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MORE ABOUT KIM SAN, OR "GOLDEN HILL"



WEEKS and months passed with their accustomed duties and trials. The gentle, genial influence of the missionary-home atmosphere began to tell upon the young mother's heart. Gradually Sim Neo, for that was her name, came less to fear the devils and demons which she fancied hovered around to harm her baby boy, as she saw the manifest answer to our prayers in the child's recovery. Oftentimes as she sat upon the floor and rocked him in her lap, she would gaze lovingly into his face, as if dreaming of the honor he would bring to her in manhood, what sort of wife she would choose for him, or imagining his children leaning upon her knee, as he was now doing. At other times, when the tempter had stirred her up, and her black eyes were flashing with anger, she would fling the little fellow upon the floor, as if he were a rag-baby and she an ill-natured child. We reproved her more or less sternly on such occasions, and tried to show her the sin of treating an innocent, helpless child so cruelly, simply because she was angry with her husband, no matter how unreasonable or unkind he might be to her; for, to tell the truth, Kim San's poor father, while a good-hearted fellow, had a very quick temper, and was not always as considerate of his girl-wife as he should have been. He fancied, poor chap, that the grievances were all on his side. After all, how similar is human nature the world over!

It happened more than once that I was aroused from sound sleep in the small hours of the night, to find that the boy and girl in the back room were quarreling, or that she was weeping. He would take a blanket, and go out to sleep on a bench on the back veranda. When I would go out to talk with him, I would find the poor boy ready to renounce his wife, declaring vigorously that he would send her back to her relatives the very next day. Here was a chance for me to do true missionary work. After reminding him that such a course was impossible, and counseling patience and prayer, we would go to our knees, and pray for the poor, ignorant, dark-minded girl, and for ourselves.

Every week or two the bag containing "devil medicine" would be brought out, and some of it prepared, only to be thrown away because of our good-natured laughing about it. Poor Kim San was loaded down with amulets and charms to protect him from *hantoos*, or demons that have an eye particularly for youngsters; and we used to point to our rosy, healthy little girl of two, and ask Sim Neo why our baby was never molested by *hantoos*. Of course she could not tell; but I dare say she thought, How could they care for such an ugly child? Her nose is not flat, and her eyes are round and blue, and her hair is yellow! What foolish devil would want to disturb her—and a girl at that? If my child were a girl, I wouldn't care so much what became of her. But this beautiful boy of mine! oh, that is quite another matter! More than all that, Sim Neo had often heard it said that the white race are the ruling head of the whole tribe of wicked spirits.

Nothing more pitiful, more terrible, can be imagined, than the dreadful devil stories that Chinese mothers tell their children in order to make them

afraid of strangers and to exact obedience to themselves. Profanity is unknown among these people; but impure, unclean, and abusive language is heard in every home. And so, having been brought up in that sort of home, our Sim only followed her mother's and every mother's example when she called her son a "little devil," and hoped he would die, the child meanwhile crying piteously.

So the days and weeks and months passed. From a wild, scared, half-terrified creature, she became, little by little, confiding and responsive to the approaches of Mrs. Munson and the children. One by one the charms disappeared from Kim San's neck and arms, and little by little the light broke in. Difficulties were taken to the Lord by different members of the family, and relief was obtained. The singing of hymns in Malay, the reading of God's word, and the daily prayer began to make an impression on Sim Neo, and she saw that there was truth in what we so often told her,—that he who has all power in heaven and in earth cares for his children, and hears them when they call upon him. At first she laughed when she saw us kneel in prayer. How absurd it all appeared to her! Why did we kneel in that uncomfortable posture? Could not God hear us sitting? Why did we shut our eyes? One by one real trials and troubles, which she could understand, were suddenly removed, and she could not understand how. Could it be that there really was a real person who heard the missionaries pray, and who was powerful enough to help? Moreover, what made them so light-hearted and happy? They never seemed to fear anything; all, even the children, went to bed in the dark, and were not afraid. They sang so much—and what was it about their singing that so strangely touched her heart? Could it be that the loving Jesus, who the missionaries said had died to save us from all our fears, as well as our sins, was the source of all these blessings?

Slowly, blindly, hardly knowing she did so, Sim Neo came to long for the rest and quiet she saw written on the faces about her. How different from her old home! There, no marks of tenderness or terms of endearment ever reached her ears. She must learn to sew and cook and do other household work. If she tried hard, and did her work well, she simply missed the knocks and abuse she would otherwise get; but no gentle counsel, no motherly anxiety for her personal happiness and comfort, was her portion.

One day I gave her a silver dollar, and her very delight, which was unbounded, gave rise to new fears. Had not her mother and the women in the village told her of drunken Dutchmen, and that they were to be dreaded as a tiger from the jungle? How dreadful it would be for her when Mr. Munson should get drunk, and beat every one, and swear, and do dreadful things. Was he not one of those awful Christians who gouge out the eyes of dead Chinese to use for medicine? Oh, if she could only run home to her mother! Oh, if she could only die! Oh, why had she been born? If it were true that these white men with whiskered faces ruled the *hantoos*, this man might tell them to kill her baby boy, and then his poor little eyes would have to be gouged out, and his spirit would go groping blindly about in the spirit world. How horrifying!

While all these imaginings were not uttered, we could read them in her countenance, and painful indeed it was to witness such abject terror, and not be able to dispel the poor child's fears! But prayer and patience were our only resource. The Lord alone could illuminate her mind, and unflinching kindness on our part was all that was needed, together with time, for the work to be done in her heart and mind.

After a time, because we lived too far from the school and the Chinese quarters, we moved to a smaller house in a busier part of town. Here the carriages—those two-wheeled carts entered from the back—went rattling past all day long, and the busy street was alive with foot passengers,—the leisurely, quiet Malay, the patient Hindu, the bearded Chinaman, and the white man. For this home, from which Sim Neo wished to flee at first, there finally came to her heart a feeling of attachment. Here she came to understand that I could never get drunk, as I never drank anything more intoxicating than water. Besides, every one was kind to her. Now and then she thought of her home. How marvelous had been

¹ THE first part of Kim San's story was told by Elder Munson in the INSTRUCTORS of Nov. 8 and 15, 1900. If you have these papers it will be interesting for you to reread the history of little "Golden Hill" and his parents.

her good fortune to fall into such a pleasant place! No one but a poor Chinese girl could know the miseries of a Chinese home. How glad she was that she was not to go back! "These people," she thought, "are kind to me, but why? I have done nothing to merit their kindness. They can not be expecting some gain, for there is nothing that I have that can add to their happiness or welfare. Can it be that they are kind from pure kindness of heart, and care for me for my own sake? I never supposed such a thing could be possible. How often my husband has tried to tell me about this wonderful thing, and I would not listen to him. Can it be true that my ancestors have all been mistaken, and that God in heaven lives, and cares for us, and wants us to live forever in heaven with him by and by? They say he does, and I wish I could believe it; but if I do, and neglect to pray to my dead father's ashes, what terrible calamity may not come upon me? Still, these people do not pray to their dead ancestors, and they seem to be safe and happy. Moreover, they say that the dead are *dead*, and not alive. If that is so, all this worship of the dead is nonsense."

