape for Maggy to take away.

Maggy was the only person, Ruth Sullivan thought, whose life was harder than her own; and it was harder only because Ruth was young and could hope for better things, whereas Maggy was an old woman.

"If I were in her place," Ruth said to Rose McGinn, "I know I shouldn't want to live."

Ruth's temples that morning throbbed with a sick headache, and she dreaded the heat and the foul air at the steam laundry where she worked. She wondered how she should feel if she had to look ahead to years of working in the laundry. "But you needn't feel sorry for Maggy," Rose said. "When the new landlord came, he was going to turn her off and get a man. Maggy cried for two or three days; the roomers told the landlord they'd leave unless he kept her. So she stayed."

"What did she want to stay for?" Ruth asked.

"Oh, she's used to things here, and thinks a lot of some of the roomers! I think she likes to scrub; you can make her happy telling her how clean she keeps the hall. And then — Maggy's not bright, and maybe she couldn't get a new place."

Singing a hymn in a flat, loud voice, Maggy came down the stairs with a garbage pail in each hand. She was a big woman, in a purple dress, with huge brogans on her feet.

"Now ain't it too bad?" she said, when she saw Ruth's white face. "Y're sick with yer head agin."

"You ought to take a headache tablet," said Rose.

"No, Rose," Ruth answered. "I've quit on headache medicine. I'm beginning to depend too much on those tablets."

"The walk in the fresh air'll cure yer head," Maggy predicted cheerfully.

But the air was damp and cold; it was a cloudy morning, and a raw wind was blowing. In the street Ruth's teeth chattered from cold, and the sharp wind sent darts of pain through her head. She was almost glad to step into the hot laundry.

Other girls whom she knew had relatives, but there were none for her. Dear old Grandma Sullivan had taken her from the State home. When Ruth was eighteen, Grandma Sullivan had died. She had left no money, for she had lived on a monthly sum that her son gave her.

At first Ruth thought the laundry was only temporary; she hoped to get a place at some hospital, where she would serve for small wages and get her training as a nurse. The Sullivans had several friends who had done that.

But there were many applicants for positions of that kind. From the cloakroom of the laundry Ruth could see a corner of the new hospital — one of the very few at which she had not applied. Somehow, as she looked at it this morning, she felt she could never again ask a head nurse for work.

"Say, you look as if you ought to be over at the hospital," a girl said kindly. "Is it your head again? Well, it's just the heat of this place makes headaches."

The air in the large basement into which they turned seemed particularly sticky and enervating. The oblong windows near the ceiling were gray with soapy fog, and all day the electric lights burned. Ruth stood sorting soiled things that the wagon drivers brought: lot after lot of soiled hotel linen; a private wash, with fine shirt waists that smelled of violets, and a great heap of napkins that told of some one's evening party. To stamp these things she had to bend almost to the floor, and the effort increased the pain in her head until she feared lest she should faint.

All the time she thought about St. Luke's Hospital. Her Sunday school teacher had promised to speak to the head nurse there; perhaps when Ruth reached the rooming house in the evening there would be a letter for her on the hall table — one of the square blue-linen envelopes used at St. Luke's. Looking forward, hoping for that letter, helped her through the morning.

Noon came; but the thought of eating made her shudder. She lay down on a heap of laundry bags and closed her eyes.

"Can't you eat?" asked Rose.

"I feel as if anything to eat would make me sick," Ruth said. "Tomorrow's the holiday, and I want to be able to stand on my feet."

The clock hands crawled to three. Then a rush order came from a railway, and Ruth stood for a long while sorting table linen and waiters' aprons. She knew then that they would work until nearly midnight.

She did not know just when it began to grow dark outside; when she glanced up, she saw that the windows looked black through the sticky steam of the room. A little later the girls went out for supper, and she lay down.

"It's the heat makes your head so bad," a girl said as she passed her. "I can't stand it any longer; I've got a job to wait in a restaurant. It's less money, but, as mother says, if I get rid of the headache, what's money?"

The tears started to Ruth's eyes. At first, after lying down, the pain in her head was far worse; then, gradually, the throbbing dulled a little. By that time the girls had come back, and work was beginning again. One of the girls brought her a sandwich, but the sight of it made Ruth feel faint.

At last, about ten o'clock, Ruth and Rose McGinn finished their work. Ruth put on her coat over the thin, wet shirt waist in which she had been working, and they went out into the night.

There had been sleet during the day; the sharp wind swept through the fog that hung over the city. By the time they were passing the new hospital, Ruth was chilled through; but, when they reached the rooming house, she forgot that she was cold, for there on the hall table was a square blue-linen envelope.

Eagerly she snatched it up; it was addressed to her, and in the upper left-hand corner was printed, "St. Luke's Hospital." Her fingers were so numb that at first she could not open the envelope.

At last she drew out the folded sheet of paper and spread it out. The letter was from the head nurse; it was a kind letter, but —— Ruth put the sheet back into the envelope. "It was about a job I wanted," she said to Rose. "I didn't get it."

"You'd better take one of my sleeping powders and not lie awake all night. Stop at my room and get one."

"All right; I will." Ruth said the words fiercely. She knew that the powder would make her ill the next day; instead of spending her holiday, as she had always done, in search of work, she would stay in bed. "I've given up; it's no use," she said.

"Sure, there's no use in lying awake," said Rose as they paused at her door.

