

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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IN A MOUNTAIN SNOW-STORM

FOR years I have been interested in glaciers and glacial phenomena; but an opportunity to make as careful a study of the subject as I should enjoy has ever been lacking. When I planned a trip through the Cascades, however, I expected to spend the first two weeks in September photographing one of the many glaciers found on the high peaks of that range, and studying its phenomena. Once during the trip I was called home, and that put me back two weeks. At two other times severe rains made the roads impassable for several days. So when I finally started for the glacier-bearing peak, September had come and gone. Already there had been a light snow-storm on the mountains, and the weather-prophets promised more rain in the valleys; but there was no telling when I should have another opportunity, so, hoping for the best, I started on my journey. The day was cloudy, but the clouds would sometimes clear away sufficiently to show the great white dome that fed the glacier for which I was bound. Several light showers fell during the day, but on the whole I had a pleasant journey to the foot of the mountain, where I camped for the night. As the sun was setting, the clouds that hung upon the mountain settled down into the valleys, leaving the peak cold and bare.

In the morning, as soon as the sun's rays came creeping over the hills, the clouds went racing back to the snow-fields again; and I followed them more slowly, up the steep mountain trail that led to the timber-line. I had not gone far before I found that the clouds, in passing, had let fall about an inch of snow. That made the climbing rather difficult, but I took my time, and about noon reached the cabin where I expected to find shelter. The cabin stood on a high, rocky ridge, between two cañons. It commanded a splendid view of the mountain and two of its glaciers, one of which was only about an hour's climb above. As far as the view was concerned, a better situation for the cabin could not have been chosen, but it was exposed to the fierce winds that swept down from the snow-fields.

I did no more climbing that day. The clouds clung to the mountain all day; but they were light and fleecy, and sometimes would drift apart sufficiently to give an excellent view of the glaciers. The latter looked tempting; but I concluded to wait until I had more time to observe them.

That night I suffered terribly from cold; and in the morning the wind had such a discouraging moan that I remained in my sleeping-bag until late. But when I got up, and opened the door of the cabin, I bitterly regretted my laziness; for I could see that the clouds were just beginning to gather around the mountain-top again. Had I been up with the sun, I might have secured several valuable pictures.

All day the clouds hid the mountain from view, and nearly all day the snow fell steadily at the altitude of the cabin. Early in the forenoon, however, the wind went down, and it was not very cold during the remainder of the day. On the ridge where the cabin stood, there were few trees, and those few were so stunted in growth, and so twisted from their fierce struggles with the winter winds, that they had lost all resemblance to the noble pine family to which they belonged. But on each side, the cañons were covered with splendid evergreen forests. Before night the dark-green needles of these trees were hidden under a mantle of purest white, while their branches were bent to the breaking-point beneath their heavy burden.

Next morning I was up as soon as it was light, but the clouds were already on the mountain. The wind had shaken the snow from the trees, and was playing tag with a fine, hard sleet, which was falling quite rapidly. But the wind soon went down. Then it began to snow in earnest, and all day long the great, white flakes fell thick and fast. The faster the snow fell, the lower

the outline of the mountain. I floundered down into one of the cañons, through snowdrifts waist-deep. It was not very cold when I was protected from the wind; so I started up the cañon toward the glacier at its head. The snow was not drifted in the cañon, yet it came up to my knees when I started; and the higher I went, the deeper I found it. I finally gave up all hope of reaching the glaciers that season, and reluctantly turned back.

Of course there was no use to remain longer in that inhospitable cabin, so I began at once to prepare for the return trip. I extemporized a toboggan, on which I loaded my belongings, and started down the mountain. The toboggan did not run well, and I was compelled to rearrange the load while exposed to the fury of the wind. Though I was quite warmly dressed, the wind had no regard for my clothing, and seemed to go through my very body. It chilled me to the marrow, and set me to shivering so that I could hardly bind my pack upon the toboggan again. But when once I got into the shelter of the timber, I found wading through the deep snow such



LOOKING ACROSS THE CANON DURING A LULL IN THE STORM

went my hopes of being able to reach the glaciers; for I well knew that such a storm would cover many of the smaller crevasses, and make it dangerous in the extreme to venture near them. The clouds were thin above me, however,—so thin that I could see the sun all day long; and hoping that the glaciers were above the storm, I concluded to remain another day.

About the middle of the following night the wind came up with terrific fury, and between it and the cold, I was kept awake until morning. When I pushed the covers from my head, a handful of snow fell into my face, and I saw that everything in the room was covered with snow that the wind had driven in through the cracks between the logs and rocks of which the cabin was built. I wondered why that blanket of snow had failed to keep me warm,—the purpose it serves with snow-bound travelers in stroies. But perhaps the writers of stories never slept under a snow blanket.

I got my breakfast, and then went out to see what the prospects were for clear weather. Things did not look very encouraging. The sun was shining, but it was still snowing and blowing furiously. Below, I could see nothing but clouds, while above, I could only dimly make out

hard work that I was soon panting and perspiring, and wishing for some of that wind to fan me! I had gone only a short distance when I noticed that the depth of the snow was rapidly decreasing. Within a mile it was only deep enough for good tobogganing; and before I had gone two miles from the cabin, I was dragging the toboggan through the mud in a pouring rain!

J. EDGAR ROSS.

THE STATE FLOWER OF ARIZONA

THE Arizona Legislature has chosen as the official State flower one of the most curious blossoms in the United States. If you were to guess a week, it is doubtful if you would hit on the right flower. The Indians have an odd name for it. They call it the "suwarrow," and it is generally known by that name in Arizona and California. The flower is a member of the cactus family, and is a second cousin to the night-blooming cereus. The plant was named the "giant cactus" over fifty years ago by a St. Louis botanist. So complete was his description of it, that he has become the leading authority on this subject.

