

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE

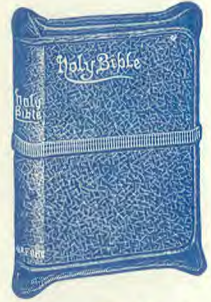
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They that sealed the covenant. NEHEMIAH, X. *The points of the covenant.*

gavest before them, neither turned they from their wicked works.

36 Behold, ^dwe are servants this day, and for the land that thou gavest unto our fathers to eat the fruit thereof and the good thereof, behold, we are servants in it:

37 And ^eit yieldeth much increase unto the kings whom thou hast set over us because of our sins: also they have ^fdominion over our bodies, and over our cattle, at their pleasure, and we are in great distress.

B. C. 445.

^d Deut. 28, 48.
^e Ezra 9. 9.

^e Deut. 28, 33, 51.

^f Deut. 28, 48.
^g 2 Kin. 23. 3.
^h 2 Chr. 29, 10; 34. 31.

25 Rē'hūm, Hā-shāb'nah, Mā-a-sē'iah,

26 And Ā-hī'jah, Hē'nān, Ā'nān,
27 Māl'luch, Hā'rim, Bā'a-nah.

28 ¶ ^eAnd the rest of the people, the priests, the Lē'vites, the porters, the singers, the Nēth'i-nims, ^fand all they that had separated themselves from the people of the lands unto the law of God, their wives, their sons, and their daughters, every one having knowledge, and having understanding;



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(Many more might be given.)

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Detroit, Port Huron, Susp. Bridge, New York, and
Boston..... * 2.25 A. M.

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South Bend, Chicago, and West..... * 8.52 A. M.
Chicago and Intermediate Stations..... † 12.15 P. M.
Mixed, South Bend, and Int. Stations..... † 7.10 A. M.
South Bend, Chicago, and West..... * 4.05 P. M.
South Bend, Chicago, and West..... * 12.55 A. M.

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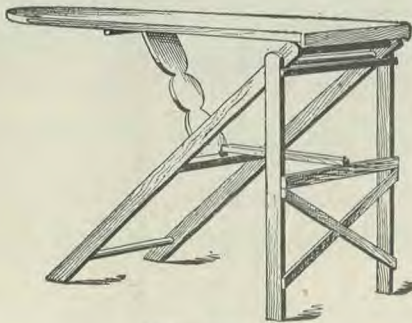
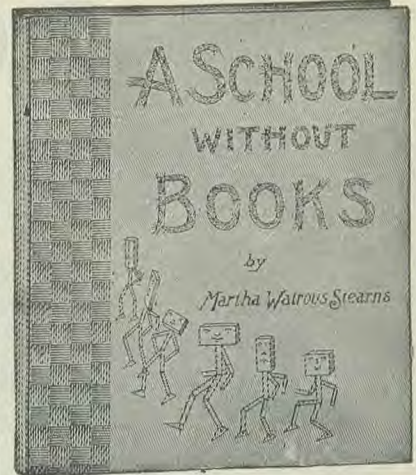
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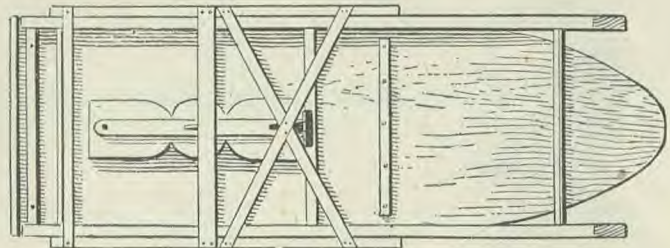
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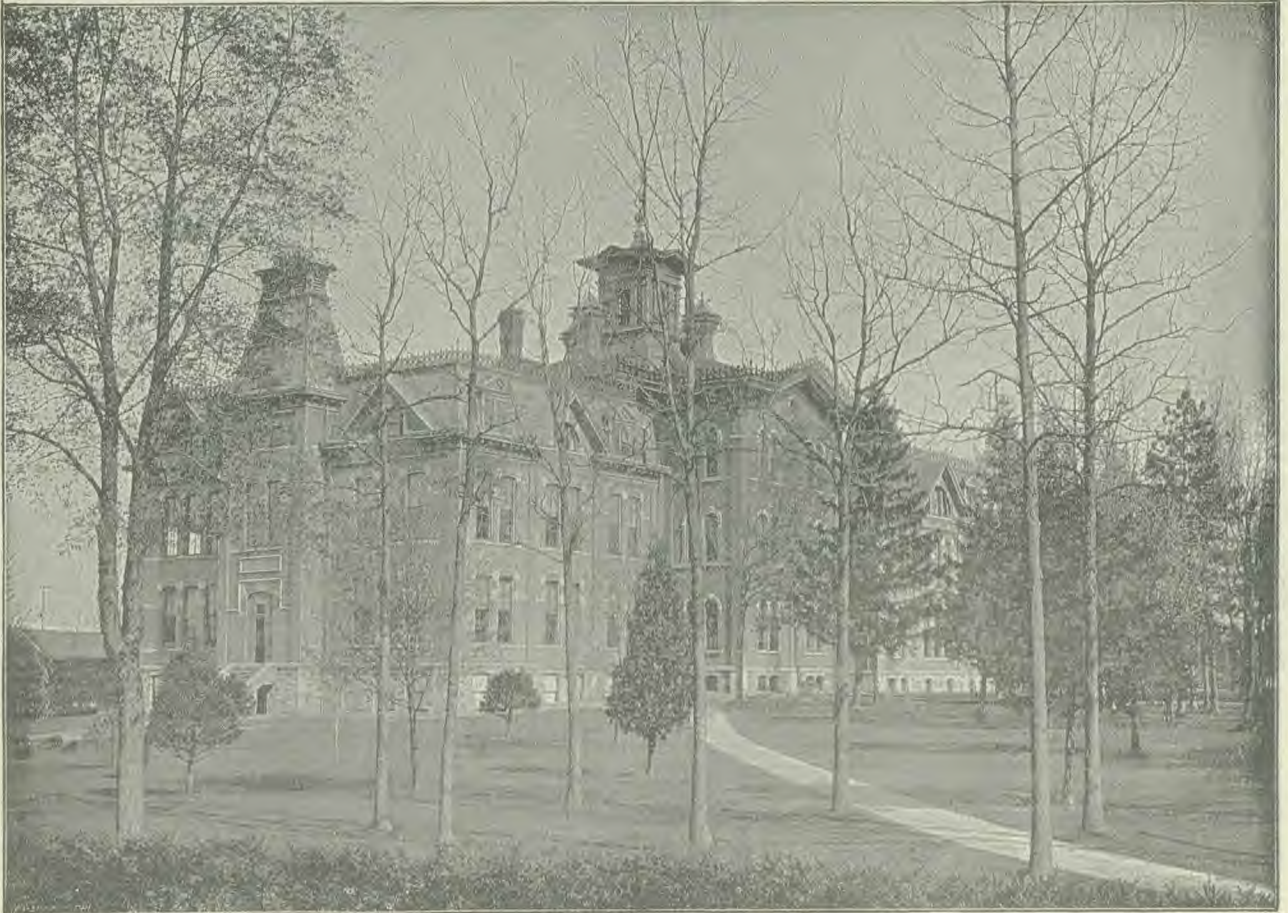
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At your age, Abraham Lincoln would have jumped at such an offer as this. Read his life, and see how he had to work for his education.* He carried on his studies under the most discouraging conditions. He had few teachers, few books, and no intellectual companions. His father could neither read nor write. His mother died when he was a child. "Yet," the historian tells us, "by the love of that which was good, and great, and true, and by the hunger and thirst of a noble nature, he was led to the acquisition of a practical education, and to the development of all those peculiar powers that were latent within him."



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THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine

VOL. XLVI.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1898.

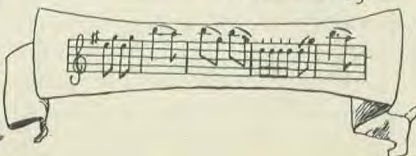
No. 35.



PRAISE

Hark! from yonder tangled copse,
The feathered choir bursts forth
In ecstasy of song. Each laden throat
Trills out in matchless melody His praise.
Each perfumed flower looks heavenward,
Scattering rich incense to the throne of God.
The zephyrs murmur worship soft,
With sweet, aeolian tongues. Shall man alone
Keep silence, while all nature sings?
Awake, my heart, and lift to heaven
Thy grateful praise. His love
Doth thee encompass; His light doth shine
Upon thy head, with radiance divine.

W. J. Knight.



O'ER HILL AND VALE

THE WAYSIDE INN.

I HALTED at a pleasant inn,
As I my way was wending;
A golden apple was the sign,
From knotty bough depending.



HOT SPRINGS STATION, F. E. & M. V. R. R.

Mine host, — *it was an apple-tree,* —
He smilingly received me,
And spread his choicest, sweetest fruit
To strengthen and relieve me.

Full many a happy feathered guest
Came through his branches spring-
ing;
They hopped and flew from spray to
spray,
Their notes of gladness singing.