On the table were breakfast plates, sticky with sirup; a greasy frying pan was on the little oil stove; a heap of soiled quilts lay on the bed. On the bureau was a tangle of fancy things,— chiffon collars, old gloves, and pink ribbons,— and among them Rose found the tablet.

"You're ever so good!" Ruth's cold hand closed about it. "I'll get some tomorrow and return this."

"What are you goin' to do tomorrow — look round for a job?"

"No. Sleep!" Tears came to her eyes, and she turned and hurried to her room.

She would find no comfort there, she knew. She had been too ill that morning to make her bed; there would be no fire in the little grate — only a heap of dead ashes.

At least, she thought, she should never again go asking for work at the hospitals; only pain came from that. Crushing the blue envelope in her hand, she pushed open the door of her room.

To her surprise, the room was neither dark nor cold. The ashes were gone from the grate; the floor was swept clean; the dirty dishes had been taken from the table; on the stove was a steaming bowl and something wrapped in a white cloth.

Maggy was at the bed putting on fresh sheets and pillow slips, a day before the usual time for them.

"Why, I didn't hear you come!" she said. "I was up to bring you a taste of soup and a hot baked potato; and while I was waitin', I done a little to the room. Sit down and have yer supper."

Ruth put her head down and sobbed: "I'm too sick to eat. I'll just take my medicine and go to bed."

"Yer medicine!" said Maggy scornfully. "It's gre't medicine — makes ye too sick to stand up."

Ruth looked at old Maggy. She, too, was tired and ill, yet she had stayed out of bed to prepare this food for her. She could not refuse.

So, with her shaking hand, the girl began to eat, and suddenly made the discovery that she was hungry.

"Why, Maggy," cried Ruth, "I guess I was nearly starved! Only you're — too good — to me!"

Ruth did not take the headache powder that night. A powder always made her sleep suddenly; it was like falling into a black gulf, to wake hours after, faint with nausea. It was not that way tonight. Slowly, waking again and again from the pain in her head, she drifted to sleep.

When she woke, sunlight sparkled on the icy town; the hospital building gleamed like glass. Outside her door she heard a heavy tread and a loud, flat voice; Maggy was singing a hymn as she carried the garbage down. Ruth sprang up, weak from her illness, but blessedly comfortable — and hungry.

She cooked her breakfast, and then, carefully dressed in her best, set out for the new hospital.

She never forgot that half hour that she waited in the office, although it was much like the other times when she had waited at other hospitals. Finally the white-clad head nurse came down the hall stairs, and Ruth's heart beat a wild tattoo of fear and hope. She rose, and put one hand on her chair to steady herself. Then the head nurse smiled, and Ruth was asking the question that she had asked so many times at other hospitals. This time it seemed more momentous than ever before, but her voice did not tremble, and she looked straight into the grave, kindly face before her. Then came the answer that was memorable, because it was the beginning of her new work and her new life.

After Ruth entered the hospital, she began to plan to do something for Maggy; but it was hard to do anything for a person who was so content, and whose only worry was her fear that she might lose her place at the rooming house, and so become dependent in her old age. "But when that time comes," Ruth used to think, "I shall help her." So she waited, and the time passed, and she became a tried and trained nurse, in the white linen of service.

No helpless old age came to Maggy, however; she kept her place at the rooming house until the end. One day they took her over to the hospital, and a week later she was gone.

A great many persons came to inquire for her at the hospital. Most of them were strangers to Ruth, but they all said they had known Maggy at the rooming house. One woman brought a box of roses.

"We roomed at her place after we were married," she said; "and when Joe lost his job and was in trouble, she lent us the last dollar she had in the world, to pay our rent."

"I see. I wish I could have a life like that." The words came suddenly from Ruth's lips.

She went to a window and stood alone. The roses filled the tiny hospital room with fragrance. Outside, the setting sun shone on the rear of the rooming house; the building was still blackened, shabby, and forlorn, but its windows burned for a moment with glory.— *Selected.*

The Ovenbird

You dainty, ardent little preacher,
Your pulpit some low level limb,
And "Teacher, *Teacher*, TEACHER, TEACHER!"
Your only sermon, prayer, and hymn;
It is a sermon worth the hearing,
As eagerly you carol it;
You bid us banish doubt and fearing,
And live a life of grace and grit.

Who is the teacher you are praising,
Your body vibrant with the word?
And what his lesson most amazing
That so exalts a tiny bird?
Who can it be but He whose glory
Fills and illumes the summer wood,
Of all whose work is but one story,
That it is loving, strong, and good?

Sly-hidden on the ground below you,
A wondrous oven-arching nest.
He was the Teacher wise to show you
Just how and where to build it best.
The little mate — He led you to her,
Of all the birds, below, above;
He filled your heart with zeal to woo her,
And taught the one great lesson, love.

No wonder all your feathers quiver
Ecstatic with your sermon-song;
Did ever orator deliver
A speech more vigorous and strong?
Ah, dear and fervent little preacher,
Great spirit in a body small,
Your "Teacher, *Teacher*, TEACHER, TEACHER!"
Shall be the Teacher of us all.

