

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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## THE MAN BORN BLIND

He stood before the Sanhedrim,  
The scowling rabbis gazed at him:  
He recked not of their praise or blame;  
There was no fear, there was no shame,  
For one upon whose dazzled eyes  
The whole world poured its vast surprise;  
The open heaven was far too near,  
His first day's light too sweet and clear,  
To let him waste his new-gained ken  
On the hate-clouded face of men.

But still they questioned: "Who art thou?  
What hast thou been? What art thou now?  
Thou art not he who yesterday  
Sat here and begged beside the way;  
For he was blind."

"And I am he;  
For I was blind, but now I see."

He told the story o'er and o'er,  
It was his full heart's only lore:  
A Prophet on the Sabbath day  
Had touched his sightless eyes with clay,  
And made him see, who had been blind.  
Their words passed by him like the wind  
Which raves and howls, but can not shock  
The hundred-fathom-rooted rock.  
Their threats and fury all went wide;  
They could not touch his Hebrew pride;  
Their sneers at Jesus and his band,  
Nameless and homeless in the land,  
Their boasts of Moses and his Lord,—  
All could not change him by one word.

"I know not what this man may be,  
Sinner or saint; but as for me,  
One thing I know, that I am he  
That once was blind, but now I see."

They were all doctors of renown,  
The great men of a famous town,  
With deep brows, wrinkled, broad, and wise,  
Beneath their long phylacteries;  
The wisdom of the East was theirs,  
And honor crowned their silver hairs.  
The man they jeered and laughed to scorn  
Was unlearned, poor, and humbly born;  
But he knew better far than they  
What came to him that Sabbath day;  
And what the Christ had done for him  
He knew, and not the Sanhedrim.

—Hon. John Hay.

## WORDS TO THE YOUTH

"REMEMBER now thy Creator in the days  
of thy youth, while the evil days come not,  
nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt  
say, I have no pleasure in them."

Early piety insures to its possessor the  
full enjoyment of all that makes life  
happy, and will give him a right to the  
future, immortal life. Those who seek  
God early have the assurance that they  
shall find him. Those who wait until  
the span of life is almost ended before  
they seek God, lose a life of pure, elevated  
happiness,—happiness that never comes  
in the pursuit of the pleasures that this  
life affords. Those who have been long  
acquainted with God, who from their youth  
have drawn their happiness from the pure  
fountain of heaven, are prepared to enter  
the family of God.

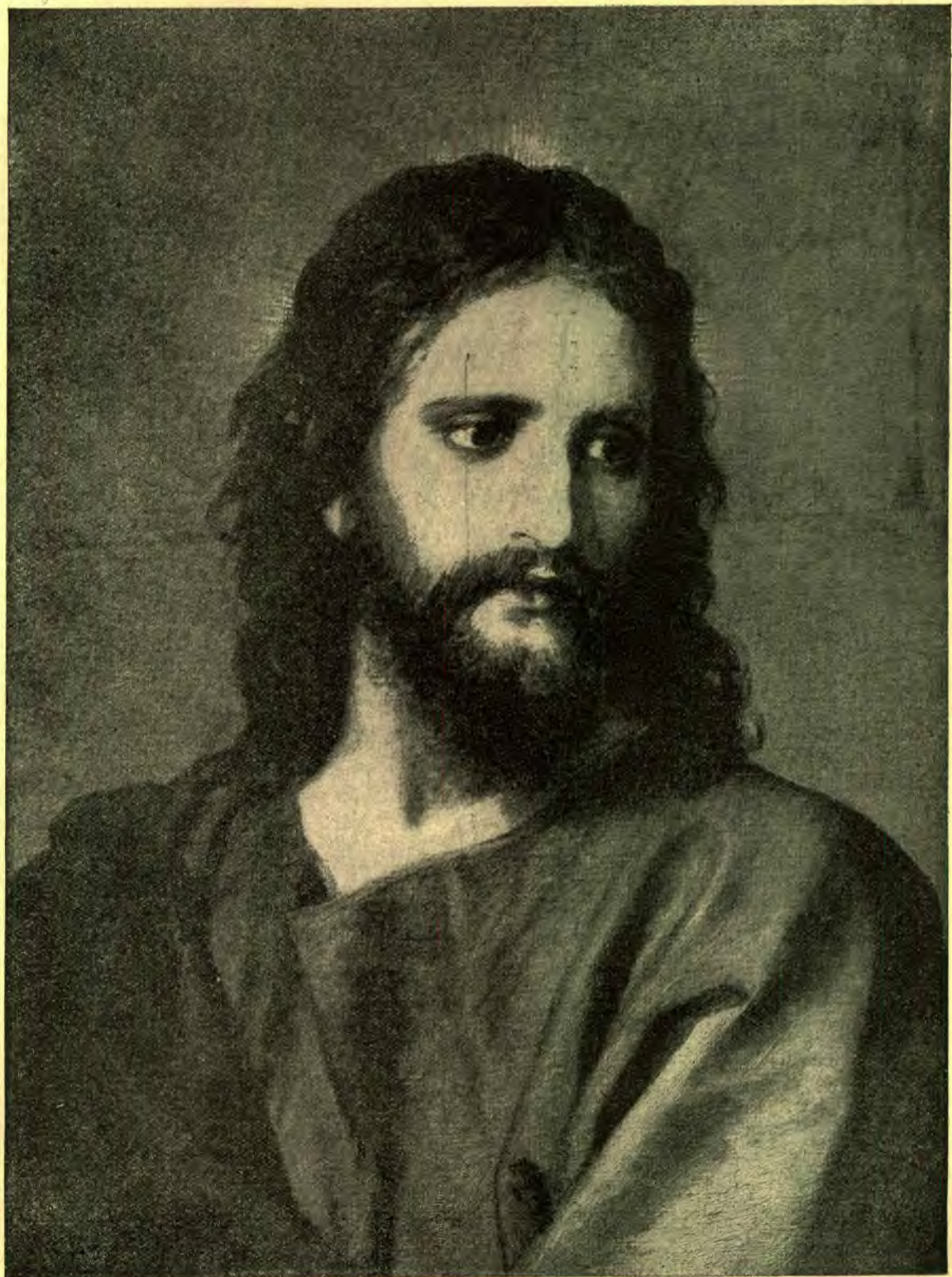
Good and evil are set before the youth  
of to-day. They are left free to choose  
which they will. In yielding to Satan,

they give up eternal happiness for pleasures  
which are vain and fleeting. That which he  
promises them they never obtain; for the path  
of sin is a path of sorrow.

The youth who fear God will make a consci-  
entious use of their time. They will have firm  
reliance upon God, and will look to him for help  
when exposed to temptations which would lead  
them away from moral rectitude. Divine aid  
must combine with human effort, in order that  
the wily foe may be resisted. The youth who  
desire to become qualified for a life of useful-  
ness must be able to resist temptation and bat-  
tle against wrong. They must cultivate the mind,  
so that when they leave school, their time will

not be spent in idleness. The heavens may be  
to them a study-book, from which they may learn  
lessons of intense interest. The moon and the  
stars may be their companions, speaking to them  
in the most eloquent language of the love of God.