Beneath his shade I laid me down,
And slumber sweet possessed me;
The soft wind blowing through the
leaves
With whispers low caressed me.

And when I rose, and would have paid
My host so open-hearted,
He only shook his lofty head;
I blessed him and departed.

— *Selected.*

GOLD-MINING IN THE BLACK HILLS.

LEAVING Hot Springs, South Dakota, in the morning, we go rushing up the valley, and are soon winding around the hills. As we proceed, they become higher and more rugged, and the scenery more wild and grand.

Passing still farther on, the railroad runs between solid walls of stone, turning and twisting like a serpent, sometimes turning a curve as if disgusted with the hills, and determined to seek the open country; then, doubling again, it goes dashing down the cañons, through several long, dark tunnels, over the brawling mountain streams, past the tall spruce- and pine-trees, with now and then a miner's log cabin in sight. Soon we reach Deadwood, a town of about twelve thousand inhabitants.

This is one of the centers of the gold-mining industry; here is located a great smelting-plant, where the ore is reduced. Lead City, four miles to the northwest, is in the free-milling belt. Here are situated the "Great Homestake" Mills. The town is nearly as large as Deadwood, and is built along the "gulch" and on the hillsides.

The hills are honeycombed with the shafts and tunnels with which man has pierced them in his eager search for the precious metal. Thousands of men are employed, working in shifts, day and night. Great buildings have been erected, and the best engines and machinery are used to hasten the work. Let us



NEVADA GULCH.

watch the operation for a little while. The men sink a shaft until they find the vein of ore, and then follow the vein, using huge timbers to keep the earth from caving in upon them. The ore

is so hard that it must be broken up with dynamite. It is then loaded on small cars, which run on a narrow track to the shaft, whence they are hoisted to the surface, run to the "crusher," and emptied. As the ore is dumped from the cars in large lumps, the attendant forces them into the crusher, and in a few moments it breaks them into pieces about the size of hickory-nuts. In this form the ore drops through the crusher into small cars below, and is then run to the stamp-mill.

We will follow it. As we enter the huge building, we are almost deafened by the noise of the stamps, one hundred in number, which are reducing the ore to fine sand. The stamps are made of iron, and are about ten feet long, and four inches in diameter, with heavy steel heads fitted to the lower end; they are coupled on an eccentric in sets of ten each, and arranged so that no two of them will strike at once. The ore is run into hoppers, and fed to the stamps, in much the same way that wheat is fed to the rolls in flouring mills. A

drain-box; here it is mixed with a preparation of quicksilver, which catches and holds the grains of gold, while the water carries off the sand.

Twice a month the men "clean up;" that is, they gather the gold and quicksilver in balls, and



DEADWOOD GULCH.

put it through a process of heating that separates the quicksilver from the gold. The quicksilver is then used again as before, and the gold is sent East for refining, after which it is ready for coining or other purposes. This is called "free-milling" gold, as it is found in small nuggets, and grains like sand.

Gold is also found in the rock, but it must be reduced by heat and the aid of chemicals before it can be separated.

The Homestake Mills have been shut down but once in fifteen years, and then only for a short time, on account of fire. If the whole plant should stop at once, it would cost about fifteen hundred dollars to start it going again. Nearly two hundred thousand dollars' worth of gold is taken out at each "clean up."

New mines are being opened, and new facilities employed to hasten and cheapen the work. A mine has been found in this locality which has yielded over two thousand dollars a ton.

Many interesting and valuable lessons may be



DEADWOOD, S. DAK.

small stream of water constantly plays upon the ore under each stamp. This washes the sand from under the stamp as fast as the ore is reduced, and carries it over a screen and into a

learned in watching the different steps by which the rocks and hills are made to bring forth the precious metal for which men so freely risk life and limb; but among them all, this thought was im-



RED CANYON, HOT SPRINGS.

pressed forcibly upon my mind: As men look upon those hills and examine the ores, they see a value in them that is not noticed by the casual observer. This makes them willing to toil, and suffer hard-



DEADWOOD & DELAWARE SMELTER.

ships and the loss of property and friends, and even of life itself if they may obtain a share of the treasure. So God, as he looks upon his people, sees a value in them that is unseen by us.



THE GREAT HOMESTAKE MINE, LEAD, S. DAK.

Shall we not, then, as young Christians, submit ourselves to the Lord, let him sink the shaft of truth deep into our hearts, break our strong hearts with his love, wash us in the cleansing fountain of



DEADWOOD CHLORINATION WORKS.

the blood of his dear Son, and burn away all the dross, that at last we may be permitted to shine in the kingdom of the Father?

J. W. BOYNTON.

A GREAT SINGER.

TRULY the lark is a great singer, and in many ways marvelously excels the most famous of human singers. Rev. J. G. Wood, the well-known naturalist, in a recent article entitled, "The Wonders of the Spring," gives this interesting information regarding the lark as a singer:—

"The lark ascends until it looks no larger than a midge, and can with difficulty be seen by the unaided eye, yet every note will be clearly audible to persons who are fully half a mile from the nest over which the bird utters its song. Moreover, it never ceases to sing for a moment, a feat which seems wonderful to us human beings, who find that a song of six or seven minutes in length, though interspersed with rests and pauses, is more than trying. Even a practised public speaker, though he can pause at the end of each sentence, finds the applause of the audience a very welcome relief. Moreover, the singer and the speaker need to use no exertion save exercising their voices. *Yet the bird will pour out a continuous song of nearly twenty minutes in length, and all the time has to support itself in the air by the constant use of its wings.*"

THE habitually gloomy man is never wanted down in the valley land, and he is of no good on the hilltop; for there is no light in him wherever he is.



THE CHRISTIAN PATHWAY



CONFIDENCE. PSALM 121.

UPWARD I lift my wistful eyes
 When burdens press me sore;
 When griefs fill all my heart within,
 With faith I wait before
 The everlasting hills of God,
 Whence cometh all my aid;
 My help is from the Lord on high,
 By whom all things were made.

He slumbers not, and never tires;
 In love he shields me well;
 With sleepless eye he watcheth o'er
 The fold of Israel;
 How tenderly he cares for me,
 And foils the tempter bold!
 The ransomed of his "little flock"
 He guards as treasured gold.

The sun, though fierce with scorching rays,
 By day shall smite me not;
 The moon by night, in silver sheen,
 Shall leave no taint nor spot.
 The Lord of hosts my keeper is,
 The Lord of hosts, my shade;
 My hand he holds within his own —
 How can I be dismayed?

From every evil me he keeps,
 My soul he doth preserve;
 My "going out" is known to him,
 His care will never swerve;
 My "coming in" he also knows,
 And feeds me from his store;
 His boundless love will follow me
 Even forevermore.

— *Geo. E. Pooler.*

TAKE HEED HOW YOU HEAR.

It is essential for the students of our schools to have a penetrating spirit in searching the word of God. You need, dear youth, to study most diligently, that you may understand the truths there revealed. You must bear in mind that your education is not a matter of merely human knowledge. Impressions must be made upon the mind and heart by the Spirit of God. The truth addresses itself to the heart and to the conscience. There must be a drawing nigh to the light of Christ, that you may catch his heavenly beams.

The truths for these times claim our especial attention; therefore take heed how you hear. You can not afford to be dull scholars in the study of the greatest and most important truths that have ever been presented to human understanding. The heart must be diligently guarded. When the

precious opportunities presented to you in your school life end, you will be exposed to temptations from which you are now very largely excluded. Therefore a surface work in searching the Scriptures can be of no value to you.

Satan will put everything possible in operation to divert the mind, and occupy it with erring thoughts; but if your hearts are cleansed from all defilement, the word you hear will be mixed with faith. "Let us therefore fear, lest, a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of you should seem to come short of it. For unto us was the gospel preached, as well as unto them: but the word preached did not profit them, not being mixed with faith in them that heard it." "Let us labor therefore to enter into that rest, lest any man fall after the same example of unbelief. For the word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart. Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in his sight: but all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do. Seeing then that we have a great high priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession. For we have not an high priest which can not be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."

Students, you can not serve God, and yet retain your selfishness, your own ways, and your ambitious projects. Your ways must change, and God's ways must become your choice. You must fall upon the Rock and be broken, or the Rock will fall upon you, and grind you to powder. Self can not have the supremacy. You have been bought with a price. Will you search diligently the word of God, to see if you are indeed receiving Christ? "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name." All who have this genuine faith will practise the works of Christ, will reveal his Spirit.

The Lord would have the students who attend our schools influenced by the truth that is kept before them. He would have them make a most diligent use of the light that shines from his word to them, and pursue no half-way course. Come out of self, away from self, and accept Jesus Christ. Be decided, be firm, be whole-hearted.

Life and death are before you. Which will you choose? This matter calls for prompt and decided action. There should be no delay; for on this question, delays are dangerous.

"The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul." That law aims to convert mind and heart to correct principles of action. It will give reality to your works by making Christ your Redeemer, your stronghold. You will lay hold of his righteousness because he died to give you all the power and riches of his grace, that your practise might show your conversion. Believe in Jesus Christ as your complete Saviour. Change your way to God's way. Choose the new path, the narrow path of holiness, which will lead to perfect freedom in Christ. You may follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth.