By and by poor Sim Neo fell very ill of a fever. Mrs. Munson was by her bedside during the day, and slept by it at night, nursing her through a week of very severe illness, which increased in gravity until one night the doctor gravely shook his head, and showed that he feared the worst. Then it was, when our hearts stood still for fear, that Sim Neo begged us to pray for her. We knelt at her bedside, and prayed, as one can pray only at such times, that God would spare her life, and save her soul. She had told her husband the night before to pray for her, and promised him that if God spared her life, she would serve him truly. The morning after our united prayers, her temperature fell almost to normal, and she slowly recovered.

The change in her has been remarkable. Her fearfulness has disappeared, and instead of shunning our society, she will sit and chat with Mrs. Munson or the children by the hour. No longer does she dread the consequence of neglecting to pray to her dead father's ashes.

"But what do you mean by her dead father's ashes?" I hear some reader exclaim: "I supposed the Chinese buried their dead in hermetically sealed coffins, and did not burn them like the Hindus." So they do, but still they have on their household shrine a vessel containing the "ashes of their ancestors." Every day, morning and night, they worship at this shrine, and burn fragrant joss-sticks, which are set upright in this vessel.

Sim Neo no longer flies into terrible fits of passion and drives her husband from the room, or flings her precious baby upon the floor — for Kim San has a tiny brother, little Mark. Now, instead of singing her baby to sleep with weird Chinese songs, she sings "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "Rock of Ages," "Calling To-day," or some other Christian song. She no longer runs away when she sees us about to kneel in prayer, but kneels with us.

So the circumstances surrounding our little hero, Kim San, are undergoing important changes. His mother no longer tries to terrify him with goblin tales, and he is rapidly growing to be a sturdy little Christian boy. Sometimes, with his parents, he visits the home of a great-uncle, an old man of sixty, who had a large family of children. This great-uncle at one time was very rich, and had much influence; but he fell upon hard times, and lost his wealth. When brought low by adversity and disease, he had naught to do but think of his ill-spent years, and in doing so, he came to see the folly of all earthly pomp and power. When little Kim San's father first visited Padang, and came to live with us, he went one day to see this old uncle, and found him an eager and interested listener to the story of the gospel.

R. W. MUNSON.



THE ROBIN'S SONG

BROWN is the earth, and the sky lowers grimly;
Sad is my heart, with their shadows so drear,
When from the maple tree close by the window,
Ripples a river of melody clear;
And by the thrill of delight it awakens,
I know that the robin and springtime are here.

Ah, wonderful bird! with the eye of a prophet,
You see in a vision the things yet to be.
The murmur of waters and sighing of breezes,
The whisper of leaves in your own maple tree;
All sounds of the summer you weave in your carol,
And fling the glad notes to the dull earth and me.

You teach me a lesson of faith, gentle warbler.
Whene'er life seems empty and breezes blow cold,

May I see in a vision a joyful to-morrow,
And trust in the promises left us of old;
And my soul sing forever 'mid earth's desolation,
Of beautiful mansions and streets of pure gold.

VIOLA E. SMITH.

BIRD MIGRATIONS

AT the present time the birds have well begun their spring migrations. If you love the study of birds, the month of April is the one best month in the year for observations. As the birds which have been south come one by one to the north again, and as the northern birds move on farther north, we may get acquainted with them as they move. The birds, so to speak, are on parade. They are in a long line of march, a veritable procession; all we need to do is to inform our minds and train our eyes to know them as they come one by one into view.

You will already find purple grackles, robins, blue birds, and red-winged blackbirds in large numbers. They come north in March. The meadow-lark, fox sparrow, cowbird, and phoebes should also be in evidence. And I think if your ears are well trained to bird sounds, you will now and then hear the plaintive notes of the mourning dove.

And now, early in April, be on the lookout for the chipping sparrow, a very unpretentious-looking little brown bird with chestnut cap and black forehead. His song is frequently much like the trill of a grasshopper. Then, too, you should see the ruby-crowned kinglets, which we have already described, and the barn swallows.

By the middle of April the migrations are well under way. During the last week or ten days in April, unless the season is cold and backward, you should find whip-poor-wills, chimney swifts, least flycatchers, towbees, purple martins, cliff and bank swallows, several of the warblers, oven birds, house wrens, brown thrashers, catbirds, and wood thrushes. There are a number of good musicians among these, as the catbird, brown thrasher, meadow-lark, and wood thrush; and their clarion notes tell us in unmistakable tones that spring is here.

But the birds are not yet all here; far from it. During the first half of May you will be kept busy getting acquainted with newcomers, and no doubt get so far behind that it will take you all summer to catch up; and when fall comes, some will go away with names unread, titles unknown, and others of them you will not have once seen. Here is nature study for you. During May the following birds are due: Cuckoos, night-hawk, ruby-throated hummingbirds, crested flycatchers, kingbirds, wood pewees, the orioles,

bobolinks, indigo buntings, rose-breasted grosbeaks, scarlet tanagers, many of the vireos, long-billed marsh wren, Wilson's thrushes, redstarts, yellow-breasted chats, Maryland yellow-throats, yellow warblers, and many other warblers.

By the fifth of June the northern birds are gone, and only the birds that remain all summer are left. During June is the time to study the nesting habits of the birds. This is the time when their loves and hates, their faithfulness to their young, and all the more interesting phases of their character are most pronounced and apparent.

Some of the birds begin their nest building in March and April, others in May and June. With birds that rear more than one brood, the nesting season extends into August; but with the birds who rear but one, it is over early in July.

In the matter of bird migrations we see the wonderful guidance of God,—He who watches over the sparrow and whose "tender mercies are over all his works."

The oriole that nests with us during the summer, will winter far south, in Central America; and the bobolink travels still farther away into winter quarters in southern Brazil. But unless they meet with some accident, these will both return to us the coming spring. "Over valleys, mountains, marshes, plains, and forests, over straits and seas hundreds of miles in width," they pursue a course with no guide to direct them, and with a regularity and certainty which bring them to the same place, at nearly the same time, year after year.

"While migrating, birds follow mountain chains, coast lines, and particularly river valleys, all of which become highways of migration. Through telescopic observations it has been learned that migrating birds travel . . . at least a mile above the earth."

When fogs and storms obscure the view of the birds, they sometimes lose their way. Then they fly much lower, perhaps seeking some familiar landmark.

"Although birds are guided mainly by sight, hearing is also of assistance to them in their migrations. . . . It is difficult for us to realize that on favorable nights during the migratory season, myriads of birds are passing through the dark and apparently deserted air above us. Often they are so numerous as to form a continuous stream; and if we listen, we may hear their voices as they call to one another while flying onward."—*Professor Chapman*.

