

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE

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THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine

VOL. XLVII.

APRIL 20, 1899.

No. 16.

SAMOA.

THE following graphic account of the troublous times this far-away island is now passing through was written in a personal letter to the editor by Mrs. F. E. Braucht, who, with her husband, the physician in charge of our sanitarium at Apia, went to Samoa in 1895. The accompanying illustration gives an excellent view of the sanitarium, which is situated on high ground, and is comfortable and airy.

“APIA, SAMOA, JAN. 2, 1899.

“We are in the midst of very exciting times here in Samoa. The Samoans are at war, and the last few days have been uneasy ones for the white people as well as the natives.

“About five months ago King Malietoa died; and since that time the people have been trying to make a new king. There are two parties,—one for Mataafa, a high chief; and one for Malietoa Tanu, son of the old king. Mataafa is a Catholic, and Malietoa belongs to the London Missionary Society's church. Since the war began, it has appeared that the majority of the people are for Mataafa. His side numbers about thirty-five hundred armed men, while the loyal party has only about two thousand men. They could come to no agreement among themselves; so, according to the Berlin treaty, the matter was brought before the chief justice, who is an American, to decide. For a week or more he heard the evidence on each side in the court; and December 31 at eleven o'clock was the

time set for him to make public his decision. As the Mataafa party had threatened to exterminate the whites if the chief justice decided against them, and it was feared they would begin an immediate attack, you may know that Sabbath, December 31, was an anxious day for us.

“We met for a special season of prayer in the forenoon, to humble ourselves before God, and ask his protection. Shortly after eleven o'clock the news came that Malietoa was king; and though the natives had been uneasy all the morning, running to and fro with guns, axes, and huge knives, the excitement now became more intense. Many

of the natives who lived near by came with their trunks, boxes, sewing-machines, and all sorts of valuables, begging us to take them into our houses. They said that as soon as the war broke out, the other party, if they came out ahead, would burn their houses and take their goods; so we let them store

their goods in our buggy-shed and in the store-room over the boiler. We had taken a number of boxes into the house several days before this, too. There was great excitement all Sabbath afternoon; but it was hoped the matter would be settled without a battle.

“Sunday morning was a little more quiet, but the two parties were stationed, and ready to fight, should a gun be fired. Each side was waiting for the other to begin. Sunday afternoon, just before five o'clock, we heard a great shouting, beating of drums, etc., and hundreds of the Mataafa party came down the road in front of our house. They



OUR SANITARIUM AT APIA.

came like a pack of hungry wolves, howling as only savages can. The Malietoa people met them just below our house, and there the battle began. Bullets were flying in every direction. Some of the neighbor women came hurrying to us with their children for protection. We all went into an inner room, where we stayed until the thickest of the battle was over. It was awful to hear the banging of the guns and the howling of the natives. One man fell not far from our house, and the enemy immediately cut his head off. That is their custom. They get all the heads they can, to carry to their king. At first the battle was all around us, on every side of the house; but after a little the men moved on down toward Apia, and fought in the streets among the stores. The Samoans are not usually good marksmen; and although they make a horrible noise when they fight, not many are killed. They kept on fighting as long as they could see, and all night long we could hear the guns firing in every direction. I would not like to spend many such nights as last night was.

"This morning the Mataafa party came past our house again, yelling, hooting, and flourishing their guns, axes, and horrible knives. The Malietoa party, however, had gone off to the English man-of-war about twelve o'clock in the night, and were all around the vessel in their small boats. The Mataafa party did not dare go out there to attack them, for fear the man-of-war would shell them. The Malietoa people are all out there yet; and the others are having their own way on shore, burning the loyal party's houses and plundering their stores. We have seen houses burning in every direction to-day. We are thankful indeed that thus far we are unharmed, though we do not know what moment the natives may turn against

the white people. Any little thing might set them off.

"The government here is in a bad state. Samoa, you know, has been under the protection of Germany, England, and America; but Germany takes sides with the rebel party, and opposes England and America; so we do not know how the trouble will end. This morning the German consul

wanted to go over and recognize Mataafa as king; but the British and American consuls said they could not do that; Mataafa and his party are rebels, and they would continue to regard them as such until they received orders from home.

"TUESDAY, January 3.

"Everything seems rather quiet this morning. The Malietoa people came on shore last night, and will be held as prisoners at Mulinu'u Point by the other party until they see fit to let them go, or something is done by the three powers. The young king, Malietoa, is still on board the man-of-war. The prisoners made some arrangements yesterday with the Mataafa people, the rebel chiefs promising not to harm the Malietoa folks. The loyal party left their firearms on board the vessel. We do not know what the day will bring forth, but hope matters will all be settled without further bloodshed. We have been quite busy thus far to-day, taking care of the wounded. The natives have been rather slow about bringing them."

From later accounts we learn that the trouble grew till it was no longer safe for white persons to remain on the island, and they found refuge on the war-ships in the harbor.

How our interest and love should go out to our missionaries in this and other places, who are glad to go into "all the world" to preach to all men the blessed gospel of our Saviour's soon coming!



SAMOAN WARRIOR.



THE CHRISTIAN PATHWAY



THOSE WHO SUCCEED.

No answer comes to those who pray,
And idle stand,
Waiting for stones to roll away
At God's command;
He will not break the binding cords
Upon us laid
If we depend on pleading words,
And do not aid.

When hands are idle, words are vain
To move the stone;
An aiding angel would disdain
To work alone;
But he who prayeth, and is strong
In faith and need,
And toileth earnestly, erelong
Will sure succeed.

— Selected.

THE RESURRECTION OF LAZARUS.

IV.

THE cries of the mourners prevented Martha's words from being heard. On hearing the message, Mary rose hastily, and with an eager look on her face, left the room. Thinking that she had gone to the grave to weep, the mourners followed her. When she reached the place where Jesus was waiting, she knelt at his feet, and said, with quivering lips, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." The noise made by the mourners was painful to her; for she longed for a few quiet words alone with Jesus. But she knew of the envy and jealousy cherished in the hearts of some present against Christ, and she was restrained from fully expressing her grief.

"When Jesus therefore saw her weeping, and the Jews also weeping which came with her, he groaned in the spirit, and was troubled." He read the hearts of all assembled. He saw that with many, what was looked upon as a demonstration of grief, was only pretense. He knew that some in the company, now manifesting hypocritical sorrow, would ere long be planning the death, not only of the mighty miracle-worker, but of the one to be raised from the dead. There were tender hearts in the throng, but there were also hypocrites. These pretended to manifest grief, but their hearts were full of malignity. Christ could have stripped from them their robe of pretended sorrow; he could have revealed their real sentiments. But he restrained his righteous

indignation. The words that he could in all truth have spoken, he did not speak, because of the loved one kneeling at his feet in sorrow, who truly believed in him.