— *Amos R. Wells.*

The Humming Bird

OUT near the trumpet vine by the porch, or on a quiet seat by the canna bed, or along the gladiolus border, we go for a view of that flashing jewel, of all living things the most exquisite and the most wonderful,— the humming bird. Those tiny wings have borne the intrepid little traveler from South America to our northern gardens, and the brief summer of upper Canada may yet see our little nomad. It hovers before a flower, making a circular mist about its body with its whirring wings. Only a moment is needed for the flexible tongue inside the needle-like bill to explore the curves and angles of the heart of a flower and drain its nectar. Then, whisk! and into another — and another. If you are quiet, you may watch the rifling of a dozen blossoms. The throat sometimes gleams like a ruby in the sun; again, it flashes an emerald green, or changes to purple, apparently at the will of the bird. The reasons for this wonderful color variation are not known.

If you move or speak, the creature darts away like an arrow. On the limb of a near-by tree it may rest, preen its feathers, and decide whether or not you are dangerous. Satisfied on this point, it may take up its "unfinished business" before you, or disappear.

Why does the humming bird leave the tropics and journey north alone? Four hundred different species of these birds live in the forests of the torrid zone. Perhaps the rubythroat has found a better living outside this congested district. There are flowers in the temperate zone which bear nectar no bee can reach. Other flowers are not so deep, but so curved that straight-tongued insects cannot reach their sweets. These flowers, too, keep their treasure for the birds, and in return depend on the feathers that press against the antlers to carry the pollen dust from one flower to another, thus enabling each to set seed.

NOT TAME BUT EXHAUSTED

The flowers that feed the humming bird bloom in regular order. The honeysuckle refreshes it on its arrival. The columbines from the rocky glens, the jewel weed by the roadside, the cannas, gladioli, and salvias in the garden, gladden its summer days. The trumpet creeper, bee balm, and cardinal flower help it on its homeward journey.

The humming bird's nest is covered on the outside with dainty green lichens picked from the bark of trees. It looks like a knot, and is not easy to detect. Within the soft nest, lined with the down of cat-tail seed or dandelion silk, may be found two tiny eggs.

The remarkable picture of Mrs. Rubythroat on her nest was taken by a California lover of birds, who says: "One sunny day I set my camera near the nest, and made it all ready to take the photograph. I reflected light in through the leaves with a mirror, tied a long string to the camera shutter, and hid behind a neighboring tree. Mrs. Rubythroat, and for that matter, Mr. Rubythroat, too, spent a great deal of time scolding the camera, and darting about it, before they decided that it was harmless. But at last she lighted for an instant in the nest. 'Click,' said the camera, and away she darted, but not soon enough to escape the lightning shutter."

A NEST ON THE END OF A TWIG

The humming bird has no song, unless we count the squeak of the hungry babies or frightened parents as such. But the humming of the wings in flight, and when poised before a flower, is musical.

MARY BARRETT.

"Ho, for Slumberland!"

A LITTLE song for bedtime, when, robed in gowns of white,
All sleepy little children set sail across the night.
For that pleasant, pleasant country, where the pretty dream-flowers blow,
'Twixt the sunset and the sunrise,—
"For the Slumber Islands, ho!"

When the little ones get drowsy, and heavy lids droop down
To hide blue eyes and black eyes, gray eyes and eyes of brown,
A thousand boats for Dreamland are waiting in a row,
And the ferrymen are calling,—
"For the Slumber Islands, ho!"

Then the sleepy little children fill the boats along the shore,
And go sailing off to Dreamland; and the dipping of the oar
In the sea of sleep makes music that the children only know
When they answer to the boatman's—
"For the Slumber Islands, ho!"

Oh, take a kiss, my darlings, ere you sail away from me
In the boat of dreams that's waiting to bear you o'er the sea;
Take a kiss, and give one, and then away you go,
Asailing into Dreamland,—
"For the Slumber Islands, ho!"

—*Eben E. Ruxford.*

A True Story

IN the northern part of Russia the winters are very cold. The streams are frozen, and the wolves become hungry, and press their way in from the wild places toward the homes of men. Sometimes they become very bold, and go from one house to another in search of food.

Away in the country lived a woodman and his daughter, about twelve years of age, and a baby sister. His wife was dead. One morning he said to his child: "I am going into the forest today to cut wood. About four o'clock make up a good fire, and get dinner for me."

She did not forget what her father had said; so about four o'clock she went around the corner of the house to get some wood, leaving the door open. Coming back with a large stick on her shoulder, she saw a great hungry wolf; and just as she was coming into the house, the wolf was ready to spring upon her. She struck the beast upon the head with the heavy stick with all her might. She then managed to get behind it, and drove it out of the house.

SAFETY FIRST

Upon looking around, she saw a young wolf sniffing around the cradle where her sister was sleeping. She at once flew at the young wolf to drive it out. This caused its mother to come back much enraged. For a long time the child struggled with the savage beast. Watching her chance, she quickly caught her baby sister up in her arms, put her upon a shelf in the cupboard, and shut the door.

As she was getting down, the mother wolf sprang upon her, and drove her sharp teeth into her neck. Just then the father came home, and drove the wolves out of the house. The little girl feebly pointed to the door of the cupboard. He thought she wanted water; but when he opened the cupboard, he found the baby safe. After taking her down, he put his ear close to the dying girl's mouth, and in a little while he heard. very faintly, the story that I have told you.—*Selected.*

OFF FOR SLUMBERLAND

At the Point of the Pen

"THERE, Ruth, how you startled me! Sit down, dear; I was just reading over some of your college letters. You cannot imagine how much I have enjoyed them, especially since ——"

"Since what?" demanded Ruth with an encouraging smile, as she laid her skates on the rug beside her.