The question arises, How are they directed in this night flying? It will not do to say they rely on the sense of hearing, for who would guide the foremost bird? Some of the birds may rely upon others, but there are some led only by that infallible moving of God himself in their little lives, which man blindly calls instinct. Truly, the birds follow out the laws of their existence. God help us to do the same.

L. A. REED.

WRENS VERSUS SPARROWS

SOME time ago in the early spring a pair of English sparrows made up their minds to take possession of a bird house in our garden which a pair of wrens had occupied for two previous years.

Mr. and Mrs. Wren had not yet arrived, so there was none to dispute the sparrows' right or suspend operations. All went well, and the nest was nearing completion, when one bright, sunny morning, the former occupants arrived on the scene, and trouble at once began.

Mr. Wren took up his position on the front porch of the little house, and by a series of savage attacks and much loud scolding, succeeded in keeping the pair of sparrows off, while Mrs. Wren, working with desperate determination, proceeded to tear the nest apart, and carrying the

materials out the little back door, scattered them in all directions. My! what a shower of hay, straw, feathers, sticks, etc. This was continued until the house was entirely cleared. Then, without delay, began the process of reconstruction. During this time the sparrows did not sit idly by and see their work destroyed. There was a continuous battle between them; and when the action became too pressing, both Wrens would make a grand charge, which invariably resulted in driving the enemy back.

By and by the new nest was finished; and although bad feeling existed for several days afterward, with frequent passages at arms, the sparrows finally gave up the fight as hopeless, and Mr. Wren mounted the chimney, standing guard, and at the same time giving vent to his feelings in loud and spirited song. Of course, our sympathies were with the victors.—*Selected.*

A GREBE ADVENTURE

THE grebe is often called "water-witch" because it is so quick in diving under water. There are several kinds, and they can all take good care of themselves, having been known to dive at the flash of a gun, and escape the most practiced sportsman.

The most interesting adventure I ever had with grebes was in North Dakota. I camped for six weeks with a friend on the wild prairie by shallow lakes, where thousands of water-fowl were nesting. Our object was to study birds; and we drove six hundred miles in an open buggy, and slept in a tent or in settlers' barns.

At last we found ourselves near the Canada line by Rush Lake, a place much frequented by birds. One day in early June we drove over the prairie to a small lake, or slough, about a quarter of a mile across. As we approached it, I saw what appeared to be an island out in the middle, with a large number of birds, which I took to be mud-hens, sitting on its shore. Determining to wade out to them, I pulled up the tops of my long rubber boots, and started in. A few steps, and my boots were almost overflowed. As there was no boat nearer than Rush Lake, the only thing to do was to strip. The water was bitter cold in that northern climate; but the sun shone, and I thought I could get warm in its rays on the island shore before starting back.

Soon I was in breast-deep; and entangled with weeds that gathered, as I advanced, in a great island about my body, I had to clear myself again and again. In a quarter of an hour I was almost frozen—but I was nearly there. Where? Not to the island, for there was none! As I emerged from some high grass, I saw, not dry shore, but a lot of little hummocks of wet weeds floating on the water.

On nearly every one sat a curious bird upright, picking at something. Then, one by one, they plunged into the water, swam off a few feet, and turned to watch the queer object bobbing about like a seal. It was one of the strangest sights of my life—a grebe colony. Each mound was a floating nest, a sort of little house-boat, holding five, or less, dirty white eggs. In a few cases laying had not begun; in other instances the eggs were covered over with rubbish: the birds had tried to hide their treasures when they saw me coming.

I examined everything hastily, for I was shuddering with the cold, and there was no island for me to crawl out upon. Putting a few eggs in the creel I carried, I began the return. My legs were cramping, and I was fairly benumbed. It took all the courage I could muster not to give up. My companion watched me anxiously from the shore. At last I reached it, after forty minutes in that ice-water.

I hurried on my clothes, and for half an hour raced like a madman over the prairie, letting my friend rub me now and then. At last I began to feel warm, and we drove back to camp.—*Sel.*



THE HIGHEST TIDES IN THE WORLD

THE Bay of Fundy probably derives its name from the Latin word *funda*, meaning "deep." It lies between New Brunswick on the north and Nova Scotia on the south. It is known to nearly every one because of its high tides—the highest in the world. The bay is about seventy miles in width at the entrance, and converges to thirty about one hundred and fifty miles above, where it divides into two arms, known as Minas Basin and Chignecto Bay, with their tributaries.

Tides rise and fall twice every twenty-four hours and fifty minutes. The highest tides occur at each new and full moon: these are called spring-tides, and often rise to the almost fabulous height of seventy feet. Spring-tides also ebb very much lower than do other tides. Neap-tides do not ebb so low nor flood so high, not more than half the extremes of spring-tides.

Why the tide should rise to such a great height in this bay seems to be a phenomenon of nature with no satisfactory explanation. A number of theories are advanced, but the one most generally accepted is that the length of the bay has constantly convergent shores. The tide is very swift, flowing seven knots an hour.

The ancients reasoned that the earth respired twice a day. At each inhalation the tide would flood, and at each exhalation it would ebb. Had they visited the Bay of Fundy, they might have concluded that old Mother Earth was practicing

(marsh mud) deposited by the waters greatly enriches the land. Sometimes the "turbulent tide" under high wind plows through the dykes, and floods miles of meadow and field. The past season the tide broke through just at haying time, and thousands of tons of hay and other crops were destroyed. In winter, when the farmer has more leisure, he goes out with his team beyond the dykes at ebb-tide, and hauls the rich alluvium from the flats to the upland.

Philosophy teaches that "water seeks its level," but in the Bay of Fundy and its tributaries, water apparently ignores this rule and flows up-hill. It is not easy to describe the feeling that steals over one who witnesses this phenomenon for the first time. He looks out in the morning, and beholds a wonderful scene. The river which, the night before, was rippling lazily along, with the appearance of any other stream, except for its deep, declining banks and far-receding bed, is now surprisingly changed. It is rushing furiously up-stream, seven knots an hour, growing deeper and wider continually until it has risen forty or fifty feet, and ships under full sail ride gallantly by. For a moment one can scarcely believe his senses; he almost thinks the world has turned upside down. He exclaims, "Great things doeth He, which we can not comprehend!"

On account of these giant tides, many otherwise insignificant streams are made navigable for several miles inland. Ships can ascend these streams only at flood-tide, when the small creeks become large and deep rivers, with the current flowing swiftly toward the source. If vessels fail to reach their destination before the tide ebbs, which often occurs, they must then cast anchor, or they will be carried back to sea by



TIDAL BORE OF MONCTON, NEW BRUNSWICK

the latest respiratory movements to develop her lungs.

Most of the Fundy shores are very high and rocky, but around the tributaries at the head of the bay the shores are rarely precipitous, but predominant in broad, flat lands, reaching far back inland along the streams.