"Where have ye laid him?" he asked. "They said unto him, Lord, come and see." Together they proceeded to the grave. It was a mournful scene. Lazarus had been much beloved, and his sisters wept for him with breaking hearts, while those who had been his friends mingled their tears with those of the bereaved sisters. In view of this human distress, and of the fact that the afflicted friends could mourn over the dead while the Saviour of the world stood by, who had power to raise from the dead, "Jesus wept." Though he was the Son of God, he had taken human nature upon him, and he was moved by human sorrow. His tender, pitiful heart is ever awakened to sympathy by suffering. He weeps with those who weep, and rejoices with those who rejoice.

But it was not only because of his human sympathy with Mary and Martha, that Jesus wept. There was in his tears a sorrow as high above human sorrow as the heavens are higher than the earth. Christ did not weep for Lazarus; for he was about to call him from the grave. He wept because those now united with Mary in mourning for Lazarus would soon plan the death of him who was the resurrection and the life. But how unable were the unbelieving Jews rightly to interpret his tears! Some, who could see nothing more than the outward circumstances of the scene before him as a cause for his grief, said, softly, "Behold how he loved him!" Others, seeking to drop the seed of unbelief in the hearts of those present, said, derisively, "Could not this man, which opened the eyes of the blind, have caused that even this man should not have died?" If it was in Christ's power to save Lazarus, why did he suffer him to die?

With prophetic eye Christ saw the enmity of the Pharisees and Sadducees. He knew that they were premeditating his death. He was the Son of the infinite God; and yet, a victim to Jewish hatred and infatuation, he was soon to be laid in the grave. In three days he was to rise, thus becoming for all "the resurrection and the life;" but the power to give men life was to be gained by passing through death. And at his death few save the disciples would weep over their disappointed hopes.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

LOVE is the badge of the Christian.



Happy Hours at Home



APRIL'S COMING UP THE HILL.

Now the noisy winds are still;
 April's coming up the hill!
 All the spring is in her train,
 Led by shining ranks of rain;
 Pit, pat, patter, clatter,
 Sudden sun, and clatter, patter!
 First the blue, and then the shower;
 Bursting bud, and smiling flower;
 Brooks set free with tinkling ring;
 Birds too full of song to sing;
 Crisp old leaves astir with pride,
 Where the timid violets hide;
 All things ready with a will,—
 April's coming up the hill!

—*Mary Mapes Dodge.*

MAKING HOME PEACEFUL.

XX.

FORGETFUL of the fact that the old man had ever aroused her envy and unreasoning jealousy, Grandmother Sharpe spoke of Deacon Beardsley, after his death, only in language of praise.

Well, it is always so. Grandmother Sharpe was not alone in this peculiarity. It is human nature. Strange that while our dear ones are with us, we are too often keenly alive to their faults, while we are blind to their virtues. But when the hand which in life we refused to take, or were too busy to hold in the warm clasp of brotherly love and friendship, is cold in death; and the timid feet, whose every stumble in life we were so quick to notice and censure, no longer climb life's hill by our side,—then we awake, as out of sleep, to see our mistake; and as if we could make amends for our neglect, we seek, like Grandmother Sharpe, to raise by our kindly words a monument for the departed.

The old man's heart had been so full of God's word, that it fell from his lips as the natural language of his soul. Sometimes a verse of Scripture would be the only answer he would make to a question: many times it was all the answer needed. But often, especially to Reginald, these apt replies had been only irritating and exasperating. But already the careless boy regrets the bitter, thoughtless words he gave the patient old man on that last evening,—the last words he ever spoke to him. He even wonders what his grandfather had wanted to say to him that night when he asked him to come to his room. The old man's pleading words ring in his ears with strange per-

sistency. He can not silence their echo. If he gives an unkind, disrespectful word to his father, memory brings back at once the soft, tremulous voice now silent forever, with its inspired words of reproof:—

“The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pluck it out, and the young eagles shall eat it.” Whenever he falls under the influence of evil companions, he never gives heed to their evil advice but under the continual protest of that gentle voice forever ringing in his ear: “My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.” The rude lad, who had always objected to being “preached at,” was forced to listen to many and many a sermon engraved deeply upon his heart, long after the kindly voice of the “old preacher” was silent.

Mothers, do you feel discouraged because your wayward son heeds not your tears and prayers? Teachers, are you about ready to give up the battle because your pupils will not heed your words—the words of God? Hear him speak, faithless one: “For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater: so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.” The oath of the Eternal is pledged: shall we believe it? It is the will of the All-father that the gentle voice of his aged servant shall ever “cry aloud,” and “spare not,” even though the years may come and go. Like the gentle Shepherd who left the ninety and nine, and sought the one lost sheep until he found it, so the influence of those precious words of God, repeated so often by his servant, will faithfully and persistently pursue the wayward youth over the mountains of sin and the dark deserts of unbelief, until the angels around the throne shall echo the glad song: “This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.”

Ah, the word of God! it is never lost;
 It is clean and white and pure;
 O, bid it welcome within thy heart,
 It will cleanse the temple, and ne'er depart;
 For the word of God is sure.

There was one childish heart whose grief over the departure of grandpa was deep and sincere. Flossie was not to be comforted. Especially did she miss him when the little limbs grew weary,

and the tired eyelids drooped; for at such times it was that grandpa used to take the slender little form in his arms, and in his peculiarly gentle voice, tell her his sweetest stories. And grandpa's stories had always served as panaceas when everything else failed to soothe and comfort the afflicted child.

With each succeeding day, it becomes more and more apparent to James Beardsley that he is fast losing what little influence he has ever had over his son. With a sinking at his heart, he notices the ever-increasing evil effect of bad companions upon him. The lad's mother still seems to be completely blind, not only to his faults, but also to his danger. "When he is older, James, he will be all right. Of course he likes young company; you mustn't think you can put an old head on young shoulders." With such arguments as these, Ellen Beardsley would seek to quiet her own and her husband's conscience.

MRS. L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE.

(To be continued.)

SWEET PEAS CLUBS.

TEN or twelve boys and girls who have not much money, and yet would like to do something to brighten some darker life, and add blessing to their own, might form a Sweet Peas Club, and supply some hospital with these lovely blossoms.