"Since you took that course in penmanship," replied her aunt, with a loving glance at the envelope in her hand.

"My course in penmanship!" cried Ruth. "My dear Aunt Phœbe, no learned professor is responsible for the plain business hand that so delights your eye. I learned a little lesson last spring when college was

closed during that epidemic in town. I took the last train home, hurried from the station, tiptoed up the steps, and stood for a moment outside the screen door watching the homelike scene within. Mother was reading a letter aloud.

"'"We had a-a s-c-r——" I don't know what that word is, father, but some kind of a "time in——"'

"'Never mind,' quoth father; 'you may be sure it was a good time if Ruth was in it.'

"'Scrumptious!' ejaculated Bobby, but mother was reading on:—

"'"Time in Rachel's room last night. I wrote you how mel-melon-melan-melancholy that young Professor Br — Bre — Bri——"'

"'Call it Smith,' suggested father.

"'"Smith,"' continued mother, '"has been since her brother was killed in the battle of L — L——"'

"'Liége, Louvain,' supplied Bobby.

"'"Louvain." Thank you, Bobby. "We didn't really want to invite her to our sp-spr-spread, but listened to the call of duty. She proud"—no, "proved to be perfectly charming, as she showed us how to make French candy—the most delicate"—no, "delicious con-con-con-concoction I ever ate. Now all the girls have a cr-cru——"'

"Yes, Aunt Phœbe, it was the sixteen-page letter I had sent out that morning, and it had taken mother three minutes to read one page. Father's head was beginning to nod, and Bobby had a studious eye on his geography.

"'Now, father, you go to sleep,' I heard mother say. 'I'll make this out, and tell you all the news at the breakfast table.'

"Father opened his eyes, looked across the table at mother, and advised her not to 'puzzle out' the letter until morning; for she had been 'cleaning house all day, and must be tired.'

"That was enough. I burst into the house, seized my letter, and proceeded to read it dramatically, after explaining my unexpected arrival, of course. As I floundered over a dozen words, Bobby shouted, and father and mother sat there and smiled as if all their troubles were at an end."

"And you took a private course in penmanship?" queried Aunt Phœbe.

"Yes, at my own little desk, with myself as instructor," replied Ruth. "Even genius, you know, is only an infinite capacity for taking pains."—*Christian Endeavor World.*

Name These Biblical Characters

BEHOLD a palace, and in one of its chambers a sick king. He has fallen from a window, and is seriously injured. Messengers are running from the palace. They are hastening to inquire of a heathen god concerning the recovery of the king. They are met by a rough-looking man, dressed in a flowing robe girded with a leather girdle. The man stops them, and talks with them, and they return to the king with the message that he must die. The king inquires who sent the message. They describe the man, and the king in anger sends fifty soldiers with a captain to capture the one who would dare thus to insult his majesty.

Another scene startles us. Flashes of fire come down from heaven upon the soldiers, and they are all destroyed. The king hears of this, and sends another company, who meet the same fate. The third company is sent; but its captain is afraid, and kneeling before the strange man, asks him to plead with God for his forgiveness. His prayer is heard, and mercy is granted. Who sent the message? Name the king. What was the name of the heathen god?

Another scene. A little child is in the field. He runs to his father, and cries, "My head! my head!" A servant carries him to his mother. The poor mother tries to help the sick boy, but he dies in her arms. She carries him into the guest chamber, and lays him upon the bed; then she goes to find her guest, who is a man of God. When told what has overtaken the child, he gives his staff to his servant, and tells him to lay it across the child's face. The servant obeys, but the child remains cold in death. The old man hastens with the mother to the chamber, and prays to God to restore the child's life. His breath returns. He opens his eyes and lives. The mother weeps for joy. Who was the old man? Why was he the woman's guest? What was his servant's name?

ELIZA H. MORTON.

The One Who Attained

A Little Parable

ON the mountain top was a treasure. Not only could the villagers see the flash of jewels when the rising sun touched it, but now and then one of their number succeeded in climbing to the top, and bringing back enough of the jewels so that he lived in plenty all his days.

But the mountain was hard to climb. Sometimes whole parties started, and turned back after a day or two. Steep and rough and rocky were the paths. There were streams to wade, precipices along which one must creep, and cliffs to scale. When one had toiled along for a few days, and found himself tired and bruised, he was likely to conclude that the treasure at the top was all a myth, and he would turn back to his secure cottage in the valley, content to dwell there.

A party of youths, fired with high visions, started out one day. The first week seemed merely a succession of falls. Sometimes when they had struggled for hours, they would find that they had not advanced at all toward the top. All but one lost courage.

"See how often we fall," they said; "we can never reach the top."

"See how often we rise," said the undaunted one. "The falls do not count if we get up and go on again. And we are nearer the top. See, the village is far below. I think we have covered a quarter of the way."

In spite of his cheer he seemed to fall the oftenest of any, but he was always up, and on his way again.

At length all save the dauntless youth turned back. He struggled on alone for many days after his comrades were safe in the village.

But he reached the top, and found more wealth and beauty than even the popular legend had told.

"The mountain top does not ask me how many times I fell, nor of the bruises and hurts. It spreads out its wealth before me, and knows me for a conqueror, for one who climbed to the top."

After they had almost forgotten him, he came back to the village bearing his store of jewels.

"I started with him," said one. "He is no greater than I."

"He fell more times than I did," said another. "He has no right to be hailed as a conqueror."

