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REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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HOW TO STUDY THE BIRDS

THE study of birds is a pursuit filled with pleasure and profit; and if one desires to follow it in even the most superficial way, he needs an equipment for the purpose. The outfit need not be large. It should consist of a note-book and a good opera or field-glass. It is also almost indispensable to have some sort of book of reference. There are a

number of works arranged especially for the novice. Among these may be mentioned, "Our Common Birds, and How to Know Them" (John B. Grant); "Birds of Village and Field" (Florence A. Merriam); "Handbook of Birds of Eastern North America" (Frank M. Chapman), or "Bird Life," by the same author. "Bird Craft" and "Citizen Bird" are two other very useful books. It is difficult to choose out of this list the one best adapted to the purpose, but "Bird Life" or "Bird Craft" will not disappoint you. Any newsdealer or bookseller will get the books for you.

Mr. Grant has given us three very useful rules in identifying birds. These rules may be briefly stated here:—

"Study one bird at a time.

"Begin with the commonest; that is, with those that are most abundant, and most easily recognized." The INSTRUCTOR bird articles will assist you in pointing these out.

"Do not attempt, at the commencement, to identify any bird which presents puzzling characteristics, or rather, any which does not present some striking mark, either of song or plumage, to serve as a sign for certain classification."

Having everything in readiness, and armed with your opera-glass and note-book, start out either some early morning or toward sunset. You will find it difficult to get sight of birds during the heat of the day, or when a stiff wind is blowing. The hours immediately following day-break are the very best time for bird study, as the birds are then most active. This activity continues until the heat of the sun causes them to hide away in the sheltering foliage of the trees. Therefore "let him to whom early rising is an abomination, in the name of Morpheus, slumber on; only, when his tardy start is effected,

he shall not witness bird life so exuberant, nor listen to such floods of melody, nor inhale such richness of perfume, nor find refreshment in airs so balmy, as he might have done had he been earlier astir." During colder weather, as in early spring, or late fall or winter, the middle of the day will doubtless prove the best time for observation.

If you wish to inspect more closely a bird already in view, do not approach it directly, as it will be almost sure to take alarm at your first step. Take an angling course, which will cause

avoid any steadfast gazing. Some birds are very curious; and if, in addition to what we have just advised, you utter notes and calls in as close resemblance to those of birds as you can manage, they may remain to answer, or draw nearer to investigate.

When you have found your bird, your opera-glass will be of wonderful service. You can not hope to get near enough to many birds to make out their markings with any degree of distinctness. A good glass will show the bird more clearly. Do not bring the glass to your eyes



THE HOME OF THE REDWINGS

you to *pass* more closely beside it; make as if you had some other point in view. So doing, you may get very close to many birds which would otherwise not allow you to come near. Birds go a great deal on evident intentions; and when one moves directly toward them, they have but one explanation, and are off. For the same reason do not have about you the appearance of stealth or watchfulness. Many birds have marked the attitude before, and have learned that it means mischief. Rather, assume the guileless and unconcerned ways of the careless wanderer, and

too suddenly. Be deliberate. The quick movement, or the quick flash of sunlight from the barrel or lens will frighten most birds into flight.

Study the marking of the bird very carefully. Do not trust your memory. Put it down in your note-book. The shape of tail and wings should be distinctly noted, with any special marks or colorations. If the bird has any notes, calls, or a song, the same should be given attention. The location of the bird may also greatly assist in identification. The haunt of the redwing black-

bird is beside some stream, pond, or lake, amid rushes and cat-tails. The meadow-lark will be found mostly in the open field. If you notice anything peculiar in the flight or habits of the bird, make careful note of the feature. Having everything carefully in mind, you will doubtless have little trouble in learning the name of the bird, but, what is more important, will have made a closer acquaintance with one of God's creatures.

Sometimes you will be able to secrete yourself in some sheltered spot haunted by birds, where you can see them at close range, and with slight effort. Such a place, near the edge of some stream or body of water, will be especially fruitful in results.

But do not confine yourself to any one section. Range the lowland; you will find birds there you can not find in the wooded hill country. Scurry the woods; you will there find birds that never visit the meadow. Hide in some old, deserted orchard; here you will find birds you had not seen elsewhere. Skirt the ponds and marshes; each kind of country has its favorites.

But remember it is not how far, but how much. A city park will furnish you all the ground you need. A back orchard, a wooded field, or a strip of meadow is sufficient. Do not *tramp*, but *look*. Have your eyes open. It takes sharp eyes and keen minds to see anything, and especially the things of nature. As you try, your powers and abilities will grow. The mere contact with nature alone will be an education. L. A. REED.

A TENDER MOTHER

DAME NATURE tucks her flowers in bed,
And piles on blankets soft and warm,
Then sings them crooning lullabies
Through the long night of cold and storm.

But when the golden morning comes,
And robin with his flute is here,
She wakes her children every one
With, "Time to be getting up, my dear!"
—Emma C. Dowd.

TWO COMMON SPARROWS

ALL beginners in bird study find the sparrow family a hard one. There are so many kinds of sparrows, and the different kinds look so confusingly alike! "How shall I ever be able to tell them apart?" the novice says to himself.

Well, there is no royal road to such learning, it may as well be confessed. But there is a road, for all that, and a pretty good one,—the road of patience. And there is much pleasure to be had in following it. If you know one sparrow, be it only the so-called "English," you have made a beginning.

If you know the English sparrow, I say; for I find numbers of people who do not. Half those who read this article, I venture to think, might be put in that class. Take the average citizen of Philadelphia or Boston into the country, and let him come upon an English sparrow in a wayside hedge, and there are three chances to one that he will not know with certainty what to call it. As likely as not he has never noticed that there are two kinds of English sparrows, very differently feathered,—the male and the female.

In a short paper like this I am not going to attempt a miracle. If you read the paper to the end, never so carefully, you will not be prepared to name all the sparrows at sight. As I said before, they are a hard set. My wish now is to speak of two of the smallest and commonest.

One of these is called sometimes the chipping sparrow, sometimes the chipper, and sometimes—much less often—the doorstep sparrow. Personally, I like the last name best,—perhaps because I invented it. Scientific men, who prefer, for excellent reasons, to have their own names for things, call him *Spizella socialis*; that is to say, the familiar, or social, little spiza, or sparrow. The idea of littleness, some young readers

may not know, is contained in the termination *ella*, which is what grammarians call a diminutive. Umbrella, for instance, is literally a small *umbra*, or shade.