There are several reasons for clubbing. The blossoms of the sweet pea should all be gathered every day; for if pods are allowed to form, the vines will stop blooming. The best time to pick them is in the morning, while the dew is yet on them, and the hot sun has not robbed them of their freshness. One member's bunch alone might not be very large; but when all are together, the club would have a fine supply.

Members should take turns in receiving the flowers every day, and delivering them at the hospital. If you live so far away from such an institution as to make it necessary to send blossoms by express, arrangements can sometimes be made with the express companies to take them free.

Instead of a hospital, the club might supply the sick of their own Sabbath-school, or of the neighborhood. There are always many who love these dainty blossoms, but who are not able to raise them,—overworked mothers, busy working-girls, the sick, and the aged. Some clubs may be large and successful enough to supply these, and yet have flowers to spare for a hospital. However you may dispose of your blossoms, you may be

sure there is no flower that will give better results for good care, or bring more sweet perfume or dainty beauty to an invalid.

To some it might seem advisable to have the vines in one big plot, which the members would take turns in caring for; but in the end, this plan would probably not prove satisfactory. By having separate plots, each member would not only feel responsible for the success or failure of his own plot, but would find many odd minutes to care for the flowers, when he might think it would take too long to go to the general garden-plot.

The seeds will cost very little: five or ten cents will buy as many as one person will need. Get mixed seed, made up mostly of bright colors.

As soon as danger of frost is past, dig a trench about one foot wide, eighteen inches deep, and as long as necessary for your supply of seed. If you can, place the trench where the vines will receive the morning sun, but be shaded in the afternoon. The best thing for the plants to climb upon is woven-wire fencing, four feet high, enough of which can be bought for a few cents. Set stout poles firmly at the ends of the bed, and tightly stretch the wire between them. This may be done after the vines come up, if one is very careful. Fill the trench two thirds full with a mixture of about two thirds good garden soil and one third well rotted manure.

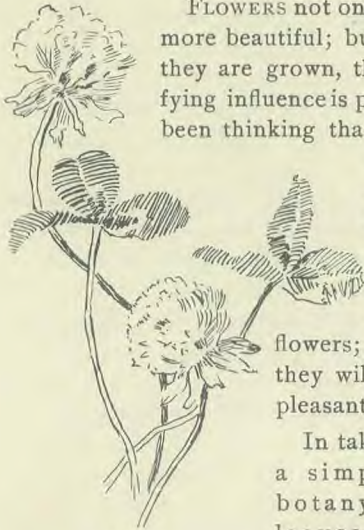
Put in the seeds, two together, about one inch deep and three or four inches apart, in a row, through the middle of the bed. Discard the very small seeds, and do not wet the soil unless quite dry. When necessary to moisten the soil, do not soak it; for then when it dries, a hard crust will bake on top, and the tender shoots will hardly be able to push through. As the young plants grow, gradually fill up the trench; in this way you will obtain the benefits of deep planting without its danger and delay.

Be very careful never to allow the plants to suffer for water, but do not water them every day, a little at a time. When needed, give the vines a thorough watering before the sun is on them, or after it is off; and on the following day stir the soil, and break it up fine, one or two inches deep. This will prevent the surface from baking and the moisture from escaping. The same may also be accomplished by keeping the soil covered with litter. This must be well-rotted; otherwise it may burn the plants. This latter plan is not so good, for the reason that it does not let the air into the soil.

A. L. MILLET.

How Things Are Made

HOW TO DRAW FLOWERS IN PEN AND INK.



CLOVER.

FLOWERS not only make the world more beautiful; but no matter where they are grown, their refining, purifying influence is perceived. I have been thinking that perhaps the INSTRUCTOR girls and boys would like to have some instruction in making pen-and-ink drawings of flowers; and I am sure they will find this study pleasant and of benefit.

In taking up the work, a simple knowledge of botany and the form of leaves will be a material help. It is not necessary

to know the botanical name of each flower, as many of these are difficult to remember; but a certain understanding of their parts, and of the general laws of their growth, is essential.

Pen-work done solely for study should be considered under four distinct conditions; namely, form, light and shade, color, and texture. It is not necessary to include all these subjects in one drawing; but each should receive attention. In this talk we will consider the subject as related to form and to light and shade. Taking, for example, the early spring dogwood blossom, we observe the manner in which the flower is set on the stem, the way the leaves spring out, and the character and shape of the petals. All this will come under the head of form.



HONEYSUCKLE.

In drawing flowers from nature, it will be more satisfactory for the beginner not to make too large an attempt, but to arrange a few blossoms in a simple way.

First make a preliminary pencil sketch, with a hard lead-pencil, on a sheet of smooth white paper or bristol-board, and only outline the shadows. When this is done, go to work with your pen. An ordinary

sharp school pen is as good as any, and the ink must be absolutely black.

Endeavor to avoid many outlines, and draw in the petals as simply as possible. Try to express fearlessly your conception of the group of blossoms before you; and if the attempt is a failure, try again, as the flowers will last several days.

We will now consider the light and shade in the drawing. The darker part of the flowers turned away from the light is apparent. Notice the shadows of the leaves, and the light and shade on the stem. The lines which form the shading should be closely and more evenly drawn where the



DOGWOOD BLOSSOM.

shadow is darkest. In shading the rounded stems, be careful that the lines of shade follow the form of the stem; that is, curved lines must be used to shade any object whose surface is curved. Let the light which strikes your study come from only one window, as otherwise the shadows will be confused.

Although many discouragements and failures attend these pen-studies, the true flower-lover can not but rejoice in the beauty that lies before him, as he earnestly tries to repro-

duce it in pen and ink. There is a charm about this work; and the more deeply one can feel the shape and texture of that which is before him, the more truly will the likeness finally appear upon his paper.

