

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH!

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IN THE CRADLE OF THE PLATTE

A LITTLE stream in the cañon ran,
In the cañon deep and long,
When a stout old oak at its side began
To sing to it this song:—

"Oh, why do you laugh and leap and sing,
And why do you hurry by,
For you're only a noisy little thing,
And a great, stout oak am I.
A hundred years I shall stand alone,
And the world will look at me.
While you will bubble and babble on,
And die at last in the sea."

"So proud and lofty?" the stream replied,
"You're a king of the forest, true,
But your roots were dead, and your leaves all
dried,
Had I not watered you."

The oak-tree rustled its leaves of green
To the little stream below:

"'Tis only a snow-bank's tears, I ween,
Could talk to a monarch so.
But where are you going so fast, so fast,
And what do you think to do?
Is there anything in the world at last
For a babbling brook like you?"

"So fast, so fast, why should I wait,"
The hurrying water said,
"When yonder by the cañon gate
The farmer waits for bread?
Out on the rainless desert-land
My hurrying footsteps go;
I kiss the earth, I wet the sand,
I make the harvests grow."

"And many a farmer, when the sky
Has turned to heated brass,
And all the plain is hot and dry,
Gives thanks to see me pass;
By many a sluice and ditch and lane,
They lead me left and right,
For it is I who turn the plain
To gardens of delight."

Then hurrying on, the dashing stream
Into a river grew,
And rock and mountain made a seam
To let its torrent through;
And where the burning desert lay,
A happy river ran;
A thousand miles it coursed its way,
And blessed the homes of man.

Vain was the oak-tree's proud conceit,
Dethroned the monarch lay;
The brook that babbled at its feet
Had washed its roots away.
Still in the cañon's heart there springs
The desert's diadem,
And shepherds bless the day that brings
The snow-bank's tears to them.

— *Youth's Companion.*

CRATER LAKE

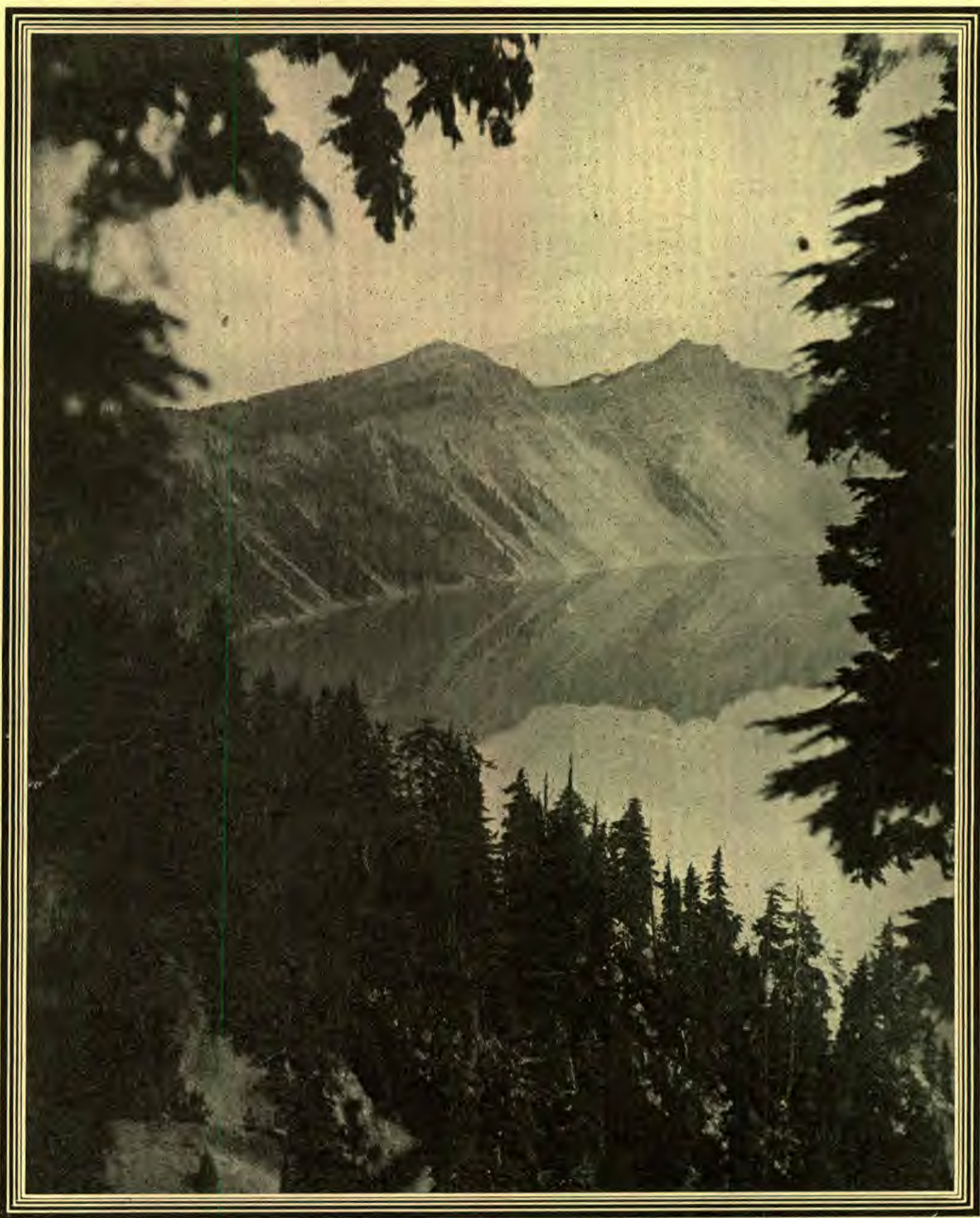
How to See It

By far the greater number of those who visit Crater Lake come from within a hundred miles in the surrounding country; for the lake is practically inaccessible during nine months of the

year, and too far from the regular lines of travel to attract any considerable number of tourists during the remaining three. The majority of those who do visit the lake, drive up to the grassy plateau, where they eat their lunch, and spend a few hours admiring the placid blue waters, or climbing down the steep and winding trail to the water's edge, to inscribe their names upon the rocks. Then they go away, thinking they have seen Crater Lake. And so they have—in a way. But that is not the best way.

paddle out to Wizzard Island, where a climb of eight hundred and fifty feet up its walls of broken pumice will bring you to the Witches' Caldron,—the crater that saw the last of Mt. Mazama's volcanic activity.

Another day might be spent in paddling along the southeastern shore, past the Phantom Ship, to Grotto Cove,—a diminutive bay on the eastern shore of the lake, where two little grottoes are found at the level of the water. If one can take a boat, or has the time and muscle to paddle



A PEEP THROUGH THE TREES FROM VICTOR POINT,—ANNA CREEK CANON

If you would see Crater Lake so as to be able to appreciate its vastness, and know its rugged grandeur, you must take at least a week to it. Pitch your camp in a clump of hemlocks at the edge of the plateau, where you can see the glories of the sunrise across the serrated summit of Castle Crest, and watch the ever-changing light and shadow upon the calm, ultramarine waters of the lake. Climb down to the water's edge, and build a raft of the scattered driftwood that you will find along the beach. With this you can

a raft, the entire circuit of the lake ought by all means to be made. It is only about twenty miles, and in this way the topography of the lake can be studied as in no other.

The circuit of the lake can also be made by land, and in this trip one will come to many points that are not only deeply interesting in themselves, but afford an excellent view of the surrounding country. There is no trail around the lake, but I have been told that by keeping well down the mountain on the southeast and

southwest, the trip can be made with pack-horses in four days. A good climber, with a light pack, can easily make the circuit in three days, and need seldom be out of sight of the lake.