The greater portion of these lands was formerly submerged by the sea at high tide, but man has now reclaimed thousands of acres of this beautiful marsh-land from the sea by means of heavy dykes, and converted it into luxuriant meadows, dotted over with barns. Longfellow wrote of it:—

"Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. . . .

Dykes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,

Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood-gates

Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows."

Occasionally the farmers do let the water in through the dykes, because the rich alluvium

the swift returning tide. Unless a vessel is specially built to lie on the bottom of the river, long lines must be fastened to the mast-head, as the flood ebbs away, and the other end taken ashore and made fast by iron bars driven down, to prevent the ship from capsizing when she settles on her keel in the river's bed on "dry land." When a person sees a ship lying, a helpless monster, in the bed of a stream, far from her home on the restless sea, it seems to touch a chord of sympathy in one's heart. Soon, with unerring accuracy, the flood-tide returns, reversing the river, relieving the patient monster, and again the "ship's afloat."

As the water converges toward the head of the bay, it rises higher than it does lower down, and the water is forced up the rivers with great power. A grand and impressive sight may be seen at Moncton, New Brunswick, twenty-five miles up the river, at the first approach of the flood-tide. It is a tidal wave, called the "Bore." It can be heard roaring and plowing up the river long before it comes in sight. A white, rolling

wall of water, sometimes ten feet high, dashes up the river and stretches far across its bed. What was just before a small stream scarcely ten rods wide, is now more than a mile in width, bearing steamboat, ship, and barge upon its waters.

A man visiting from the West, unacquainted with the tides, on seeing the "bore" fiercely sweeping up the river, cried out to his friends with him, in great excitement, "Oh, what a mighty flood! and without a drop of rain, too! Yes, and it's coming wrong side up! What an awful cloud-burst there must have been below!"

At the mouth of the River St. John, 450 miles in length, is formed an estuary full of grandeur. One attraction is a curious fall about thirty feet high at low (tide) water; but as the Fundy flood-tide returns rushing up the river, it soon reverses the stream, and the water falls up-stream instead of down.

At high (tide) water no trace of the fall is seen, and then the river presents a scene of busy traffic. Waiting steamboats, ships, woodboats, rafts of logs and lumber, now go sailing by as if no fall were ever there. Soon the tide ebbs away, and the fall again appears, guarding the river, seaward, from friend or foe with all security as before.

Truly, wonderful are the paths of God.

GEO. E. LANGDON.

Halifax, Nova Scotia.



THINK NOT OF SELF

THINK not of self, but think of Christ,
And living thoughts will grow;
And words will start and run like fire,
With light and love aglow.

Think not of self or human praise,
But of thy brother's woe,
And thy true words with love and speed
Right to his heart will go.

Think not of self or this world's fame,
But of thy Master's praise;
So shall thy words, made like his own,
The fallen, broken, raise.

Think not of self, or how to speak,
But of the Saviour's love;
So shall thy words that fragrance bring
Which lures the heart above.

Think not of self or thy own wounds,
But of the Saviour's blood;
So shall thy speech that unction bring
Which heals and wins to God.

—Selected.

GOD SHALL SUPPLY ALL YOUR NEED

ARE you hungry? "I am the bread of life: he that cometh unto me shall never hunger." John 6:35.

ARE you thirsty? "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink." John 7:37.

ARE you homeless? "In my Father's house are many mansions. . . . I go to prepare a place for you." John 14:2.

ARE you orphaned? "A father of the fatherless . . . is God in his holy habitation." Ps. 68:5.

ARE you lonely? "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." Rev. 3:20.

ARE you needy? "For the needy shall not always be forgotten: the expectation of the poor shall not perish forever." Ps. 9:18.

ARE you sick? "The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing: thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness." Ps. 41:3.

ARE you deaf, dumb, blind, lame? "The eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the

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

ARE you ignorant? "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." James 1:5.

ARE you fearful? "Fear not thou: for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." Isa. 41:10.

ARE you weak? "My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness." 2 Cor. 12:9.

ARE you sinful? "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow: though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Isa. 1:18.

ARE you sorrowful? "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more . . . sorrow." Rev. 21:4.

ARE you burdened? "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee." Ps. 55:22.

ARE you weary? "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God." Heb. 4:9.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

THAKOOR'S THANK-OFFERING

"THERE now, run away, little one. Papa's too busy to play this morning. Tell Ayah to put little Bobby to sleep. We don't want any more sick little boys around here, do we? Run away now, that's papa's good boy."

The merry blue eyes of the good missionary's child became suddenly sober. It was a whole hour before the time the little fellow usually took his nap; and since he had been so very sick, his papa had spent a part of every morning in quiet frolic with his sweet, delicate child. Bobby gleefully anticipated this frolic with his father, and it is no wonder that this unusual dismissal pierced his tender little heart, and sent him off almost suffocated with his first taste of real sorrow. Papa didn't want him! In the farthest corner of the nursery two big tears splashed down on the old rag doll that Bobby was hugging and kissing in his first desolation.

Just now everything was in confusion at the mission. The missionary's family had returned from the mountains only the day before. They could not come sooner because little Bobby had been so ill that they feared he would not live. And now there was so much to be done,—the house to get in order, the free dispensary to be opened right after noon, and a great pile of correspondence to be answered without delay. Dr. Baker, the missionary, was tired and half sick. He scarcely realized what he had said when he had sent the baby away. Sometimes even missionaries come to the end of their proverbial allowance of good-nature. He plunged into his task of letter-writing, and had clicked off half a dozen accounts to different people "at home," who were supporting some student in the training-school, or otherwise indulging in generosity toward foreign missions. He worked hard and became absorbed. Everything was forgotten but the business in hand, and he hoped to have no interruption until he was through.

However, he soon became conscious of a presence in the doorway, somewhat back of him, but kept at his work, hoping the presence would depart. He heard an apologetic little cough, but paid no attention. The cough came again. Turning around rather impatiently, Dr. Baker saw his faithful old Hindu servant bowing almost to the ground. What do you want, Thakoor? I'm really too busy to see you now." He turned back to his work, supposing the intruder would withdraw. No sooner had he become absorbed for a second time than he heard the same little cough. Now he was thoroughly disturbed.

"Are you still here, Thakoor? Can't you see

how busy I am? I haven't any time to see you this morning."

"O merciful master! do not send me away," begged the poor servant, bowing so low that his gray locks touched the matting. "Hear me but one minute, I pray you. I have come to pay a vow. I was only a poor wicked heathen, and worshiped idols, but Massi Sahib came with the Bible and brought Jesus to me. Massi Sahib has a little child, a fair child, with curls like the sunshine, and eyes like the sky. I was lonely when he went to the mountains four months ago, for I loved his happy bird voice, and he always smiled at me. I love you too, and Mem Sahib. My heart ached for you when I heard that the beautiful little one was sick, when I heard how he tossed on his fever bed, and how you hovered over him. I went many time for you, and I prayed. I went away off in the forest, and prayed Jesus to cool the fever, and give you back the child. I am a poor man, but I have one jewel, a ruby that I was keeping for my funeral. But I told the Lord Jesus that if he would spare the baby's life, I would give the jewel for my thank-offering, and here it is!" The trembling man opened his rough hand, and showed the beautiful gem.