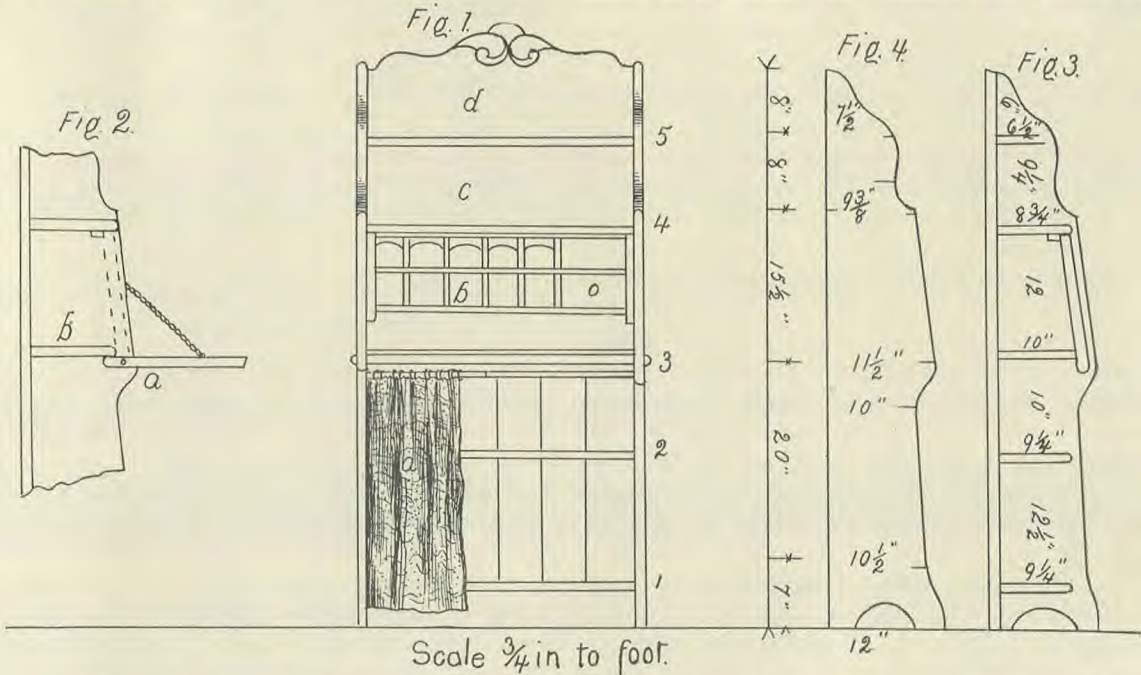
We will consider the subject of color and texture in our next talk. EVA M. CARTER.

A USEFUL DESK.

PERHAPS by this time you have learned enough about the use of tools so that, with some directions, you can make a useful piece of furniture. The one here represented is the Chautauqua desk.

The back of the desk, up to the fourth shelf, is made of one-half-inch lumber, placed perpendicularly, and nailed to the shelves with one-fourth-inch small wire nails. The boards on the back at *c* and *d* are placed horizontally, just the reverse of those at the bottom. These should be of the same thickness as the boards of the sides. The back to the upper part is made of two boards, which come together in the center of the top shelf, at 5.

In front of the pigeonholes is a lid, or door, that can be turned down to write on. You can make it of one board, with or without cleats nailed on the ends. The cleats would prevent its



It makes a good bookcase for a small library, also a writing-desk, with pigeonholes.

Fig. 1 gives the front view of the desk. It has five shelves, as you will see, numbered at the right of the desk, beginning at the bottom, 1, 2, 3, etc. In front of the lower shelves, at 3 in Fig. 1, is a brass curtain-rod, with curtain and rings, which you can draw over the shelves below. See *a*, Fig. 1.

At *b* you will see some pigeonholes. These are made of thin lumber, and shoved in between the sides. Two three-fourths-inch screws at each end will hold them in place. There is one drawer, also a shelf for paper. The lumber for these need not be over three eighths of an inch for the outside and one fourth of an inch for the divisions. Above these are two shelves, at 4 and 5.

warping, but if you give attention to what I have written in a previous article, and use a piece of board from near the center of the log, with the grain running through it, the shelf will not be likely to warp.

In Fig. 2, at *a*, you will see the lid let down, ready for use. When lowered, it runs under the shelf at *b*. At the round, black spot put in a two-and-one-half-inch round-headed, nickel-plated screw. This makes the hinge for it to turn on. In Fig. 3 you will see this door closed. After it is closed, make the holes for the screws. They should come just below the shelf, so that the door, when turned down, will strike the under side of the shelf, *b*, in Fig. 2, which gives it a support. Then with a little brass chain, which you can get at a hardware store, fastened at each

end with a small screw, the shelf will be solid. You will need to put a piece of wood about three fourths of an inch wide and three eighths of an inch thick under shelf 4, for the door to strike against.

For the sides of the bookcase take two boards about five feet long and twelve inches wide. At the left of Fig. 4 you will see a perpendicular line, with short, horizontal lines running out from it. From the bottom up to the first line is seven inches; to the next, twenty inches; then fifteen and one-half inches; then eight inches; then eight inches more to the top. Joint off one edge of your board for the sides. Square off the bottom end, then on the back edge (see Fig. 4), seven inches from bottom, make pencil mark; then twenty inches above, make another; and so on upward, according to those marked on the perpendicular line. Now a few words about getting the shape of the side boards: The bottom is twelve inches wide; at your first mark from bottom it is ten and one-half inches wide; at your twenty-inch mark, it is eleven and one-half inches wide; about four or five inches below this, it is ten inches; from ten to ten and one-half inches down the line it is straight. Now the line from eleven and one-half upward inclines, or leans, a little; so it is nine and three-eighths inches at your next mark. Just below seven and one-half inches it curves in about one inch. The bottom ends, that rest on the floor, are two and one-half inches, giving two inches rise between them. With these points in mind, you can readily mark out the sides of the desk.

In Fig. 3 the width of the shelves is given. The two bottom shelves are nine and one-fourth inches wide; the next, ten inches; the other two, eight and three-fourths and six and one-half inches respectively. The edges are rounded a little. The shelves are two feet and six inches long, and set into the sides about one fourth of an inch. Find the heights for shelves in Fig. 3.

The best wood of which to make this desk is red oak; however, you can make it of such wood as you may have. You can nail through from the outside, then putty up nicely.

What I designed to tell you this time about the use of the wood-scraper I shall have to leave until next week, as it would make this article too long.

W. K. LOUGHBOROUGH.

“GOOD thoughts are blessed guests, and should be heartily welcomed, well fed, and much sought after. Like rose-leaves, they give out a sweet smell if laid up in the jar of memory.”



THE CROCUS.

“REST, little sister,” her sisters said —
 Violet purple, and Wild-rose red —
 “Rest, dear, rest till the sun comes out,
 Till the hedges bud, and the grass-blades sprout.
 We are safe in the kindly earth, and warm;
 In the upper world there are sleet and storm.
 Wait, dear, for the robin's true, clear note,
 For the sound of a drifting wing afloat,
 For the laughter bright of an April shower,
 To call and wake you, sweet Crocus Flower.”