As line upon line and precept upon precept of the divine Word are opened before you, take heed how you hear. If the principles of our faith are accepted, new impressions will be made, new lines of work will be seen in our practise. If we give to the searching of the Scriptures a divided heart, we shall receive superficial impressions, which will quickly pass away. If we listen to the Word without giving it entrance to the heart, we shall be classed among the forgetful hearers. Only he remembers to do God's will who makes a decided confession of faith, showing to all that his faith is an active, working agency,—a faith that works by love and purifies the soul.

Students, take heed how you hear. The messages of God's word will not return to him void. They are to each a savor of life unto life or of death unto death. After hearing the word, we are no longer in the same position before God as before the light came. If we receive the light, and act upon it, we shall understand the scripture: "I know thy works: behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it: for thou hast a little strength, and hast kept my word, and hast not denied my name."

There are those who will go forth from the place of opportunity and privilege, having heard to a purpose. Some eagerly gather up the precious gems of truth; and as they gather, their souls long for more. These will continually dig for the truth as for hidden treasure. They have anointed eyes to see, and sanctified ears to hear. They have not closed their eyes, lest they should see, nor their ears, lest they should hear. They have not barred the door of the heart, lest Jesus should find entrance. They have not stifled the con-

science, nor prevented the work of the Holy Spirit upon the soul.

Now is the time when all should choose whom they will serve. You have been instructed abundantly in the truth: and if you now follow your own natural inclinations, it is because you reject light, and truth, and evidence. In refusing to be transformed and sanctified through the truth, you add to your past transgressions. After these opportunities and privileges, in having the truth kept before you day after day, after you have come in contact with truth and evidence and yet have made no change, your condemnation will stand written in the books of heaven. Your punishment will be just in proportion to the light you have slighted. How shall you escape if you neglect so great salvation? It would have been better for you to have been left in midnight darkness than to have had all the privileges and benefits you have received, and yet refuse to be obedient to the light given, refuse to be brought to the feet of Jesus to receive his pardon, and become witnesses for him.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

THE NOBLE IDEAL.

NOT only does the noble ideal reflect its glory on the person yielding it reverence, but it throws its romantic splendor over all common, prosaic things. Joaquin Miller, the Poet of the Sierras, once strolled through a miserable Mexican village. The shadows were creeping over the cabins where weary women came and went in silence, and ragged, lazy men sat smoking at the cabin doors, while children played in swarms by the water. The air was like a breath of God, and all nature seemed as sacred as rest to a tired man.

A black, bent, old negro woman, all patches from head to foot, frosty-headed and half-blind, came crooning forth with a broken crock tied together with a rawhide string, in which she had planted a flower to grow by her door. He stopped, watched her set it down and arrange it; and then, not wishing to stare rudely at the bent old creature, he said, "Good evening, auntie; it's a pretty evening." She slowly straightened up, looked at him, then looked away at the fading sunlight on the hills, and said, softly, "O, it's a pretty world, massa!"

That old woman was a poetess—a prophetess. She had a soul to see the beauty, the poetry, about her. "O, it's a pretty world, massa!" She had no other form of expression, but that was enough. Hers was the password to nature.—*Louis Albert Banks.*

HIGHWAYS and HEDGES

IN THE NAME OF THE LORD.

Who is this that cometh in the Lord's dear name?
Wan and drooping on his road, very faint and lame;
Pale brow overshadowed, eyes all quenched and dim —
Is it Pain who cometh? Did the Lord send *him*?

Who is this that cometh in the Lord's dear name?
Meeting never praises, only tears and blame;
Mourning veil to hide him, eyes which tears o'erbrim —
Is it Grief who cometh? Did the Lord send *him*?

Who is this that cometh in the Lord's dear name?
In his strange and searching gaze burns a pallid flame;
Mournful flowers crown his head, terrible and grim —
Is it Death who cometh? Did the Lord send *him*?

Never messenger shall come if he be not sent;
We will welcome one and all, since the Lord so meant;
Welcome Pain or Grief or Death, saying, with glad acclaim:
"Blessed be all who come to us in the Lord's dear name!"
— *Susan Coolidge.*

LOVED BY THE JACK TARS.

THE great are the loving. For this reason, Jesus of Nazareth was beyond all question the greatest being who ever mingled with men; for he so loved man that he gave his own precious life a ransom for many. As the Saviour's surpassing love is what made him pre-eminently great, so also love — the true Christ-love — is the only thing that can ever make any human being truly great. Of just such greatness was John M. Wood a partaker during the later years of his life, after he had formed a personal acquaintance with the Lord Jesus. This earnest Christian worker died last month, and no doubt his death was more widely mourned by the Jack tars than has been that of any other New Yorker for many years; for through his love-inspired efforts, thousands of seamen have been brought to the ever-loving Lamb of God, "which taketh away the sins of the world." Through his efforts, Christian Endeavor societies were organized on each war-ship of the White Squadron.

All INSTRUCTOR readers will be greatly interested in the account of Chaplain Wood's wonderful experience, as told by the *Christian Herald*:—

"Mr. Wood came into the old Jerry Mc Auley Water Street Mission on Oct. 20, 1890. He was crazed with drink, and was on his way to East River to end his unhappy life. He had been in

the United States navy for thirteen years, and had finally been discharged. Across his discharge papers these words were written: 'Discharged for chronic alcoholism.' He had been all around the world, wherever a war-vessel could stop, and had been 'drunk in every seaport on the globe.' He had been paid off, receiving four hundred dollars, and had come over to the Bowery on a wild debauch. Fortunately, his steps were directed to the mission. At the corner of the street he heard the notes of a gospel song issuing from the mission, and he remembered that his dear old mother used to sing the same strain when he was a happy boy:—

" 'There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.'

"He came in and took a seat in the rear of the hall. When the invitation was given, he came tremblingly up to the 'mercy-seat,' and there he poured out his sorrows and obtained relief in salvation. Shortly afterward, Brother Wood went back to the navy-yard to tell the good news to his companions. He began to hold meetings on board the ships in the harbor. Subsequently, he received a call to become a chaplain in the navy-yard.

"Mr. Wood married an excellent Christian woman, who aided him greatly in his work at the navy-yard meetings. His wife and one child survive him. In one of his testimonies at the Water Street Mission, speaking of his first visit to the mission, he said: 'It was the first time in twenty years I had been in the house of God; but as I listened to the wonderful testimonies of redeemed men, God's love and mercy pierced my heart, and when the invitation was given to sinners, my trembling arm was uplifted, and then I met Jesus of Nazareth, who has been my guide ever since. The rags have disappeared, the chains that bound me have been broken, the remorse and awful thirst for liquor, and all the vile, sinful passions of my nature have been buried in the sea of God's forgetfulness. I have not wanted a drink since that night, and there is not money enough in America to induce me to. I am bound to fight the accursed stuff that robbed me of a home of luxury and a son's patrimony, driving my poor, gray-haired old mother in sorrow to the grave, and made me a homeless outcast, a bundle of rags and vermin, a bloated, sin-disfigured, human shipwreck.'"

May the perusal of this experience lead all our young readers ever to avoid the demon monster

of Mr. Wood's early life's deep sea of woe, King Alcohol; promptly to accept the gospel invitation, Come unto Me, and live, just as he did; and then faithfully to devote their lives wholly to the blessed Master, in loving service for those for whom he died.

B.

HE STOPPED THE TRAIN.

TRAIN No. 20, on the Indianapolis and Vincennes Railroad, in charge of Conductor F. W. Russe, of Indianapolis, was tearing along toward Indianapolis the other evening at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The train was loaded with passengers, and was behind time. East of Edwardsport, Engineer Dorsey saw on the track far ahead a dog that was jumping about and acting in a peculiar manner. The dog's actions looked suspicious, and, as a measure of caution, Dorsey shut off the steam, so as to have his train under control. When the train reached a nearer point, the dog stood and barked at it, and then, with a yelp, started for the woods.

Then it was that Dorsey saw that there was something red between the rails, and he threw on the emergency brakes and opened the sand-box. The train came to a standstill within ten feet of a pretty flaxen-haired baby in a red frock. The child was about two years old, and had been playing with the dog. The train crew ran forward, and baggageman Franklin picked up the child, which laughed and crowed and patted his face in glee.

About eight hundred yards distant was a farmhouse, and toward it Franklin started with the baby, to meet a man running toward him like an insane person. It was the child's father, who had missed the baby just as the train stopped, and supposed that the little one had been killed. How it got so far away from home and into such a dangerous place no one could understand.

The passengers were considerably jolted by the sudden stopping of the train, but no one was hurt; and when they learned the cause of it, they clustered about Engineer Dorsey, and congratulated him on his caution.—*Philadelphia Times*.

OVERCOMING the world implies overcoming a state of worldly anxiety. Worldly men are almost incessantly in a fever of anxiety lest their worldly schemes should fail. But the man who gets above the world gets above this state of ceaseless and corroding anxiety.—*Selected*.