With most of my readers the chipping sparrow is a bird of spring, summer, and autumn. For the winter he retires to our extreme Southern States and to Mexico. If you live in Massachusetts, you may begin to be on the watch for him by the fifth of April. If your home is farther south, you should see him somewhat earlier.

Perhaps you will know him by this brief description: A very small, slender sparrow, with a dark chestnut-red crown, a black forehead, a black bill, and plain—unstreaked and unspotted—under parts.

His ordinary note or call is a "chip" (whence his name), and his song is a very dry, tuneless, monotonous, long-drawn "Chippy-chippy-chippy," uttered so fast as to sound almost like a trill. You may like the bird never so well, but, if you have any idea of music, you will never call him a fine singer. What he and his mate think about the matter, there is, of course, no telling. He seems to be very much in earnest, at all events.

He is a social bird, I say. You will not have to go far afield or into the woods in search of him. If you live in any sort of country place, with a bit of garden and a few shrubs and fruit-trees, a pair of chippers will be likely to find you out. Their nest will be built in a tree or bush,—a small structure, neatly lined with hair,—and in due time it will contain four or five eggs, blue or greenish-blue, with brown spots.

Our other bird is of the chipper's size, and, like him, has unstreaked and unspotted lower parts. His bill is of a light color,—"reddish brown," one book says; "pale reddish," says another. This is one of the principal marks for the beginner to notice. Another is a wash of buff or yellowish-brown on the sides of the breast. The upper parts, too, are in general much lighter than the chipper's.

You will not be likely often to find this bird in your garden or about the lawn. He is called the field sparrow, but he lives mostly in dry old pastures, partly overgrown with bushes and trees. His nest is placed on the ground or in a low bush, and is often lined wholly or in part with hair. He and the chipper belong to what is called the same genus; that is to say, the two are so nearly related that they have the same surname. The chipper is *Spizella socialis*, the field sparrow is *Spizella pusilla*,—just as two brothers will have one name in common, say, Jones, William, and Jones, Andrew.

The chipper is a favorite on account of his familiar, friendly ways. The field sparrow deserves to be known and loved for his music. Few birds sing better, in my opinion, though many make more display, and are more talked about. The beauty of the song is in its sweetness, simplicity, and perfect taste. It begins with three or four longer notes, which run at once into quicker and shorter ones, either on the same pitch or a little higher. Really, the strain is almost too simple to make a description of,—a simple line of pure melody, one may say. You must hear it for yourself. Sometimes the bird gives it out double, so to speak, catching it up again just as he seems ready to finish. The tone is the clearest of whistles, and the whole effect is most delightful and soothing. It is worth anybody's while to spend a season or two in bird study, if only to learn this and half a dozen more pieces of our common wild-bird music.

The field sparrow's times of arrival and departure are practically the same as the chipper's. Neither bird is hard to see or very hard to distinguish; a bit of patience and an opera-glass will do the business, though you may have to puzzle a while over either of them before making quite sure of your knowledge. In bird study, as in any other, we learn by correcting our own mistakes.—Bradford Torrey, in *S. S. Times*.



"ONE word links man with angels, makes him one
With the majestic march of star and sun,
Unlocks the universe to him, and brings
Him near the glory of the King of kings.
Earth's wisdom fails, earth's pride must pass
away;
One word alone guides man to God—
'OBEY!'"

WATER CHANGED INTO WINE

V

"Draw out NOW."—The time selected by the divine mind as the moment of opportunity has arrived. The water is wine, and the Master says, "Draw out now, and bear unto the governor of the feast." So when you have been greatly favored from above, when showers of blessing have been your portion, then as the finger of Providence points out some needy soul, and the Spirit speaks to you, saying, "Draw out now," do not delay to obey. The future nourishing and refreshing of your own soul demand implicit obedience. As the message comes to you, "Draw out now," all heaven waits to co-operate with the effort you put forth to give to others the blessings of salvation which have been given to you. Disobedience to the Spirit's leading will poison the waters of life, and ruin the wine of grace within the soul. That which, had you promptly yielded to the Spirit's leading, might have blessed and cheered the heart of another, will by and by become a stumbling-stone to others and a source of darkness to you.

It was in obedience to Christ's command, "Draw out," that the blessing resulting from this miracle was obtained. And it is so in our Christian experience. May we not sometimes neglect to obey while we are seeking a blessing, when in reality the blessing for which we seek will be found only in results of obedience? Christ works miracles for a purpose; for He had no sooner worked this miracle than he said, "Draw out now, and bear unto the governor of the feast." Christ never worked useless or objectless miracles.

"But the Servants Which Drew the Water Knew."—It is written that the servants who drew the water knew it was wine. Perhaps there were many onlookers who in their minds doubted the miracle of the water being turned into wine, but the servants who drew the water *knew*. And so we see it to-day. The saving and keeping power of the glorious gospel is seriously questioned by many, doubted by others, and ignored by some; yet the humble servants of God, who are drawing water from "the wells of salvation" with which to refresh their souls, and quench the thirst of dying sinners,—those who are engaged in actually giving to others of that which God has miraculously wrought in their own experience,—*they know* both the reality and the blessedness of the Christian life. While others may doubt and conjecture, they, by reason of their experience in the things of God and their labor of love for others, know, like the blind man of old, whereof they speak. Whereas once they were blind, now they see, and they know it.

But he who seeks divine blessings for his own refreshment, and who makes no effort to give the bread of heaven and the water of life to a dying world, soon loses the ability to recognize and appreciate divine things. Those who are drawers of water from the inner side of the wall know whence the water comes. Those who are

constantly engaged in ministering to others of the grace of forgiveness and the beauties of salvation, are those who know in reality that their sins are forgiven.

"*This Beginning of Miracles Did Jesus.*"—It is interesting to note that Christ did not work his first miracle at Jerusalem, with great show and pomp, before the priests and leaders of the people. On the contrary, he chose the quiet little village of Cana as the place where he would both honor the marriage institution and manifest the glory of his Father; for, he said, "My Father, he doeth the works." It is also interesting to notice how unostentatious Christ was in all he did in connection with the performance of this miracle. He did not call the people around him, and seek to attract their attention to the wonder he was about to work. He uttered no moans or incantations, as so many so-called modern wonder-workers are wont to do. He did nothing of a sensational nature to attract morbid curiosity. He did not even speak an audible word. He simply gave the command, and when the command had been obeyed, it was promptly followed by another, and the obedience to this second command discovered to all present the wonderful miracle the Commander had wrought. Thus it is with many of our greatest blessings. Many of the mighty miracles wrought by the Master within the soul are discovered to us by the Spirit of loving obedience,—obedience to-day making manifest the miracle which resulted from our obedience yesterday. "Draw out now" discovers to us to-day the transformation wrought by his mighty power when first he called us to obey.