The climb up Castle Crest is not so difficult as it looks, and the summit of the rock affords a splendid view to the south. In the near foreground stands Union Peak, the remains of an extinct volcano, once much larger than at present, though it still has an altitude of about eight thousand feet. In early days it was used by the Rogue River Indians for a watch-tower, as a parapet of stone piled upon its small, flat top still bears witness. Beyond lies Mt. Pitt, a snow-capped peak, with an altitude of a little less than ten thousand feet. To the left lies Klamath Lake; and beyond that, in the dim and hazy distance, looms up the grim old giant, Mt. Shasta.

The eminence lying next to Castle Crest is Vidae Peak. This has an altitude of eight thousand two hundred feet, the highest point of Mt. Mazama, and towers two thousand feet above the water of the lake. Descending the east side of Vidae Peak, one comes to the deep, U-shaped cañon of Sun Creek. This is very hard to cross; but if you are interested in the study of geology, you will there find quite enough to repay you for the difficulties of the way. This cañon, as well as the one of Sand Creek, which lies some distance farther east, is the bed of one of Mt. Mazama's ancient glaciers, and it still bears unmistakable evidence of its glacial origin. Beyond Sand Creek cañon the trip is a comparatively easy one. There will be no climbing to speak of until Llao Rock is reached, unless one chooses to make a detour of a few miles to climb Mt. Scott. This is a volcanic mound composed principally of loose, sliding pumice, supporting very little vegetation. It lies about two miles southeast of the lake; and as it is only about a thousand feet higher than Vidae Peak, I did not think it worth the climb.

Llao Rock affords another splendid view of sparkling lakes and grassy meadows, pumice deserts and wooded valleys, rugged peaks and deep-cut cañons. The most striking of these is Mt. Thielsen, whose sharp, needle-like point rises to an altitude of nine thousand two hundred and fifty feet. Mt. Thielsen is called "The Lightning-rod of the Cascades," because of the fulgurite found upon its summit. Its ascent is said to be both difficult and dangerous, and possible from only one point.

The first few days of my stay the weather was delightful. Before I had finished the circuit of the lake, however, it turned cold and windy. I was very tired when I returned to camp, and would have been glad of a few days' rest; but I suffered so much from cold that night that I decided to leave the following morning.

When my wheel was packed, I went out again to Victor Point to take a last look at the lake. The cold wind was blowing furiously, and lashing the beautiful blue waters into foam-crested billows, that chased one another across the surface of the lake. Vastly different was its appearance from what I had seen at first, when the water was as smooth as a polished mirror. The scene was so impressive that I could not help taking off my hat, and thanking God for permitting me to visit a spot so beautiful and grand.

J. EDGAR ROSS.

CANVASSING IN THE SIERRAS

I

"CHICO!" cried the conductor, and, a little later, standing near the station, I tried to fasten a valise to my bicycle, preparatory to riding to Prattville. The package was heavy, however, so I concluded to leave it at the stage office, and start out immediately. "Better stay to breakfast," urged the proprietor of a lunch-stand; and when I refused, he suggested, "Then get over the summit before the sun catches you." Although only four o'clock in the morning, the air

was already oppressively sultry, but two miles of smooth road enlivened my spirits.

Soon the road became rugged, rocky, and so steep that riding was impossible. The country was dry, dusty, and barren, with nothing to break the monotony; and the road seemed interminable. As I trudged along, hoping that each new turn might be the summit, I came to a small shanty, where I obtained a breakfast of tinned goods and crackers. It was nine o'clock, and I had come only eight miles of the thirteen I must travel to the summit. On reaching the summit, I passed a cherry orchard, whose trees were bending beneath their weight of fruit. The owner being generous, cherries constituted my noonday meal.

At sunset I entered a beautiful valley containing some shanties and one large house, the Sutton House. A good supper was the last and best item on the program in my first day's canvass of the Sierras.

The next day I spent in canvassing the Catholic neighborhood. I took no orders, but sold some small books, which I had taken as helps.

Friday morning I began to climb Big Summit. By vigorous scrambling I reached a second road, which I had seen higher up the mountain. In like manner I reached a third, and thought to gain yet another, only to lose my way in a manzanite thicket. In the distance could be seen a peak, which I concluded must be the summit. Shouldering my wheel, I started for the peak. The bushes were three feet high, their nonflexible branches being closely twined together. To make a way through them was impossible, but I chose to clamber over rather than go back. You may be sure that peak was many times farther away than it first appeared; but with clothes torn, and strength gone, at last I reached the very top—only to discover, to my dismay, that the road was far away on the other side. Two large trees seemed to be near it; but when, finally, a thirty-foot precipice had been scaled, and the trees reached, the road was still far away.

"Hello!" I cried to a man below me; "can you tell me the time?"

"Just 1:30, and twenty-four miles yet to Prattville," he replied.

Though tired and hungry, I paused that afternoon as I came in sight of a Sierra wood. The trees were nearly two hundred feet in height. The ground was covered with pine cones, some of them fourteen inches long. Their scales were of two shades, a light-brown deepening into a very dark-brown near the edge. Suddenly there spread out before me a beautiful, long, level valley. The buildings of Prattville soon appeared. Just back of the hotel is the source of a stream four feet in depth and about thirty yards in width. Grass, flowers, and trees grew in profusion along its banks, while the borders of the stream were thickly covered with yellow pond-lilies.

WM. YARNELL.

BITS OF WISDOM

OUR characters are determined more by what we love than what we know.

Men never show their characters more plainly than by what they think is laughable.

No fountain is so small but that heaven may be imaged on its bosom.—*Hawthorne.*

How can we expect a harvest of thought who have not had a seedtime of character?

It is only the little ones that grow. As soon as we become too big, we cease to grow.—*Taylor.*

The everlasting longing for something we have not, ought to convince us that there are great things in store for us.

Lost somewhere yesterday, between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward will be offered, for they are gone forever.—*Horace Mann.*



WATER CHANGED INTO WINE

IV

"There Were Set There Six Waterpots of Stone."—The waterpots were symbols of purification. "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." Matt. 5:8. Notice what Christ can do with earthen vessels, pure, sanctified, and meet for the Master's use. Water is one of the symbols of the Holy Spirit. "Out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." John 7:38. Just as the Saviour bade the servants fill the waterpots with water, so he has bidden us to be "filled with the Spirit," in place of selfishness, animosity, jealousy, backbiting, and faultfinding. Our souls should be filled with the water of life. The life-giving stream should flow forth from us, to quench the thirst of others.

Out of the waterpots, symbolic of purification prescribed by the law, the Saviour brought the new wine of the gospel, the first miraculous blessing of the new dispensation. In doing this, he did not break the waterpots,—that is, seek to destroy the law,—but with them, and out of them, he worked the miracle that made them yet more honorable and serviceable to those present. And so the life-work of Christ was not to annul the law, but to exalt it; to remove the curse, and make the law a blessing indeed to all who would endeavor to walk in its precepts.

"Jesus Saith unto Them, Fill the Waterpots with Water."—In the beginning God created out of nothing. On this occasion Christ created wine, not out of nothing, but out of water, which represented all that man could do to produce wine. He commanded the servants to fill the waterpots to the brim. Our fellow men all have a part to act in the making and developing of our characters, in fitting us for usefulness, in filling us to the brim. It is not important what instrument the Lord may choose to help in the work of making us what we ought to be. Many well-meaning Christians are found depreciating the value and importance of Christian education, reasoning thus: "If we have received the Holy Spirit, if he knows all things, if he was sent to teach us all things, why should we seek to learn from human teachers?"