THE CHILDREN

SUMMER CLOUDS.

ACROSS the tranquil summer sky,
Clouds, like white ships, drift slowly by;
All through the long, reposeful day,
They float, and never anchor weigh,
Nor ever enter port.

No sailor's loud, commanding word
From that fair fleet is ever heard;
No ripple seems to break the sleep
Of that aerial upper deep,
O'er which, serene, it glides.

I almost fancy it was sent
From some far haven of content,—
Some lovely, peace-begirdled isle,
Untouched by earthly sin or guile,
Whose people dwell secure;

That all the crews are angel bands,
Sent by the Father's own commands,
To watch above this world's dark night,
And sometimes, from that peaceful height,
Drop messages of cheer.

VIOLA E. SMITH.

EVERY-DAY MARTYRS.

"WHY! I thought the martyrs were all dead long ago. I supposed they were all burned at the stake, or tortured to death on the rack. I thought the Inquisition had made an end of them. 'Every-day martyrs!' I don't believe I ever saw any."

Don't you? I assure you they are not all dead yet. I have seen many in my life.

When I was a child, my parents used frequently to entertain that kind old man, Elder Joseph Bates. How I used to anticipate his visits; for many were the wonderful stories with which he delighted my childish heart. He was always very kind to me, and sometimes when he was going to make a call on the neighbors, we would walk over the dewy country road together, hand in hand.

I remember once we were talking about the martyrs,—how they endured torture and cruel death for the sake of the truth they loved. O how brave I felt, as I hastened to assure the good old man that I, too, felt certain that I would willingly be burned at the stake rather than yield the precious faith which, even as a child, I dearly loved! The kind old man did not chide me for my enthusiasm, though I doubt not he thought how much easier it is to boast before entering the battle than afterward.

As the years roll by, and I note my own liability to shrink from the least hardship for the sake of the Master, I often think of my childish expressions of loyalty to the cause of right. Are you, too, not apt to think that if you only had the opportunity, you would prove yourselves heroes? So, girls and boys, I know exactly how you feel at times; but it is just as I told you last week,—it takes more real courage to say "No," and say it as if you meant it, than it does to fight a battle. The one demands physical courage; the other, something which is much rarer,—*moral* courage.

There are a great many martyrs in the world to-day. That patient invalid over the way, who suffers the tortures of nervous prostration, and yet is kind and forbearing with Johnny when he comes into the room with that ear-splitting whistle, forgetting that auntie is sick and baby is asleep, is a martyr. So is that lame old man who lives in the little shanty on Blank street. Why?—Because he endures patiently the rough joking of thoughtless boys and girls, though it pains his kind, sensitive heart more than they can know.

The other day I read of a poor woman who lives in Chicago. Day after day her husband would come home to her terribly intoxicated. Nothing but blows and cruelty awaited her. She had learned to shrink from his presence, who had once been a kind husband, and hide herself as her only protection. But O how kindly she treated him! How tenderly she pleaded with him to quit the deadly drink, which was so fast transforming him into a demon and his home into a forsaken plague-spot. At last he died,—a poor, bloated wretch. The world could see nothing good about him,—nothing to praise. Not so the faithful woman, who never forgot for one moment her promise to cling to him, though all others should forsake. She alone remembered only the good and forgot the evil. She thought only of the days when the sacred light of love shone in his eyes. She told the neighbors, over and over again, how *good* John had been to her, and carefully pulled the poor rags over her shoulders, lest they see the cruel marks where he had beaten her. In his life and in his death, she was the same,—patient, kind, forbearing, loving,—*a martyr*.

How many times we have read of the little boy whom his playmates tried to force to steal, and afterward to lie,—how they coaxed him, and ridiculed him, and threatened him, and tortured him, but all in vain. The little hero refused to do

what he knew was wrong. Finally they held him under water. He was not afraid to die, but he was afraid to offend God. He was a hero—a martyr.

Where are the boys and girls who can brave ridicule and never flinch, who stand firm as a rock for principle, who will not even shrink from being cowards? Show me these boys and girls, and I will show you a group of heroes! Thank God, there are some of these heroes in the world yet.

But a real hero never boasts of his heroism; he is modest and unassuming. A real martyr is an unconscious one. Nobody could even imagine a vain, self-satisfied martyr, proud of his "amiability," glorying in, and boastful of, his wonderful "meekness."

The boys and girls who do right against all odds, because it is right; who humbly plod along day after day, whether they receive praise or blame, caring most of all for the approbation of God, will have that which is worth more than anything else,—a clear conscience and the smiles of Heaven.

MRS. L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE.

LITTLE THINGS.

A GOOD-BY kiss is a little thing,
With your hand on the door to go;
But it takes the venom out of the sting
Of a thoughtless word or a cruel fling
That you made an hour ago.

A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare
After the toil of the day,
And it smoothes the furrows plowed by care,
The lines of the forehead you once called fair,
In the years that have flown away.

'T is a little thing to say, "You are kind,"
"I love you, my dear," each night;
But it sends a thrill through the heart, I find,—
For love is tender, as love is blind,—
As we climb life's rugged height.

We starve each other for love's caress;
We take, but we do not give;
It seems so easy some soul to bless,
But we dole the love grudgingly, less and less,
Till 't is bitter and hard to live.

— Selected

THE CALLER.

SHE could n't stay but a minute,
And she would n't sit down,—O, no!
But she kept our dinner waiting
A long half-hour or so.

— Chicago Record.

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

ESTABLISHED, 1852.

W. H. MC'KEE,

EDITORS.

J. C. BARTHOLF,

THE SELF-CENTERED MAN.

NOT even the criminal comes to greater unhappiness in the end than the man whose thoughts and feelings are centered on self. Concentration of effort is praiseworthy, but when the object of effort is thus unworthy, the greater a man's capacity, industry, and persistence, and the greater his success, the farther he is from attaining to that which is any real advantage to himself, or even to others. If by chance that which he accomplishes does prove profitable to the world, it is because of an overruling Providence, which will not permit such an abundance of its good gifts to be entirely wasted. This is well; for should such men succeed entirely, their success would result in the separation of themselves and all the fruits of their labors from their fellow men forever, and at length a few of these men would monopolize the earth, and control everything but its air, its sunshine, and its rain.

Perhaps our greatest and most prominent object-lesson in beneficent blessing to mankind is the sun. But the sun does not hoard its light and heat; it diffuses them for the benefit of all—the rich and the poor, the just and the unjust. Then by the strange working of that promise, "Give and it shall be given unto you," etc., where the most is given, as from the sun, there the most is always found. A self-centered and miserly sun would be a sad curse to a universe; so everywhere a self-centered and selfish man is a blight to a community, and brings eventual destruction to himself and all within his influence.

M.

TOBACCO OR LIFE.

RECENTLY a minister of the gospel related an incident which made a deep impression on the mind of the writer. In the neighborhood where he had been, a prominent citizen, in the very prime of life, had died very suddenly, apparently of heart failure. Yes, it was heart failure, but the death of the man was no fault of his poor overburdened, overworked heart. The fact was that he had been an inveterate user of tobacco all his life, and had acquired what is known as "tobacco-heart."

A short time after the man's untimely death the clergyman had this conversation with a gentleman who had been the family physician of the deceased:—

"Were you surprised when you heard of his death?"

"Not at all. Several weeks ago he had a severe attack and experienced great difficulty in breathing. I was called, and made thorough examination, and found that he was suffering from 'tobacco-heart.' I asked him at once if he wanted to live. He assured me that he did. I then informed him that he must make an immediate choice between tobacco and his life. He agreed that possibly he had used too much tobacco, but he seemed unwilling to give up the filthy weed. The result was just as I predicted."

Every boy and young man who is tempted to smoke his first cigarette or cigar should ponder well the lesson taught by this man's life and untimely death. When thus tempted, the question is tobacco or life. To choose the former often means a shortened earthly career, and, as a rule, a failure to attain to the glorious life of the world eternal.

H.

A PLACE TO AVOID.

THERE was a time when there was but one place in this world to be avoided,—the spot in Eden where grew the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and scattered its fruit about. The experience which befell our first parents when they disobeyed God, sought the forbidden place, and ate the forbidden fruit, resulted in the distribution of evil and the establishment everywhere of places that should be avoided. In many cities almost every block contains places where the knowledge of good and evil may be had. But the knowledge of the good is obtained through the realization of its loss, and the undesirable ability to appreciate it only through comparison with sin and wickedness understood by sad experience. So every place where this kind of knowledge is to be gained should be avoided. No one needs to know evil, in order that he may understand the good by contrast. It is sufficient to know the good. If we know all the good in the world, we shall be sufficiently learned. Even the appearance of evil is to be avoided; so it is not too much to say that those places which only *appear* to be evil should be shunned, lest they should prove to be places where evil is taught. Then let young people avoid every place where a knowledge of evil may be gained. The more intimate is one's acquaintance

with all things good, and the more ignorant of all things evil, the nearer he is to the happy condition in which Adam and Eve were before they gained a knowledge of evil. M.

WEIGHED AND WANTING.