"*And His Disciples Believed on Him.*"—The disciples' faith was greatly strengthened by this miracle. They saw that nothing could fail in the hands of the Master. They were made to see also that he who could turn water into wine could turn defeat into victory; that he could transform weak and erring men into vessels of honor and service; that he could take the poorest of human instruments, and by his grace make of them the richest instruments of righteousness. They had believed on him before, but this wonder confirmed their faith. It is as it was written of the Samaritans: "Now we believe, not because of thy sayings: for we have heard him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world." John 4:42. Miracles do not produce faith; they simply strengthen, reinforce, and confirm it.

Although Christ would not transform the stones into bread on the occasion of his great hunger in the wilderness, yet at the marriage feast in Cana he turned water into wine to refresh and gladden those present. Although he would not provide a necessity for himself, he was willing to give luxuries to others. He refused to make bread for himself; yet he supplied wine to others. Herein is his unselfish character manifested. At his crucifixion these taunting words were spoken: "He saved others; himself he can not save."

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." Prov. 20:1. Surely it was no such wine as this that Jesus provided. It must have been the pure, unfermented, refreshing juice of the grape, even the same as he provides in the clusters as they hang in the vineyard. W. S. SADLER.
(Concluded next week.)

"USE your gifts faithfully, and they shall be enlarged; practice what you know, and you shall attain to higher knowledge."

"THE amount of strength we may receive from Christ is limited only by our willingness. His ability is greater than our desires."



TWO PRINCES

THERE were two princes, long ago,
Named Prince I Wish and Prince I Will,
Whose great-grandchildren, you must know,
Are reigning still.

They ran and played, they drank and ate,
They read in books both old and new;
Indeed, they lived just as their great-
Grandchildren do.

But Prince I Wish would never try
To learn a lesson as he should;
He just would wait, and loudly sigh,
"I wish I could."

And Prince I Will would never pause
At any task he might fulfill;
And so he won his way because
He said, "I will."
—Frank Walcott Hutt.

OLD READY

JOHN won his odd title when he was a small patient in the children's ward of the Samaritan Hospital. His broken arm was not yet out of the sling before he was helping Nurse Romaine care for the other children, and the children straightway hit upon the name that fitted him perfectly, "Old Ready." That was ten years ago, and he was still in the hospital. The broken arm got well speedily; but before that happened, it was found that the willing worker could not be spared.

First, he was put on the rolls as errand-boy, but he soon outworked those narrow limits, and was promoted to higher responsibilities. Step by step he had come up and up since then; the position he held now it would be hard to define exactly, for he found work to do, and plenty of it, in every department within his reach. That had been the case all along; the thing that needed doing was the thing he took in hand, asking no questions, waiting for no bidding. He was still Old Ready to all in the hospital, from Dr. Ellis, the chief surgeon, down.

Promotion is a pleasant thing for boy or man; all the pleasanter for John because his mother, hard at work in the mill, and his sister Katy, the busy little housekeeper, had such pride and delight in his advancement. He had a hope of making them prouder still; a day, not on the calendar yet, shone away off in the future—the day that should advance him to the pinnacle of his ambition, the position of assistant steward. He was studying hard to fit himself for that.

In the fury of a winter storm, when the bitterest night of half a century was settling upon the world, John was shut up in his room, studying as hard as he had worked all day. Unless specially summoned, he need not open his door again that night. He heard the ambulance arriving with a new case, and he heard the bearers carry the litter into the children's ward.

"Poor little soul!" he muttered. "I hope it isn't a case of freezing." A glow of thankfulness warmed him; Katy, snug and warm at home, was in no danger of freezing. "Right sort of night for that, though."

It was indeed the "right sort of night for that." The air was thick with a driving white mist; the ambulance was like a snow-drift on wheels; the litter-bearers, and the troubled mother beside them, plunged through deep snow as they came up the steps. In a moment the men were out again, and the ambulance was driven away; already there had been another call. John, seeing nothing of all this, only knowing of it by the sounds, went on with his study-

ing. Dr. Steel and Nurse Romaine could deal with a case of freezing without his help.

True, but this was not a case of freezing, and they could not deal with it; the little form on the cot before them had been cruelly torn by machinery.

"I was working late, and she had just come from the house, bringing me my supper," the poor mother explained, wringing her hands. "I was telling her she shouldn't have done that in all the storm, though it's but round the corner, and while I was saying it, and while she was laughing and making light of the storm,—she's always so brave and good!—the belt caught her somehow, and—oh dear! oh dear! You can save her to me, can't you, doctor? You must save her to me!"

"Only one man in the State can do that," said Dr. Steel, after a swift examination. "Ellis can, if we can get him here. We must get him, for the case is beyond me."

He hurried out into the hall. John, in his room, heard him giving a sharp order to Negley, the night messenger; then he heard Negley, as usual, piling up difficulties in the way of what he was told to do.

"I'm willing enough to start out and try it, Doctor. If you can tell me where to go, I'll go, but you say yourself there ain't no clue to follow. And to go wadin' round through all this snow on a wild-goose chase, why—"

"Stop your grumbling, and go!" With that fierce growl the doctor strode back into the ward.

John needed no more calling than this; in two minutes he was out in the hall, looking like an Arctic explorer. Negley was taking his comfort, with no notion of going out, except under stronger pressure. He grinned derisively at sight of the high boots and the fur cap, but a fellow who would volunteer to go out in such a storm as this was worth seeing under the circumstances.

"Good for you! This lets me out!" he remarked, and instantly he slipped off to a warm corner, quite out of everybody's way.

Just in time, for Dr. Steel had bounced out again to put spurs to his lagging messenger. He saw John, laughed in huge relief, took everything for granted at once, and forthwith gave his orders.

"Ready, I want you to find Dr. Ellis. I don't know where he is, and nobody at his house knows, but find him. Tell him to come here without losing a minute, to save life. Tell him that—to save life."

"All right, sir."

On his way out, John saw Nurse Romaine knocking at the door of his room. She saw him at the same time, and hurried to him.

"I was after you to come into the ward," she said, "but if you are going after Dr. Ellis, that will be better. You will say so yourself when—afterward. Much better, for you will find him." She opened the door for him, and the blast swept him out.