There is a lesson in this miracle for all such. The servants, human instruments, could not pour wine into the waterpots. It was their work to pour in water; and in the process of drawing out the water, and serving it, the Saviour himself wrought the marvelous miracle of turning the water into wine. And so the Christian youth, and all Christians, for that matter, should seek to fill the empty waterpots of mind and soul, the earthen vessels, with the water of life,—living principles, truth, useful knowledge,—and then depend upon the power of God and of his Spirit to use this knowledge, this education, this training, in work for him, making it a gracious blessing to one and all with whom we come in contact.

The juice of the cluster is mysteriously made from the water which the vine takes up from the earth; and so, adhering to the natural process of wine-making, Christ commanded the servants to bring water, ordinary water, such as that from which every grape must make its juice. He did not send for any special water, and we have no record that he in any special way blessed this water before working the miracle. Could not Christ have created wine out of nothing as easily as change water into wine?—Certainly; but he did not choose so to do, and we believe

that the divine choice is infinitely the best. Therefore we learn here the lesson which he sought to teach so many times; namely, that we should co-operate with nature, at least as far as we know how.



"And They Filled Them up to the Brim."—The waterpots were filled to the brim. Just the moment a soul is filled to the brim, God begins to draw out. "Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." Isa. 12:3. Converted men and women, who are consecrated to service and filled to the brim with the good graces of God, may become channels of light and truth to the world. Christ is the fountain-head of the stream of life. The Lord does not fill us merely to keep us feeling good. We are filled that we may become wells of water, sources of help to others. Faithfulness in the work of helping others will bring to our souls great peace of mind and abundant satisfaction. The Christian is a transfer station between heaven and earth. His work is to keep the streams of life flowing from above to those below. Jesus did not say we should be pools brimful of water, but that out of us should flow rivers of water,—an ever-flowing stream, an overflowing well. When a vessel is full to the brim, it is ready to overflow. We are first filled to the brim with the Spirit; then by the overflow we are baptized with its precious, heavenly influence. Small vessels can not hold as much as large ones, but they can overflow just as much, or even more. It is possible for a small vessel to overflow quickly, and in such quantities that the vessel itself knows very little of the greatness of the overflow.

Heaven's voice to the soul must not be questioned. Divine requirements are not to be debated. Implicit obedience, in the spirit of a little child, is the portion of the children of light. Light was made to be received, to be walked in. On this occasion the servants might have questioned: "Why fill these waterpots?" or "Why fill them all?" or yet again, "Why fill them all to the brim?" To the eye of unbelief, to the one who could not recognize the hand of God, there would appear no purpose in these specific directions; but the eye of faith looked on beyond, and saw the glorious end, to which personal obedience to the Master's voice was the chief means. Unquestioning, implicit, and immediate obedience to the voice of conscience, which is the voice of God to the soul, should ever be the motto of the person who would live a life of Christian victory.

And yet when the waterpots were full; when man had done all he could, for the Master's instructions were willingly obeyed; when nature had contributed her share, and all things, from a human point of view, had been done, there was no more wine than before. The transforming and creating touch must be experienced, and then in still further obedience lies the discovery of the marvelous wonder wrought by the Master's hand. When we have done our utmost to save a soul, it can not avail unless the sinless mind of Christ has been received in exchange for the sinful heart of man, unless he is born again. Our part is essential, but it is useless without the miracle of saving grace, which he alone can work. Human efforts can not save and cleanse the sinful soul, and yet Heaven has appointed to the human instrument its place of co-operation in the task of enlightening, feeding, and saving the souls of lost men and women. Christ did not change the water into wine until everything possible had been done by the servants. When humanity had done all it could, divinity finished the work.

W. S. SADLER.

(To be continued.)

Few delights can equal the mere presence of one whom we trust utterly.—George Macdonald.



WATER-GLASS

GLASS, as used in commercial and for domestic purposes, made from combinations of an alkali and sand, or by burning substances containing the constituents of glass, is well known; but there is another form of glass with which few are familiar,—water-glass, made from silica, or quartz, the oxide of silicon, which in alalogous to carbon, and, next to oxygen, the most abundant element in earth, and which is, in the mineral world, what carbon is in the organic world.

Water-glass, when in compact masses, looks like ordinary glass, and cold water does not affect it; but when it is powdered and boiled, it can be dissolved and boiled down to a syrup without losing any of its substance. When applied to wood or other material, it spreads like a varnish, and forms an atmospheric and fire-proof surface. It was first used as a protection from fire for the scenery in the court theater in Munich.

W. S. CHAPMAN.

SHOULD I GO TO SCHOOL?

THIS is a question that comes to each of us in one way or another. Most boys and girls have received an elementary education either in private or public schools, and to many it seems needless to go to any other. But the question for each to decide is, "Have I developed my mental faculties to such a degree as my Master desires?" Each has ability, and should develop it in a symmetrical manner, in order to do the most good in this world. While it is well to be able to plow, sow, reap, and thresh, or to sew, scrub, and cook, it is also well to attend some school of broad and deep ideas, in order to become better fitted to discharge life's duties.

Every young person may attend an academy or college unless aged parents or helpless relatives demand his time and devotion. Now is the time to begin to prepare for entering school in the fall. Saving money for a good purpose is a laudable undertaking, and should be practiced by every one. Begin now, and save every penny that you honestly can, so that you may enter school next fall. And when you at last enter the school of your choice, do so with a firm trust in your Heavenly Father, and a strong determination to be successful in your work. Give strict attention to your studies, and take plenty of exercise, preferably at some kind of manual labor. In this way you will accomplish more with your books, and be able to remain in school longer. When you learn a thing, put it to practical use whenever possible.

JAMES C. ANDERSON.

THE BEAUTIFUL

THE ability to recognize and appreciate the beautiful in both nature and art, exists to some degree in every rational human being. True, some have cultivated this ability much more than others, and just to the extent that this faculty has been developed, so far has the individual become refined, cultured, and ennobled.

We are surrounded by beauty on every side. In the ever-changing forms and shades of the clouds above us, in the gorgeous sunsets, in the loveliness of the flower-decked fields, in the sparkling cascade and silvery stream, in the mighty ocean, in majestic forests and towering mountains,—all above and around and beneath us, the earth and air and sea are filled with thousands and tens of thousands of forms of beauty.

God is the author of the beautiful. As the earth came forth from the hands of its Maker, it was perfect in beauty. Its surface presented a pleasing variety of mountains, hills, and plains,

diversified with noble rivers and lovely lakes. Instead of the rough, ragged mountains as they now exist, with their terrific steepes and frightful chasms, the rough edges of earth's rocky framework were buried beneath fruitful soil, and over all was spread a luxuriant growth of verdure. Loathsome swamps and barren deserts were unknown. "Graceful shrubs and delicate flowers greeted the eye at every turn. The heights were crowned with trees more majestic than any that now exist. . . . The entire landscape outvied in beauty the decorated grounds of the proudest palace." Everything that God had made was the perfection of beauty.

Beauty is infinite, and can not be described in one word. It is a combination of elements, which, harmoniously arranged, make up the perfection of the plan of God in creation. In other words, it is the expression of the perfection of the divine idea. The nearer any object approaches this perfection, the more beautiful it becomes. All objects are beautiful in so far as they are in harmony with God. A pure soul in a perfect body is the highest form of beauty of which we can conceive.

True beauty can have but one source, it can be concentrated in but one being, and this is none other than God. Every beautiful thought, every beautiful idea, whether expressed in marble, in colors, in words, in tones, or in any one of its numerous manifestations, comes from the one and only source of the beautiful. The rendering of good music is not without its effect, however feeble or hidden its influence may appear. The little snowflake in its purity and beauty falls into the ocean, and is immediately swallowed up; but still it helps sweeten and increase the great body of water into which it disappeared.