But the wise man said, "He carries no record of his falls and failures; but he bears witness to the fact that he reached the mountain top."—*Zelia Margaret Walters, in The Mother's Magazine.*

Jeremiah's Prophecies and Their Fulfillment

MRS. MARY H. WILLIAMS

(*Concluded*)

IN the last article, we left the wretched Jewish captives journeying to Babylon in company with their blinded king. Did he reflect that his moral blindness had brought all this misery upon them? Let us hope that with the loss of his physical eyesight, there came a quickening of his spiritual perceptions. But what were the splendors of Babylon to the tear-dimmed vision of this remnant of famine and sword? How hateful were the level plains of the East after their glorious mountains, as "by the rivers of Babylon they sat them down and wept"!

We shall turn now to the dead Babylon which Jeremiah's prophetic vision saw,— the city a heap of dust, without inhabitant, her waters dried up, while the wild beasts of the desert dwell there. What these graves of buried civilizations have contributed to the world's knowledge now chiefly concerns us.

It is scarcely a hundred years since English and French explorers became curious about the heaps that dotted these desolate wastes, and began to dig for the hidden treasures of history,— down through the dust of centuries to Babylon's glorious past, and the great libraries of Nineveh, with their clay tablets covered with strange symbols.

The providence that preserved these tablets had furnished a key for their interpretation. A traveler in Persia saw on the face of a high rock an inscription in three languages. His ladders could not reach from below, but with dauntless courage he had himself lowered from above while he obtained, on damp paper, imprints of these inscriptions. For years scholars puzzled over them; but at last, by studying a known language derived from the same stock, the riddle was read, and the cuneiform characters gave to the world their message from the long-forgotten past. Nineveh was destroyed by fire, but her libraries of clay tablets were preserved. Today we may see in the British Museum her grammars and dictionaries.

Asurbanipal of Babylon, like his grandfather, Sennacherib, was a great book lover. He sought for copies of old books, and set his scribes to copying, translating, and cataloguing them. They also wrote new annals, till his library was the most wonderful the world had ever seen. There are thousands of these books in the British Museum alone. Besides whole chapters of history hitherto unknown, there are books of law, treaties, proposals of marriage for princesses of the royal houses, in which are discussed the doweries and presents, such as gold and ivory or horses and chariots. The account of the adventures of Gilgamish, and his battles with dragons and monsters, is probably the oldest story of its kind in the world.

Of greater interest to us, however, are the Creation Tablets, their records harmonizing in so many particulars with the Bible account. To man, the crowning work of creation week, is given this instruction by the god Marduk: "Thy heart shall be pure before thy God. Thou shalt pray and shalt make supplication, and bow low to the earth *early in the morning.*" In the last clause we see the beginning of sun worship. There is also the same agreement with the Bible record of the flood and the repeopling of the earth. Even the flight of the raven and the dove from the ark is mentioned. The tablets of Hammurabi give a code of laws, supposed to be the oldest in the world. He lived about 2100 B. C.

Besides these writings, there are wonderful pictures on slabs and monuments, which show the manner of life of these ancient peoples. Particularly interesting are those which portray familiar Bible characters. The famous black obelisk of Shalmaneser II, sculptured in bands, shows conquered peoples bringing in their tribute of elephants, dromedaries, and horses. One band represents Jehu, king of Israel, with his tribute consisting of vessels of gold.

Tiglath-Pileser III, mentioned in 2 Kings 16, lived about one hundred years later, and was a great warrior. Records left on slabs show him capturing cities, driving off flocks and herds, and taking away the captive men and women in carts. Ahaz, king of Judah, being hard pressed by his enemies, sought his assistance, with the result that the Israelites suffered captivity at the hands of the Assyrians.

Sennacherib, familiar to us in Bible history, has left interesting details of his many campaigns, though he was first of all a great builder. All large buildings were set upon platforms made of brick. On these the brick carriers mounted with their loads. If we could look upon one of those buildings in process of construction, we should see crowds of workers hurrying in every direction, driven by the whips of their taskmasters. Some are pulling at long ropes by which great sledges on rollers are drawn up with their loads of stone. Powerful pulleys and levers are also used for the same purpose. Guarded by soldiers is Sennacherib himself in a splendid chariot, watching the work. He is gorgeously dressed; and the attendants with fly traps, make us smile to think that even in that distant day there was a protest against the fly nuisance.

It was the proud Sennacherib who sent a threatening letter to Hezekiah, king of Judah, when, at the instance of the king of Egypt, he withheld his tribute. Sennacherib was furious with both kings, and set out with an army of 185,000 men to punish them. But the battle was never fought. His boastful tablets do not show the fate of that army, but the miraculous deliverance in answer to Hezekiah's prayer is recorded in 2 Kings 19:35. The poet Byron has also skillfully portrayed it for us in his well-known poem on the fate of Sennacherib's army:—

"For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still."

In all this company of famous monarchs the name of Nebuchadnezzar stands most prominent. We are told that "Nebuchadnezzar ever showed great zeal for the honor of the gods, and one of his most renowned works, that of restoring a very ancient temple to his special god, Nebo, touches with light one of the oldest stories of the world, that of the tower of Babel. In the cases in the British Museum we may still see the glazed tiles of different colors with which Nebuchadnezzar faced each of the seven stories of his temple.