She shut the door, and went back to the ward. "It is a cruel thing, all round," she said to herself, "but this is the kindest part of it all. No pocket can hold the wage of the willing worker, and I pray it may be paid to him in full!"

What a storm this was that John had come out to battle with! He was full of life, and he loved a sharp tussle with the weather, but there was something too much of this. The intense cold found him out through all his warm clothing, and the wind knocked him this way and that in spite of all resistance. Those were trifles that did not count; he could fight the wind, and the fight would keep him warm; the snow was the only thing he really feared, it hindered him so. Of course he could master the worst of the deepening drifts, if he had time, but there was the trouble; time was a precious thing when Dr. Ellis was sent for to save life.

In front of the Albermarle Hotel, half a square

from the hospital, he got footing on a car; it carried him a few rods; then it stopped in a hopeless drift, and he got off; and that was the last car he saw that night. Well, even that short ride had almost frozen him; floundering on foot would keep his blood stirring, at any rate. Even so, his fingers and toes ached with the cold, his nose and ears smarted, his face tingled painfully under the lashing of the frozen snow.

In spite of his best efforts, he was a long time in getting to the Brotherhood Hospital, and that was really only the starting-place he had set for himself; Dr. Ellis came here every evening, and here the clue must be picked up. In two minutes John was out in the storm again, the clue in hand; the doctor had been there, and had gone off to one of his many "poor cases," in Prince Street. That was afar off, and John could get there only on foot. No matter, the clue led there, and he followed the clue with a light heart and in perfect confidence.

He followed the trail to Beppo's house in Prince Street; then to Sullivan's house in Rose Street; then here, there, and everywhere. Dr. Ellis, great surgeon and physician as he was, was at the call of whosoever had need of him, night or day. So, for half the night, as it seemed to him, the weary messenger pursued the chase through the hindering drifts, never losing the trail of the man he tracked, but never coming nearer to him.

The storm grew worse, if that were possible. Even on wind-swept spaces the snow was more than ankle-deep; in other places the boy must labor through drifts that swallowed him to the waist. Everywhere he must fight his own way; not a car was moving, and no vehicle nor horse was to be had. He tried to whistle as he plunged onward, but the wind outmatched him at that, and drove the whistle down his throat. That was just as well, for his whistling had but little spirit in it. He acknowledged to himself that the fight had become rather wearing. In truth, it was cruelly hard, and the long, fierce struggle was telling fearfully at last, even on his sturdy young strength. He was cold now, terribly cold, and he never in his life had been so tired. He would not confess it, but by this time all of him was exhausted except his courage and his will.

Then the crushing climax came, the stunning, hopeless word was spoken. Another messenger, coming in a sleigh, with horses enough to drag it through drifts house-high, had found Dr. Ellis first, and had carried him off quite out of reach. Carried him where? To the Albermarle Hotel—to within half a square of poor John's starting-place.

What to do now? Even John confessed that he could not possibly conquer again those terrible drifts; his feet might as well have been lead for all the life or feeling that there was in them, and he was tired beyond words. The Albermarle had telephone connection! Off to the nearest telephone station, then. If the wires were not working, then indeed he must give up; but he would not give up till he had tried this last chance. After that he might rest.

He must rest before that. He had hardly started in his new course when, for the first time, he fell down. He got his frozen feet under him, and struggled up again, but only to fall back helpless into the smothering drift. He had twisted his ankle so that he could not stand on it, and there was nothing to do but stay where he was until help came. That meant the end of everything, for no help could be hoped for; it seemed that only he, of all the city, was abroad in the storm. Well, it was good to rest, at any rate, he was so tired and sleepy. He would be snowed under, like the child they had brought to the hospital, but— That reminded him. He wrenched himself broad awake. Somebody must help him to the telephone station!

A sound, more welcome than any he had ever heard, reached him. Not far away an ambulance

bell was clanging. He shouted again and again, lustily as in his best days. Men answered him, and presently the Brotherhood ambulance was there beside him. Another minute, and he was in the ambulance, with warm blankets about him.

"Wouldn't bother you, only for the kink in my leg." He croaked the words feebly enough, but with all his old, cheery pluck. "Off with you now, quick as you can! Must telephone—Dr. Ellis—save—life—oh, keep me awake!"

The flash of energy had died out already, and the fatal drowsiness beset him again with a power he could not resist. His rescuers knew the full meaning of those words, "To save life," and desperate as his own case might be, they must help him do his errand. With merciful cruelty they shook and scolded him till he found himself in the warmth and light of the telephone station.

"Give me Albermarle Hotel."

Rallying all his forces, he waited for the test calls. He looked up at the office clock, and was sure it had stopped. From the story it told he had been away from the hospital not much more than two hours. For a wonder the wires were working, and the call was answered. Then, with all the voice he could muster, he himself called for Dr. Ellis. Dr. Ellis spoke back to him.

"It's Ready, doctor, with a message from Dr. Steel. He says you must come to the Samaritan Hospital, without losing a minute, to save life. To save life, doctor! Do you hear that? I've lost a lot of time hunting for you. You must hurry!"

"I hear, Ready, and I'll go. This instant, Ready."

That was all. John had done what was given him to do, and now he could rest. When he came to himself, hours afterward, he was in the Brotherhood Hospital. Doctors and nurses were busy with him, and every part of him that could feel was in pain. They put him to sleep, and he got through the night in some way. The next day Dr. Ellis himself was there, looking him over, and tenderly putting him to rights.

"You'll do," the doctor said at last. "The leg will be as good as new pretty soon, and the hands and feet will be ready for use by the time the leg is."

"Yes, but did you get there in time last night, doctor? That's what I want to know."

"In good time, Ready." The doctor's face lighted up in a way pleasant to see. "There would have been a different story to tell if you hadn't got to the telephone, though. She will come through all right, and be none the worse for the accident, I can promise you that. Now go to sleep."

The doctor stood thinking for a little, then whispered in John's ear, "Get ready for duty as soon as you can—assistant steward! Oh, yes, that's what it is, dating from last night! Good-by."

John forgot all his pain. Assistant steward! The great dream of the future had come true in a night! To his great surprise he dropped off to sleep thinking about it.

Later Nurse Romaine was there, crying over him, and kissing his swollen and blistered face. "Your mother would have come, dear," she explained, wiping her eyes, "but she is at our hospital with— with her. O John! It was hard to send you out away from her, and she so dreadfully hurt, and calling for you all the time, but what could we do? That was the only chance of saving her. Only Dr. Ellis could do what had to be done, and only you could be trusted to find him. Your mother agreed that it would be best not to excite you and worry you before you started. Besides, your heart would have been half broken to leave her. You two did save her, and that is the great thing, isn't it?"