The artist, though perhaps unaware of the fact, draws all his inspiration from the eternal source of the beautiful. He brings a part of the eternal beauty down to men, and this, acting like a magnet, draws men up to the source whence it came. Whenever we come in contact with anything of a divine nature, we are made better thereby. The beautiful and the good always walk hand in hand.

All true art comes from nature. The artist loves to reproduce the beauty of mountains and rivers, of flowers and trees, of the laughing rivulet and the white-crested waves. He delights in painting the gorgeous sunsets when the sunbeams melt along the horizon, and the colored clouds appear like so many steps leading the way to heaven itself. The sculptor's delight is to portray the beauties of the human form, while the poet sings of the things that God has made.

True art brings us in contact with the divine. Its impressions upon the mind are always good, speaking rest and peace to our souls. It is the divine character of the beautiful in every true work of art that lifts us out of ourselves, above our every-day existence, and ennoble our thoughts and emotions.

The beautiful, indeed, is divine, and in all its manifestations it leads to progress. It comes from heaven, and brings its hallowed influence down to us.

The beautiful will at last triumph over the unlovely and the evil, filling the earth as the waters fill the sea. When the Lord shall purify the earth of every vestige of sin, we are told that the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, "and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing. . . . In the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert. And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water: in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes. . . . And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

B. E. CRAWFORD.



DIFFICULTIES

THE people trembled by Jordan's tide.
 "And how shall we bridge the flood?" they
 sighed;
 "How reach the Canaan on yonder side?"

Ere the steps of the priests on its fringe could
 fall,
 The waves rose up like a burnished wall,
 The highway opened for each and all!

The women came to the garden lone,
 Their spices mingled with tear and moan,
 For "Who shall roll us away the stone?"

Behold a shining one calm their dread!
 "The Lord is risen, as he hath said;
 Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

An angel traversed the dungeon floor,
 And Peter followed him, free once more,
 Safe past the keepers that kept the door,

And out through the first and the second ward;
 But what of the iron gate, locked and barred?—
 It opened to them of its own accord!

And still, as our hindrances loom anon,
 We, too, shall find, if we march straight on,
 The highway open, the threatening gone.

When some dark barrier saith us nay,
 How sweet to learn, at the dawn of day,
 An angel hath rolled the stone away!
 —Mary Rowles Jarvis, in *the Christian*.

WE ARE DEBTORS

THE ministers of one of the leading denominations were assembled in conference in a certain town in Colorado a few years ago, and the subject under consideration at one of the sessions was the "moderate use of wine." After several had spoken, giving their views, some for, and others against, one of the most eloquent and prominent ministers in the assembly arose to take part in the discussion. He was decidedly in favor of the moderate use of wine, and by his personal eloquence and forcible manner of stating his position, seemed to carry the day. But just then an old man arose, asked permission to speak, and was granted the privilege.

He said that several years before a young man had lived in a town not far from the place where this conference was held. After completing his studies at the school of the village where he lived, he went to a large city to study law. In a few years he was admitted to the bar, and had a bright future before him. But one thing stood in his way,—during his stay in the city he had contracted the liquor habit.

He resolved to return home, and there, under more favorable conditions, combat the habit, in the hope that he might overcome it. After a long and persistent struggle he did at last gain the victory over it. Then he decided to return to the city, and further pursue his practice in law; but just before leaving, he stopped to bid his pastor farewell. At the conclusion of the visit the pastor brought out some wine, and offered a glass to the young man, who remonstrated with the minister, telling him of his severe struggle and complete victory.

But the pastor insisted that wine in moderate quantities would be beneficial rather than harmful, and urged it upon him. In compliance with this earnest request he drank the wine. "This aroused his latent appetite, and from that time his course was rapidly downward, till to-day," said the old man, "he is buried in a drunkard's grave. That young man," added the old gentleman, in impressive and solemn conclusion, "was my son, and the pastor who gave him the drink was the man who just now finished speak-

ing in favor of the moderate use of wine."

It is needless to say that in that conference the tide turned against the moderate use of wine; for while eloquence is powerful, the living example is much more powerful. The minister had continued to drink moderately, and had been able to hold his appetite under control, while the young man had succumbed to its influence, and had been buried in a drunkard's grave. But was not the minister an accessory in destroying the life of the young lawyer? In civil law, one who is an accessory to a crime is considered equally guilty with the one who actually commits it. Will not God hold the one who is accessory to the ruin of a soul guilty of its destruction? We are responsible not only for what we say and do, but for the influence of our words and actions upon those around us. Even if we, because of superior will-power, were able to control our appetites in the moderate use of wine or other stimulants, nevertheless we are debtors to our associates totally to abstain from such evil practices. And no one knows that he is able to hold his appetite in check until he has tried it. And if he should discover, in the trial, that he is unable to stand the test, how soon is he sunk in the whirlpool of vice and sin! Why trifle with a habit that has destroyed millions of lives, and is wrecking thousands more every day?

Not only in the liquor habit, but in every other practice in life, we are debtors to our associates, to give every one of our actions an elevating instead of a demoralizing effect.

CHAS. T. EVERSON.

TALKING OF CAMPHOR

"WHERE does this come from?" asked Sandy McLaurin, picking a block of camphor out of a jar that stood on the counter.

The druggist at the corner near Sandy's home was a good friend to all the boys, and they liked to ask him questions.

"Camphor? That's a long story." The speaker and questioner sat down behind the prescription counter. "Have you ever noticed that row of lindens down on Fourth Street, near the grammar school? Well, the tree that produces camphor looks very much like any one of those. It grows in China, Japan, and other parts of eastern Asia. Occasionally a camphor-tree becomes so old and so large that it is a veritable landmark. In 1691, for instance, a traveler in Japan described a tree which he found that was thirty-six feet about the trunk. Almost a century and a half later the same tree was said by another traveler to be fifty feet around.

"If you take one of the shiny green leaves from a camphor-tree, and rub it gently between two stones, you smell the same odor that comes to you when you take the lid off a camphor-jar. Every part of the tree contains its part of the gum, but the bulk of it comes from the root, trunk, and branches. The first step is to reduce a tree to chips, and these are put into iron vessels having a cone-shaped cover lined with rice straw. Then the vessels are heated, and the camphor is driven out of the chips. Do you know what I mean when I use the word 'volatile'? No? Well, a thing is volatile that seems to fly off in the air. Camphor is volatile; it is capable of being changed into vapor. When heat is applied to the iron vessels, the camphor is volatilized, but it condenses almost at once; that is, it is changed to a multitude of tiny little lumps of solid camphor, which fasten themselves on the straw that lines the cover. It is then scraped from the straw, refined, and pressed into blocks."

"Is camphor used for anything but medicine and to keep off moths?" asked Sandy.

"I was just coming to that. Strange as it may seem, we can get a substance from it that looks almost like ivory—hard and beautifully white. Go out to the first show-case on the left,

and bring me a white comb, and one of those hand-mirrors with a white back."

Sandy looked puzzled as he obeyed.

"This material," tapping the back of the mirror, "is called 'celluloid,' and it is made from camphor and cotton. It is used for hair-brushes, soap-boxes, knife-handles, and many other articles. In another field we find that it plays its part in changing the map of the world, or shaping the destiny of a nation. Camphor is used in making smokeless gunpowder."

"Why," Sandy ventured, "I should think, with all the big armies everywhere, that most of the camphor would be used for powder."