God expects us to build characters in accord-  
ance with the pattern set before us. We are to  
lay brick by brick, adding grace to grace, find-  
ing our weak points, and correcting them in ac-  
cordance with the directions given. When a  
crack is seen in the walls of a mansion, we know  
that something about the building is wrong. In  
our character-building, cracks are often seen.  
Unless these defects are remedied, the house  
will fall when the tempest of trial beats upon it.



"COME UNTO ME, . . . AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST"

In the work of character-building we need the help of the Holy Spirit. Then the building will grow in symmetrical proportions. "Ye are God's husbandry, ye are God's building." Keep looking to Jesus. Never seek for praise or self-glorification. Strive, by watchfulness and prayer, to build up a Christian character, perfect in all its parts. Remember that you are building for eternity. Be careful how you build. Day by day we need to realize the necessity of being converted. Do not stand on the line of demarcation, trying to balance between Christ and the world. Keep in the path cast up for the ransomed of the Lord. By beholding Jesus, you will become changed into his likeness. Your views will be enlarged. You will see the excellence of the truth as it is in Jesus. Your conceptions will be clearer. You will be imbued with the Spirit of God. You will not seek praise from men; you will exalt Christ, saying, "He must increase, but I must decrease."

We can not afford to lose eternal life because we are not willing to separate from the world. Self must be hidden in Christ. Our sight must be filled with a view of his perfection. We must stand wholly on the Lord's side, remembering the word, "We are laborers together with God." God desires us to learn in the school of Christ to be meek and lowly in heart. Self is to be crucified, with the affections and lusts. There is no second probation for fallen man. Heaven is not the place for overcoming defects in the character. God says to us now: "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling. For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure."

But let no one think that in his own strength he can leave off sinful practices and accustomed indulgences; and then, after he has made himself good, come to Jesus. Christ says, "Without me ye can do nothing." No man can, in his own strength, repent of and forsake his sin. It is God who leads him to repentance. All outward manifestations of repentance are vain unless God first works within. Then it is that man becomes a partaker of the divine nature. God and Christ work unitedly for the restoration of the divine image in man, furnishing him with power to distinguish between right and wrong.

Acting as our high priest and intercessor, Christ prepared and presented to God the sacrifice which paid the ransom for sin. It is Christ who draws the sinner to God, who constrains him to acknowledge the Father's goodness and love. To those who represent the Father as a frowning Judge, whose work it is to condemn and destroy, he says: "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of. For the Son of man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them."

Christ has manifested himself as the way, the truth, and the life. Earnestly and untiringly he seeks to save those who are lost. No one can return to the fold without the drawing of the Holy Spirit. Christ supplies all the opportunities and privileges; and unless the sinner responds to his overtures of mercy, laying hold of the promises, he can not be saved. With every power given him, he must respond to God's working. He must accept all the help offered. He must believe and obey. He must make the most of every opportunity, working diligently and conscientiously. As he works thus, he becomes a partner in the heavenly firm. Daily he grows in grace and in the knowledge of Christ.

Our success in perfecting Christian characters will be proportionate to the zeal and earnestness with which we seek for godliness. Every soul who enters the gates of the city of God will be like Jesus. Being good and doing good are indispensable to the perfection of character. No man lives to himself. All who gain the precious boon of immortality will follow the example of Christ, who went about doing good, who cheerfully gave up his life to ransom those ready to perish.

Mrs. E. G. WHITE.



#### A HYMN TO THE CONQUERED

I SING the hymn of the Conquered, who fell in the battle of life,—  
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife;  
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim  
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame;  
But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart,  
Who strove, and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part;  
Whose youth bore no fruit on its branches, whose hopes burned in ashes away;  
From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at; who stood at the dying of day  
With the work of their life all around them, un-pitied, unheeded, alone,  
With death swooping down o'er their failure, and all but their faith overthrown.

While the voice of the world shouts its chorus, its pæan for those who have won,—  
While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to the breeze and the sun  
Gay banners are waving, hands clapping, and hurrying feet  
Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors,—I stand on the field of defeat,  
In the shadow, 'mong those who are fallen, and wounded, and dying; and there  
Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-knotted brows, breathe a prayer,  
Hold the hand that is helpless, and whisper: "They only the victory win,  
Who have fought the good fight, and have vanquished the demon that tempts us within;  
Who have held to their faith unswayed by the prize that the world holds on high;  
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight,—if need be, to die."

Speak, History! who are life's victors? Unroll thy long annals, and say:  
Are they whom the world called its victors— who won the success of a day?  
The Martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans who fell at Thermopylæ's tryst,  
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges, or Socrates? Pilate, or Christ?

—W. W. Story.

#### A GREAT CALL TO A SMALL WORK

WE need not necessarily conclude, because we have been given a high calling by God, that he therefore at once puts into our hands what will appear to human eyes to be a great work.

Elijah, the great prophet, cast his mantle upon Elisha (1 Kings 19: 19), thereby signifying that Elisha had received a call for a similar position. But the work that was given Elisha was to go around, and pour water upon Elijah's hands whenever the occasion demanded. 2 Kings 3: 11. Certainly, from a human point of view, this was a much smaller business than plowing with twelve yoke of oxen.

Many of the young people whom God has called into our institutions, or to engage in his work in other capacities, become very much disappointed at the apparently insignificant work that is given them to do. But neither the devil himself nor any of his agents can confine a man to an experience in life a moment after it has worked out God's purpose upon his character. Joseph certainly was a good boy; but it was necessary for his body to be laid in iron, in order for the word of God to "purify" out of his life something that was still lurking there. Ps. 105: 18, 19, Jewish translation. And when that had been accomplished, the king sent and loosed him. The proud Egyptian monarch did not possess sufficient power to keep God's servant in bondage one moment after the prison experience

had accomplished its purpose in Joseph's life. He was to be situated where he would have the privilege of binding princes at his own pleasure—not a safe opportunity for the majority of men, unless they have first passed through the experience of being bound themselves.

Do you seem to be hedged in and bound about, with none to pity or appreciate your situation? Perhaps God is getting you ready to know how you ought to deal with others when they are similarly situated; at any rate, the experience ought absolutely to cure you of the disposition to take delight in binding others.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

#### TRUE HEROISM

THERE are many persons in the world, who, by some worthy and heroic deed, performed at a critical moment, are designated heroes and heroines. They are held in high esteem, honored, and courted. As we read of these illustrious men and women, a desire to do some worthy act, whereby our names may become known and honored, is aroused within us; for it is a characteristic of sinful nature to desire the praise of men.

But he who carefully studies God's holy word learns therefrom that it is not so much deeds as motives that make men great, and for this very reason we should not exalt men. "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart;" therefore only he can judge the motives. Some of earth's greatest heroes are those of whom the world knows little. They need not necessarily be men and women; children and youth may manifest that sweet spirit of unselfishness, that determination and perseverance, which characterize a true hero. It does not take so much courage to lay down one's life amid the excitement and inspiration of battle as to fight, daily and hourly, the relentless foe within,—constantly to crucify the uprising of self. No one but God will ever know the inward struggles of those who stand up boldly for the right, in the face of sneers and scorn.