"But— who?" John whispered, in troubled perplexity. "Not—it couldn't have been Katy!"

Nurse Romaine put her face tenderly against his. "Katy, yes, dear. You earned her life last night, my willing worker. She will live and be well, but she would have died only for you, John."

So the wage of the willing worker was paid in full to John, as Miss Romaine had prayed. All the promises of hope were made good to him, and the assistant steward of the Samaritan Hospital is as happy as he is busy, which is saying much.—*Youth's Companion*.

THE CHEERFUL SUNBEAM

ONE day a sunbeam met a cloud;
'Twas in the month of May.
Frowning, the cloud said, angrily,
"You're always in the way!"

The sunbeam smiled, and said, "My dear,
Why can't we work together?
The flowers need us both, you know,
Sunshine and rainy weather."

—*Selected*.

CANVASSING IN THE SIERRAS

II

"Would you like a drink of good water?" asked one of my new acquaintances that evening, and led me out under a cherry-tree by the milk-house. At our feet was a boiling spring, the water ice-cold, sweet, pure, and refreshing. "We have no drunkards here," said he; "if one accustomed to liquor once tastes this water, he will drink nothing else while he remains with us."

My first and fifth orders were taken on Monday morning—five orders in half a day! After dinner an eight-mile ride to Humbug was easily made. I found to my sorrow that the place had been properly named, so in a few moments I started over a steep range for Butte Valley. On the upward climb, I comforted myself with the thought of coasting down the other side, but such a steep, rocky grade was not to be used as a bicycle track. Near its base was a sluggish creek, while the mosquitoes were as thick as gnats about a mass of decaying fruit. I shall remember the place as Mosquito Cliff. Picking my way down the grade, I paused now and then, feasting my eyes upon the wild roses, some of them fully nine inches in circumference. There was also the common, small variety. The most beautiful flower to be seen was the mountain lily.

As night came on, I saw an occasional bonfire, surrounded by Indians preparing their suppers, but the hotel was the only white man's dwelling in the valley. On reaching Prattville again, I had traveled sixteen miles, and taken no orders.

Not waiting for dinner, I set out eagerly for Greenville, and had climbed the grade and started down when a sound like a pistol shot startled me. It was caused by the bursting of my tire, so I had to walk the remaining eight miles. At 5:30 a generous grocer gave me a lunch, which still left me abundant relish for supper. Though the town was quite large, I did not obtain any orders, and as hotel rates were two dollars a day, I soon started around Indian Valley. This valley is made up of several arms, or smaller valleys, reaching back into the mountains. On my return to Greenville, I passed through Crescent Mills, a place never to be forgotten by early settlers. Placer-mining has been prohibited, and the quartz has failed, making the once wealthy, active town a picture of desolation.

WM. YARNELL.

He who, when goodness is impressively put before him, exhibits an instinctive loyalty to it, starts forward to take its side, trusts himself to it—such a man has faith, and the root of the matter is in him.—*Sir J. Seeley*.



CHILDREN'S PAGE

GROWING

EVERY birthday, passing o'er,
Finds my mark, behind the door,
Climbing higher from the floor,
And the scales proclaim I weigh a little more.

Every winter, white with snows,
Every spring, with buds and blows,
Every season at its close,
Leaves me just a little larger as it goes.

But this wondrous earthly ball
Offers work to great and small,—
Duties to employ us all;
So I'll not be idle, waiting to grow tall.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

THE LITTLE GIRL AT MOUNT VERNON

WHEN the great George Washington lived at Mount Vernon, his country place on the Potomac River in Virginia, a little girl lived there with him. Her name was Eleanor Custis. She was called "Nelly" usually. She was the granddaughter of Mrs. Washington, and the adopted daughter of General Washington himself.

When Nelly was only two years old, and her brother a little baby of six months, their own dear father, Mr. John Parke Custis, died. He had been a brave soldier in the American army during the Revolutionary War, but he died just as his country was rejoicing over its victories.

General Washington had loved his stepson, and he grieved sadly over his loss. He begged that Mr. Custis's two younger children might be given him to keep and bring up as if they were his own.

Mrs. Custis was unwilling to give the children away. But at last she did, and Washington adopted the little ones in what is called "full legal form;" that is, they were to be his very own, and he would act as their father from that time on, and legal papers were drawn up and signed in proof of this.

Nelly's hair was dark, and her eyes a beautiful black. She was a very lively little girl, fond of playing out-of-doors. Her life at Mount Vernon must have been full of little pleasures. There are few better play places in the world than an old Virginia plantation, and Mount Vernon was then one of the finest in the State. It is still a lovely place.

At either end of the mansion, at the back, is a long, arched gallery, or colonnade, built in a curve, and leading to the kitchens of other out-buildings, delightful places to play on rainy days. There are brick walls, too, dividing the lawn from the garden and from what were once farmyards and deer parks; and these walls have odd turns and twists, as if they were made on purpose for children's games and adventures.

Nelly must have loved the old garden. It is still kept in good order, with borders of box along the gravel walks and around the flower beds. In some places the box is higher than a child's head, but in one part of the garden it is closely clipped, and winds all about in the form of a labyrinth—like the puzzle pictures that you trace with your pencil in order to reach the center. The red roses bloom there as late as October, and they and the scarlet sage make bright spots in the beautiful pearl-gray mist that comes up from the river.

Nelly had a dear little room of her own in the house, which you may still see, if you go to Mount Vernon, furnished just as it was when she lived there. Her bed, with its tall posts, had curtains of an old-fashioned white stuff called "dimity," looped up here and there and edged with fringe. The bed was so high that Nelly had to go up

three little steps to get into it. Nobody had ever thought then of making a bed so low that you could step into it easily from the floor.

Both the Custis children had lessons at home every day. Their studies were carefully overlooked by General and Mrs. Washington. It was not always easy to keep Nelly at her books, as she liked romping much better than study. Sometimes she used to cry when she had to practice her music.

Nelly had a music room on the first floor, furnished with a cunning blue sofa and chairs embroidered with musical instruments. The spindle-legged, three-cornered piano, called a "harpsichord," which stands there now, was not bought

Nelly was still a little girl when General Washington was made president of the United States. New York was then the national capital, and Mrs. Washington and the two children went there to live. They were there for more than eight years. Nelly used to see almost all the distinguished men of whom you learn in your United States histories. The children probably enjoyed the style and splendor, but it is well known that the President and Mrs. Washington were heartily glad when they were free to go back to their home in Virginia.