"A great deal of it is. That is why camphor has been so high-priced for a number of years."

"Couldn't tar camphor be used?"

"Oh, no! Tar camphor is really not camphor at all, though somebody discovered, about twelve years ago, that it would take the place of camphor in preventing the ravages of moths. For many years it was thrown away; it was a puzzle to get rid of it. It comes, in a roundabout way, from bituminous coal. When this kind of coal is heated in a certain way, it is split up into gas (used for lighting), a heavy, black liquid (coal-tar), and coke; and it is from the coal-tar that tar camphor is made. I couldn't begin to tell you all about coal-tar in one night, Sandy. Some other time we'll talk about it again."—*Ralph Benton, in St. Nicholas.*

HE SOLD HIS CHANCE

Boys who enter upon a business career little realize how closely and critically they are watched by their employers. Large business concerns have many large-salaried offices waiting for the right man. Integrity, honesty, obedience, are rare qualities, and demand to-day a higher premium than ever. In fact, all business houses are looking for the right boy.

The superintendent of one of the largest department stores in the country engaged a lad of fifteen in the most subordinate capacity, at wages of three dollars a week. The boy was at the bottom of the ladder, at the very position where the heads of departments in that store had started years before.

The head of the department where he was stationed watched him carefully day by day, and reported upon him most favorably. He said: "Here is, at last, the young fellow we have been looking for." The next in authority took his turn in watching the lad. He became profoundly impressed with the boy's obedience, his integrity, his loyalty, and commended him to the head of the firm.

The firm had a consultation over the boy. How could that lad suspect that gentlemen whom he hardly ever saw, who seemed so far above him, and to whom he felt that he was absolutely insignificant, would be watching him with almost as much care as if he had been the son of the senior partner? The head of the firm said:—

"We will give him six months; and if he stands the test, we will advance him rapidly." The six months were almost up. So interested had the superintendent of the store become in the youthful prodigy, that he personally took to watching him day by day.

One morning the superintendent noticed the boy hide something in his pocket. He stopped him.

"What have you there?" he said to the lad. The boy paled and blushed.

"Oh, nothing," he said. He was asked to turn his pockets inside out, and upon him was discovered twenty-five cents in change, which he had just pilfered.

The boy was immediately dismissed. He had lost his chance of high preferment, of honor, of dignity, of respect, and even of wealth, for a temptation so petty as to seem ridiculous. He had sold his character for twenty-five cents!—*Youth's Companion.*

CHILDREN'S PAGE

COUNTRY LIFE

LET live who will
In town, I still
Would dwell 'mid trees and grasses;
With lambs at play
In fields of May,
And barefoot country lasses.

No houses high
Shut out the sky,
And hide the heaven's glory;
But rock and rill,
Sky, plain, and hill
Repeat Creation's story.

A tidy cot,
A garden plot,
To be to no man debtor;
Some chicks, a cow,
Pray tell me how
A man's lot could be better?

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

THE WHISTLE-TREE

THE whistle-tree is growing in a green and sunny
nook,
In the low and marshy meadow, where there
flows a silver brook;
You must seek it in the springtime, when
its leaves are silver-gray,
There you'll find the best of whistles almost
any sunny day.

The whistle-tree is sought for by all wise
and wary boys
When the whistles are exactly primed to
give the loudest noise;
The tree bears plenty of them, so there
never should be strife,
And all one needs to gather with is just a
pocket-knife.

Let others sing of oak and birch and all the
evergreens,
Or of the elm and maple bright, adorning
country scenes:
The best and finest of them all — at least to
all the boys —
Is this same merry whistle-tree, that grows
a crop of noise.

— Selected.

NATURE'S WONDER STORIES

The Sleeping Beauty

ON a grassy hillside there once lived a
lovely little plant named Spring Beauty. It
had long, slender leaves, and its flowers
grew in clusters on a delicate stalk; the
petals were nearly white, with veinings of
deep pink, and its whole appearance was
very modest and unassuming, as are all the
most lovely things in the world.

Spring Beauty had a pleasant time on
the grassy hillside. The tall grass protected
her from almost every danger, and she held
up her head as if pleased to know that the
place was made more lovely by her pres-
ence. It always makes people happy to
know that they are helping make their sur-
roundings pleasant.

The summer days passed slowly, and al-
though Spring Beauty still kept her place,
she ceased to bloom, and her slender leaves
drooped a little. The days grew still shorter,
and the nights cooler; and one night, when
a thousand stars glittered brightly overhead,
Spring Beauty felt the unwelcome breath
of Jack Frost close at hand. She did not
like Jack Frost, so she cuddled down among
the grasses, and he soon passed on. This
happened many nights.

But Jack Frost is not easily discouraged,
and at last he discovered the spot where
Spring Beauty was hiding, and in his sharp

tongue whispered to her of the winter that was
soon coming, with its cruel cold and raging
storms. As she listened, Spring Beauty's head
drooped, and her withered leaves sank upon the
ground.

When morning dawned, the sky was gray, and
the wind blew cold. Jack Frost was still roam-
ing about the fields, and again he spoke to Spring
Beauty. In the frost-language he told her to
lay her pretty head down among the grasses, and
the Northwind would spread a warm blanket
over her, to keep her warm. When Spring
Beauty was nicely settled, the Northwind blew
down upon her from the clouds a bit of white,
feathery substance, then another and another,
until she was warmly covered with a thick, soft
blanket. She soon grew warm, and so sleepy
that it was not long until she was wrapped in
a sound, dreamless slumber, undisturbed by win-
ter's severest cold.

Spring Beauty slept a long time. By and by
Jack Frost left the grassy hillside, and followed
the Northwind to her distant home; in fact,
these two were so fond of each other that Jack

Frost never stayed long in a place after North-
wind had left it.

Spring Beauty's slumber was so deep that she
never would have awakened of her own accord;
but although she did not know it, a friend was
on his way to wake her. He was called Sun-
beam, and lived miles and miles away in a beau-
tiful golden castle, which was always warm and
bright. On his way he met the sweet Southwind,
and together they came to the grassy hillside
where Spring Beauty and many of her friends
lay sleeping.

Sunbeam and Southwind resolved to see what
was under the white blankets, so one by one
they were tossed aside, and one by one the
tender things beneath were awakened from their
long sleep. The grass thrust out new blades;
the hazel sprouts turned green; and the wild dan-
delion opened its yellow eye. When Southwind
tossed Spring Beauty's blanket away, Sunbeam
kissed her, and she awoke at once, and put out
some fresh green leaves in his honor. Then
she threw up a stem, and soon was smiling into
Sunbeam's face from the loveliest little cluster of



"WITH LAMBS AT PLAY IN FIELDS OF MAY"

pinkish-white blossoms imaginable. When the hour came that Sunbeam must continue on his way into the far west, he left behind him the sweet Southwind, which cheered Spring Beauty, and caressed with gentle touch her pink-veined petals, now and then stirring the thick grass, and touching with loving fingers all the other tender things upon the green hillside.

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.



BEREAN LIBRARY STUDY

(May 26 to June 1)

"WHEN the students of prophecy shall set their hearts to know the truth of Revelation, they will realize what importance is attached to the search. Christ is the Alpha and Omega, the Genesis of the Old Testament, and the Revelation of the New. Both meet together in Christ." "In Revelation all the books of the Bible meet and end. . . . In Revelation is declared the completion of the eternal plan."

GENESIS THE ALPHA OF THE BIBLE

An account of creation. Genesis 1.

The first chapter in earth's history. Gen. 3:1-24.

First introduction of the devil to the human family. Gen. 3:1-3.