But brave-heart Crocus said never a word,
 Nor paused to listen for note of bird,
 Or laugh of rain-drop. In rough, green vest
 And golden bonnet, herself she dressed
 By the light of a glowworm's friendly spark,
 And softly crept up the stairway dark,
 Out through the portal of frozen mold,
 Into the wide world, bleak and cold.
 But somehow, a sunbeam found the place
 Where the snow made room for her lifted face.
 — Madeline S. Bridges.

HOW THE DAFFODILS GROW.

OUT in the garden there are tiny green spears shooting up through the black mold. They are not much to look at now, but we know that in a little while they will reach up straight and strong to the light; and up from the green sheath folded so tightly now will come the golden trumpet of the daffodil, or the white narcissus, with its gold-rimmed cup.

Where have they been all winter? We have not seen them in the garden-beds. Much of the time the snow has covered the place where they are now springing up. But the ground was bare and brown, with only a tangle of dead leaves and stems showing above the surface.

Down underground, curled up into a tight white ball, the daffodils lay asleep. Safely wrapped up they lay all through the winter, like a baby in its cradle, sending out tiny rootlets in search of food, and growing plump and strong in their cosy nest. Long before we heard the bluebirds sing, something stirred down there in the dark, and said to the daffodils: “Wake up! It is time you were coming to the light.” And the daffodils heard, and began to push their white shoots up through the dark. Now they stand in the garden-bed, strong and brave, while the winds whistle about them. In a little while they will hold up their golden trumpets, and give a merry welcome to the spring.

But it has taken all winter for them to get ready for this spring blossoming. I wonder if, when the bulbs were planted last fall, and left in the dark to grow, they thought they were forgotten, and rebelled at their fate. No, I do not think so. It was the only way. God planned the time that the little white bulb needed to mature its forces, and prepare the bud that lay at its heart to be a beautiful blossom, just as he plans for little children, that they may grow quietly and happily, laying the foundations of a sturdy manhood and womanhood. That is what the school-days are for, and the pleasant home with father and mother to care for the little ones.

God wants us to make the most of this time of preparation. Now is the time to nourish brain and body with all that God has provided, just as the daffodil sends out its rootlets to draw food from the earth. All around you are a thousand things which he has provided for your use and comfort; make the most of them, then, so that when God whispers to you that your work is ready, that he has something for you to do, you will be prepared for whatever he has for you. You can not tell beforehand what it is to be; the daffodil did not know what it would become under God's sunshine and rain; but every one who obeys God, just as the daffodil did, will find a purpose in his plans that it will be a joy to fulfil.—*Selected.*

A PLEASANT FACE.

"HAVE I a pleasant face, mama? Teacher said we must bring a pleasant face to school."

It *was* a pleasant face that was lifted for the good-by kiss; and as the little fellows scampered off to school, I thought I saw why they had been so easily governed of late. "A pleasant face"! One can not keep that, and find much room for impatience and fretting. And how much brighter it makes the rest of the house! You can not wear a cross, angry face, and then put on a pleasant one suddenly, and have it *fit*. The ugly face leaves creases and furrows and wrinkles that must be smoothed out before the pleasant face looks as if it belonged there. "Practise makes perfect;" and if you have a scowl most of the time, you will find it is a great deal easier to scowl than to smile. If you want a pleasant face, put it on the first thing in the morning, like the little boy who "buttoned on his smile" with his collar. Then it will come to fit so well that you need not be afraid of its slipping down at inconvenient times, and showing a scowl underneath.—*Little Christian.*

THE REALM OF NATURE

THE CREATION OF MAN.

IN our studies thus far, we have seen the Lord build a world out of nothing. When it was first created, "it was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." The all-wise Creator did not leave the earth in this unfinished condition; for "he created it not in vain, he formed it to be inhabited."

The first thing that brought order out of confusion was the creation of light and heat. These forces changed the water to vapor. Then God created the atmosphere, which is his means of lifting up the clouds from the earth. The work of the first two days was to construct a system whereby the water might be lifted up into the firmament. This being done, the Creator caused the dry land to appear, by gathering the waters together into one place. The dry land was to form a home for man and the lower animals. Not only was it to provide for them a home, but it was to supply them with daily food. "And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit after his kind." In his wisdom, God had already provided for the maintenance of plant-life; for without light and heat, the plants could not live; and without water to nourish them, they would cease to grow.

After the Lord had planted the earth with vegetation, he placed permanent resources of light and heat in the heavens,—the sun, the moon, the stars. The sun was to rule the day, and the moon was to rule the night. Even as the Lord provided light, heat, air, water, and soil, before he created the plants, so he provided food before he created the animals that were to be sustained by it.

For the animals that he created, he made three homes,—one in the water, one in the air, and one on the land. After he had brought into existence the fishes of the sea, the fowls of the air, and the creatures which were to live on the dry land, he said: "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. So God created man in his own image, in the

image of God created he him; male and female created he them."

Man was the climax of God's creative works. He was made a little lower than the angels, and was crowned with glory and honor. The holy pair were placed in Eden. They were surrounded with everything that was attractive. The name of the father of the human family was Adam, and the name of the mother was Eve. God placed them in the garden, not to spend their time in an idle way, but to dress the garden and to keep it. Man was endowed with powers of mind which were far greater than any possessed by the lower orders of creation. He could study and think about the wisdom and power of God, as revealed in his handiwork. He was holy and righteous in character; for man was made upright in the beginning. He was provided with a wonderful organism. David, in speaking of the human organism, said, "I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made." Like the plants, man was formed from the dust of the ground; but the all-wise Creator endowed him with a body and a mind which were superior to anything that he had before created on the earth.

In our next lesson we will take up the study of the wonderful body that God has given to man.

M. E. CADY.

THE CHLOROPHYL CELL.

II.

SOME jellyfish are very large, while others are so small as to be almost invisible. Here is one of those small phosphorescent animals that illuminate the coast-line on still nights. It is called *Arachnactis* ("spider-formed"), and is a predatory animal, living upon others. It has a voracious appetite. The *arachnactis* is smaller than the hydroid, yet too highly organized to be the creature we are looking for, as it has a mouth, stomach, eyes, etc. See Fig. 1.

If we could catch one of the larger jellyfish, and turn it over on its back, to open its mouth, which is underneath, in the center of its body, we would find, tucked away in the corners, a tiny creature, with a big name,—*Bicidiæ*. This is a parasite that lives on the large jellyfish. See Fig. 2.