In time Nelly grew up to be a lovely woman. She married Mr. Lawrence Lewis, a nephew of General Washington. The general gave his



JUST A LITTLE LARGER

for Nelly until she was about to be married, when General Washington gave it to her for a wedding present. But there was another harpsichord, or spinet, that had belonged to the first little girl at Mount Vernon, Nelly's "Aunt Martha;" and Nelly used to pick out her tunes on its short keyboard.

Little Miss Custis had a queer little guitar, too, called a "bandoria." You may see it in the music room when you visit Mount Vernon; and you may also see the flute upon which George Washington used to play.

nephew a fine estate near Mount Vernon, and they called their home "Woodlawn." But Nelly loved Mount Vernon best; and while her grandfather lived, she and her husband stayed with him.

Nelly was brought back to Mount Vernon to be buried when she died, at the age of seventy-four. Her tomb is close to that of Washington, and there is a long inscription on it, telling how she was "reared under the roof of the Father of his Country," and how fair and sweet she was in herself.—*Jeannie Pendleton Ewing.*



JUNE STUDY OF THE FIELD

(June 2-8)

Introduction.—The articles for study this month in the *Missionary Magazine* are "Protestantism in Brazil;" "In Basutoland;" "Central American Mission, South;" "Aborigines in Australia;" "Our Work in Egypt;" and "Sketches from the European Field."

Catholicism in Brazil.—The religion of the country being Catholic, society has been molded by the prevailing influence. The results have been the same as in other countries where the papacy has ruled with an unrestrained hand. That which has brought darkness is, first, the ban placed upon the word of God. The members of the church are forbidden to open the Bible. If it is found in their hands, it is taken away, and they are told that it is the book of the devil; that what they are to know of its contents must come through their spiritual advisers and teachers. The colporteurs who fall into the hands of the priest are treated roughly, and frequently lose their life. (The experience of our laborers in Brazil, as reported at the recent Conference, and published in the *Bulletin*, may be read with interest in connection with this study.) Second, the Catholic religion in Brazil is not spiritual. In every sense of the word, the people worship idols. Seats are provided in very few of the churches, for the people do not enter them expecting to hear a sermon. A missionary who spent three years in one of the largest cities of Brazil, where a commodious cathedral was situated, says that only three sermons were delivered during that time, and so extraordinary was this event that it was published in all the newspapers. Third, the hope to save themselves by works, and not by faith in the living Saviour, brings disappointment. The incident is related of one young lady who lay dying. She pleaded over and over again for a missionary. When one was found, she told him that she had sent candles to every church in Brazil, that the saints might save her soul; she had gone on her bare hands over roads for miles; she had built a chapel, and had given money to every charity of which she knew. She had done everything she could think of to take away her sin, but still she was left without peace,—dying, and all dark before her. With such a religion, with souls going into eternity without hope, longing for life, does not Brazil appeal to us for help?

The Beginning in Basutoland.—The first Sabbath-keeper in Basutoland was Brother David Kalaka. When Elder S. N. Haskell made a missionary tour through South Africa about five years ago, this brother, who served as his guide, was a local preacher of the French Protestant church. After Elder Haskell left, he accepted as much of the truth as he knew, and later attended a Bible institute conducted by Elder O. A. Olsen, when, with three other natives, he was baptized. Being an educated Basuto, and having served for several years as a member of the council of the head chief of Basutoland, he was well known throughout his country, and his receiving "a new religion" created quite a stir.

Even before his baptism, he was called, within

three weeks, two or three times by the French minister and as many times by the head chief, to answer for his new faith. The Lord helped him to give a reason for his hope from the Scriptures; and the chief admitted, in the presence of his counselors, that "David had the Bible religion." Later he was called to the chief for personal talks, and it was evident that the forcible answers from the Bible made a deep impression. After his baptism, Brother Kalaka returned to his home, and many came to him daily to inquire about the "new doctrine." In this way a knowledge of the message spread hundreds of miles throughout Basutoland. The growth of this work led to the establishment of the mission in Basutoland, about which we study this month.

First Work in Egypt.—Although from earliest times Egypt has been associated with the history of God's people, it has, until very recently, received little attention from those proclaiming the last message of mercy. The third angel's message was introduced in Egypt by Dr. H. P. Ripton, but scarcely had he begun when he was killed in the Alexandrian riot. As a result of the Armenian massacres, a number of Armenians fled to Egypt, among them some who bore with them the rays of present truth. Through their faithful labors many became interested, and in Cairo a number began to follow the light. Some of these published the truth in tract form at their own expense, and began to call earnestly for the living preacher. For more than three years a brother has labored in Port Said, Cairo, and Alexandria as a ship missionary and colporteur, circulating reading-matter in the English, French, Italian, German, Greek, Russian, and Arabic languages.

Among the Waldenses.—In connection with our study of the Waldenses, it is interesting to note the experience and prophecy concerning this work, as related by Sister White on her visit there more than fifteen years ago. After exploring several caves and other retreats which the Waldenses had sought in their flight for life, she says: "We climbed still higher upon the rocks above the cave, and there bowed in a season of prayer. Jesus seemed very near while we pleaded with him to imbue us with more of the spirit of true devotion and firm adherence to principle that had led so many in these valleys in times past to lay down their lives for the truth's sake. . . ."

"As we slowly made our way down the rocky path by the side of a rushing stream, we could not but wonder how many pilgrim feet had trod this rugged path before us in the hope of finding an asylum from the wrath of their oppressors, and our hearts ascended to God in prayer that the precious light of present truth might reach to descendants of this long-persecuted people. We firmly believe that God will open the way, that he will remove the obstructions which now shut the light from them."

Then in view of what is now being done, the following is especially interesting: "The angel that joins the third angel is to lighten the earth with his glory. There will be many, even in these valleys, where the work seems to start with such difficulty, who will recognize the voice of God speaking to them through his word, and, coming out from under the influence of the clergy, will take their stand for God and the truth. This field is not an easy one in which to labor, nor is it one which will show immediate results; but there is an honest people here, who will obey in time. The persecutions which their fathers endured have made them apathetic and close-mouthed, and they look upon strangers and strange doctrines with suspicion. But the miracle of God's mercy, working with man's human effort, will yet cause the truth to triumph upon

the very soil where so many have died to defend it. Knowledge will be increased, faith and courage will revive, and the truth will shine as the light of the morning all through these valleys. The old battle-field will yet be the scene of victories now unseen, and the adoption of Bible truth will vindicate the past fidelity of their fathers."