The tree of life given to man, and removed on account of sin. Gen. 2:16; 3:24.

Man driven out from the garden of Eden on account of sin. Gen. 3:23.

Man prohibited from eating the fruit of the garden of Eden. Gen. 3:22-24.

Adam and Eve lost their garment of righteousness. Gen. 3:7.

God made Adam and Eve coats of skins, which reminded them of the blood to be shed for them. Gen. 3:21.

The first promise of the Saviour. Gen. 3:15.

The death sentence passed upon all men. Gen. 3:19.

The first death recorded. Gen. 4:8.

The body to return to dust, and remain in the grave. Gen. 3:19.

Threefold curse pro-

REVELATION THE OMEGA OF THE BIBLE

An account of re-creation. Rev. 21:5, 1, 2.

The last chapter in earth's history. Rev. 20:1-15.

Last view humanity will have of the devil. Rev. 20:10.

The overcomer permitted to eat of the tree of life, and pluck its twelve varieties of fruit. Rev. 2:7; 22:1, 2.

The garden of Eden in the midst of the city, again given to man. Rev. 22:2.

Invitation to partake of all those fruits at the Marriage Supper. Rev. 19:9; "Early Writings," page 15.

The redeemed again clothed in robes of righteousness. Rev. 19:8.

The redeemed will be clothed in robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. Rev. 7:14.

The final fulfillment of the promise described. Revelation 19 to 22.

The resurrection of the whole family of Adam. Rev. 20:4-6.

There shall be no more death. Rev. 21:4.

Christ has the keys of death and the grave. Rev. 1:18.

In place of the curse

nounced upon the earth. Gen. 3:17, 18; 4:11, 12; 7:11.

First death described. Gen. 3:19.

The first lie told on earth. Gen. 3:4.

Introduction of Spiritualism, the devil using the serpent as a medium. Gen. 3:1-5.

The first Sabbath kept by all then upon the earth. Gen. 2:1-3.

The first rainbow. Gen. 9:13-16.

The beginning of Babylon. Gen. 11:4-9.

Sun, moon, and stars created for signs. Gen. 1:14.

The first earthquake. Gen. 7:11.

Musical instruments, when first mentioned, used by the wicked. Gen. 4:21.

The first record of a battle. Gen. 14:7-12.

Man hid from God by sin. Gen. 3:9, 10.

First separation between the righteous and the wicked. Gen. 4:13, 14.

A mark placed on Cain, the first murderer. Gen. 4:15.

God's people called by his name. Gen. 4:26, margin.

The fire of God's wrath kindled on earth. Gen. 19:24, 25; Deut. 32:22; Jude 7.

The earth destroyed by a flood. Gen. 7:1-24; 2 Peter 3:5-7.

will be the throne of God. Rev. 22:3.

Second death described. Rev. 20:14.

Final end of all liars. Rev. 21:8.

Full development of Spiritualism, and its final end. Rev. 16:13, 14; 19:20.

All keep the Sabbath in the city of God. Rev. 22:14; Isa. 66:22, 23.

Rainbow around the throne of God. Rev. 4:3.

Final end of all traces of Babylon. Rev. 18:20-24.

Signs given in sun, moon, and stars. Rev. 6:12, 13.

Greatest earthquake. Rev. 16:18.

The redeemed playing upon harps on Mount Zion. Rev. 14:2.

The last great battle on earth. Rev. 20:9.

The redeemed shall see the face of God. Rev. 22:4.

Final separation between the righteous and the wicked. Rev. 21:7, 8.

A mark upon the wicked in the last days. Rev. 16:2; 14:9, 10.

The Father's name in the forehead of the 144,000. Rev. 14:1.

Final burning of all sin and sinners. Rev. 20:9-15.

Final burning of the earth by fire. Rev. 20:9; 21:1, 2.

IS IT THE CLOSE OR THE BEGINNING OF REVELATION?

We have come to the last chapter of the book of Revelation. What is it to you? Is it the close of revelations of light from God's word, or is it the beginning of brighter revelations from the fountain of life? We trust it will be the beginning of a deeper study of the word of God by all our young people.

God grant that the past seven months' study has been such a revelation of the beauty of the character of our Saviour, that, like John, you may hear him saying to you, "Come up hither." Come up to greater heights of Christian experience than you have had in the past. Come up where, like Cleopas, your heart will burn within you while He talks with you as you go about your daily duties. Come up where the rainbow spanning the sky will remind you of the throne of God, and the precious blood of the everlasting covenant, and where you will ever discern traces of the Root of David and the Lion of the tribe of Judah in the face of nature around you.

May the Saviour become so precious to you that at last you will be among the one hundred and forty-four thousand upon Mount Zion.

MRS. S. N. HASKELL.



THE SIN-OFFERING

(June 1)

MEMORY VERSE.—Isa. 53:10.

QUESTIONS

1. What is sin? 1 John 3:4.
2. What two kinds of sin are spoken of in the Bible? Num. 15:29, 30; note 1.
3. When one had sinned ignorantly against the Lord, what was he told to do? Lev. 4:27, 28.
4. When he had thus brought his offering, what did he do? V. 29.
5. What was then done by the priest? Vs. 30, 31; 6:25, 26; note 2.
6. What offering for sin was made by the high priest, and by the whole congregation? Lev. 4:3, 14.
7. What was done with the blood of the bullock? Vs. 5-7; note 3.
8. What part of the offering was burned upon the altar? Vs. 8-10; note 4.
9. What was done with the remainder of the bullock? Vs. 11, 12; note 5.
10. Why is it necessary to have sin forgiven and put away? Isa. 59:2.
11. What was the result of making the sin-offerings? Lev. 4:26; note 6.
12. What offering for sin are we to make? Isa. 53:10; note 7.
13. What promise has God given to all who make this offering? 1 John 1:9.

NOTES

1. The Lord distinguishes between sins of ignorance and known sins. It is a very dangerous thing to do wrong knowingly. When one commits sin willfully, he is taking the first step in the way that leads to the sin against the Holy Spirit, which can not be forgiven. The Lord has sometimes forgiven very grievous sin; he forgave David even the sin of murder. But David himself teaches us that it is unsafe to do wrong in any way, and especially when we know. He prayed: "Cleanse thou me from secret faults. Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression." Ps. 19:12, 13. The only right way is not to sin at all. But if we sin, we have an advocate and helper in Jesus.

2. Sometimes the priest ate a part of the flesh of the sin-offering in the holy place. The reason for so doing was that the sin which had been placed upon the sin-offering might be taken in before the Lord, and be forgiven. When the one who had done wrong confessed his sin upon the head of his offering, the sin passed from him to the offering. Then when the priest carried the flesh into the sanctuary, he carried in the sin which the flesh contained.

3. The reason for carrying in the blood was the same as for carrying in the flesh; it was to take into God's presence the sin or sins which had been confessed, that they might be forgiven. When the flesh was eaten, the blood was left outside; and when the blood was carried in and sprinkled, the flesh was not eaten. The two ways were not followed in the same case. But both ways represented the work of Jesus.

4. "All the fat is the Lord's." Lev. 3:16. The fat was a sweet savor unto the Lord, an offering which pleased him. With the blood it was never to be eaten. The blood represented the life of Jesus, which had been given for the world; the fat was a type, also, of the great offering made for us. As the fat burned, it went up as a precious, fragrant incense before God.

5. All the bullock, except the fat and the blood, was carried to a place *outside the camp*, and was there burned. This part of the service was also a type of the work of Jesus. Our Saviour was taken outside the walls of Jerusalem to be crucified; and while there, his Father's face was turned away from him. In every way the sin-offerings of the sanctuary on earth were figures, or pictures, of the Lamb of God, who died to take away the sin of the world.