Even more interesting is his account of the tower of immense weight which this building replaced. Its top had been left unfinished by its builders of olden

time, so that rains and storms through the centuries slowly destroyed the walls and facings, till all sank in a state of ruin. Birs Nimrud, the present name of the mound which covers the ruins of this traditional tower of Babel, as well as those of its gorgeous successor, is a few miles away from the dead heart of ancient Babylon. In bricks stamped with his name, in inscriptions on slabs, on cylinders, and on bronze doorsteps, may be read the marvelous story of Nebuchadnezzar's buildings and undertakings in this great city, larger, it is said, than our huge New York is now.

It is not difficult to understand the intense pride of Nebuchadnezzar, when, walking about his palaces and temples and gardens, he exclaimed, "Is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?"

"From the tablets of these reigns, giving particulars of shepherds and gardeners, sales and transfers of land, the making of canals and the care of embankments, we can see that the prosperous agricultural and trading life went on in the new Babylonian Empire as it had done in the old."

What a striking commentary on the transitory character of earthly pomp and pride is the inscription of Asurbanipal, "King of hosts, king of Assyria, . . . who knoweth the light of Asur king of the gods." After much more self-adulation he pronounces a curse on "whosoever shall carry off this tablet or write his name upon it side by side with mine own." At last the records of those haughty, heaven-defying kings have been brought forth to give a tardy acknowledgment that "the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever he will."

Jeremiah left no boastful tablets, but the *rolls* written for him by his scribe Baruch have been read and pondered over by generations of truth seekers. How precious to the Babylonian captives must have been the prophecy of the restoration! He also pointed them to the hope of Israel in the Coming One — the Messiah. He not only truthfully forecast the fate of the surrounding nations, but looking beyond the bounds of time, foretold Christ's everlasting reign of righteousness in the new earth.

Earthly empires have risen and passed away, and soon He will come "whose right it is." As the children of the captivity looked with longing eyes toward their beloved Jerusalem, so should all true Israel set their faces toward that city "whose builder and maker is God."

Twenty-Ninth Week

July 18. Proverbs 28 to 31: Contrast between evildoers and the righteous; the words of Agur; a worthy woman.

July 19. Ecclesiastes 1 to 4: Observations on the vanity of human endeavor, pleasure, wealth, and honor. Read the introduction.

July 20. Ecclesiastes 5 to 8: Further observations on the vanities of the world; remedies against vanity.

July 21. Ecclesiastes 9 to 12: "The conclusion of the whole matter."

July 22. Song of Solomon 1 to 4: Read the introduction.

July 23. Song of Solomon 5 to 8.

July 24. Review Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and the Song of Solomon. Mark with an F the passages dealing with friendship, with an R those dealing with reproof, and with a T those dealing with temperance. In Ecclesiastes underline the texts that refer to the judgment and to man's condition in death. Note the allusions in the Song of Solomon to Him who is "the chiefest among ten thousand."

Ecclesiastes

"The title of this book is in Hebrew *Koheleth*, signifying one who speaks publicly in an assembly. *Koheleth* . . . is the name by which Solomon speaks of himself throughout the book. The book is that which it professes to be — the confession of a man of wide experience looking back upon his past life and looking out upon the disorders and calamities which surround him. The writer is a man who has sinned in giving way to selfishness and sensuality, but who has through all this been under the discipline of a divine education, and has learned from it the lesson which God meant to teach him." — *Smith.*

"This is a book of experiences, the experiences of a man who had tried the ways of the world to find out what pleasure there was in them, and ascertained to his sorrow that, from a worldly point of view, 'all is vanity and vexation of spirit.' This is a potential book. There can be no doubt but that Solomon sincerely repented of his folly. After testing all the gratifications there were in worldly grandeur and riches, and sensual pleasure and mirth, he turns away with utter disappointment; for the world is full of sorrow, not only in the life experience of the poor, but of the rich and pleasure-loving also." — *Starr.*

The Song of Solomon

"Some hold this poem to have been written by Solomon as a marriage ode, and think its language typifies the union of Christ to his bride, the church. Others think that the poem is an expression of the desire for national unity, represented by Shelomoh, the groom, and the ten tribes, represented by the bride, Shulammith (the feminine form of Solomon). Read the poem in the Revised Version, which marks by paragraphs the alternation of the dialogue." — *Wells.*

"This book, like the rest of Scripture, is to be read with seriousness. The holiest and most spiritually minded have naturally delighted most in this book, in which they find most of their Beloved and their Friend." — *Homiletic Commentary.*

"The church has ever in her days of earnestness and special devotion used the Song of Solomon. It has been the thermometer of her condition; when and where her energy and love were strong, then and there the Song of Songs became her mode and form of expression." — *E. Monroe.*

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

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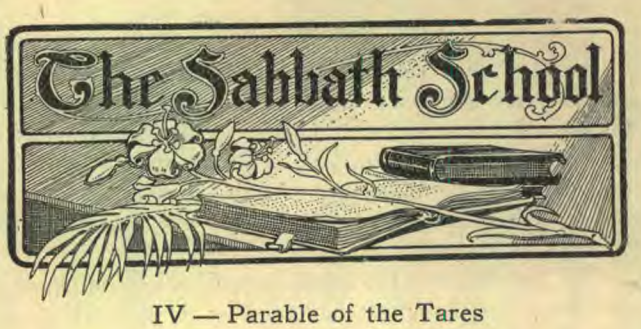
MEADE MACGUIRE . . . *N. Am. Div. Field Secretary*

Senior Society Program for Sabbath, July 24

1. REVIEW Morning Watch texts. Have each member give some lesson he has learned from the life of David.
2. Reports of work done.
3. Bible Study: "Results of Justification." See *Gazette.*
4. Standard of Attainment Quiz: Rom. 8: 3, 4.
5. Talks: "Solusi Mission, Bulawayo, Rhodesia," and "Northwest Rhodesia Mission." See "Notes on the Mission Studies," in *Gazette;* and "Outline of Mission Fields," 1915 edition, pages 60-74.