THE BURNT-OFFERING AND MEAT-OFFERING

(June 8)

MEMORY VERSES.—Ps. 51: 10, 19.

QUESTIONS

1. How many kinds of offerings were presented before the Lord? Note 1.
2. When one brought a burnt-offering from his cattle, what was it to be? How was it to be offered? Where? Lev. 1: 3; note 2.
3. How did the person then offer it? What promise was given? V. 4.
4. How much of the animal was burned? How did the Lord regard the offering? V. 9; note 3.
5. How often did the people of God bring a burnt-offering to the Lord? Ex. 29: 38, 39, 42; note 4.
6. When Abel and others offered their burnt-offerings, how did the Lord show that he accepted their gift? Gen. 4: 4; note 5.
7. Of what material was the "meat-offering" made? Lev. 2: 1, first part.
8. What did the flour represent? John 6: 48.
9. What was placed upon the flour before it was offered? Lev. 2: 1, last part, 13; note 6.
10. In what different ways could the meat-offering be prepared? Lev. 2: 4, 5, 7.
11. Of what was no meat-offering to be made? Lev. 2: 11.
12. Why was the leaven forbidden? Note 7.

NOTES

1. There were various kinds of offering, each of which taught some precious lesson, and brought to God's children a special blessing. But though there were many offerings, there were but three general classes:—

- (a) Sin-offerings.
- (b) Consecration-offerings.
- (c) Peace-offerings.

The first were for the purpose of putting away sin from between the people and God, that he might not be separated from them. The sin-offerings brought pardon. When sin was forgiven, the people wanted to make the second kind of offering,—the offering of consecration. For when they had seen how kind and good the Lord is, they desired to be wholly his, to consecrate themselves to him. And when they were wholly given to the Lord, they desired to make the third kind of offering, the offering of thanksgiving, the offering of a glad, peaceful heart. Last week we studied the sin-offering; to-day we learn of the burnt-offering (the offering of consecration); and next Sabbath we will consider the peace-offering.

2. God never asks any one to do anything against his will. An unwilling offering would not be acceptable. So the Lord told his people (and he says the same to us) that when one brought his offering, he must bring it of his own voluntary will; that is, freely and gladly. By his own choice, he was to put his hand upon the head of his offering, and give it to the Lord. When he did so, he was simply saying, Here, Lord, I give myself to thee; I desire to be wholly thine. Take me now to be thine forever. And

the Lord promised, that when he did so, his offering should be "accepted for him." God greatly desires to have us give ourselves to him, "a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable" unto him. Rom. 12:1. If we do so; if we make an offering of everything we are, of everything we have, of everything we ever *hope* to be and to have, we may be sure that it will be accepted, and God will honor us with a place in his work now, and in his kingdom hereafter.

3. All the offering was burned. It was therefore called the "whole burnt-offering." Ps. 51:19. If the offering had not been all burned, it would not have taught all the truth. For as the burnt-offering meant the offering of the one who brought it, it must show that he was to give himself *wholly* to God. The Lord can not accept a partial offering; he desires *all* our life. Every life given fully to him is a sweet savor, a precious offering of righteousness, and causes Heaven to be glad. The secret of a Christian life is in making a *whole* offering, of giving all. When *all* is given, God can keep it; for it is truly in his hand. To give up to the Lord only a part of our life is really to keep all of it for self. Let us give all we have, and then take all that God would have us take.

4. Twice a day, in the morning and in the evening, the people of God offered up their burnt-offering. Twice a day they consecrated themselves to him. This is what our Father would have his children do now. But we often forget this, and act as if the offering made when we were converted will answer for the rest of our life. And oh, how many young men and women backslide because of doing so! The Lord would have us renew our offering every morning and every evening. In the morning we may accept Jesus anew as our Saviour, and by faith say, "To-day, dear Lord, I will be wholly thine;" and when the day closes, we may thank him for his blessings, and with a glad heart tell him that we will be his through the night, and ask for his keeping power. Those who follow this plan will not fail. Dear young friend, make this plan yours, and do it *to-day*.

5. We are told by the Spirit of prophecy that God sent fire from heaven and burned up Abel's sacrifice. The Lord will see to it that our offering, the offering of our life and service, is truly honored. He will cause us to *know* that we are accepted of him.

6. The oil placed upon the flour was a type of God's Spirit, and the frankincense of the sweet fragrance of the righteousness of Jesus. The lesson which we should learn is that if we desire our offering to be accepted of God, it must be anointed with the oil of his Holy Spirit, and be mingled with the righteousness of Christ. If the Spirit and righteousness are lacking, the Lord will smell no sweet savor, and therefore can not regard the offering we bring. The salt, which was mixed with the sacrifice was the symbol of the covenant. It meant that what was done was to remain unchanged, that neither God nor his people would break the promise made.

7. Leaven, or yeast, is a type of sin, and therefore could not have a place in the offering. God desires us to be free from sin. He says, "Purge out therefore the old leaven, that ye may be a new lump." And then he tells us to "keep the feast, not with old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness; but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth." 1 Cor. 5:6-8. "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." He who cherishes even one sin, however small, may be sure that sooner or later his whole life will be filled with wrong. The only true and safe plan is to put away *every* sin, to purge out *all* the leaven and so be a pure and perfect offering.

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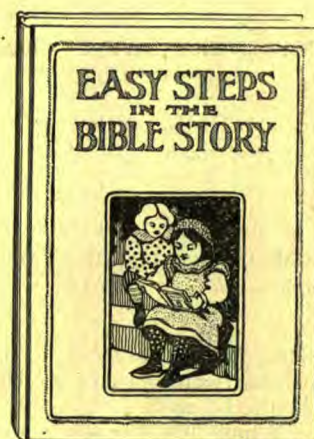
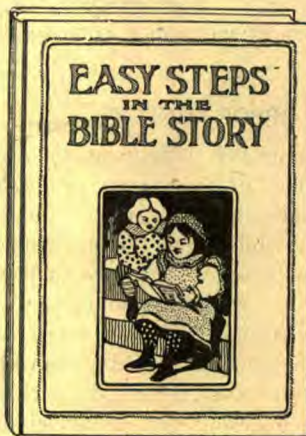
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FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY:

"Life is what one makes of it, no matter of what it is made."