6. Sin separates and cuts us off from God. It breaks our union with him. Instead of being *one* with him, we are divided. But when sin is taken away by forgiveness, then the gulf is closed up, and we are no longer two, but one. So the Lord says that when the priest should carry in the blood, he would, by so doing, make an atonement, an *at-one-ment*, for the sinner. By taking away the sin, God and his sinning child were brought together, were *at one* with each other. Then the blessing of the Lord, which had been hindered from coming into the heart, would enter the life as a living stream, cleansing away all the defilement of evil. Oh, let us be sure that we allow Jesus to make an at-one-ment for us! Let us forsake the sins that have been allowed to bar the door against him.

7. We are to make an offering of the soul of Jesus; that is, we are to exercise faith in the offering which he has made. He gave his soul, his life, for the world. The offering was great, and is sufficient to cover the sins of all. But we must each accept the offering for ourselves, or it will be no blessing to us. But just as surely as we do trust God, and pray him to accept Jesus as *our* offering, just so surely the Lord will write our names in the book of life, and Jesus will be *one with us* all the way through life here, and through eternity.



SUCH a pile of letters! During the General Conference, you see, every one was busy, and so the letters that came in then were neglected, with many other things. But it has been a pleasure to read them, and often a pleasure just to look at them, they are so carefully written. In looking them over, I have been impressed with the general neatness and care that has been taken in writing them. That is very important. But remember that even the blackest ink and the whitest paper and the most beautifully formed letters will never make up for poor spelling or bad grammar. Let the writing of these letters be a school to you, and when you have done your best, get some one to look over your letter and criticise it. Do the same thing yourself, asking especially what you can leave out, and still make the thing quite clear and plain that you wish to tell. Perfection does not come in a moment, but we can all *work toward* it.

Making Maple Sugar

SEARS, MICH.

DEAR YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR: For the benefit of those who do not know how maple syrup is made, I will tell what I know about it. People who have modern conveniences for taking care of the sap have large pails with holes near the top, and tin spiles to fit the holes in the pails. They drive the spiles into the hole in the tree, and that holds the pail.

But we had nothing of the kind, so papa and I went into the woods, and gathered some elder for spiles. When we came home, we cut the elder between joints, and punched out the pith. Then papa, brother, and I went back in the woods, and bored holes in the trees, put the spiles in, and set the pails under the spiles. We had about fifty trees.

We got two logs, and hung the kettle on a pole between them. Then we built a fire under the

kettle. When the sap boiled to the top of the kettle, we would get some snow or more sap, and throw in the kettle.

We boiled the sap in the woods until it began to get thick. Then it was taken to the house, and mama boiled it until it was thick enough for the table. To make the syrup clear, mama beat two eggs, and added to them half a cup of milk, stirred the milk and eggs together, and turned the mixture into the boiling syrup. Then she set the kettle on the back of the stove, and let the impurities rise to the top. JESSIE CURRIER.

COLLINS CENTER, N. Y.

DEAR YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR: I love to go to the woods in the spring, and watch the men tap the maple trees. First they bore a hole in the trees; then they put spouts in the holes, and hang the buckets on the spouts.

When the sun begins to shine, the sap runs drop by drop; sometimes when the sun shines very warm, it will run a stream. When the buckets are full, the men go around with the horses and gathering tub, and take the sap to the sugar house, where it runs into tin pans set on a brick arch, where a big fire is kept burning. After a while it becomes thick, when it is taken to the house, and boiled until it is thick enough to cake. Then it is taken off the fire, stirred, and caked in oblong-shaped tins. Sometimes I make little heart-shaped cakes, and give them to my friends. HAZEL CLARK (11 years old).

A Curious Home

DEAR YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR: Not long ago, near a creek not far from where we live, we found an old squirrels' home. It was built in solid rock on a side-hill, and was as cunningly made as if done with plumb and chisel. It was quite small: I could get my hand in only one or two of the larger holes. It was old and crumbly when we found it, and part had fallen from one side. It was divided into different stories, no one story leading to the other, but all having different entrances. The halls of this house were filled with nut-shells; some of the pillars, which were only half an inch in diameter, were broken by the pressure from above.

ARTHUR L. WESTPHAL (12 years old).

A Practical Reader

ONAWA, IOWA.

DEAR YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR: I have had the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR to read ever since 1897, and have saved all the papers since then. I have read all the articles on carpenter work and photography, and have learned to take pictures, and do pretty good carpenter work.

Last summer a lady gave me two small sunfish. One of them died in a day or two, because it jumped out of the water, and stayed out too long. The other one lived all winter; but this spring we were gone from the house nearly all the time for a week or two, and though we took good care of our pet, it died too.

We had several snails and a water-weed in the jar, and in about a month there were dozens of little snails in the jar. I am fifteen years old.

HARRY AUSTIN.

Troublesome Blue Jays

HIGHLAND PARK, ILL.

DEAR YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR: I have read the interesting account of the blue jay in the INSTRUCTOR, but my experience with this bird has not always been the same as Mr. Reed's. The jays around here have given us more trouble than hawks. For several years we have hatched chickens with an incubator, and raised them by hand. The jays would come down when we fed the chickens, and eat with them. They have also carried off the dead ones to eat. From eating dead chicks, the jays began to chase live ones, and I have often had to drive away a jay that was making trouble in the park.

One time mama, hearing an unusual commotion among the chickens, went out to see what was the matter. She found a jay chasing a chicken. A box with a board off one side was lying upside down on the ground. Seeing a jay fly out of this, mama turned it over, and found a chicken hiding there. It had been followed by the jay that was startled away by her coming. I have never seen the jay eat hen's eggs, but uncle once saw a hen's egg carried off by a jay, which stuck his bill into the shell, and carried it that way.

I think the bird spoken of in the INSTRUCTOR of April 4 was the blue jay. I have heard a

sound similar to the one mentioned, which was made, I think, by this bird pecking on wood. I am very much interested in the Bird Lore department. MARY MOORE.

OWING to the limited space which the INSTRUCTOR can devote to its new departments, it will not be possible to print all the letters that come—only those of the most general interest. We wish we could send a personal word of thanks to all who have written, but since this is not possible, we will thank you in this way, and tell you that all the letters are read and enjoyed here, even if they are not printed:—

Edwin Marietta, of Grand Ledge, Mich., tells about a journey to Petoskey, in the northern part of the State, and of his visit to an uncle who lives near that place. Two sisters from Lime Ridge, Wis., Elsa and Lilly Rist, tell about their pet catbirds and tame doves. Orpha Strong, only nine years old, of Hankinson, N. D., sends a beautifully written letter, telling how their church went to camp-meeting last year; and her sister Ruth gives a history of their church school since it started, four years ago. These letters are both interesting, but they are too long for the department. Ernest and Lee Mansell write from Henderson, Me., about a train wrecked not far from their home, and about going out in the woods to gather spruce gum. Both the boys have little Testaments, with their names stamped on the cover.

LADY agents wanted everywhere to sell health garments and other first-class articles. No trash. It is easy and pleasant work, for some of the goods are sold in nearly every house. I pay you for getting me agents. W. S. DANN.

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No. 3, Lehigh Valley Express, to Chicago.....	3.50 P. M.
No. 3, International Express.....	2.17 A. M.
No. 75, Mixed, to South Bend.....	8.30 A. M.
Nos. 9 and 75, daily, except Sunday.	
Nos. 1, 3, and 5, daily.	

EAST-BOUND.