The missionary's voice choked. He threw his arm around the pitiful form, and said, "Thakoor, you are a good man. God will bless you." He had not made a thank-offering himself for the recovery of his darling.

"Just one thing more, my master. Let us find the child, that I may put my hand on his head, and pray to Jesus."

The missionary's heart was completely overflowing. The poor Hindu's faith and devotion moved his very soul. Hand in hand they went to the nursery. There they found the child fallen asleep, with the rag doll for a pillow. Dirty tear-stains on the pale face rebuked the father, who now picked him up and dimpled his little face with kisses. Then the two men knelt in prayer above the fair-skinned baby, who so unconsciously had been the means of demonstrating to both the beauty of faith and the power of love.—Selected.

THE LITTLE SPRIG OF CONTENT

EDITH is only a schoolgirl, but she has some of the wisdom that is better than any to be gained from books. She does not spend her time fretting over things she does not have. She enjoys what she has.

"Don't you wish you were going to the seashore?" asked Margaret.

"I should like it," said Edith, "but I'm glad I'm going to grandpa's. I always have a good time there."

"Wouldn't you like to have a new dress like Mary's?" said Jessie.

"Yes; but I like mine just as well," was the answer.

Edith has "the little sprig of content," which gives a rich flavor to everything.—Selected.

TAKE TIME

TAKE time to breathe a morning prayer, asking God to keep you from evil, and use you for his glory during the day.

Take time to read a few verses from God's word each day.

Take time to be pleasant. A bright smile and a pleasant word fall like sunbeams upon the hearts of those around us.

Take time to be polite. A gentle "I thank you," "If you please," "Excuse me," even to an inferior, is no compromise of dignity.

Take time to be patient with children. Patience and kindness will open a way for good influence over almost any child.

Take time to be thoughtful about the aged. Respect gray hairs, even if they crown the head of a beggar.—Selected.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

HER SECOND THOUGHT

"You pretty apple blossoms,
Why do you fly away
Just when the spring is sweetest?
We want you all to stay.
There's not a single flower
More beautiful than you;
Oh, stay, because we love you,
The whole long summer through."

The apple blossoms whispered,
Still sending down a shower:
"You darling little maiden,
We've bloomed our springtime hour,
If we too long should linger,
Our boughs would never hold
For all the little children
Big apples, red and gold."

The little maiden pondered
As, pink and pearly white,
Came showering the petals
Upon her ringlets bright.
She laughed, and shook them lightly,
And then looked up to say:
"You sweetest apple blossoms,
Be quick and fly away."

— Sidney Dayre.

WHAT CAN WE DO FOR OUR BROTHERS AND SISTERS IN JAPAN?

It might seem from this that the little people in Japan have just as comfortable and happy a time as the little people in the United States. Of course, in Japan, as elsewhere, there are all sorts. Some homes are real homes, but as we understand the term, there are very, very few homes in that country. The Japanese language has no word for home. The mothers do not know nearly so much about caring for their children as do most mothers in this land. The mothers are not loved and honored by the fathers as in this land.

There are more than thirty-eight million "common people" in Japan, many of whom are extremely poor. Many families have not more than five dollars of our money to live on a month—the whole family,—and some have not that much. Their food is not nourishing and wholesome. It consists mainly of rice, which is poorly cooked, and not usually well masticated. Salty pickles, cucumbers, egg plant, etc., including a monstrous radish called *dai-kon*, peculiar to Japan, are eaten with the rice. The better grades of fish are too expensive for the masses to use commonly. The poorer grades do not appear very appetizing.

The dish most commonly prepared for the sick is the gruel poured off the cooked rice. You get mother to put extra water on the rice some day, and before taking up the rice, pour this off. Don't put any salt in it, but drink it, and imagine yourself with little else to eat during days of illness, and then decide how the lot of the sick little Japanese brother or sister compares with yours.

The public schools in Japan, which are government schools, are said to be "free," but in fact a small tuition is charged. It is not more than fifteen cents a month, probably, but that is impossible in a good-sized family where the income is so small as I have indicated. So thousands of children do not go to school. To have these children playing in the streets, and often around the idols in the temple inclosures, is a sad thing. Many missionaries have felt this a great burden on their hearts, and about two hundred charity schools have been established. These are open sometimes only half a day, as the parents wish the children to work the rest of the time. There are night schools too for older ones who must work all day and can only have a little leisure in the evening for study. The Bible is taught in these

schools. The children memorize a great deal of scripture—the ten commandments, the beatitudes, the sermon on the mount, and many other portions. Often the children go home and tell the parents what they have learned, and as a result many a father and mother has come to meetings and found the way to Jesus.

Here in the United States we have very many people to do Christian work in school and church, but in Japan the force is small as yet,—only one missionary to about one hundred thousand persons. The Japanese do a great deal, but they need much help. Especially in matters of home life and the training of children, they need the illustration of a Christian family. It is a very little way to help, too, but is worth while, to save your pretty scripture cards, get an address of a missionary or nature worker, and mail him a bundle tied up, not sealed, carefully weighed and stamped. And the children can specially guard against all that Jesus would not have them do by think-

Some worm that lived on the elm tree drew these leaves together, and spun a little case inside; and when the leaves were ready to fall, the chrysalis came down with them."

"What kind of worm do you suppose it was?"

"I do not know, but it must have been a large one, or the chrysalis would not be so heavy. We will keep it, and in the spring, when the worm has turned into a butterfly and comes out of the case, perhaps we can learn what its name is."

"But how will it get out?" asked Letty, anxiously. "It is so hard and tough. I tried to pull off one of the leaves, and it stuck on tight."

"Yes," said her mother, "it is very tough, and you could not tear it open with your fingers, even if you tried very hard. But the butterfly throws out some kind of fluid that softens the silk,—for it is a kind of silk, you know,—and makes a hole large enough to crawl through. It does not have to be very big, as the butterfly's wings are



IN A JAPANESE KITCHEN

ing they would like to set a good example for their far-away relatives. Some day you may go and help to teach them the way to God.

LAURA DE LANY GARST.

POLLY

LETTY was out under the big elm tree watching the kitten playing with the autumn leaves that were on the ground.

Suddenly something struck Letty on the shoulder. She looked around quickly, thinking that somebody had thrown a stone at her. No one was in sight, though she looked all about, and even up in the tree. Then she noticed that the kitten was rolling something with its paws. She stooped, and picked up what looked like a little bunch of elm leaves. She thought it strange that they should be stuck together; and when she found that the bunch was quite heavy, she was still more surprised.