All these creatures are very small, but none can be the one we are looking for. Why?—One reason is that there are others yet smaller, and we are looking for the very lowest form of life. "Is it in the air?" you ask. Oh, no; those are

all consumers: none of them create; they only destroy. Well, then, where can we go to resume our search? There is nothing so small upon the earth as the little creatures we have already examined, and the invisible lives of the air are all destructive agents; where, then, can we find a field for investigation?

But we have not yet exhausted the resources of the sea. So far, we have barely skimmed over its surface. Let us now descend into it for a mile or

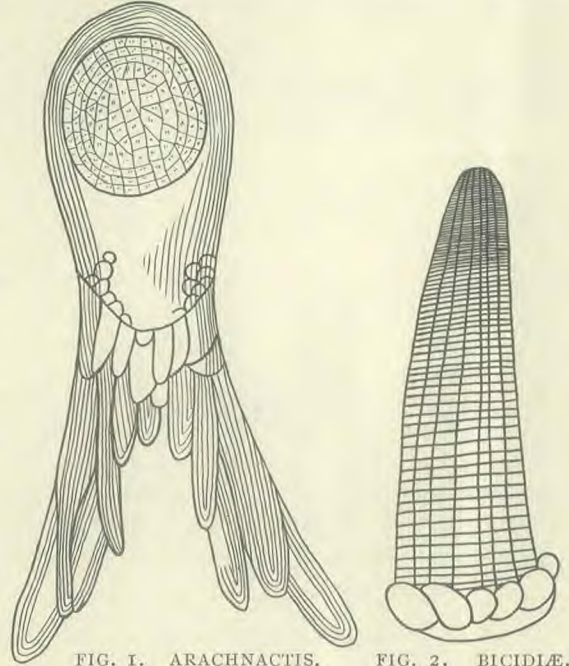


FIG. 1. ARACHNACTIS.


FIG. 2. BICIDIÆ.

so. "A mile!" you exclaim; "why, nothing lives that deep in the ocean. The water is intensely cold, and it is dark as midnight down there. Besides, the pressure is so great that nothing could exist beyond a certain depth; even wrecks of vessels never descend far, but float on the surface of this awful depth of water."

Yes, it was once thought that life could not exist at a greater depth in the ocean than the sun's rays could penetrate, but it is now known that the ocean bottom teems with countless forms of life, great and small, many of them beautiful beyond power to describe, and most of them capable of casting a phosphorescent glow around them; so that the great ocean depths are illuminated with God's living lights.

W. S. CHAPMAN.

"LIVING lights"! "Ye are the *light* of the world." Are you a "living light" in a dark place?



Our Bible Study

SABBATH-SCHOOL LESSON.—NO. 5.

(April 29, 1899.)

THE PARALYTIC HEALED; MATTHEW CALLED.

Lesson Scriptures.—Matt. 9:1-9; Mark 2:1-14; Luke 5:17-28.

Memory Verses.—Mark 2:5, 9.

TIME: A. D. 31. PLACE: Capernaum. PERSONS; Jesus and his disciples, the paralytic and his friends, Pharisees and multitude, Matthew.

QUESTIONS.

1. In consequence of the leper's public testimony, what did Jesus do? Mark 1:45.

2. Where did Christ again appear? Mark 2:1. When this was noised abroad, what happened? V. 2. Who are mentioned as being present on this occasion? Luke 5:17.

3. While Jesus was speaking, who was brought to the place, and in what manner? Mark 2:3. What novel method did the bearers of the palsied man employ to come into the presence of Jesus? V. 4. What laudable traits of character do we see in these men?—Tact, perseverance, and faith.

4. What did Jesus say to the afflicted one? V. 5; Matt. 9:2. How did these words disturb the feelings of the scribes? Mark 2:6, 7. What questions did Jesus direct to them? Vs. 8, 9. How was he enabled to read their thoughts?—This power was given him of God, as he needed it in his work.

5. How did the Saviour prove his ability to forgive sin? Vs. 10-12. What was the effect of this manifestation of power? Where did the Saviour next go? By whom was he followed? V. 13.

6. Whom did he meet on the way? What was Matthew doing? Matt. 9:9. What did the Saviour bid him do? How promptly did he respond?

SYNOPSIS.

It is interesting to note how the way was prepared for Christ's ministry in Capernaum. The report of his first miracle reached Capernaum from Cana; and on his return from Samaria, he is sought by the nobleman of Capernaum, whose child is at the point of death. The healing of the child and the nobleman's faith prepare Capernaum to receive the Lord. The people's faith makes possible the doing of mighty works. The report of Christ's miracles at Capernaum is met with unbelief in Nazareth. The second visit to Capernaum is attended with more convincing display of divine power. The demoniac is healed, Peter's wife's mother is restored to health, and crowds of afflicted persons are set free. When the interest at Capernaum seems at its height, Jesus takes a tour to other cities in Galilee; but the mistaken zeal of the healed leper forces him to withdraw from public ministry for a season, as it furnishes his enemies an excuse for prohibiting his ministry. His third visit to Capernaum follows.

NOTES.

1. At Capernaum, Jesus dwelt in the intervals of his journeys to and fro, and it came to be known as "his own city." . . . Capernaum itself was well adapted to be the center of the Saviour's work. Being on the highway from Damascus to Jerusalem and Egypt, and to the Mediterranean Sea, it was a great thoroughfare of travel. . . . Here Jesus could meet all nations and all ranks, the rich and the great, as well as the poor and lowly, and his lessons would be carried to other countries.—*"The Desire of Ages,"* page 252.

2. This paralytic had lost all hope of recovery. His disease was the result of a life of sin, and his sufferings were embittered by remorse. . . . They [the Pharisees] had coldly pronounced him incurable, and abandoned him to the wrath of God. . . . Yet it was not physical restoration he desired so much as relief from the burden of sin. . . . The cry of the dying man was, "O that I might come into His presence!"—*Id.*, page 267.

3. Jesus was teaching in the house of Peter. . . . His disciples sat close about him, and "there were Pharisees and doctors of the law sitting by, which were come out of every town of Galilee, and Judea, and Jerusalem." These had come as spies, seeking an accusation against Jesus.—*Id.*, page 268.

4. At his suggestion [that of the paralytic] his friends bore him to the top of the house, and breaking up the roof, let him down at the feet of Jesus.—*Id.*, page 268.