MONDAY:

It is almost as presumptuous to think you can do nothing as to think you can do everything.—*Phillips Brooks.*

TUESDAY:

Mine be the reverent, listening love
 That waits all day on Thee,
 With the service of a watchful heart,
 Which no one else can see.
 —*A. L. Waring.*

WEDNESDAY:

If ever you get light, it will be in this way: Christ must be a great light to you. Nobody ever found light by raking in his own inward darkness; that is, indeed, seeking the living among the dead.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

THURSDAY:

In our Father's house are many mansions. The room that we spend most of our lives in, each of us at our tasks or work-tables, may be in our Father's house, too, and it is only we that can secure that it shall be.—*Maclaren.*

FRIDAY:

The rootlets that moor a tree to the soil, and gather nutriment for its growth, are very slender and delicate. So the actions to which the Spirit prompts us on behalf of others may seem very trivial, but each one gives us greater constancy and strength, and makes us quicker to understand Christ's love to us.—*Meyer.*

SABBATH:

"He that saith he abideth in him ought himself also so to walk, even as he walked."
 I John 2:6.

A CHICAGO company has closed a contract with the government for the raising of the battle-ship "Maine," sunk three years ago in Havana harbor. The contractors propose to hoist the sunken ship, repair her sufficiently to float, and then bring her to New York. If in suitable condition, the famous ship will be thoroughly repaired; and if not, she will be exhibited, and afterward broken up and manufactured into souvenirs. The expense of raising the ship is estimated at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars; but it is hoped that her value will be one million dollars, even if damaged beyond repair, and fully two millions if in condition to be fitted again for service.

Do not fail to read the articles on "The Miracles of Christ," as they come week by week. With this number the fifth paper on the first miracle is given. It contains practical instruction and many precious lessons, that can not fail to be helpful in the Christian's daily experience.

"NEVER bear more than one trouble at a time," a wise old clergyman once said to a friend; and added: "Some people bear all three kinds—all they have had, all they have now, and all they expect to have."

How it would roll off the troubles if every one would only follow this sensible advice! There is plenty of trouble in the world, and always will be—plenty of real trouble. But it comes to each one—his share—for a purpose,—the great and wise purpose that is hidden in the heart of Him who sits as a refiner and purifier of precious metals. And if we will take the trials as they come, neither looking back at what has been hard to bear, nor forward at the things we shrink from meeting, but just bravely and whole-heartedly meet what we must meet to-day, our souls will be purified, and our characters strengthened.

But this looking forward and back, this picking up of old griefs and constant expectation of new ones, is not, after all, bearing trouble: it is nothing but worry, and worry kills not only the body but the soul. There is no help promised to the worrier; but all strength and grace are assured to him who, relying on the word, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be," goes forward bravely and cheerfully to meet what may come to him to-day.

HER OPPORTUNITY

It is a good thing for those who are given to bemoaning their lack of opportunity to do some great thing "to make the world better," to stop and think once in a while about the opportunities that come to them every day to do that very work. It may be in a very small and quiet way, but small and quiet things, done for love's sake, often have a wide and far-reaching influence. In a late exchange the story is told of a girl who, on reading of the generous gift of a rich man to a hospital, began to wish that she too might do something like that for the benefit of the suffering—that she might do something to help make the world happier and better. It was a sincere wish, and her father, who heard it, called her to him, and told the following incident of his early experience:—

"When I went to college," said the father, "I was a farm-boy, used to a home life with my mother and sisters. The college was in the midst of a busy town. I had a small room in a cheap boarding-house, which swarmed with noisy students. They sang, shouted, played games, fenced, and sometimes drank. It was impossible for me to study. After a couple of months I ceased to try, and sang, and told stories, and soon began to drink with the rest.

"One day the sister of one of my classmates asked me to supper. Each of the class had been asked by her in turn. She was a plain, middle-aged woman, not learned or bright in any way, busy in taking care of her family and house. But she had a thought to spare to a stranger—a boy whom she saw on the brink of ruin.

"When I was going away, she said, laughing, 'Of course you will be working hard now to be leader of your class, to satisfy your mother. It is simply impossible for you to study in that babel of a house. Why not take the corner of my back porch for a study?'

"She led the way to a little nook overlooking an old-fashioned garden. 'It is never used,' she said. 'Nobody will disturb you. You can enter from outside. We shall not interfere with you, nor will you with us.'

"The quiet little corner, shaded by grapevines, was an enchanted place to me after the

noisy, ill-smelling boarding-house. I came to it the next day, and found a chair and table, with a lock-drawer for my papers and books. I remember that the tears stood in my eyes for sheer happiness. It was the first time that I had been alone since I left home. I went to work. I would be leader of my class! I would satisfy mother!

"Well, that little nook was my salvation. The woman who gave it to me, and her husband and children, grew to be dear to me. They brought me into a world of innocent, pure aims, quite apart from my college life. If I was kept near to the right during the years when a man is most sorely tempted, it was by the kind thought which gave me that quiet corner. There was not one of my class whom that woman did not know and help in some simple way. Yet she had neither money nor great intellectual gifts."

He who, without thought of "credit" or praise or fame, is unselfishly anxious to carry on his "Master's business" will never lack for opportunities. Rather, he will be quick to see the needs and to fill the opportunities that come to him. There are no words to estimate the influence of such a life, and, in greater or less degree, it is within the reach of any one who truly desires it.

JUNE, 1901

If the yellow address-label on first page of this paper, or on the wrapper, bears this month and year (John Brown 1820), it indicates that the following blank should be filled out by you now, and mailed to the Review and Herald, Battle Creek, Mich., before the end of this month:—

Name,
 Post-office,
 Street,
 County,
 State,

Inclosed find \$ (money-order, express order, registered letter, or bank draft), for which please send... copies of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR... months to above address.

P. S.—If you object to clipping this out of your paper, or wish to forward other subscriptions, please write names and full addresses on a separate sheet, stating amount inclosed for that purpose.

Baby's First Wardrobe

HYGIENIC PATTERNS

Complete outfit, based on healthful principles—22 NEAT PATTERNS, with full directions for making, showing necessary material, etc., sent, postpaid, for 50 cents. A beautiful booklet on the proper care of infants also included with every order. Send stamps or silver to—
MRS. F. M. KELLOGG,
 36 Washington Ave., Battle Creek, Mich.

GRAND TRUNK R.Y. SYSTEM.

Taking Effect Dec. 16, 1900.

Trains leave Battle Creek.

WEST-BOUND.

No. 9, Mail and Express, to Chicago.....	12.15 P. M.
No. 1, Chicago Express, to Chicago.....	8.30 A. M.
No. 3, Lehigh Valley Express, to Chicago.....	3.50 P. M.
No. 5, 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.....	2.45 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,
BATTLE CREEK.