She carried it into the house to show to her mother. "What is it?" she asked. "It came down off the tree, and hit me on my shoulder. Is there a stone inside it?"

"No," said her mother; "it is a chrysalis.

soft and wet. It has to let them dry, and grow strong and stiff before it can fly."

The chrysalis was put in a safe place, and Letty forgot all about it for many months, which was not strange when there were so many things for her to do all through the winter and early spring.

But her mother did not forget; and one day in June she called Letty in from her play, telling her that she had something to show her.

"Do you remember the elm chrysalis?" she asked, as she put it in Letty's hand.

"Why, how light it is!" she cried. "The butterfly has come out! Where is it?"

Her mother led the way to the plant-stand. "See, on that begonia," she said.

"Oh, oh!" cried Letty, "what a beautiful butterfly!"

It was very large, nearly five inches across when its wings were spread. It was dull-yellow, with darker shadings, a little red in waving lines, and a gray stripe along the front edge of its outer wings. It was quite furry, especially the large yellow body. Each of the four wings had a transparent eye-spot, and the under-wings had a good deal of black about these little round windows, as Letty called them.

"And mama, see! It has beautiful little dark-blue eyes."

"Yes, it has, but I did not notice them before."

"Well, what kind of butterfly is it?"

"It is not a butterfly at all."

"Not a butterfly?" said Letty, surprised.

"No; it is a moth. Have you noticed its antennæ—the horns on the front of its head?"

"They look like feathers," said Letty; "no, like ferns."

"So they do," said her mother. "Well, that is how we know it is not a butterfly; for they have thread-like antennæ, with a little knob on the end. Moths fly by night, and that is probably why this one stays so still now."

"I wish I knew its name," said Letty.

"If you will take my card and run over to the public library, and ask the librarian to give you a book that tells about moths and butterflies, we will find out."

Letty came back in a little while with the book, and her mother began to look in it.

"Oh," she said, pretty soon, "our moth has such a long name that I am afraid you can't remember it. It is *Telea polyphemus*."

"I'll call it Polly for short," said Letty.

When they had learned all they could about the moth, Letty asked what they should do with it.

"This book says it does no very great harm," said her mother, "and it is so beautiful that I think we will let it have its liberty."

So the *Telea polyphemus* was carried out, and placed on a tree trunk, where it stayed all the rest of the day. But the next morning when Letty went to look for it, it was gone.—*Susan Brown Robbins*.



WOULDEST shape a noble life? Then cast
No backward glances toward the past;
And though somewhat be lost and gone,
Yet do thou act as one new-born;
What each day needs that shalt thou ask;
Each day will set its proper task.

—Goethe.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

(Concluded)

8. How is it hurtful to read novels?

If we did not have the Bible, and if we did not possess an abundance of instructive literature on Biblical subjects, as well as upon biography and the natural and other sciences, there might be some excuse for spending our time in reading the books written wholly from the imagination, and largely by irreligious men and women. Such novels fascinate the mind without feeding it; they stimulate the emotions, but fail to strengthen the soul. They sometimes make one feel sympathetic, but at the same time they fail to impart that true and genuine sympathy which proceeds from the human heart when the love of God is shed abroad therein. Occasionally they lead the reader to weep, but the tears thus shed are not tears of gratitude to God for grace and mercy, neither are they shed from sorrow for sin. Novels lead their readers to indulge in the pernicious habit of building air-castles, but it may be seriously doubted if they supply aught with which character can be built.

The young man or woman who would acquire useful training for this life and build a character for the next, will do well to avoid spending spare moments in perusing fiction, and turn to the word of God, with its mighty principles, and the open book of nature, with its beautiful illustrations and inspiring lessons.

9. How can I control my appetite?

This is a question which has been asked a number of times. Originally, man was created with power to control himself and everything on the earth. His dominion over all things in this world was complete. Through sin, man has lost this power; and to-day he probably possesses less of it than at any other time in the history of the human race. It is very evident that to-day man does not possess the power to control his appetite. But through the plan of salvation, man does possess the power to choose the mind of Christ, which has power to control the human appetite. As Christ lived upon this earth two thousand years ago and brought human appetite under the perfect control of God, so he will live to-day in human flesh, and subdue and bring under control everything which the individual will submit to him. With us it is a question of *will* rather than of *control*. If we are *willing*, he will begin the work of controlling. See 2 Cor. 8:12. If you are not able to control your appetite, and find that it is controlling you, hand it over to One who is stronger than you, even to Christ, and then, just as long as you maintain a *willing mind*, he will continue to control your appetite. Of course we must remember that we are free beings, and that at any time if we should cease to *will* to have Christ control our appetites, at that moment the divine control would cease, and we should again find ourselves helpless victims to the clamorings of a perverted taste.

10. WHAT do you think of attending parties and other entertainments, composed mostly of worldly young people?

Occasionally there might be an opportunity to do good at some of these gatherings, but we think it would be an *exceedingly dangerous* practice to form the habit of attending such parties. The Christian youth should go only to such places where he can exert a positive influence for Christ; to influence, rather than to be influenced. As a rule, such gatherings afford very little opportunity for disseminating truth and shedding light; while they afford numerous occasions for compromising principle and hiding one's light under a bushel. It would be an excellent plan for every Christian young person to keep himself so busy in health-giving and soul-inspiring work that the enemy will find little opportunity to tempt him to spend his time in such a manner. Idleness, with its pleasures and amusements, has proved to be the "little fox" that has destroyed more than one vine of a youthful Christian experience.

W. S. SADLER.

1926 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

IN THE VORTEX

A FEW evenings ago, after my chores were done, I strolled down to the bridge which spans a small creek a short distance from my home. I found the creek greatly swollen by the recent melting of the snow; and as I stood gazing listlessly into the dark water, I noticed a log reaching out into the stream, and in front of this log was a little vortex, or whirlpool, in which was floating a bit of foam. It kept sailing around the vortex, and appeared to be trying to get over a small obstruction and escape, but the vortex always sucked it back. I also noticed that it nearly always brought back more particles of foam.

As I looked at it, I thought that it resembled life. The vortex represented wrong; the foam, the life of a person who knows he is wrong, but lacks strength to turn from his evil ways, and nearly always leads another into the path of wrong.

Are we like the bit of foam? Are we in the wrong, and too weak to get away? If we are not, let us remember that there are others who are, and let us do everything we can to help them.