5. Eastern houses had outside stairs leading to the roofs. Matt. 24:17. The roof constructions were light rafters stretched from wall to wall, on which were thickly and evenly laid short sticks. Over these was a layer of fine brushwood, with a coating of mortar next. Over all this was spread an earthy substance of carbonate of lime, clay, and sand. In cases of poverty, common earth, mixed with ashes, lime, and chopped straw, was used. To break up such a roof was merely to scrape back the dirt, and remove the short sticks.—*Geikie's "Life and Words of Christ,"* Vol. II, page 22.

6. And the power of the Lord was present to heal . . . The Spirit of life brooded over the assembly, but Pharisees and doctors did not discern its presence.—*"Desire of Ages,"* page 268.

7. While the paralytic was yet at home, the Saviour had brought conviction to his conscience. . . . Jesus had watched the first glimmer of faith grow into a belief that he was the sinner's only helper.—*Id.*, page 268.

8. In simple faith he accepted the words of Jesus. . . . Jesus had declared that the sins of the paralytic were forgiven. The Pharisees caught at these words as blasphemy.—*Id.*, page 269.

9. Jesus gave them double evidence of his heavenly origin and power by laying bare their hearts, and by commanding the paralytic to arise, take up his bed, and go to his own house.

10. It required nothing less than creative power to restore health to that decaying body. . . . The same power that gave life to the body, had renewed the heart. . . . There are to-day thousands suffering from physical disease, who, like the paralytic, are longing for the message, "Thy sins are forgiven."—*Id.*, page 270.

11. From the home of Peter, . . . they [the scribes and Pharisees] went away to invent new schemes for silencing the Son of God. Leprosy and palsy were not so terrible as bigotry and unbelief.— *Id.*, page 271.

12. Christ longed to heal the Pharisees, priests, scribes, and rulers, and gave them repeated testimony of his love. He longs to heal you. Let the Saviour in.

13. Tax-gatherers were not merely the instruments of Roman oppression; they were extortioners on their own account. . . . The Pharisees had judged Matthew according to his employment, but Jesus saw in this man a heart open for the reception of truth.— *Id.*, page 272.

14. Principle is always exacting. No man can succeed in the service of God unless the whole heart is in his work, and he counts all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ.— *Id.*, page 273.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON NOTES.

(April 30, 1899.)

CIRCUMSTANCES.

No sooner had Judas left the room than, as if it had been relieved of some ghastly incubus, the spirits of the little company revived. The presence of that haunted soul lay with a weight of horror on the heart of the Master; and no sooner had he departed, than the sadness of the feast seems to have been sensibly relieved. The solemn exultation that dilated the soul of their Lord—that joy like the sense of boundless sunlight beyond earth-born mists—communicated itself to the spirits of his followers. In sweet, tender communion, perhaps two hours glided away at that quiet banquet.— *Farrar*.

THE PROMISE OF THE SPIRIT.

Before offering himself as the sacrificial victim, Christ sought for the most essential and complete gift to bestow upon his followers,—a gift that would bring within their reach the boundless resources of grace. . . . Before this the Spirit had been in the world; from the very beginning of the work of redemption he had been moving upon men's hearts. . . . The Holy Spirit is Christ's representative, but divested of the personality of humanity, and independent thereof. Cumbered with humanity, Christ could not be in every place personally. Therefore it was to their interest that he should go to the Father, and send the Spirit to be his successor on earth. By the Spirit the Saviour would be accessible to all.— "*The Desire of Ages*," pages 668, 669.

The Spirit is a permanent manifestation of the presence of God—God in us. The Greek word "comfortless" means orphaned. God's children are to live in conscious communion with him through the Spirit, which is given to convince, convict, counsel, and comfort.

The promise [of the Spirit] belongs to us as much as to the first disciples. . . . The power of God awaits our demand and reception. This promised blessing, claimed by faith, brings all other blessings in its train.— *Id.*, page 672.

THE TEST OF LOVE.

"If ye love me, keep my commandments." Christ saves men, not in sin, but from sin; and those who love him will show their love by obedience. All true obedience comes

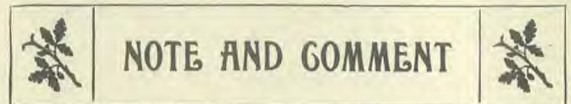
from the heart. It was heart-work with Christ. . . . Through an appreciation of the character of Christ, through communion with God, sin will become hateful to us. . . . The Lord will teach us our duty just as willingly as he will teach somebody else. If we come to him in faith, he will speak his mysteries to us personally. . . . And they [those who ask] will receive not only wisdom, but strength. Power for obedience, for service, will be imparted to them as Christ has promised. . . . And "whatsoever we ask, we receive of him, because we keep his commandments, and do those things that are pleasing in his sight."— *Id.*, page 668.

THE SPIRIT'S WORK.

"He that loveth me, shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him." Jesus read the future of his disciples. He saw one brought to the scaffold, one to the cross, one to exile among the lonely rocks of the sea, others to persecution and death. He encouraged them with the promise that in every trial he would be with them. That promise has lost none of its force. . . . At all times and in all places, in all sorrows and in all afflictions, when the outlook seems dark and the future perplexing, and we feel helpless and alone, the Comforter will be sent in answer to the prayer of faith.— *Id.*, page 669.

The Spirit was to be given as a regenerating agent, and without this the sacrifice of Christ would have been of no avail. . . . Sin could be resisted and overcome only through the mighty agency of the third person of the Godhead, who would come with no modified energy, but in the fulness of divine power.— *Id.*, page 671.

"He shall glorify me." . . . The very image of God is to be reproduced in humanity. The honor of God, the honor of Christ, is involved in the perfection of the character of his people. . . . Only when the truth is accompanied to the heart by the Spirit, will it quicken the conscience or transform the life. . . . No amount of education, no advantages, however great, can make one a channel of light without the co-operation of the Spirit of God. The sowing of the gospel seed will not be a success unless the seed is quickened into life by the dew of heaven.— *Id.*, pages 671, 672.



Opportunities for Electricians.—The Philippine Islands, numbering several hundred, some of them exceeding in size many of our States, present a wide field for electricians, as, it is said, there are but seven hundred and fifty miles of telegraph-lines in the whole group.



American Locomotives.—Early last winter the Midland Railway Company, of Great Britain, gave orders for twenty American locomotives, ten to the Baldwin Company, of Philadelphia; and ten to the company in Schenectady, N. Y. This aroused considerable criticism by English manufacturers, but the railway company justified its course by saying that the engines were needed sooner than they could be obtained at home. Now comes another order to the Philadelphia concern, from the Great Northern Company, for twenty locomotives. This is causing much com-

ment and surprise in London engineering and official circles, as the British manufacturers were unable to supply the engines in less than eighteen months, while the present contract stipulates their delivery in four months.