In the battles of earth the victor is one who by physical force triumphs over his foes. He is crowned with laurels, and honors and glory follow in his wake. Not so with the Christian warrior. His greatest victories are sometimes marked by apparent outward defeat. By a quiet self-surrender, unknown to any but God, he conquers. Daily he finds opportunity for this same quiet work to go on; and although he may not win fame, glory, and honor from men, he is continually receiving the approval of Him who will crown him with everlasting honor and glory when the warfare is ended.

K. BLOSSOM WILCOX.

#### THE GIRL FOR HER GUEST

TO EVERY girl who counts as hers the inestimable blessing of a home, there comes at times the joy of being hostess in it. It is a high and gracious privilege, this of taking a friend for a few days, or even a few hours, into the home—a privilege which will, if rightly and delicately used, make both lives richer. Yet how often it happens that in the rush of preparation and entertainment the finer and more delicate things are lost, and the friend who came to your door eager and expectant goes away at last unsatisfied.

Do you remember the picture of the little household at Bethany when the Master was its guest? The sisters both loved him—they both longed to do him honor. So Martha hurried about with anxious steps preparing a feast that should worthily show her love; she never thought that her nervous haste and querulous words were destroying the sweet serenity of the home, and robbing the Friend of the rest and peace for which he had come. It was Mary who, with finer instinct, let material things go, and rejecting all lesser tribute, gave the Master

the gentle welcome of "a heart at leisure from itself," ready to meet her Guest in the way of his own choosing.

It is natural and beautiful to want to do the most for our friends, and set forth our best in their honor,—to make the guest room fragrant with blossoms and loving thought, and give the flavor of a feast to the common meals. Everything that crowns friendship is richly worth the doing, though it cost much in time and thought. The danger is that, engrossed in these happy tasks, we forget to give the greatest thing,—ourselves, fresh and free and unwearied.

Which shine out most golden in your memory,—the visits crowded with calls and drives and luncheons, or the sweet, sun-filled mornings out-of-doors, when you and the friend did not talk much, perhaps, but through a silence rich in revelations grew into deeper love for each other, and for all God's wonderful world? Long, real, "deep-down" talks over some book before a winter fire, when the rain beat against the windows, and the world was shut out,—are not these the things that your love holds closest and dearest? As you think it over, you see that it is because in these illumined hours the friend gave you herself, undisturbed by careful thoughts; it is souls, not things, that count. Anything that will give your friend joy and freedom and rest, is truest hospitality; anything that takes from these, no matter what form of outward honoring it may assume, is never more than second-best.

After all, the root of true hospitality, as of every other high and beautiful thing, is unselfishness. It is "well-born souls," as Madame Mohl says, that make friends; and surely the secret of the well-born soul is that it chooses always the real things,—the high and rare and lasting ones,—and wastes no time regretting the others.

Do for your friend what your time and money and strength will allow without strain, and no more. Could you enjoy it if you thought that any one you loved was getting tired and overwrought trying to entertain you; or that the foregoing of some real necessity paid the price of the entertainment in your honor? Take your friend into your natural home life; let her help with the dusting and mending if she wishes to. What if there are big patches on the stockings, and the dusting reveals some shabby places in the furniture? Will she love you any the less for these things? Will she not rather honor you more for counting trifles as trifles, and not worth excuse or apology? She may have beautiful clothes and rich furniture at home, but she has not you. Yourself, sweet and merry and earnest and loving, is the gift you can make her that no other can. Give her that, and you need not be ashamed, though your hands are empty, and your house is poor.—*Mabel Nelson Thurston, in Well-Spring.*

#### AN UNCONSCIOUS POSSESSION

UNCONSCIOUSLY we are building character. Every day, hour, and moment of our lives the structure is going up, whether we will or no, and into it are going the thoughts, feelings, and purposes that are uppermost in our minds and central in our experiences. Likewise, the possession of character is unconscious to the possessor. Many persons foolishly mistake knowledge, skill, or artistic ability, for character, and pride themselves on the thought that they possess great characters. The man who possesses the greatest character will be the least impressed with his invaluable possession; while, on the other hand, those who pride themselves on the possession of knowledge, art, culture, literature, etc., but who possess very dwarfed characters, will ever be conscious of the mistaken thought of their own greatness. The character that is truly great will not so impress its possessor, but the world will stand in awe of the attributes which have been woven into it by the unselfish

life and faithful practices of its possessor. On the other hand, the one who feels so conscious of the possession of a great character will be little appreciated by the world at large, and will go through life feeling that his talents and abilities are greatly underestimated by his associates.

W. S. SADLER.



#### A WEARY TRAMP

THE Spanish village of Lemoncito is situated about seven miles from the Carib town of Lemon. For a week we had been anchored off the coast, and contrary winds prevented our sailing on the night we had planned; so one of the men proposed that we visit the Spanish town, and see if we could buy oranges to complete the cargo. Any change that takes one on land is acceptable after being on board a small boat for a few days, so I gladly volunteered to accompany him.

Learning that the roads were muddy, we put on our oldest clothes; and taking each a native machete,—a long, heavy knife used by the natives,—we started along the beach. After passing the Carib town, we soon came to a pool of fresh water, where the women were washing. They assured us that we could wade through, which we did, the water coming up to our waists. The path was fairly good for a mile or two, but grew rapidly

worse as we neared the river flats. Some of the natives had been down to the coast that same morning, and we followed their footprints in the soft mud till the trail was lost in the bog.

My companion was a large man; and being born in these parts, splashed along good-naturedly, having removed his moccasins when they became filled with mud. Tempted by the apparent ease with which he progressed, I followed his example. While my bare feet pulled out of the mud much easier than before, the ragged roots, hidden knee-deep in the soft ooze, cut my feet badly. However, there was no choice but to push on or be left behind.

Half an hour later we came to a swollen stream, red from the up-country clay. A single log, slippery with the floods that could not flow under it, spanned the stream. My companion advanced cautiously, the bridge swaying under his weight; but its hold at either end was better than it appeared, and we hastened on, walking where the mud was up to our ankles only.

We could see, by the light that came through the heavy foliage, that the sun was getting low. A splash now and then told of the movements of some disturbed alligator, but we saw none; the shadows were too deep. Parrots could be heard in the branches far above us, but they said nothing that we could understand.

Reaching higher ground, we found a plantation of plantain and bananas; also a casa, or native house. A sow and pigs were wallowing in mud at the door; and in spite of their chorus of

grunts, we were made to understand, by the frizzle-headed, dried-up woman inside, that Lemoncito was only a short distance away.

The trail led over hillocks of debris piled up by recent floods, over fallen trees, and across the stream, which was here much more swollen and swift than at the lower crossing. About sunset we came to Lemoncito. We had climbed a steep bank from the river flats, crossed a narrow ravine on a log, hewed flat on top, and now stood in an orange grove. At the right, and thirty feet below, was the stream we had just forded. The village consisted of five houses, and we approached the best one. It was a mud-walled structure, with a thatched roof. At some remote period the walls had been tinted cream-color, and must have looked very dainty; but now only the most sheltered spots preserved the hint of better days. The thatch was black with smoke and time. In the doorway stood a woman, who made us welcome. There was only one room in the house, lighted by two tiny windows and as many doors. At the left, as we entered, flickered a fire of sticks in a broken-down clay fireplace, the smoke finding its way out as best it could.