MANY ambitious young men who offered themselves for service in the recent war with Spain were rejected because of physical unfitness. To them were the words, once addressed to Belshazzar, applicable: "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting." During the excitement incident to the breaking out of the war, thousands of young men in our large cities applied for membership in the different military companies being organized, but only a small percentage were accepted. This sad condition of affairs is certainly an ill omen for the future of our country, and justifies the serious consideration of the question, What is the matter?

The trouble is that the average young man has very little, if any, appreciation of the sacredness of the soul-temple in which he lives; treats it most shamefully, through one excess or another; and gives scarcely any heed to the God-given laws of his own being. An exchange well states the case thus: "For some reason it is difficult for young people to be conscientious in the treatment of their bodies. The earnest student finds it alarmingly easy to sit up till the small hours over a puzzling problem in higher mathematics. The boy who is interested in athletics will strain his powers to the point of exhaustion, and never stop to think of the results of this overtaxing. Young folks who love pleasure will sometimes seek it with an immoderation which endangers their health and usefulness."

Another writer, commenting on this subject, says:—

"I have heard of several young men who were rejected because they had the all too common 'bicycle stoop.' Others have been rejected because of overexercise in the gymnasium, producing permanent injury to the vital organs. Many young men are discovering that athletics may be a thing of evil when not tempered with wisdom. But this physical disability on the part of disappointed volunteers was not all due to overexercise on the bicycle or in the gymnasium or on the ball-ground. By far the greater part of the volunteers have been rejected because of physical disability caused by setting at naught the commonly accepted laws of health. Late hours, un-

governed desires, dissipation of all sorts, a lack of sobriety and moderation,—these are the causes of the low average of physical power among so many young men of to-day. It is certain that there must be a lack of moral force when there is so much physical disability caused by wrong living, and indeed this is the most sorrowful part of it all."

If these young men were not qualified to become good soldiers, they certainly are not qualified to be good citizens and up-to-grade members of society. They must be classed as defectives—weighed and wanting.

Many young people, and some older ones as well, mistakenly think that they can violate the laws of health with impunity, if only they are engaged in some useful and noble work. Except under the most imperative urgency, no person has a right to rob his body of needed rest and sleep, however high his purpose, or however worthy the cause in which he may labor. The laws of nature, like all the laws of God, are inexorable, and are of universal application. He who disobeys them, whether ignorantly or wilfully, must, sooner or later, pay the penalty. The disobedient, one and all, will sometime be weighed in the balances, and be found wanting. B.

SILENT WITNESSES.

No one is ever all alone. He may think himself so, but he deceives himself. In the privacy of his own home, and without human companionship, he is surrounded by the walls of his room and the articles with which it is furnished. But these are inanimate objects, they do not hear, and they can not speak. But stop! Is it well to be so sure? You have seen a phonograph. It is an inanimate object. But can it not hear? and does it not speak? You can not be sure, then, that the four walls of your room, silent witnesses of your acts and words, have not the power to store up, like the cylinder of the phonograph, all that they hear, or receive the impression of all that they see, and repeat them all again, as the phonograph repeats your words, or the kinematograph makes a living picture of your movements. You do not know but that all God's created things are silent witnesses to him of your obedience or disobedience. May it not be that the time when they speak will be the time when those things that were supposed to be hidden will be shouted from the housetop? We shall do well to have respect for our silent witnesses. M.

SIGHTS and SCENES
ABROAD

THE JEWS' WAILING-PLACE.

WITHOUT doubt one of the most melancholy spectacles to be seen anywhere in the world is that of the Jews at their wailing-place in Jerusalem, outside the Mosque of Omar, which stands on the site of Solomon's temple. There they assemble every Friday to bemoan the desolation of Jerusalem, and to implore God for its early restoration. A letter from an American traveler who beheld this sad scene thus describes it: "In a narrow alley, surrounded by miserable houses; on stone flags, which have been worn by the bare feet of thousands of Jews; against a wall of great blocks of marble, which reached for fifty feet or more above them, a long line of men in long gowns, and of women with shawls over their heads, bowed, praying and weeping. Many of the men had white beards, and long, curly locks of silver. Others were in their prime; and I could not but wonder, when I saw the forms of these, at times almost convulsed with emotion. Each had a well-thumbed Hebrew Bible in his hand; and from time to time the party broke out into a kind of chant, an old, gray-haired man acting as leader, and the rest coming in on the refrain. The chant was in a strange tongue, but is translated as follows:—

"*Leader.*— 'For the palace that lies desolate—'

"*Response.*— 'We sit in solitude and mourn.'

"*L.*— 'For the walls that are destroyed—'

"*R.*— 'We sit in solitude and mourn.'

"*L.*— 'For our majesty that is departed—'

"*R.*— 'We sit in solitude and mourn.'

"*L.*— 'For our great men who lie dead—'

"*R.*— 'We sit in solitude and mourn.'

"*L.*— 'For our priests who have stumbled—'

"*R.*— 'We sit in solitude and mourn.'

"*L.*— 'For our kings who have despised Him—'

"*R.*— 'We sit in solitude and mourn.'

"The effect of this chant can not be appreciated without hearing it. The old men and weeping women, who kiss the stones of the wall that separates them from what was once the site of Solomon's temple, and which is even now the holiest part of the earth to the Jews; the genuine feeling expressed by all; and the faith they show in thus coming here, week after week, and year after year, are wonderfully impressive. It is indeed one of the strange sights of this strangest of cities."

Another writer thus describes what he saw and heard on a similar occasion:—

"Being Friday afternoon, the time when many Jews assemble for prayer at the wall of the ancient



temple, I joined their company. It was indeed a memorable sight. Here were Jews from among all nations, in their peculiar oriental costumes, some dressed in their *tallith* (praying-garments). As loud as they possibly could, they read the twenty-second psalm. Women cried aloud, with great earnestness, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? why art thou so far from helping me, and from the words of my roaring? O my God, I cry in the daytime, but thou hearest not; and in the night season, and am not silent.' The men also were weeping and rehearsing psalms, litanies, and prayers. Most of these earnestly pressed their lips against the stones and kissed them. As I listened to their pathetic prayers, I remembered what the rabbis have said in the

Talmud,—that 'since the destruction of the temple, the gates of prayer have been closed, and only the gates of tears are open.'

"The most touching wailing over Jerusalem is also to be witnessed in the homes of the pious Jews. At midnight they wrap themselves in their prayer-garments, put ashes on their heads, and prostrate themselves on the ground. Then, in melancholy terms, they rehearse:—

"A voice of woe from Ramah's hoary tower,
A voice of wail from Zion's sainted hill;
Alas! my diadem and queenly dower,
The youthful honors I remember still.
Dark is to me the solitary bower
Who did of old a throne of splendor fill.

"I was surnamed Jehovah's fairest bride;
But now am forced, forlorn, disconsolate,
His heavy wrath and vengeance to abide;
My joys are flown, my heart is desolate.
Come, weep, ye daughters, at my faltering side;
For none draws near my sorrows to abate.

"Degraded from a peerless eminence,
Victim of pride and wanton vanity,
My beating heart, in trembling violence,
Strikes at her cage of hopeless misery
Judah laments in tearful penitence,
A widow mourning in captivity.

"I was in Solyma a radiant queen;
A golden cloud was I, the mount of God;
But now by infidels despoiled, I ween
No poorer pilgrim o'er the desert trod.
Wrenched from the bosom all my babes have been;
The elders, murdered, steeped the soil in blood.

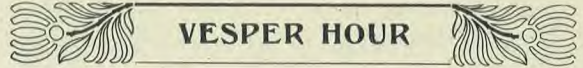
"Doth no one lay my wretchedness to heart?
And no one check the swiftly rolling tear?
And no one soothe the soul-empiercing smart?
And no one say, "The heathen shall not dare
Call him my husband?" O, the poisoned dart,
The cruel mockings I am bound to bear!

"Father of mercies, come! return with grace
To Zion's dwelling, beautified again;
Let Israel's eye behold thy dwelling-place
Restored; then list the hallelujah's strain,
The hymning voices of a ransomed race,
Greeting the rising wall of that eternal fane.'

"After this several psalms are read, and prayers offered. When rising from the ground, they say, 'Shake thyself from the dust; arise, and sit down, O Jerusalem: loose thyself from the bands of thy neck, O captive daughter of Zion.'

"A remarkable prayer offered on these occasions, and having reference no doubt to Isa. 7: 14, is as follows:—

"In mercy, Lord, thy people's prayer attend:
Grant his desire to mourning Israel.
O shield of Abraham! our Redeemer send,
And call his glorious name Immanuel.'"



AT THE SET OF THE SUN.

At the set of the sun,
When our work is done,
With all its tangled web;
When the clouds drift low,
And the stream runs slow,
And life is at its ebb;

As we near the goal
Where the golden bowl
Shall be broken at its fount,—
With what sweetest thought
Shall the hour be fraught,
What most precious shall we count?