No. 8, Mail and Express, East and Detroit.....	3.45 P. M.
No. 4, Lehigh Express, East and Canada.....	8.22 P. M.
No. 6, Atlantic Express, East and Detroit.....	2.10 A. M.
No. 2, Express, East and Detroit.....	6.50 A. M.
No. 74, Mixed (starts from Nichols yard).....	7.15 A. M.
Nos. 8 and 74, daily, except Sunday.	
Nos. 4, 6 and 2, daily.	

W. C. CUNLIFFE, Agent
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FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY:

The world turns aside to let any man pass who knows whither he is going.—*David Starr Jordan.*

MONDAY:

The rays of happiness, like those of light, are colorless when unbroken.—*H. W. Longfellow.*

TUESDAY:

It is not trouble that troubles, but discontent. It is not the water outside the ship, but the water that gets within the leak, which drowns it.—*Selected.*

WEDNESDAY:

What though we fall, and bruised and wounded lie,
Our lips in dust!
His hands shall lead us on to victory;
In Him we trust.
—*Frances Power Cobbe.*

THURSDAY:

Soberly and with clear eyes believe in your own time and place. There is not, there never has been, a better time or a better place to live in. Only with this belief can you believe in hope.—*Phillips Brooks.*

FRIDAY:

The fault-finder does not attract. There is something about his face, gait, and manner, as well as about his temper and words, that repels. Sweetness, gentleness, and charity are lacking in his composition, and people fight shy of him. Men become a bane to themselves and to society when dominated by a critical, carping, and harsh spirit.—*Presbyterian.*

SABBATH:

"If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." Mark 9:23.

"IF THOU CANST BELIEVE"

How often, when we read again the story of some miracle of Jesus, we wish we had lived in that time; we think how gladly we would have followed to listen to his words; how quickly we would have taken our loved ones to receive his healing touch; and how, most of all, we would have rejoiced to hear him speak the word that would tell us we were accepted, and our sins all forgiven.

And thinking of that time, and wishing we had lived in it, it is quite possible for us to lose sight of the reason these miracles and words of instruction are recorded—not to make us long for something we do not and can never have, but to help remember that the very same Jesus whose heart was so tender, whose love was so

strong, and whose word was so powerful nineteen hundred years ago, is just as able and just as willing to help us to-day as he was to heal and bless and forgive those who believed on him when he lived as a man among men.

The words of the memory verse for Sabbath in our Calendar for the week, hold the key that will make all plain. A great multitude had gathered about the disciples, among them a man who had brought his son, to have cast out of him a dumb spirit, which had vexed him "from a child." This the disciples failed to do, and the scribes immediately began to question them. We can easily picture the scene—the perplexed disciples, the questioning multitude, the sneering, scornful scribes. When the discussion was at its height, Jesus came, and as they caught sight of him, the people ran eagerly toward him. "What question ye with them?" he asked the scribes, who a moment before had filled the air with their clamor. Not one answered. In the presence of him who read their very thoughts, their quibbling tongues were silent.

But the anxious father spoke. "Master," he said, "I have brought unto thee my son, which hath a dumb spirit; . . . and I spake unto thy disciples to cast him out, and they could not."

Then the boy was brought before Jesus; "and when he saw him, straightway the spirit tare him, and he fell on the ground, and wallowed foaming." A most repulsive sight he was, as he lay in the dust at the Saviour's feet, in the sight of the gaping, idle crowd. But there were two persons in that thronging multitude who did not look upon the poor boy with curiosity or disgust—two whose hearts yearned over him, who pitied him for his unlovely childhood and ruined youth, and who saw him, not as he was, but as he might even yet become.

As he stood before Jesus, the sorrowing father realized that in him alone lay any hope for his son's cure; and with all his heart he besought, making his cause one with the lad's, just as any loving father would do to-day, "Have compassion on us, and help us."

It is through faith that the blessing of heaven always comes. For a moment the Saviour waited, that the father's faith might be tested. "If thou canst believe," he said—and oh, how gentle the words! how compassionate the voice!—"if thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth."

What a moment! But there, with his son in the dust before him, as he had seen him numberless times, with the curious, unbelieving multitude looking on, with nothing but the word of this unknown, obscure Teacher to cling to, the father cried, *straightway*, "Lord, I believe!" and added, humbly, "Help thou mine unbelief."

Then as the people came running closer together, Jesus rebuked the spirit, and cast him out, and commanded that he enter no more into the young man. What a deliverance! How complete! how perfect! Not only was the evil thing that had darkened all this boy's life, and made him a grief and heartbreak to those who loved him, taken away; but the command was given, "Enter thou no more into him."

Then, as if to complete the picture, not only to those who witnessed the miracle, but to us who read of it again and again, and show us how gently the Saviour deals with the most hopeless sinners, we are told that after the evil spirit had been cast out, and the young man lay "as one dead," the Saviour himself "took him by the hand, and lifted him up."

It is a beautiful and most impressive record. Not only does it show Christ's willingness and power to heal from sin, but it shows that the sins most difficult to overcome,—those that have never been put away in childhood, but have come up with us into youth, growing stronger and stronger with every added year,—may be completely cast out. The quick temper, the habit of unkind or thoughtless speech, the envy, the

falsehood, the evil habit,—“if thou canst believe,” none of these things need hold you a moment longer in bondage. For it is just as true for you who shall read these lines as it was for that father so long ago that “all things are possible to him that believeth.”

Oh, let us come to that kind Friend to-day with the sin that so easily besets us (and there is not one of us who is not daily brought face to face with our own peculiar besetment), and in perfect trust in his willingness to help, perfect confidence in his power, and perfect faith in his promise, pray for deliverance. And he will hear, he will take the evil thing away; he will not only forgive, but he will strengthen our faith—he will help us believe. Not only that, but he will lift us up, and lead us by the hand, even as he led that other youth, if we will only let him walk with us—if we will only walk with him.

THE closing study on the book of Revelation, and of the Berean part of the Missionary Reading Circle for the present term, is given this week. The Notes found on page 166 are of unusual interest, showing by comparison how in this book the work begun in Genesis is brought to an end, and the plans of God for his people are completed. And all this through Christ, who, we are told, is “the Alpha and Omega, the Genesis of the Old Testament, and the Revelation of the New.” How important that we become familiar with this book—this Revelation of his love, his character, his will for us, and our part in his work in these days!

ATTENTION!

DURING the last few weeks several notices have been received from secretaries of schools in distant States, to the effect that the INSTRUCTOR does not reach them in time to be given out on the Sabbath.

It is the aim of the publishers to have the paper mailed at least a week before the Sabbath on which it should be given out. During the Conference, in the press of other matters, there was some delay, and perhaps this may account for the fact that several schools did not receive their supply of papers in season; but hereafter everything will be done to have the INSTRUCTOR leave the office on scheduled time.

In handing out the papers, remember that the date of the lesson should be considered, rather than the date on the first page. To illustrate: The present number of the INSTRUCTOR is dated May 23, and the Sabbath-school lesson in it is dated June 1; that is, it is to be recited on June 1. This issue will leave the office on Friday, May 17, and should reach the schools in time to be handed out on the 25th, thus giving the pupils a week in which to prepare the lesson.

Now if this arrangement does not meet the needs,—if the papers are still received too late to be handed out according to this plan,—the publishers will esteem it a favor if the schools suffering this delay will notify them of the fact at once. Even if it does not occur often, but still occasionally the papers fail to reach you in time, do not fail to state the case. The publishers are just as anxious that the paper should reach the schools as the schools are to receive it; and if the present arrangement is unsatisfactory, other plans will be made. Therefore write AT ONCE. Address all letters to the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, Battle Creek, Mich.