Learning that we were hungry, the village was ransacked for food, but the only thing available was green bananas. These were peeled, and put in an earthen pot with water from the muddy stream: a bit of salt was added, and, notwithstanding our protests, which were understood by the good woman as the result of reticence on our part to accept so many good things, she poured in



A NATIVE HOME

a tablespoonful of manteka, or lard, from a soiled bottle. The oranges had only sharpened our appetites; and when, armed with an iron spoon apiece, we sat down on a low bench, with the pot between us, we ate the evening meal gratefully.

The fire was brightened after supper by adding pieces of pitch pine. In its flaring light, the villagers chatted, sang, and danced as only Hondurasians can. We sang some of the gospel songs so full of hope to them as well as us, and how my heart went out to those poor creatures! One of the younger women asked us to visit her mother, who was sick. We found her sitting on the bare ground in a wretched hut of thatch and poles, with her arms folded over her knees, to which her chin appeared to be glued. She had not straightened out her body for four years. We could give her little encouragement of a radical change in this life; but we asked the young people to clothe her warmly, also to make a bit of floor of hewn planks under her, and to inclose the hut, that she might be out of the reach of the winter storms. These things they promised to do, and the next morning they were at work on the needed improvements.

How many aching hearts, and aching bodies, too, all over the world, are waiting a word from you and me! Let us go or send help to every needy soul we can reach.

H. A. OWEN.

"SUNSHINE is like love: it makes everything shine with its own beauty."



## THE FELLOWSHIP OF TOIL

I HAVE to toil, but so did He,  
The lowly Nazarene,  
Who trod the shores of Galilee,  
Unruffled and serene.  
I may not sit, as some men do,  
Behind rich palace gates,  
Unmindful of the beggar who  
Beside the pillar waits.  
Each day that dawns but brings to me  
The same old toilsome round,  
The same old struggle to be free,—  
And night still finds me bound.  
I may not have the joys I crave;  
The dawn but lights me to  
My narrow pathway to the grave,  
And work that I must do!  
I have to toil — but so did He  
Who bore his cross to Calvary!

—Selected.

## STORIES OF GREAT SONGS

THE world's greatest songs are songs of duty, comfort, and trust. Those who wrote them were men and women of fervent piety and deep religious experience. Perhaps the story of how a few of these songs were written, and of the hearts they have lightened, will be new and interesting to our readers.

"Jesus, Lover of My Soul," was written by the English scholar and theologian, Charles Wesley. One day as he sat at his desk by the open window, a little bird, pursued by a hawk, flew in, nestled in his bosom, and thus was safe. Inspired by the incident, Wesley took up his pen, and in a few minutes wrote a hymn that has stirred the hearts of millions.

With this hymn is associated a strange story. Some passengers were singing songs in the cabin of an Atlantic steamship. They had just sung, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," when one of them said: "This hymn has recalled to my mind a curious incident. I was a Confederate soldier. One night I was posted on sentry duty near the edge of a wood. It was dark, and very cold; and I was somewhat frightened, because the enemy were supposed to be near. At last, near midnight, miserable, homesick, and weary, I sang these lines:—

"All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
All my help from thee I bring;  
Cover my defenseless head  
With the shadow of thy wing."

"After singing these words, a strange peace came down upon me; and through the long night I felt no more fear."

"Now," said one of the singers, "listen to my story: I was a Union soldier, and was in the wood that night with a party of scouts. I saw you standing, although I did not see your face. My men had their rifles trained upon you, waiting the word to fire, but when you sang,—

"Cover my defenseless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing,"

I said, 'Boys, lower your rifles; we will go home.'

"Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me," was written by Augustus Toplady, an Englishman, who gave to the world some of its grandest hymns.

The story is told of a Chinese woman, who, to escape reincarnation into a dog, or pig, or perhaps a rat, sought to perform some great labor. With her own hands she dug a well fifteen feet across and twenty-five feet deep. Afterward she heard of Christ, and became a missionary. Seen in her eightieth year, after telling her story, she stretched out her poor, crippled hands, and sang,—

"Nothing in my hands I bring;  
Simply to Thy cross I cling."

Among missionary songs there is, perhaps, none better known than "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." This was composed in 1819 by Reginald Heber, of Wales. A meeting had been announced in the Wrexham church, to aid in the spread of the gospel. New music was needed for the occasion, and Mr. Heber was asked to write it. It was late Saturday afternoon, and the meeting was to be held the following day—surely there was no time to write a poem! But as Mr. Heber sat by the vicarage window, engaged in deep thought, the whole song shaped itself in his mind, and his pen traced the words. That night it was printed, and the next day was sung by a delighted congregation.

Some years ago a number of sailors were gathered on deck of the United States frigate "North Carolina." They were speaking of their homes, and there were found to be among them men from ten nations. The last man to speak said his home was Greenland. As he said the word "Greenland," instantly a dozen voices, then all, joined in singing "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." This shows how universally the song is known.

"Nearer, My God, to Thee" was written by Sarah F. Adams, an Englishwoman. A lover of sacred music herself, this woman wrote for the world many hymns, and is said to have died while singing one of her favorites. There has been much disapproval expressed of this hymn because it fails to mention Christ. Many attempts have been made to remodel it, but with poor success.

When the battle of Fort Donelson had been fought, a drummer boy lay dying on the field, his arm shot off by a cannon ball. Around him groans and curses told of other suffering, perhaps worse than his. The boy loved to inspire men with courage. So now his clear, young voice rang out in the words of "Nearer, My God, to Thee." The groans and curses were hushed, and wounded and dying humbled their hearts in prayer.

"For God did send his songs to earth,  
That they might touch the hearts of men;  
Teach their sad souls the world's small worth,  
And win them back to him again."

EDISON J. DRIVER.

## WHOM GOD LOVES

"BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water." Ps. 1:1-3.

Whatever the Bible says, it says to us. For no one who ever lived was the Bible any more especially written, than for the one who is reading this article. It would be just as true to read the word "boy" or "girl" into the place of "man." "Happy is the boy that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly." What does this beautiful language really mean?—Well, in the first place, let us remember that it means *me*. I shall be blessed or happy if I do not do what is pointed out. One passage of Scripture tells us, "Blessed [happy] are they that do his commandments." But here is happiness as the result of *not* doing certain things that are very contrary to the law of the Lord.

If you wish to be truly happy, do not walk in the counsel of the ungodly. Practically, that comes straight home to every boy and girl. With whom do you take counsel? To whom do you confide your plans and troubles? Whose plans and ways are you following? Are you influenced by chums and companions? If so, you are not blessed or happy.

Do not stand in the way of sinners. Do not spend your evenings on the street or your time in rude company. Do not go where sinful people love to go,—to the theater, to the card party, to the dance. Do not go where God is not honored.

If you do these things, you can not be truly happy.

Do not sit in the seat of the scornful. That is frequently the back seat at church. Boys and girls who attend sacred services, and spend the time whispering, giggling, trading, writing notes, or in any other way slighting God's word, are scorning the service of God, and insulting him. To sit with such is to be reckoned with them. No one can do so, and be blessed or happy. It is a good thing for boys and girls to sit with their parents in church.