Not the flame of the sword,
Nor the wealth we have stored
In perishable things of earth;
Not the way we have trod
With the intellect broad,
Though that were of precious worth;

Nor the gain we achieved
Through the hearts we have grieved,
And left unhelped by the way;
Nor the laurel of fame,
When, for worldly acclaim,
We toiled in the heat and the fray.

Ah, no! 't is not these
Will give our hearts ease
When life sinks low in the west;
But the passing sweet thought
Of the good we have wrought,
The saddened lives we have blessed;

And the love we have won,
And the love beckoning on
From his islands far and dim,—
Love out of the light,
Shining into the night,—
The night which leadeth to Him.

— *Boston Transcript.*

OUT OF CHAOS.

Chapter XII.

THE next morning, when Joe came, Aunt Lizbeth went, armed with brushes, cloths, a big apron, a pail, scouring-soap, a basket of lunch, and some loose change in her pocket.

"I've left things all set out," she said as she passed the wheel-chair, "where you 'n' Joe can help yourselves to enough so you won't starve."

"I'll get along most any way," said Uncle Zeph. "Going to make atonement, Lizbeth?"

"I'm going to make my peace with God," she almost snapped. "I could hardly wait for mornin', to say nothin' of Joe. I never left you this way before, Zeph, but —"

"It's all right, dearie; you run on, 'n' never mind me. I'll have to wait till the morning that's coming by and by, or I'd get up and go with you. The best that I can do, and the most, too, for that matter, is to sit still and get along with little Joe. Good-by, and the good angels go with you."

"I doubt if they go *with* me; but I expect to find some waitin' when I git there, and maybe some little one will be let to come home with me."

It was a long morning. Uncle Zeph gave Joe a reading and spelling lesson out of the Bible, set him a copy for a writing lesson on the same old slate that he had used when a boy, and that John had scribbled all over and sponged off many a time; then they both fell asleep, and might have slept on if they had not been awakened by John's merry whistle as he leaped the fence, and came noisily into the little enclosure.

"Well, well, here you are!" cried Uncle Zeph, gaily, "with your face like the morning,—as the 'light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds; as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain.'"¹

"Where did you find that? You must have been dreaming of Him, I should think," said John.

"You brought it to mind, my boy, and it means you, just as it meant him when it was first spoken. You know that every word that was ever spoken about Jesus means you, too, if you really follow, and are in the world just as he was. You'll carry the same light in your face, the same cross on your back, and keep the same Satan under your feet, and have a taste of the same bitter and sweet all the way.

"I was dreaming, though, of you and Him. I remember it now; I thought you were both carpenters, at work at the same bench, you on one side and he on the other, so that every move you made with the planes (you were planing boards) was toward each other; and every time either of you looked up, you saw each other, and then you both smiled; and sometimes when one dropped his plane for a minute, the other picked it up and used it, so that you kept changing tools, and worked just as if one was the other, and you were both one. I can't express it as I see it, but it was beautiful, and, O my boy," reaching out and taking him by his hands, "I can't tell you how glad I am!"

"And I can't tell you how glad I am, Uncle Zeph. I ran over to tell you what seems too won-

derful to be true; but it is all just as true and real as it can be. I'll have to tell it quick; for I'm in a hurry. Aunt Lizbeth wanted to make sure that you didn't need anything. Do you? Does Joe do?"

"Yes, yes; Joe does fine; I don't need a thing; but what has happened?"

"Well, Uncle Zeph, we're out!"

"Out?—out?—What do you mean?"

"Why, don't you know?—Chaos,—what else should we be out of, but what we were in, clear up to our necks?"

"Out—of—chaos—you? so quick? How could that happen?"

"Why, I suppose just as it did in the first place, when the Spirit moved, and God spoke light. It didn't take very long then, did it, Uncle Zeph?"

"No—o, but—that was——"

"The great big earth, and such darkness as never was, and all of God thrown in," interrupted John. "You seem surprised, Uncle Zeph, and I don't wonder. I should, if I hadn't been right in it, and been a part of it. I don't suppose chaos was surprised any to have to get out of the way when light came, nor that the earth was surprised to get out of it,—for it had never known anything else,—but I suppose the angels that were looking on were. You are the one looking on, you see. But I'll just tell you quick what happened."

MRS. S. M. I. HENRY.

(Concluded next week.)

WE can serve God acceptably in any sphere; every calling may be made a divine vocation. The great mistake of many is that they feel they must leave the carpenter's plane, give up the trowel, and enter some learned profession. God says, "What is that in thine hand?" In Moses' hand was the shepherd's crook, in Solomon's the scepter, in David's the sling or the harp, and in Dorcas's the needle. The Bible is God's tool-chest. It contains every kind of tool. The word of God is adapted to every purpose.—*Arthur T. Pierson.*

HE fails not who makes truth his cause,
Nor bends to win the crowd's applause;
He fails not—he who stakes his all
Upon the right, and dares to fall.

—*Richard Watson Gilder.*

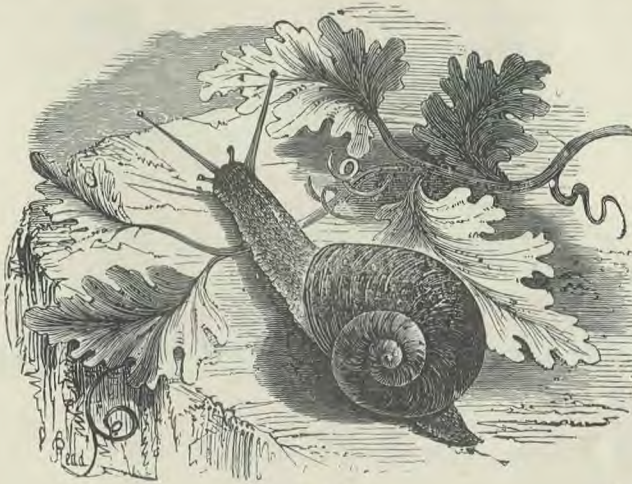
THE man who feels that it is the providence of God when some one else's dear ones are taken away, and God's cruelty and injustice when his own are taken, has not learned the first letter of religion.—*Selected.*

¹ 2 Sam. 23:4.

THE REALM OF NATURE

WATER ANIMALS.

WE will now study that class of animals known as "Mollusca." These creatures usually have



SNAIL.

a soft body, protected by a shell. We have all heard of the oyster, the clam, and the fresh-water mussel, and probably most of us have seen them. They have two shell-covers, called "valves," which are fastened together on the back of the animal by a hinge. When seeking for food, they open the shell, and gather in their food with a long foot-like arrangement. They also use this foot in pushing their bodies along. In time of danger they close their shell-doors with strong muscles attached to the inner surface. These muscles are so powerful that all the strength of a strong man is often required to open the shell.

Clams, oysters, and other similar animals are often called "headless animals." They have no head, but consist of a mass of soft, jelly-like material, enclosed in a shell-box, which prevents the body from getting away. While the animals just described have two shell-covers, fastened together by a hinge, many have but a single shell, often spiral-shaped. Those that have two shells are called "bivalves," and those having but one are called "univalves."

The shells of the mollusca are composed of limestone. No doubt many of you have seen limestone along small streams or on the

shore of some lake, that was filled with the fossilized shells of the common clam. The oyster is a salt-water creature, while clams and mussels live in fresh water.

The snail is a mollusk also, but it has a head, with little horns, or feelers, on it. If you touch the feelers, the snail immediately draws itself back into its house. Snails live on land as well as in the water. Probably you have seen them crawling around on old logs and stumps, which were more or less damp. They have no feet, yet they are able to crawl slowly about. They are slow, but sure. We can learn from the snail a lesson in perseverance.

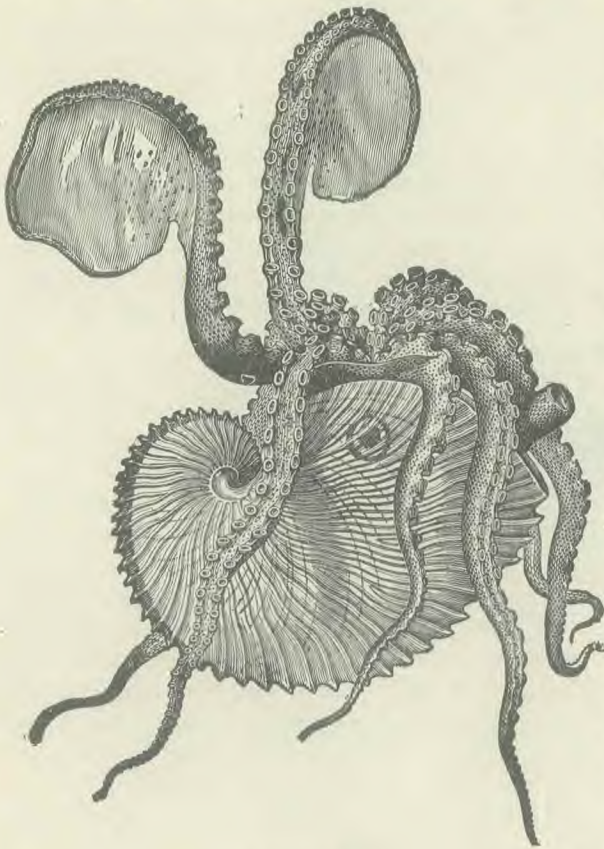
The nautilus, also a mollusk, has head and feet, which it projects from the shell when traveling or seeking food; but while resting, or in time of danger, the body is drawn into the shell-house. These soft-bodied animals are well protected by the shell which envelops their bodies.