Junior Society Program for Week Ending July 24

1. REVIEW Morning Watch texts. Have each member give some lesson he has learned from the life of David.
2. Reports of work done.
3. Bible Study: "Prayer." See *Gazette.*
4. Recitation: "Prayer."
5. Standard of Attainment Quiz: Jer. 29: 11-13.
6. Mission Talks: "Solusi Mission, Bulawayo, Rhodesia;" and "Northwest Rhodesia Mission." See "Notes on the Mission Studies," in *Gazette;* and "Outline of Mission Fields," 1915 edition, pages 60-74.



IV — Parable of the Tares

(July 24)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 13: 24-30, 36-43.

MEMORY VERSE: "The field is the world; the good seed are the children of the kingdom; but the tares are the children of the wicked one." Matt. 13: 38.

Questions

1. With what kind of lesson did Jesus follow the parable of the sower? Matt. 13: 24, first part.

2. What did he say the kingdom of heaven is like? Verse 24, last part.

3. What took place while men slept? Verse 25. Note 1.

4. When was the work of the enemy revealed? Verse 26.

5. By whom were the tares discovered? To whom was it reported? In what manner? Verse 27.

6. When he heard the news, what did the owner of the field declare? Verse 28, first part.

7. What did the servants offer to do? Verse 28, last part.

8. What did their master reply? Why would it be better to wait? Verse 29.

9. How long were the tares to be allowed to grow with the wheat? Verse 30, first part.

10. At that time, what did he say he would have done? Verse 30, last part.

11. When the multitudes were sent away, where did Jesus go? What request was made of him? Verse 36.

12. Who is the sower of the good seed? Verse 37.

13. What is the field? The good seed? What are the tares? Memory verse. Note 2.

14. Who is the enemy that sowed the tares? What is the harvest? Who are the reapers? Verse 39.

15. By whom will the children of Satan — the tares — be gathered together at last? Where will they be cast? Verses 40-42.

16. Where will the children of God — the good seed — be taken? Like what will they shine? Verse 43.

Notes

1. Bearded darnel, or tares, is a "grass sometimes found in our own grainfields, but very common in Eastern countries. Matt. 13: 25. Until the head appears, its resemblance to wheat is very close." The seed is poisonous, "even when ground with wheat in small quantities producing dizziness, and in larger proportions convulsions and death. . . . Owing to its smaller size, the grain of tares is readily separated from wheat by winnowing."— *Schaff's Bible Dictionary.*

2. By allowing Jesus to sow God's word in our hearts, we partake of his nature and become good seed, and can then sow good seed. By allowing Satan to sow his evil words and thoughts in our hearts, we become tares, and will sow tares in the hearts of others.

IF I have helped some soul to sing
Devotion's tribute to our King,
In songs that plume Hope's airy wing,
The day has not been spent for naught,
Though toil no tribute home has brought.

If I have loaned my spirit's cheer
To some life in its darkness drear,
Or helped to dry some falling tear,
Then it is well, if His dear name
Has lighted all with holy flame.

— *R. Hare.*

IV — Parable of the Tares

(July 24)

Daily-Study Outline

Sab. .....Read the lesson scripture.
Sun. .....Parable of the tares. Questions 1-3.
Mon. ....Harvesting the wheat and the tares. Questions 4-9.
Tues. ....Interpretation of the parable. Questions 10-15.
Wed. ....The end of the world. Questions 16-19.
Thurs. ...Review.
Fri. .....Read "Christ's Object Lessons," pages 70-75.

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 13: 24-30, 36-43.

Questions

1. What other parable did Jesus put forth? Matt. 13: 24.

2. What took place while men slept? Verse 25.

3. When did the tares appear? Verse 26. Note 1.

4. What questions did the servants ask the husbandman? Verse 27.

5. How did he answer them? Verse 28, first part.

6. What did the servants then ask? Verse 28, last part.

7. Why did he bid them not to gather out the tares? Verse 29. Note 2.

8. How long should they let the wheat and the tares grow together? Verse 30, first part.

9. What would the reapers do in the time of harvest? Verse 30, last part.

10. After Jesus had sent the multitude away, what request did the disciples make of him? Verse 36. Note 3.

11. Who is the sower of the good seed? Verse 37.

12. What is the field? The good seed? The tares? Verse 38.

13. Who is the enemy that sowed the tares? What is the harvest? Who are the reapers? Verse 39.

14. What is usually done with tares? Verse 40, first part.

15. When will the same be done with the tares of the parable? Verse 40, last part.

16. What will the angel reapers gather out of the kingdom? Verse 41.

17. What is done with the doers of iniquity? How is their terrible experience described? Verse 42.

18. What will the righteous do? Where? Verse 43, first part.

19. What exhortation is given to all? Verse 43, last part.

Notes

1. The "tares" here mentioned are a kind of darnel, a poisonous weed. During growth it is very similar in appearance to wheat; but when it heads out, the grains are black and easy to distinguish from wheat.