Our associations generally determine our character. If one takes counsel with ungodly companions, stands or goes with sinful persons, or sits with those who do not reverence God, he is sure to become a godless, sinful scorners.

G. C. TENNEY.

## HIS FEARS WERE QUIETED

AN interesting story is told of a young man, a bank clerk in Virginia, who was intrusted with a package of bank notes to the value of one hundred thousand dollars, to carry into the adjoining State of Kentucky.

He went on horseback, and there were a number of lonely and dangerous localities through which he had to travel. He had planned to pass through these by daylight, but by some mistake he took a wrong road, and so reached the first of these dangerous regions a little after nightfall. His fears were at once aroused, and he began to look anxiously for some human habitation where he might spend the hours of darkness. A small light shining from the window of a rough mountain cabin was a welcome sight, and he drew rein, and asked the woman who appeared in answer to his call if he might remain there over night. She told him he might, saying that her husband was not then at home, but would be back later.

As the young man sat before the fireplace in the cabin, it occurred to him that perhaps the husband was one of those rough characters that infested the region, and that even then he might be engaged in some act of lawlessness.

Some time later the master of the cabin came in. His appearance was not reassuring, for he was a rough backwoodsman. The clerk's fears grew greater and greater. He felt that his only safety lay in keeping constantly on his guard, and for that reason he declined the man's urgent suggestion that he go to bed.

"Well, stranger," the man said, at last, "if you won't go to bed, I will. But we have a custom in this cabin that we never break." Without another word, he took down from a shelf a shabby brown Bible, and prepared to read aloud a chapter from it.

The young man, who sat at the other side of the fireplace, and who had been watching his host's every movement, was the leader of a club of young men who were proud to call themselves infidels, and who met frequently to cast scorn upon the things that others held sacred. He himself had made many a bitter attack upon the Bible, and had reviled it and those who placed their trust in its teachings. But as he saw the rough mountaineer take down the well-thumbed book, a sudden revulsion of feeling came over him. His fears fled in an instant.

"I need not be afraid of him," he said to himself. "He will not harm me." And when the reading and the prayer were over, he lay down quietly upon the bed which his host had assigned to him, and slept peacefully all night.

He accomplished his journey in safety, and returned to his own town. But he gave up the leadership of the club to which he had belonged, and from that time on ceased to revile the Bible.

—Young People's Weekly.

## "GARLAND" STOVES AND RANGES

were awarded highest prize at Paris Exposition, 1900.



## OUR BOY RUSSELL

## HIS CAPITAL

Two small hands ever busy; two small feet seldom still;  
 A tongue he finds so useful it rests but while he sleeps;  
 Two bright eyes opened widely, gathering in their fill;  
 A sturdy little body, that daily upward creeps;  
 Two little keen ears listening to laughter, song, and sighs:  
 And, in his inmost temple, linger the Sisters three—  
 Faith, with a clasp firm, steady; Hope, with the clear, bright eyes;  
 And she of the years eternal—tenderest Charity.

## HIS POSITION

Safe in the dear home-cloister, under love's sheltering wing,  
 Tenderly watched and guarded, taught at a mother's knee,  
 Nothing knows he of life's tempest, naught of its pain or sting,  
 Pride and joy of the household, and heir of the kingdom, he;  
 "For unless," said the loving Master, in that day so long ago,  
 His tender hand in blessing on the dark curls' clustering grace,  
 "Ye shall become as children, trusting, and pure as snow,  
 In my Father's heavenly kingdom ye shall not find a place."

## HIS PEDIGREE

Pedigree? Well, what matter? We tread one common soil;  
 Alike we shrink from darkness, and joy in the light of day;  
 And when this life is over, kings and the sons of toil,  
 Treading one after another, we go the common way.  
 Still, here is his Elder Brother's,—His who once vanquished death,—  
 And this little lad's is like it, Prince of the Royal blood;  
 For as the Scripture readeth: "Which was the son of Seth,  
 Which was the son of Adam, which was the son of God."

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

## WHICH GOT AHEAD?

THE bell had rung twice, very loudly; and Mrs. Stimson, who happened to be up in the garret looking over rags, hurried down to the door, thinking it must be something very important. For a moment she did not see any one at all, and she looked about in surprise. Then a voice spoke close beside her, and Mrs. Stimson jumped.

"Would you like to have all the weeds pulled out of your lawn?" the voice said, and another sweeter voice added, "It will cost but ten cents."

There were really two persons at Mrs. Stimson's door, but they were so small that at first she had looked right over their heads. Mrs. Stimson smiled, and glanced at her lawn, where the weeds had got a good start. Then she looked at the boys.

"It needs weeding badly enough," she said, "but it's quite a good deal of work. Don't you think you'll get tired before it's done?"

"No'm," said both voices at once, and the boys set to work without delay. Mrs. Stimson watched them smiling a moment before she went back to her rags. George had often pulled weeds before. Willy never had. He fluttered from one to another like a big butterfly. When he hurt his hands, he looked at the red marks on the soft palms, and said, "Ow!" But in spite of this he was enjoying himself. His face was

bright with smiles, and the little curls on his head bobbed about as if they liked it too. For several weeks Willy had been saving his money for something that was a secret. George would have liked to know what that was, but he was too proud to ask any questions.

A strange feeling was creeping into George's heart as he worked. He said to himself that he was very foolish to ask Willy to come along. "I can work twice as fast as he can," thought George, which was quite true. "I might have done it all myself, and got ten cents instead of five." George was saving his money to buy a bat and ball. There was no secret about that.

"Aren't you tired, Willy?" he said, by and by. "Because you'd better not work any more if it's too hard."

"I like to get tired," said Willy, raising his flushed little face, and smiling bravely.

Altogether he felt very uncomfortable, and he said to himself that it was because he was hot and tired.

When he rang the bell again, Mrs. Stimson brought her pocketbook to the door. "Oh, the other boy went home, did he?" she said.

"Yes'm," answered George. His voice dropped down into a whisper.

"I thought he'd get tired and give up," said Mrs. Stimson. "He's such a little fellow." Then she dropped a shining dime into George's hand, and he hurried away, almost forgetting to say, "Thank you."

People usually can find excuses for their own wrong-doing. George found a great many for what he had done. He told himself that Willy had worked only a little while, and that very likely he got to playing when he went for the rake, and never came back at all. Mrs. Stimson

must have thought he deserved all the money, or why had she given him a dime? But after he went to bed, he found himself thinking of Willy's happy face as he pulled up the weeds, and of his smile as he started away to get the rake. What could he think except that his friend was a cheat?

George's father and mother had gone to a lecture that evening; and when they returned, about ten o'clock, they were surprised to find George sitting on the stairs, dressed and waiting for them.

"I want to go over to Willy's," he said, and his voice sounded as if he had been crying.

"To Willy's! at this time of night!" his mother exclaimed, and his father asked, gravely, "What is the trouble, my boy?"

George explained, though it was not easy to tell the story; and before he had finished, his father had taken up his hat again. "You are right, George," he said. "This should be settled to-night. You must not wait even till morning."

Willy's father and mother had gone to the lecture, too, and they had barely reached home when George and his father came. Willy's mother seemed to understand George's errand almost before he spoke it.