The octopus, as its name implies, is an eight-footed mollusk. Its near relatives are the cuttle-fish and squid. All these have soft bodies, and are provided with head and feet, but have no protecting shell. Their bodies being soft, they make a desirable meal for the shark or the whale; but the Creator has not left them without a means of self-defense. Just as a whale or



OCTOPUS.

a shark is about to seize an octopus, expecting a delightful meal, behold! it is utter darkness all about him. What has happened? The octopus



NAUTILUS.

has discharged his ink from the ink-bag which he always carries with him. This has so blackened the water that his enemy is not able to see, and this gives the octopus an opportunity to escape. This ink, mixed with water, can be used in writing.

M. E. CADY.

THE HUMBLEBEE.

BURLY, dozing humblebee!
 Thou in sunny solitude,
 Rover of the underwoods,
 The green silence dost displace,
 With thy mellow, breezy bass.
 Hot midsummer's petted drone,
 Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
 Tells of countless sunny hours,
 Long days, and solid banks of flowers.

—Emerson.

THERE would be more truly great men in the world if more would aspire to goodness rather than greatness.

Health Culture

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

WE will now turn our attention to movements of the feet, as nothing has been said, so far, about this class of movements, and we desire a systematic development of all the muscles of the body.

A graceful carriage of the body is something we all instinctively admire; and a light, springing step is something all should cultivate. Considered alone from the standpoint of health, the whole body becomes electrified, so to speak, by taking a brisk walk, with a light, buoyant step; while, on the other hand, a person who walks with a slow, lagging gait, experiences only fatigue. In order to walk properly, the toe should always be turned outward, and the weight of the body borne on the ball of the foot.

A very pretty exercise for class drill is a stepping movement, taken in the following manner: With the position "hips-firm," place the left foot diagonally forward, turning the toe outward, and

only touching the ball of the foot to the floor. Take the movement with two counts, coming back to position on "two." Repeat the movement several times with the left foot, then with the right, taking care to turn the toe out, and not to strike the heel on the floor at any time. Following this, take heel raising with four counts. On "one" place the left foot diagonally forward; on "two" raise high on toes of both feet; on "three" heels sink; and on "four"

return to position. Repeat this movement several times with the left foot forward, then the right; then alternate.



Again we will take heel raising with "deep-knee bend," taken with six counts. With hips firm, keep the body erect. On "one" place the left foot forward; on "two" raise heels; on "three" bend both knees strongly; and bring back to position high on toes on the fourth count. On "five," heels sink; and on "six" bring the foot back to position. Take care not to bend the body forward in the least as you bend the knees. This is a very good exercise for the muscles of the lower limbs.

MRS. LOTTIE NELSON.

WHAT A BOY DID IN HIS SPARE MOMENTS.

A THIN, awkward boy came to the residence of a celebrated school principal, and asked to see the master. The servant eyed his mean clothes, and, thinking he looked more like a beggar than anything else, told him to go around to the kitchen. He soon appeared at the back door and repeated his request.

"You want a breakfast, more like," said the servant, setting him down to some bread and butter.

"Thank you," said the boy. "I should like to see Mr. —, if he can see me."

"Some old clothes, maybe, you want; I guess he has none to spare; he gives away a sight," remarked the girl, eyeing his ragged clothes.

"May I see Mr. —?" asked the boy, with the most emphatic emphasis on each word.

The girl for the first time stopped her work. "Well, he is in the library. If he must be disturbed, he must, I s'pose;" and she whisked off to the room, remarking as she opened the door: "Here's somebody terribly anxious to see you, sir, so I let him in."

The professor laid aside his book, and talked with the boy with increasing interest, and soon took down some books and began to give him an examination, which extended even to Greek. Every question was answered promptly and correctly. The professor was amazed, and asked the boy how he had managed, with his apparent poverty, to accumulate such an amount of knowledge.

"O, I studied in my spare time," answered the boy brightly, unconscious that he was an example even to the man before him.

Here was a boy, a hard-working orphan, almost fitted for college in the spare moments that his companions were wasting. Truly, spare moments are the "gold-dust of time." — *Selected.*

"TREAT every girl as you would like every boy to treat your sister."



SABBATH-SCHOOL LESSON.—NO. 11.

(For week ending Sept. 10, 1898.)

THE RIGHTEOUS KEEP THE WORLD.

Lesson Scripture.—Gen. 18: 1, 2; 16: 33.

Memory Verse.—V. 26.

QUESTIONS, NOTES, AND REMARKS.

1. Where was Abraham encamped? Where was he sitting? What time of day was it? Who appeared to him? V. 1. Whom did he see standing by him when he looked up? What did he do? V. 2.

"In the hot summer noontide the patriarch was sitting in his tent door, looking out over the quiet landscape, when he saw in the distance three travelers approaching. Before reaching his tent, the strangers halted, as if consulting as to their course. Without waiting for them to solicit favors, Abraham rose quickly, and as they were apparently turning in another direction, he hastened after them, and with the utmost courtesy urged them to honor him by tarrying for refreshment." — "*Patriarchs and Prophets*," page 138.

2. What did Abraham say to the three men? Vs. 3-5. Tell what Abraham did to entertain these strangers. Vs. 6-8. What was their message to Abraham? How did Sarah receive the promise that was made her and her husband? Vs. 10-15.

Abraham's courtesy to these three persons, whom he supposed to be strange men, travelers, and whom he recalled with his kindness just as they were on the point, perhaps, of turning away, the Lord has circumstantially narrated that it might be known, and be an example, to all men as long as his word lasts. A thousand years later, the apostle uses it as an example when he says: "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." Then when his guests were rested and refreshed, Abraham did not content himself with merely showing them their road, but he went with them to guide them on their way.

3. Which way did the men look as they rose up to go? V. 16. What was their purpose in going to Sodom?

"The true character of the heavenly messengers was now revealed. Though they were on their way as ministers of wrath, yet to Abraham, the man of faith, they spoke first of blessings." — "*Patriarchs and Prophets*," page 139.

4. Who is it that now speaks to Abraham? What did he say? V. 17.

The psalmist says: "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him."

5. What does the eighteenth verse refer to? See Gen. 17:2-4. What did the Lord say he knew of Abraham, which would make it possible for the promise to him to be fulfilled? V. 19.

"Abraham's household comprised more than a thousand souls. Those who were led by his teachings to worship the one God, found a home in his encampment; and here, as in a school, they received such instruction as would prepare them to be representatives of the true faith. Thus a great responsibility rested upon him. He was training heads of families, and his methods of government would be carried out in the households over which they should preside."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets," page 141.*

6. What reason did the Lord give for his going down to Sodom and Gomorrah? Vs. 20, 21.

"God knew well the measure of Sodom's guilt; but he expressed himself after the manner of men, that the justice of his dealings might be understood. Before bringing judgment upon the transgressors, he would go himself, to institute an examination of their course; if they had not passed the limits of divine mercy, he would still grant them space for repentance."—*Id., page 129.*

7. Who went on to Sodom? and who remained with Abraham? V. 22.

"Two of the heavenly messengers departed, leaving Abraham alone with Him whom he knew to be the Son of God. And the man of faith pleaded for the inhabitants of Sodom. Once he had saved them by his sword; now he endeavored to save them by prayer."—*Id., page 139.*

8. What did Abraham ask of the Lord? Vs. 23, 24. Give the reasons which Abraham mentioned why the Lord should grant his request. V. 25. What did the Lord reply? V. 26. With what humility did Abraham ask a second time? V. 27. Enumerate, in their order, the different requests which Abraham made regarding Sodom, and the answers that the Lord made each time.

"Love for perishing souls inspired Abraham's prayer. While he loathed the sins of that corrupt city, he desired that the sinners might be saved. His deep interest for Sodom shows the anxiety that we should feel for the impenitent. We should cherish hatred of sin, but pity and love for the sinner. All around us are souls going down to ruin as hopeless, as terrible, as that which befell Sodom. Every day the probation of some is closing. Every hour some are passing beyond the reach of mercy. And where are the voices of warning and entreaty to bid the sinner flee from this fearful doom? Where are the hands stretched out to draw him back from death?"—*Id., page 140.*

9. Did the Lord give Abraham his request each time? When Abraham ceased praying to the Lord, which way did each go? V. 33. Who is it that keeps the world?

"The righteous is an everlasting foundation."

"The mouth of a righteous man is a well of life."

"The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life."—*Proverbs.*

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.—NO. 11.

(Sept. 11, 1898.)

SINFUL INDULGENCE.

Lesson Scripture.—Amos 6:1-8.

Memory Verses.—Vs. 3-6.

Outline.—Selfish indulgence. Vs. 1-6. The bad results of sin. Vs. 7, 8.