BEREAN LIBRARY STUDY

Revelation 19; "Thoughts on the Revelation," pages 680-686

(April 21-27)

The Marriage of the Lamb.—Dan. 7:13, 14, speaks of the Saviour's being brought in before the Father, and there being given him dominion, glory, and a kingdom. A kingdom consists of land, or territory; people, or subjects; and a headquarters, or capital city. The kingdom of God is no exception to this. The earth is the territory, the redeemed are the subjects, and the heavenly Jerusalem is the capital. When the investigative judgment closes, the number of the redeemed is made up: it has been decided who will be the subjects. The Lamb's book of life contains only the names of loyal subjects of the kingdom. Then the Saviour comes before the Father, and the marriage takes place. Christ is presented with the Holy Jerusalem as the bride, the Lamb's wife (Rev. 21:9, 10), the capital of the kingdom. The subjects, in person, are still in the land of the enemy. Many are held in the prison-house of the grave, but as Christ has espoused them unto himself, he is their lawful husband (2 Cor. 11:2); and he has the keys of hell and the grave, and will loose them and take them to himself. He has a perfect right to take possession, for *the land is married to him*. Isa. 62:4. He is spoken of as being married to both the land and the subjects, and the city is also called the bride. So the marriage is the taking of full power over all three—land, subjects, and city. This is given Christ at the marriage of the Lamb in the heavenly sanctuary at the close of probation. He then comes "from the wedding" to gather his people. Luke 12:35-37; 19:15. He will set the kingdom in order, and make it a fit dwelling place for the redeemed. Matt. 13:41.

The Marriage Supper.—"Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb." When the Lord returns from the wedding, he clothes his people with immortality, purifies the earth and covers it again with robes of Eden beauty, and establishes the glorious city forever. Then the work is complete. At that time the table is spread, and the Saviour calls, "Come, my people, you have come out of great tribulation, and done my will; suffered for me; come in to supper, for I will gird myself, and serve you." The table of pure silver many miles in length will be laden with the luscious fruits of the new earth.

Armies of Heaven.—God is a God of order; the angels are marshaled under leaders, and all submit themselves to the great Commander. Satan, who once occupied a commanding position in heaven, is well acquainted with the order of heaven, and has tried to counterfeit it in the perfect discipline and order in the armies of earth. But earthly armies are drilled to kill and destroy, while God's armies are disciplined to work in harmony for the good of the universe, and to praise and glorify him.

The Beast and the False Prophet.—These two powers, representing the European powers, or the divisions of the old Roman nation; and the false prophet, or the United States, go *alive* into the

lake of fire. They are the leading powers, under whom the whole earth will be marshaled when Christ comes.

The Supper of the Great God.—What a contrast between this and the marriage supper of the Lamb! Every one living when Christ comes will take part in either one or the other of these suppers. They will partake of the marriage supper, or else they will form food for the fowls of the air in the supper of the great God. Where will you be? Which supper will you take part in?



DWELLING PLACE FOR THE LORD

(April 27)

MEMORY VERSE.—Isa. 57:15.

QUESTIONS

1. WHAT is the sanctuary called in which Jesus, our high priest, is serving? Heb. 8:2.
2. There was once a sanctuary on earth. By what name is it called? Heb. 9:1.
3. Why did the Lord desire the worldly sanctuary built? Ex. 25:8; note 1.
4. When they built the sanctuary on earth, what pattern did they have to follow? Ex. 25:9, 40.
5. When the Lord was in that sanctuary, he dwelt "among" the people. In what other way did he desire to dwell with them? Isa. 57:15.
6. To whom is he looking for a place to dwell? Isa. 66:1, 2; note 2.
7. What is God's temple on earth now? 2 Cor. 6:16.
8. What kind of temple is this said to be? 1 Peter 2:5.
9. In building this temple, what pattern is to be followed? 1 Peter 2:21, 22; note 3.
10. In order to understand what the pattern really is, what must we do? Heb. 12:2; note 4.
11. How did the Lord desire the offerings for the earthly sanctuary to be given? Ex. 25:1, 2.
12. What lesson is there in this for us? Rev. 3:20; note 5.

NOTES

1. God loves his people with the tender love of a mother. And just as a parent desires to be with the children, so the Lord desired to be with his people. He had just brought them up out of Egypt, out of bondage, out of darkness and idolatry. He saw that they had almost lost the knowledge of their Heavenly Father, and he wanted to teach them; and in order to teach them of his holiness and goodness, he wanted a place in which he could meet with them. But what he did for them was also done for us; for the sanctuary and all its services were pictures which he desires us to look at, that we may know all about the sanctuary in heaven, and how we may be saved.

2. The Lord would find no joy at all in dwelling among his people if he could not dwell in them. It is the heart that he desires. He dwelt with them that he might get the doors of their hearts open, and make them glad and willing to invite him in. But when the time came that the people of Israel thought more of the building than they did of the One who dwelt in it, the Lord said he would no longer do as he had done, but that he would look for a resting-place in the heart of him who was poor and needy. The only place that our Heavenly Father prizes is a place in the heart of each one of his children. Will you disappoint him? O dear young friend, open your heart, and let him in. If you will do so, you may be sure that he will be faithful, and

not one stain of sin will be left uncleansed to keep you from dwelling with him in heaven. Remember what he wants: he wants now to dwell in you, and take out all the sin, that he may take you out of this sinful world to dwell forever with him.

3. The Lord told Moses to follow the pattern shown him in the mount. The pattern shown him was the sanctuary in heaven. The sanctuary on earth was to be just like the one in heaven. So it is to-day. Each one of us is to build a character sanctuary, and it must be like the pattern, Christ Jesus.

4. We must daily study the pattern. The life of Jesus, the example he set for us to follow, is of no value unless we carefully look at it, study all the little points, and then seek to imitate them. God's word is to be our constant guide.

5. The Lord desired only willing offerings. He can not dwell in any temple that is not gladly turned over to him. He can not come into our hearts until the door is opened, and the door is not opened until we will it to be open. When we will to open the door, and give Jesus free and full possession, then he comes in and abides with us.

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Sweet words
 Are like the voices of returning birds,
 Filling the soul with summer.
 —Archibald Lampman.

MONDAY:

Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry
 all things easy.—Franklin.

TUESDAY:

Little things come daily, hourly, within our
 reach, and they are not less calculated to set
 forward our growth in holiness than are the
 greater occasions which occur but rarely.—
 Grou.

WEDNESDAY:

Teach me, dear Lord, what thou wouldst
 have me know;
 Guide me, dear Lord, where thou wouldst
 have me go;
 Help me, dear Lord, thy precious seed to
 sow;
 Bless thou the seed that it may surely grow.
 —Georgia Fulton.

THURSDAY:

When men do anything for God, the very
 least thing, they never know where it will
 end, nor what amount of work it will do for
 him. Love's secret, therefore, is to be al-
 ways doing things for God, and not to mind
 because they are very little ones.—F. W.
 Faber.

FRIDAY:

There are numbers of men that are not will-
 ing to do anything for Christ because they
 can't do some great thing. Now you will
 find that the men that have accomplished a
 great work in this world have always begun
 by doing some little thing; they have been
 willing to bring forth some little fruit.—
 D. L. Moody.

SABBATH:

"The meek shall eat and be satisfied: . . .
 your heart shall live forever." Ps. 22:26.

PROPER SELF-RESPECT

THERE are some who feel that all regard for
 self is wrong, but a little reasoning will show
 you that this can not be.