"Oh, yes, that five cents," she said. "I told Willy you would bring it over either to-night or to-morrow morning. Thank you very much." And George's cheeks burned over her thanks.

It was still worse next day when Willy made his appearance with a long, queerly shaped package in his arms.

"It's for you," he explained, joyfully. "Because I didn't have any money when it was your birthday."

It was the longed-for bat and ball. George gasped as if some one had struck him. Then he pushed the gift away, and looked at Willy.

"I never meant to bring you that five cents yesterday," he said. "And I sent you away on purpose. I was trying to get ahead of you. I meant to cheat." There was a choke in his voice. He felt as if he hated himself.

"But I want you to have it," pleaded Willy, in distress. "I've been saving my money for so long. And you won't ever try to cheat anybody again."

"Well, I guess not," George answered. "I've had enough of that." And he meant every word. That was the last time he ever tried to get the better of people by unfair means. But more and more, as the years go by, he practices the way Willy taught him,—the way of kindness and love.—*Selected.*



"AND THIS LITTLE LAD'S IS LIKE IT—PRINCE OF THE ROYAL BLOOD"



THE SPIRIT OF PRAYER

If we with earnest effort could succeed  
 To make our life one long, connected prayer,  
 As lives of some, perhaps, have been and are;  
 If, never leaving Thee, we had no need  
 Our wandering spirits back again to lead  
 Into thy presence, but continued there,  
 Like angels standing on the highest stair  
 Of thy great throne,—this were to pray indeed:  
 But if distractions manifold prevail,  
 And if in this we must confess we fail,  
 Grant us to keep at last a prompt desire,—  
 Continual readiness for prayer and praise,—  
 An altar heaped, and ready to take fire  
 With the least spark, and leap into a blaze.  
 — R. C. Trench.

BEREAN LIBRARY STUDY

Revelation 3; "Thoughts on Revelation," pages 363-383

NOTES ON LESSON 3  
 (October 28 to November 3)

We hope all our young people will carefully study the accompanying diagram of the seven churches, until the definition of their names, and

A. D. 27.	100.	200.	300.	1798.	1838.	1844.
73 Years.	223 Years.	215 Years.	1260 Years.	35 Years.	11 Years.	To the End.
EPHESUS.	SMYRNA.	PERGAMOS.	THYATIRA.	SARDIS.	PHILADELPHIA.	LAODICEA
First, or Desirable.	Myrrh, or Sweet-smelling Savor.	Height, or Elevation.	Savor of labor, or Sacrifice of contrition.	Song of Joy, or that which remains.	Brotherly Love.	A just people, or judging the people.
Pure.	Bloody.	Corrupt.	Death.	Lack of Zeal.	Love.	Lukewarm.

the period of time covered by each, are indelibly stamped upon the mind.

*Sardis.*—This church came out of the long, dark night of papal persecution with a song of rejoicing; but found that the furnace of affliction was more conducive to spiritual growth than ease and prosperity.

*Book of Life.*—The overcomer will have his name retained in the book of life. "We should be careful as to what kind of record passes up to heaven concerning our daily lives; for God is no respecter of persons, but will render to every man according to his works. The Judge of all the earth will try every man's case. . . . He who has offered salvation to the sinner will one day judge the thoughts and deeds of all who stand before him. . . . Gold and silver will not be a sufficient ransom in that day; nothing but the merits of the blood of Christ will suffice to wash out the guilty stains from the hearts of men."

*An Open Door.*—The preaching of the first angel's message during the Philadelphian period of the church carried God's people down to the time when Christ entered the most holy place of the heavenly sanctuary. Christ entered, as our forerunner; and he calls to his people on earth, struggling amid trials and temptations: "Behold I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it." No matter how many may tempt and entice us to sin, it is beyond human power to shut the door. No man can cheat

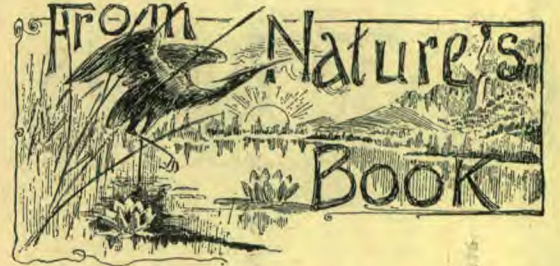
us out of eternal life: Christ holds the door open, and bids us to enter, and by faith daily walk in the light of the sanctuary. It is our privilege to keep our souls anchored within the veil. Whenever we see an open door, it should remind us of that heavenly door beyond the power of man to close, through whose open portal the Saviour calls to us, "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." "Look, oh, look to the open door, which God hath opened, and no man can shut!"

*The Heavenly Merchantman.*—The voice of the True Witness calls to his chosen people: "As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten: be zealous therefore, and repent. Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me. To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne. He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches." We have tried to arouse our brethren to the fact that the Lord has rich blessings to bestow upon us as a people. The people of God have lost much by not maintaining the simplicity of the truth as it is in Jesus. This simplicity has been crowded out; and forms, ceremonies, and a round of busy activities in mechanical work have taken its place. Pride and lukewarmness have made the professed people of God an offense in his sight. Boastful self-sufficiency and complacent self-righteousness have masked and concealed the beggary and nakedness of the soul; but with God all

things are naked and manifest. Yet Jesus is going from door to door, standing in front of every soul-temple, proclaiming, "I stand at the door, and knock." As a heavenly merchantman, he opens his treasures, and cries, "Buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear." The gold he offers is without alloy, more precious than that of Ophir; for it is faith and love. The white raiment he invites the soul to wear is his own robes of righteousness, and the oil for anointing is the oil of his grace, which will give spiritual eyesight to the soul in blindness and darkness, that he may distinguish between the workings of the Spirit of God and those of the spirit of the enemy. Open your doors, says the great Merchantman, the possessor of spiritual riches, and transact your business with me. It is I, your Redeemer, who counsels you to buy of me.—*Review and Herald, Aug. 7, 1894.*

DON'T BE TOO TENDER

DON'T be too swift to take offense. Many times the shot is not aimed at you. Don't cry before you are hit. But if you are hurt, bear the pain in silence. Don't tell it. Don't parade it before others. Suffer in silence, and wait God's time to right the matter. Learn to suffer for Christ's sake. You can get the victory over the devil by not talking about your injured feelings. He likes you to speak of them often; for your so doing adds fuel to the fire. "For Christ's sake" lightens many burdens, and makes it much easier to suffer.—*Selected.*



BULBS FOR WINTER WINDOWS

WHAT shall you purchase? You have the following list to select from: Freesias; tritilias; chionodoxies; sparaxis; oxalis; Roman, grape, and Dutch hyacinths; alliums; narcissus; tulips; crocus; and callas. Do not try to have too many varieties, unless you have had experience in growing bulbs, but there will be no harm in having enough of a few varieties so that you can have a succession of bloom all winter and in the spring.