2. Of the darnel it is said that the roots often grow so closely intertwined with those of the wheat that it is impossible to pull up the one without rooting out the other. Not in this life is the line drawn. The Lord sends rain on the just and the unjust. But the harvest time is sure to come, and then will come the separation.

"Christ has plainly taught that those who persist in open sin must be separated from the church; but he has not committed to us the work of judging character and motive. He knows our nature too well to intrust this work to us. Should we try to uproot from the church those whom we suppose to be spurious Christians, we should be sure to make mistakes. Often we regard as hopeless subjects the very ones whom Christ is drawing to himself. Were we to deal with these souls according to our imperfect judgment, it would perhaps extinguish their last hope. Many who think themselves Christians will at last be found wanting. Many will be in heaven who their neighbors supposed would never enter there. Man judges from appearance, but God judges the heart. The tares and the wheat are to grow together until the harvest; and the harvest is the end of probationary time."— *"Christ's Object Lessons," pages 71, 72.*

3. For "declare," the Revised Version has "explain." The meaning of the parable was not clear to the disciples, especially the feature of the tares. As they frequently did, so here they asked him for an explanation in private.

The Youth's Instructor

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The Habit of Right Living

A STAGE driver had held the lines for many years; when he grew old, his hands were crooked into hooks, and his fingers were so stiffened that they could not be straightened out. There is a similar process which goes on in men's souls when they continue to do the same things over and over. One who is trained from childhood to be gentle, to control the temper, to speak softly, to be loving and charitable for Jesus, will grow into the radiant beauty of love. One who accustoms himself to think habitually and only of noble and worthy things, who sets his affections on things above, and strives to reach "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, . . . whatsoever things are lovely," will grow continually upward toward spiritual beauty. On the other hand, if one gives way from childhood to all ugly tempers, all resentful feelings, all bitterness and anger, one's life will shape itself into the unbeauty of these dispositions. One whose mind turns to debasing, unclean thoughts will find his soul growing toward a permanent moral curvature.

Rising Above Sorrow

THE best way to meet sorrow is not after the method of the worldly-wise who tell us that sorrow is the common heritage. To all such comforters Tennyson's rebuke is not too severe: —

> "And common is the commonplace,
> And vacant chaff well meant for grain."

No, the best way to meet sorrow is to rise above it. "I have stood," said Henry Ward Beecher, "upon Mt. Holyoke when I heard the thunder below, and I have seen men traveling up the side and making haste to get out of the storm. I, standing higher than they, escaped the rain and the wind and the pelting thunder, and they, going up through the storm, got on the top, and were also free from it." This does not mean that we should run away from trouble, but that we should seek the mount of prayer, and, through communion with God, breathe the heavenly atmosphere. There, on the mount with God, the storms of sorrow never come. We may see them, and know they are near, but we know also that they cannot reach us.— *Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

Open Hands

Two brothers were very opposite in their natures. James was generous, kind to his neighbors, never taking advantage of them in deal. Withal he prospered and became quite wealthy. The Bible says that the liberal soul shall be made fat. Charles was selfish, grasping, ever seeking to advantage himself even at the disadvantage of his neighbor.

One day in a fit of despondency, Charles complained to James that though he had tried by many methods to amass property, it all seemed a failure. A barrel of wheat was standing near. James said, "Let us see which of us can hold the most wheat in one hand." Charles tried to grasp as much as possible, closing his hand tightly over it. James simply took what his hand would hold, dropping the surplus into the barrel. Comparing quantities, the lesson was obvious to Charles,— that he who is penurious, selfish, and grasping gains less than he who is free and open-handed.

To which class do we belong? The object of true benevolence is not that we may be the gainers, but that God may be glorified. "Charity giveth itself rich, covetousness hoardeth itself poor." "There is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." MRS. D. A. FITCH.

Forgiveness

IN Queen Victoria's jubilee year, 1887, I was in Edinburgh. One day I saw a picturesque procession of civic dignitaries going to the old cross near St. Giles's Cathedral. There was an immense crowd, and I turned and followed them. After a great fanfare of trumpets, a royal proclamation was read, declaring the queen's forgiveness of all deserters from the army and navy. I was not near enough to hear the terms of the proclamation, but I understood that all the deserters now pardoned should report themselves within so many days at the nearest military or naval depot. I afterwards met two of them going to the castle. What were they going for? To be pardoned? — Nay, they were pardoned already. It had been publicly proclaimed. They went simply to claim the certificate of their pardon; not to beg for it, but to claim it. Is that too strong a word to use of the sinner's forgiveness? Let John answer: "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."—*"Humanity and God."*

As Beholding Him

"I SING to God," was Jenny Lind's explanation of her wonderful power to influence hearts with her voice. As she sang, it is said, she saw no face but God's, she thought of no listening ear but his. It was thus with the apostle Paul, and with the Saviour of mankind. When it is not so with us, we must know that our work is imperfect. It is said that Leonardo da Vinci, on completing his masterpiece, "The Lord's Supper," heard some monks discussing the best features of the picture. They finally agreed that the tablecloth, with its exquisite coloring and detail work, showed the greatest skill. The artist was so grieved with this decision that he took his brush and obliterated the cloth, desiring that nothing should detract from the sorrowful winsomeness of his Master's face. "Not I but Christ." is the imprint to be left by the Christian upon all his work.