Former Impossibilities Are Present Utilities.—Many things which would have been pronounced utterly impossible in the time of the preceding generation are now an every-day affair. One of these is the transmission of letters from Paris to Berlin, a distance of seven hundred and fifty miles, in thirty-five minutes. This feat is accomplished by the use of pneumatic tubes.

Tolstoi's Home Life.—This great Russian writer and philanthropist believes it is not right to accumulate money. His wife is rich, and the whole family is well-to-do. Before he adopted his present views, he made over to his wife the rights to certain books, which he has later renounced, and from which she, much against his will, still receives money, refusing to relinquish her interests. His later works are all common property as soon as published, as he will not copyright them.

Wireless Telegraphy.—Not long ago a message was sent from the lighthouse situated high on the chalk cliffs of the Isle of Thanet, Kent, England, to the lightboat stationed at the "Goodwin Sands," twelve miles distant in the North Sea. Since then the same feat at the same distance has been accomplished in France by placing the instruments on the tops of towers ninety feet high. It is proposed to make use of this invention in conveying messages to different sections of an army in time of war.

WILL Eva [M. Carter please send her address to the editor?

THE CHRISTIAN EDUCATOR

For March, which was delayed for special reasons, is just issued. It contains matter of unusual interest to INSTRUCTOR readers, and the publishers design to send each a free sample copy. If you have not received it by the time this number of the INSTRUCTOR reaches you, please ask your Sabbath-school superintendent for it. Every youth who reads the INSTRUCTOR should take the *Educator* for his parents. It will cost you *only twenty-five cents a year* if you get the *March number* with the Special Coupon. Your order must be mailed before April 30.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

THE clubbing list of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR with other periodicals has been discontinued. The premiums have been dropped, except to those who are now working for premiums, in which cases they should send in enough subscriptions at 75 cents to make up the amount of money required at the old rates.

The INSTRUCTOR Bible has been so favorably received that it has been decided to continue this offer, as follows:—

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We will send the Self-pronouncing Sabbath-school Teachers' Reference Bible, post-paid, and one yearly subscription to the INSTRUCTOR, for \$2.25; or we will send the Bible, post-paid, for *six new yearly subscriptions* to the INSTRUCTOR at 75 cents (or \$4.50).

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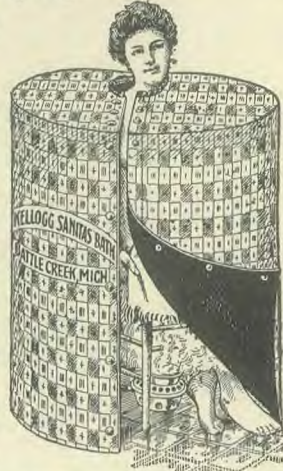
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PUBLISHED BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING COMPANY

BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

ADELAIDE BEE COOPER - - - - - EDITOR
 M. C. WILCOX - - - - - CORRESPONDING EDITORS
 ALBERTA L. LITTLE } - - - - -

Subscription Rates :

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION - - - - -	\$.75
SIX MONTHS - - - - -	.40
THREE MONTHS - - - - -	.20
To Foreign Countries - - - - -	1.25

CLUB RATES:

5 to 9 copies to one address, each - - - - -	\$.55
10 to 100 " " " " " " - - - - -	.50
100 or more " " " " " " - - - - -	.45

The Advertising Rate

Is fifteen cents per agate line, one insertion. Reading notices, thirty cents per brevier line, one insertion. Further information upon application.

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READ the article on Sweet Peas Clubs in another column, and act on its suggestions. It is time now to plant the seed; and if you follow the directions carefully, you will be rewarded with a liberal supply of these lovely blossoms. Be sure to remember the aged in this ministry; for no one will be more truly grateful for the old-fashioned posies. There may be several boys and girls who can not belong to a club, but these may have a "club of one." Where there are two or more in one family, they could form a little home club. The INSTRUCTOR would be glad to hear from those who take up this work.

BOYS AND GIRLS,

What department in the INSTRUCTOR is most helpful to you? Which articles do you enjoy most? and which do you find most practical in the everyday work of life? The editor would be glad to have every young reader send an answer to these questions.

Another thing: Is n't there something of special note near your home, that all the widely scattered INSTRUCTOR family would be interested in,—some natural wonder; some landmark rich in historical association; some mine, or mill, or factory different from those in other parts of the country? Our Southern friends have a wide range of subjects. Who will tell us how pineapples are grown? or about an orange grove in full bloom? or how raisins are prepared for the market? or —but why should the enumeration go further?

The field is unlimited. However, I must not forget our friends, the birds. Some of you who love them—and who does not?—can tell, in a few well-chosen words, what you yourselves have observed concerning them. Two or three such paragraphs would be worth far more both to you and to the INSTRUCTOR than a whole page gleaned from some book.

If you can send a pen or pencil sketch, or a photograph, illustrating your subject, so much the better.

GIFTS AND GIVERS.

THE principle set forth in the incident related below, touches the vital point in giving. It is just as natural now for men and women to measure the value of a gift by its amount as it was when Jesus sat over against the treasury, and watched the people as they brought their gifts. It was not those who from their wealth "cast in much," you remember, who received the Master's approving smile; but the one whose gift "meant something" to her,—even "all her living."

"Two women were talking recently, in a large city, of a check for fifty thousand dollars that had been given by a very wealthy woman toward a charity in which they were both interested.

"'What a splendid gift it was! how magnificently generous!' cried one.

"'A magnificent amount, certainly,' said the other, thoughtfully, 'but not so generous, I think, as the majority of gifts we receive.'

"'Why, what do you mean?' asked the other, astonished.

"'I mean,' said her friend, 'that ten dollars from Mrs. M——, or five dollars from Mrs. R——, or half a dollar from Lilian S—— represents more hearty interest and real generosity than a hundred thousand dollars from that rich woman, who never feels a pinch because she gives. Self-denial makes true generosity. I would rather have ten thousand five-dollar subscriptions from poorer givers than one fifty-thousand-dollar subscription from a rich man or woman. Fifty thousand one-dollar subscriptions would be better still, for the same reason. We could far better spare our rich than our poor givers. The real giving of the world everywhere comes from the majority of the people, who can not give much, who are, indeed, often ashamed of the little they can give, but whose gifts carry the fragrance of love and self-denial with them, and bless the cause that receives them. We must give until we *feel it*, to find the happiness of giving."