Man was made in the image of God. He was
 endowed with noble faculties, with the possi-
 bility of the highest attainments. And although
 sin has marred and bruised the form and nature
 of man, he still retains to a degree the image
 of God, and should he not be respected for that?
 Yes, you say, but it must be toward others, not
 ourselves, that we should show respect. Listen:—

"It is not pleasing to God that you should
 demerit yourself. You should cultivate self-re-

spect by living so that you will be approved by
 your own conscience and before man and angels."
 "As sons and daughters of God, we should have
 a conscious dignity of character, in which pride
 and self-importance have no part."—Mrs. E. G.
 White.

Self-respect is not pride nor self-indulgence;
 it is that kind of regard for one's self that leads
 him to keep his body in the best condition health-
 wise,—to give it the best food and drink, to
 keep it clean and well-clothed,—that he may
 be as perfect a representative of the Father as
 possible. It does not lead him, like the poor
 heathen, to abuse his body or clothe it in filth
 and rags.

Self-respect leads one to be kind and courteous
 to all. Do you know that a true gentleman is
 courteous to his inferiors, and even to animals?
 Discourtesy shows your own character, not the
 character of the one to whom you are discour-
 teous.

Self-respect leads one to have a true apprecia-
 tion of his own God-given powers, not to over-
 estimate them, but to see them as they are, and
 make the most of the talents given him. Listen
 to the same writer again:—

"If you form too high an opinion of yourself,
 you will plead individual independence, which
 borders on arrogance. If you go to the other ex-
 treme, you will feel inferior, and leave an im-
 pression of inferiority which will greatly limit
 your influence for good."

Self-respect leads one to keep his mental facul-
 ties keen and sharp, so that they can quickly dis-
 cern the difference between truth and error, and
 can understand the deep truths of God's word.

Self-respect leads one to cultivate his moral
 and spiritual nature so that it may in the fullest
 sense reflect the character of Christ.

All this is included in the term self-respect.
 We are under obligations to God to make of our-
 selves, with his help, the most noble, manly, self-
 reliant, intelligent beings that it is possible to
 be; and he has put within us the power to do
 this. Man is not a puppet, to be ordered about
 and turned and twisted as any other human be-
 ing may direct. He is a son of God, with that
 one spark of divinity—the will—in him, which
 raises him at once from the lower scale of being
 in which the beasts belong, to the highest of all
 intelligences.

Then let us bear in mind that while humility
 is the crowning grace of the Christian, servility
 has no place in his life. Christ was meek and
 lowly of heart, but there was dignity and self-
 respect in his bearing. He was not servile.

We may respect ourselves for our likeness
 to God; for the talents he has placed in us to
 be improved; for the intelligence that he has
 given us; for the character that may be ours
 through the working of the Holy Spirit in us.
 Would you not respect these things in others?
 Then respect them in yourself, but never, never
 let them make you proud or boastful or arrogant.

M. A. S.

CHANGES IN OUR LANGUAGE

ENGLISH is called a living language, because
 it is in common use among living people. French,
 German, Italian, Spanish, and many other lan-
 guages are also living. Greek and Latin are
 called the dead languages, because they are not
 in common use by any large number of people.
 Their forms are fixed. When one studies them,
 he studies the language as it was written and
 spoken hundreds of years ago. The character
 of any dead thing or person is fixed, unchange-
 able. There is no more chance to improve or
 change it.

As long as a language is living, it is contin-
 ually changing. Old words are being dropped
 out of use, and new ones are adopted. Even
 grammatical forms may change, though these are
 not so frequent as the changes in words. Changes
 in spelling are attracting a great deal of notice

in the United States. We have what is called
 The Philological Society, which has suggested
 many more changes than have yet been adopted.
 Have you noticed that some papers spell *through*
 "thru," and *thorough* "thoro," *though* "tho,"
catalogue "catalog"? These short spellings are
 accepted as correct, but I am reminded of an
 old saying, which it will be safe for us always
 to follow:—

"Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
 Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

A good idea of the changes that have taken
 place in our language, may be seen from an ex-
 tract from Chaucer, one of the early English
 writers. We can understand this, but some who
 wrote still earlier than he are almost unintelli-
 gible to us now. And while you read this, notice
 what he says also, for we have not got over that
 habit of putting a "wicked knot at the last end:"
 "He is a good man, *but* —," "She is very kind,
but —." Let us quit it. Let us praise where
 praise is deserved; if not, let us keep still, unless
 we can tell the person himself, and in such a
 spirit that we can lead him nearer to God.

Here is the extract:—

"The spices of envie ben these: There is first
 sorrow of other mennes goodness and prosperi-
 ties, and prosperities ought to be kindly matter
 of joye. Then is envie a sin against kinde. The
 second spice of envie is joye of other mennes
 harm, and that is properly like to the devil, that
 ever rejoyseth him of mennes harm. Of these
 two spices cometh backbiting; and this sin of
 backbiting or detracting hath certain spices, as
 these: Som man praiseth his neighbor by a
 wicked intente, for he maketh always a wicked
 knotte at the last ende, always he maketh a but
 at the last ende, that is degree of more blame
 than is worth all the praising." M. A. S.

APPARENT AND PRESUMPTIVE

IN these days when so many changes are be-
 ing made in the occupants of thrones in Europe,
 one often sees in the papers the terms "heir ap-
 parent" and "heir presumptive," many without
 knowing the distinction in the meaning of the
 two terms. This is explained in a recent number
 of the *Literary Era* as follows:—

"These are ancient legal phrases, which are
 used of laymen as well as of royalty. An heir
 apparent is one who can be defeated of an in-
 heritance only by his own death. An heir pre-
 sumptive, on the other hand, is one who would
 succeed to the inheritance at the present time,
 supposing the tenant dies, but who may lose his
 title by the birth of other and nearer heirs. Thus
 the Prince of Wales, as the eldest son of a king,
 is always the heir apparent to the English throne.
 The heir presumptive, on the other hand, is the
 nearest of kin in the line of succession, whose
 title may be destroyed by the birth of some still
 nearer kin. Or it may be a female whose title
 is defeated by the birth of a male. The Princess
 Royal of England, now the dowager Empress of
 Germany, was the heir presumptive to the Eng-
 lish throne at the time of her birth as the only
 child of Queen Victoria, but the birth of the
 Prince of Wales deprived her of that title. In
 England a daughter can succeed to the throne
 only through lack of male issue of the defunct
 sovereign."

APRIL TIME

APRIL is here!

There's a song in the maple, thrilling and new;
 There's a flock of wings of heaven's own blue;
 There's a veil of green on the nearer hills;
 There's a burst of rapture in woodland rills;
 There are stars in the meadow dropped here and
 there;
 There's a breath of arbutus in the air;
 There's a dash of rain, as if flung in jest;
 There's an arch of color spanning the west;
 April is here!

—Sel.