References.—Luke 6:24; Ex. 9:5; Jer. 2:10; Isa. 10:9; 5:12; 2 Kings 18:34; 2 Chron. 26:6; Nahum 3:8; Eze. 12:27; Amos 5:18; 8:2; 9:10; 6:12; 5:12; Ps. 94:20; 47:4; 1 Chron. 23:5; Gen. 37:5; Jer. 51:14; Heb. 6:13, 17.

TIME: B. C. 790-773. (Revised chronology, 765-745.) PERSONS: The prophet Amos, people of Israel. PLACES: Amos's home was at Tekoa, in the kingdom of Judah; but he delivered his prophecies at Bethel, a religious center of the northern kingdom.

QUESTIONS.



Introduction.—1. Where is to-day's lesson found? 2. What is its subject? 3. To what period of history does it relate? 4. Who was king of Israel at this time? 5. Was the kingdom prosperous? 6. What was the condition of the rich? 7. Of the poor? 8. How did God now show his care for his people? 9. Who was Amos? 10. How did he open his prophecy?

Lesson Text.—*Selfish Indulgence.* Vs. 1-6. 1. What does the prophet say is coming? V. 1. 2. Upon whom will woe fall? V. 1. 3. Tell about the cities from which Israel should have taken warning. V. 2. 4. How did Israelites deceive themselves? V. 3. 5. What did they practise? V. 3. 6. Tell of their luxury. V. 4. 7. How did they debase music? V. 5. 8. How did they use wine? V. 6. 9. How did they use oil? V. 6. 10. How did they feel toward the poor? V. 6.

The Sad Results of Sin. Vs. 7, 8. 1. What would result from this manner of living? V. 7. 2. Who would be first taken captive? V. 7. 3. What is said of their feasts? V. 7. 4. Who would bring this about? V. 8. 5. Would this be consistent with the love of God? V. 8. 6. What does a loving God hate and abhor? V. 8.

Lesson Teachings.—1. Is it a slight fault to be selfish? 2. How is it a sin? 3. Is self an easy master to please? 4. Will you devote yourself to serving him? 5. What harm does strong drink do? 6. What sorrow does it bring? 7. How are you showing that you know all this?

Jeroboam II was now king of Israel. The rich became very rich, and the poor became poorer. Idolatry was prevalent. Amos was sent to warn the people. He foretold, first, what would befall heathen nations because of their sins, and then prophesied the punishments that would come upon ungrateful Israel.


 NOTE AND COMMENT
 

THE true master of arts is he who masters the art of living.

HE who is not strictly honest in little things can not safely be trusted in the larger concerns of life.

It is said that in London there are no fewer than 10,000 professional musicians of various grades, and that more than half of them are women.

GLOW-WORMS are much more brilliant before a storm than at other seasons. Like many other mysteries of nature, this curious circumstance has never been explained.

The Glad Day of Peace.—The most glorious day of any war is the day on which peace is declared. This being so, all true men—those who love their fellows—rejoice that peace has been established between the United States and Spain. Happy for all that day that brings peace, but supremely happy will be that day when the Prince of Peace shall establish his everlasting kingdom.

War Losses.—Every new-born year adds horror to war. Hence every successive war in the later history of the world must be more awful, more destructive, and more death-dealing than any of its predecessors. Something of an idea as to the vastly greater destructiveness of modern warfare over that of the century immediately prior to 1850, may be gained from this well-authenticated statement of an army expert: "The total casualties of all our wars, French and Indian, Revolutionary, 1812, Mexican and Indian, do not exceed the loss of Grant's army in the week ending May 12, 1865. Grant's killed and wounded in the Wilderness and Spottsylvania were five times Napoleon's loss at Marengo, more than his losses in all his Italian campaign, three times the loss inflicted on Wellington at Waterloo."

A Much-Excelling Man.—These words certainly apply to the late William Ewart Gladstone. A student of his life has made out a list of "on-lies" regarding this notable man, as follows: "He was the only man who ever began so early

a public career which continued so late; he was the only man who was ever orator, statesman, theologian, author, litterateur, and linguist, and first-rate in all; he was the only man who ever carried a great constructive measure of legislation (the Irish home rule bill of 1893) through the House of Commons after he was eighty years old; he was the only man holding and expressing positive opinions for seventy years, who never made a personal enemy; and he was the only man not holding a seat in Parliament, in honor of whom, at his death, the House of Commons ever adjourned."

Beauty of Modesty.—However great and noteworthy one's achievements may be in peace or war, he acts most unwisely who extols himself. People generally do not take kindly to the man who makes himself the hero of his own story. From a military point of view, the now famous Rough Riders certainly did make a brilliant record at Santiago; but their ambitious commander, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, most surely did not exhibit anything closely akin to the beauty of modesty when he wrote thus to Secretary Alger: "The Rough Riders are as good as any regulars, and three times as good as any State troops." This praise of his own company borders very closely upon self-adulation. The colonel of the Rough Riders would do well to heed the Scriptural injunction: "Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger, and not thine own lips."

Age of Generals.—The youngest of the major-generals that have taken part in our war with Spain, is General J. F. Wade, who is fifty-five years old. From this it is evident that the present leaders of the American army are nearly all men who are past the age when they should be expected to undergo the exacting hardships of war. The old adage, "Old men for counsel, young men for war," seems to have been quite forgotten. The ages of our most prominent generals are: General Shafter, sixty-three; General Wheeler, sixty-two; General Hawkins, sixty-three; General Kent, sixty-two; General Coppinger, sixty-three; General Brooke, sixty; General Corbin, fifty-six; General Sheridan, fifty-eight; General Henry, fifty-nine; General Graham, sixty-four; General Wilson, sixty-one; General Butler, sixty-two; and a one-legged man, General Lee, sixty-three; Generals Sumner, Bates, and Chaffee are each fifty-six.

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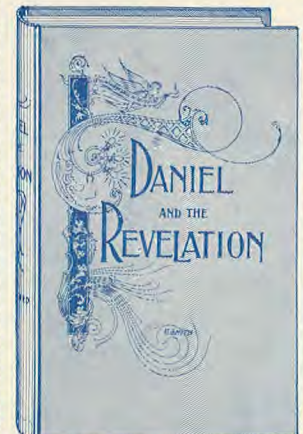
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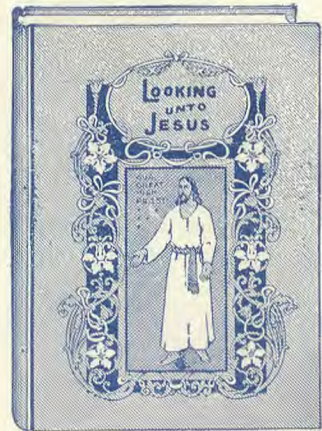
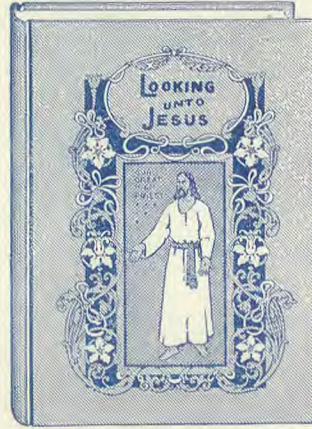
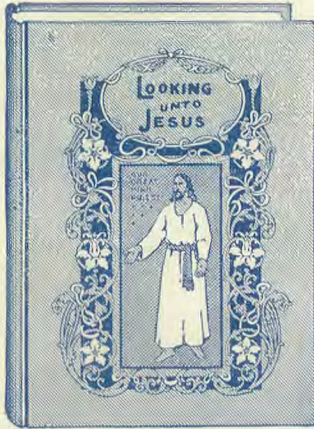
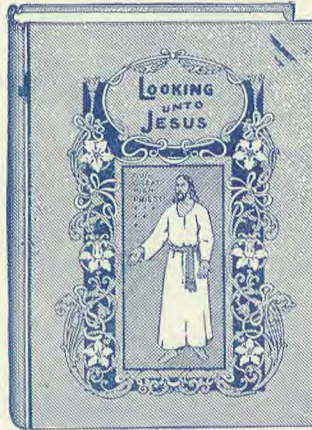
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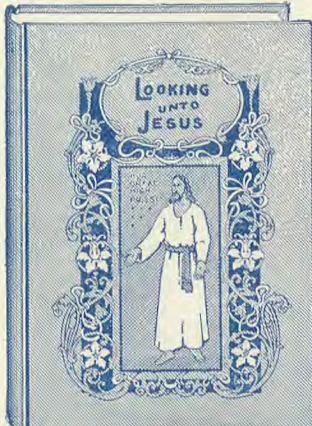
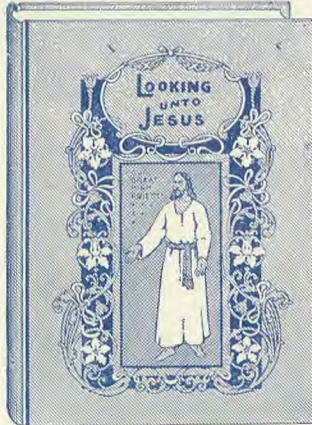
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