Hyacinths, tulips, and crocuses will stand the heat of living-rooms, but narcissuses and freesias require a cool and moist atmosphere. Dry heat is death to bulb blooms. Have water evaporating on the stove continually after the buds and blooms appear. Use small pots of five or six inches, and soil that is one part sand and two parts rich earth. Put in good drainage and several lumps of charcoal. Plant only solid, well-developed bulbs, and press well into the soil. Scaly bulbs, such as hyacinths, plant so that the tips protrude above the soil. All solid bulbs, like tulips, plant deeply, at least two or three inches below the surface. After planting, soak the pots thoroughly in a tub of water, then store away in absolute darkness for not less than six or eight weeks, that the pots may fill with roots before the stem starts to grow; otherwise your whole effort will be a failure. You will gain time, and insure success, by patiently waiting. James 5:7.

The storing-place must be free from too much dampness, and be warm—a closet or a frost-proof cellar. The best way to plant tulips is in a grape-basket, first lining with moss. Try this method; you will be pleased. In fact, all bulbs may be planted in this way if you prefer. In

this shape they are easy to handle, can be placed in positions where a pot could not be permitted, and will have a very pleasing appearance. Do not allow the top soil to become dry while the pots are stored away; also avoid allowing the earth to become "sloppy," as this will produce rot. A good plan is to keep damp moss or a piece of wet flannel over the top of the pot.

Bulbs planted in the garden are making roots all winter. This action is imitated by keeping pots of bulbs in a dark place, and there they can remain for several months without injury, if kept moistened. Bring a pot occasionally to the light, after it has been in the dark for six or eight weeks, thus insuring a succession of blooms all winter and in the spring. Bulbs planted in October can be blooming toward the last of December; and from that time on, by judicious management, blooms can be obtained regularly.

When the pots are brought out, do not set them at once in a strong light. Place on the floor under a window, or at a north window for a week, and bring gradually into the clear light. As buds and blooms come, protect the plants from the sun, and be sure to turn the pots frequently, so that an even growth may be assured.

Hyacinths, when brought out of the dark, must be forced to grow a tall stem, or they will be a failure. For this reason make a cone of paper, and put over the pot; better still, invert an empty pot over the one holding the bulbs, so that the only light comes through the hole in the bottom of the inverted pot; let it remain on the pot until the buds begin to form, then give full light. If the buds open unequally, expose to strong artificial light. W. S. CHAPMAN.

## SABBATH SCHOOL LESSON No 5

### PRISONERS OF HOPE

(November 3, 1900)

LESSON TEXT.—Gal. 3:18-26.

MEMORY VERSES.—Rom. 8:3, 4.

The relation of the law to the promises is still the subject in this lesson; so we can profitably review nearly the whole of last week's lesson. Do not neglect to read the chapter several times during the week. Such review work will serve to impress more deeply the lessons already learned, and also give a connected idea of the subject as a whole.

#### QUESTIONS

1. By what does the inheritance not come? How did God give it to Abraham? V. 18.

2. What purpose did the law serve? V. 19. What has the law to do with transgression? Rom. 3:20. By whom was it ordained? In the hand of whom? Gal. 3:19. What does this show? Note 1.

3. What question is asked concerning the law and the promises? What is the answer? V. 21, first part; note 2.

4. In what case only could righteousness have been by the law? V. 21, last part. To whom alone can the law give life? Lev. 18:5. Why can not the law give life to men? Rom. 3:23; 6:23; note 3.

5. What has the Scripture done? Gal. 3:22. What portion of the Scripture points out sin? Rom. 3:20. Why does the law shut men up under sin? Gal. 3:22, last part; note 4.

6. What was our condition before faith came? Unto what were we shut up? V. 23. What, then, is the object of the law? Note 5.

7. To what is the law compared? To whom does it bring us? For what purpose? V. 24; note 6.

8. After faith is come, what is our condition? V. 25. Whose children, then, are we? How do we become children of God? V. 26. Are we therefore released from obedience to the law? Note 7.

#### NOTES

1. "From his right hand went a fiery law for them. Yea, he loved the people." Deut. 33:2, 3. Though the law was given amid thunders and devouring fire, it was not intended to oppose the promises of God. Rather, it was given that it might reveal the sins that would separate souls from God unless removed. And when the heart is cleansed from sin, the law witnesses to the righteousness of the life of faith.

2. "Is the law then against the promises of God? God forbid." This is the reading of our common version; but the answer, "God forbid," is not an exact translation of the original. It might be translated, "It is not." In form, it is an emphatic denial.

3. The commandment was ordained to life. Rom. 7:10. But life is found only in the way of righteousness. Prov. 12:28. Since man has sinned, the law can condemn him only as long as he seeks righteousness by the law.

4. The Revised Version of this verse reads, "Howbeit the Scripture hath shut up all things under sin," etc. This expresses the idea more forcibly. Men are shut up by the law, like criminals who are confined in jail. But the law shuts men up under sin, not that they may be kept there; but "that the promise by faith of Jesus Christ might be given to them that believe."

5. Again the reading of the Revised Version adds force to the thought. But before faith came,

we were kept in ward under the law, "shut up unto the faith which should afterward be revealed." The law holds men in its firm grasp, that they may be led to seek deliverance from its condemnation. This deliverance Christ freely offers to all who will receive him by faith.

6. The word translated "schoolmaster" means rather a guardian, who had the charge of a boy, and conducted him to school, to see that he did not run away. So the law leads us to Christ, "that we might be justified by faith."

7. The pedagogues, or guardians, had charge of boys before the boys became of age. Grown men had no such guardians over them. So when we come to Christ, we become free men in him. "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God." The law no longer condemns us. We walk at liberty because we are brought into harmony with the law.

#### THE STILL HOUR

THE hills are hushed with holy dawn,  
The light grows fair beyond the sea;  
Here unto peace and prayer withdrawn,  
O Saviour! let me come to thee.

The silence of this hour must cease  
In crowded street and busy mart;  
Yet keep thou all this day thy peace  
Pure, in the temple of my heart.

Clouds shall be dark in yonder sky,  
Yet keep my life bright with thy grace;  
Though sun be hidden by and by,  
Yet hide thou not from me thy face.

The glory grows beyond the sea,  
The sunrise opens, clear and wide.  
O Light of light unknown! in thee,  
From dawn to even, let me bide!

—Mabel Earle.

E. W. Meddaugh and Henry B. Joy, Receivers.

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#### ST. MATTHEW, 13.

42 The queen of the south shall rise up in the judgment and shall condemn it: for she came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and, behold, a greater than Solomon is here.

43 When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places, seeking rest, and findeth none.

44 Then he saith, I will return into my house from whence I came out: and when he is come, he findeth it empty, swept, and garnished.

45 Then goeth he, and taketh

50 For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother.

#### CHAPTER 13.

3 The parable of the tower and the seed: 18 The exposition. 24 The parable of the trees. 31 of the mustard seed, 33 of the leaven. 44 of the hidden treasure. 45 of the pearl. 47 of the draught. 48 Christ is contemned of his own countrymen.

THE same day went Jesus out of the house, and sat by the sea side.

2 And great multitudes were gathered together unto him, so that he went into a ship, and sat: and the whole multitude stood on the shore.

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### FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

#### SUNDAY:

"Open the heart to the divine will, and it will be filled with the divine peace."

#### MONDAY:

How easily the praises come  
When prayers are answered as we would!  
But oh, how faltering the strain  
That claims Thee "Father," hails thee  
"good,"  
When our heart's wish returns again  
Void, and thy loving lips are dumb!  
—G. H. Bottome.

#### TUESDAY:

Duty looks at life as a debt to be paid; love sees life as a debt to be collected. Duty is constantly paying assessments; love is constantly counting its premiums.—Selected.

#### WEDNESDAY:

In the hour of trial,  
Jesus, plead for me,  
Lest by base denial  
I depart from thee;  
When thou seest me waver,  
With a look recall,  
Nor for fear nor favor,  
Suffer me to fall.  
—J. Montgomery.

#### THURSDAY:

The only real growth is inner growth. It is vain to rise in the sight of men if we are not growing before the eye of God.—Forward.

#### FRIDAY:

The trivial round, the common task,  
Would furnish all we ought to ask—  
Room to deny ourselves; a road  
To bring us daily nearer God.  
Oh, could we learn the sacrifice,  
What lights would all around us rise!  
How would our hearts with wisdom talk  
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk!  
—John Keble.

#### SABBATH:

"Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out: and I will write upon him the name of my God." Rev. 3: 12.

SPEAKING of an old Scotchwoman, some one once said: "She never said she prayed; she 'held the gate open.'" What better description of the true spirit of prayer could be put into words? It is not by what we can tell God that the hour of prayer becomes a balm and a blessing, but by what we will allow him to tell us. To the open gate, the receptive heart, all heaven's richest blessings are freely offered and given.

### JUDGE NOT

EVERY one has read, in some form, the story of the two travelers, who, coming from opposite directions, drew up at an inn, and fell into a dispute over the sign hanging out in front. One declared it was gilded; the other maintained that it was silver; tempers were lost, hard names called; and the war of words was about to end in a personal struggle when a third man appeared, and called the travelers' notice to the fact that on one side the sign was silver, and gold on the other. So, feeling very foolish, no doubt, the men put up their swords, and went inside. But perhaps they had learned not to be so hasty in judgment; if so, they had acquired a lesson that other travelers' along life's highway will be wise to make their own.

We are so liable to judge of a matter when seeing only one side of it; and, trusting in the evidence of the senses, to declare that it is thus and so because we have "seen it with our own eyes," "heard it with our own ears,"—in short, we "know." The fact is that nothing in the world is more common than to err in judgment, even concerning things that can be seen. How much easier, then, to misjudge the motives of others, even those we know most intimately; and when the matter concerns those whom we know but slightly, or only by hearsay, the liability to mistaken judgment is greatly increased. It has often been observed that of a number of persons hearing the same sermon, or lecture, or story, each will go away and give a different version of it. No two persons, in reading a description of some beautiful scene, will be likely to receive the same mental picture; and it is doubtful if either sees what the writer was trying to describe: each brings to his understanding the influence of his own environment and association and education. So in reading an article, a poem, a letter, in thinking of the words and acts of those about us, let us not be swift to criticize, or blame, or take offense: it is so natural to read our own feelings into another's words, to attribute to him the motives which might have been ours, had we been in his place, but which, perhaps, he never dreamed of.

Some of the most solemn and terrible warnings in the Bible are spoken on this very matter. How slow we should be to assume a position and work that the Son of God himself refused—that of judge! "I judge no man," he said; "for I came not to judge the world, but to save the world." One can not be at the same time an advocate and a judge, and he is our "Advocate with the Father." How much more fitting for his professed disciples to follow his example, and "judge not at all."

### WHAT THEY SAY OF THE INSTRUCTOR

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT, in *The Editor*: "A very bright and progressive paper."

When sending her subscription for the INSTRUCTOR, Effie M. Thompson, Traver, Cal., writes: "I can not be without it longer. I enjoy it very much."

Rosa Hewitt, Mineral, Ohio, renews a club of five copies, and says: "Our children as well as the older members of the family enjoy reading the paper. May God bless it in its work."

Sister Kate L. Macey, former secretary of the Michigan Sabbath-school Association, says: "It seems to me that the paper is continually improving; and I pray God may ever supply wisdom and courage to those in charge of it, that it may continue to be what he desires in these days when pure literature is so rare, and other kinds so plentiful."

Brother Pedro Lemos, of Oakland, Cal., says: "I feel that the INSTRUCTOR is doing a grand work. It only needs comparison with other religious weeklies and magazines, which are filling their columns with fiction and nonsense, to prove its superior quality."



*An Expensive Voyage.*—A few days ago Andrew Carnegie, the steel magnate, secured passage on the Atlantic steamship "Deutschland," paying the large sum of eight thousand dollars for his passage and that of his party. This is believed to be the largest amount ever paid by a family party for passage on an Atlantic steamship. The "Deutschland" is said to be crowded most of the time.

*Another Submarine Cable.*—A new cable, the fifth, is soon to be laid between England and Germany. It is said that "a comprehensive idea of the increase in the cable traffic between the two countries may be gathered from the fact that whereas, in 1896, when the fourth cable was laid, the annual number of cablegrams was 1,867,868 a year, no fewer than 2,465,613 cablegrams are now annually transmitted."

*Excellent Advice.*—The following suggestions, from the pen of a well-known physician, are worth heeding: "If you get angry, take a bath, and go to bed and to sleep; if the world abuses you, take extra sleep; if you are dyspeptic and discontented, take a long, sound sleep, and, waking, you will find that all the world is smiling. Nothing so tends to insanity, and nothing so deranges and harms the brain-cells, as lack of sleep."

*A Kite Suggestion.*—"How great is the effect of wind pressure on a kite sailing in a stiff breeze," says the *Scientific American*, "every boy knows who has ever felt the strong and steady tug on a flying line. But wind-pressure, besides exerting a great strain upon the line, also prevents the kite from attaining a position directly overhead. In meteorological work, it has therefore been necessary, as a rule, to use lines of great length, in order that the kites, with their freight of recording instruments, could reach the height desired. At most of the observatories, however, a device is used to lessen the strain on the lines and to permit the kite to assume a position more nearly at right angles to the horizontal. This device is so simple that any boy can make and apply it to his own kite. In the lower part of the bridle of the kite, a strong, elastic band is inserted, provided with a retarding string, to prevent the expansion of the band beyond the breaking point." The effect of this rubber band is to absorb much of the strain, and thus allow the kite to fly directly overhead. The dimensions of the Malay kite, thus bridled, are as follows: length of long frame-stick, seventy-seven inches; length of cross frame-stick, sixty inches; distance from head, or peak, of kite to point of crossing of crosspiece of frame, eleven inches, or sixty inches from lower peak, or end, of kite. The bridle is attached to the kite at the place of crossing of frame-sticks, eleven inches down on the seventy-seven-inch frame-stick, and the other end of the bridle is, of course, attached to the lowest extremity, or peak of the kite, where the tail is usually attached on other kites. The flying line is attached to the bridle at a distance of fifty-one inches from the bottom of the kite, and at a distance of thirty inches from the upper point of attachment of the bridle to kite, thus making the upper leg of the bridle thirty inches long, and the lower leg, or the one leading from the flying line to bottom of kite, fifty-one inches long. The rubber band is inserted in the part of the bridle going from the lower end of kite to the flying line, about twelve inches from bottom of kite. For a fuller description of the Malay kite, consult your encyclopedia. A. J. BOURDEAU.