The plant makes an ambitious emblem for Arizona, because it is the most colossal of all the

cactus family, rearing its straight stems often to a height of sixty feet, and branching out toward the top. As one botanist has described it, "The plants stand like petrified giants, stretching out their arms as if in speechless pain, while others are like lonely sentinels keeping their dreary watch on the edge of precipices."

When the outer covering peels off, the woody interior breaks into a crown of brush-like fragments, which wave weirdly in the wind. These giant cacti are the most striking figures on the Arizona landscape, so greatly do they differ from other forms of vegetation. In southwestern Arizona the plants gather in immense groups, in irregular order, over miles of desert; and when the wind plays among them, they have the appearance of a forest. To a solitary traveler, in the unfrequented Apache country, these plants on the sky-line of a far-away ridge have an almost too human aspect, especially as they sway in the breeze.

The growth of the giant cactus is very slow. When it has attained a height of about twelve feet, it begins to bloom. On reaching a height of sixty feet, some of the plants are two feet in diameter near the ground. When the stems are old, they are as strong as iron.

May and June are the months when the blossoms appear. The flowers are about four inches in diameter. The petals are of a light cream-color, very thick, and somewhat curled toward the ends. The supports of the flower are light-green. The flowers open day and night for several days in succession. The fruit, which follows the flowers, is much prized by the Mexicans and Indians. Indeed, the fresh fruit is quite pleasant to the taste. The Indians are accustomed to make from the juice a syrup of which they are very fond.

The Apaches have a curious way of gathering the fruit. They take a pole, with a forked twig on the end of it, and bring the stems down within reach, before the fruit is so ripe as to drop of its own accord. The Indians also make a beverage from the juice, which is slightly intoxicating.—*Young People's Weekly*.

□ THE EFFECT OF KINDNESS

THERE is an old man who makes a visit to Prospect Park, Brooklyn, every fine morning during the summer, and spends an hour or two feeding birds and squirrels with bread and crumbs which he brings in his pocket. He is a kindly-faced, white-haired old man, and all the birds and squirrels know him, and run or fly to meet him whenever he comes in sight. They go right up to him, and take the crumbs from his hand.

A policeman, speaking about it, said: "I've been in the park for twenty years and I don't know a bird or a squirrel, but he knows them all. It certainly beats me how he ever got acquainted."

There is a wise saying in the book of Proverbs which declares that if a man would have friends, "he must show himself friendly." It is kindness, first in our heart, then on our lips and at our finger tips, which wins the affection not only of beasts and birds, but also of men and women and children. If we would have friends, we must show ourselves friendly. We must give if we would receive.—*Well Spring*.

RELIGION is not self-culture. Self-forgetfulness is the very root of unselfishness, and no deed can be truly done for others that is done for the primary purpose of improving our own souls. Self is the most subtle and insidious enemy of the spiritual life. It must be forgotten, put out of sight, left behind, before we can learn love to God and love to man. The unconscious growth of a soul that forgets itself in serving others is the only true growth. In the deepest sense, only he that loseth his life shall save it. Any other plan of Christian attainment is a mistake,—a mistake that always ends in failure.—*Selected*.



WATER CHANGED INTO WINE (Concluded)

THE WINE OF WRATH

At the marriage feast of Cana, the excellent wine which Jesus had miraculously provided was served at the last of the feast. Its superiority over the other wine is evidenced by the words of the ruler of the feast, "Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine; and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse: but thou hast kept the good wine until now." But at the banquet which is spread by Satan and his agents, as they serve to man the wine of wrath, this order is reversed. The devil's plan is: first the good wine (that which seems good), and afterward the bad. That this is Satan's rule, thousands have learned from sad experience.

1. *Worldly Pleasure*.—The wine of worldly compromise, often so pleasant to the taste of the Christian whose feet have begun to slip, is the satanic draft whose first taste is sweet, but which afterward becomes the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity. That which began in sweet drafts of worldly pleasure and sinful indulgence too often ends in vicious pleasure,—in the bitterness of sin of the deepest dye and lowest forms.

2. *Yielding to Appetite*.—The practice of the Evil One in placing the best first and afterward that which is worse, is clearly seen in the realm of diet. To the taste, the food may be extremely pleasant, and very agreeable; but later the sour stomach, dyspepsia, and a long train of evils tell again, in other words, that Satan gives that which is pleasant first, and that which is bitter last.

3. *Mental Food*.—Much of the wine of wrath is brought to man in the form of cheap, trashy literature, and sensational fiction. Although to the youthful mind, such reading may have a very agreeable flavor, and be most fascinating, in the end it will prove to be the means of subverting one virtue of character after another until the forces for good are well-nigh overcome, and the soul has sustained an almost irreparable damage. The novel may taste sweet at first, but the end thereof is depression and disappointment of the bitterest sort.

4. *Pride*.—Sweet is the morsel of pride to the youth as they first indulge in its display and vanity, but afterward how bitter, oh, how bitter! the humiliations and disappointments which await them when pride falls. Sweet may be the indulgence of pride to the carnal heart, but most bitter is the fall in which it terminates; showing once more that in giving the wine of wrath to the children of disobedience, Satan gives first the best and afterward the worse.

5. *Drug Habits*.—So in the whole realm of drug habits, intoxicants, narcotics, etc. Whisky, morphine, tobacco, tea, and coffee are but types of the *wine of wrath*. They are marked illustrations of that which is sweet in the mouth and afterward bitter; of that which seems good at first, but whose end is sorrow and bitterness. At first, morphine and whisky will banish pain, sorrow, and care; but when their victims have drunk of the wine which seems good, instead of finding a still better draft awaiting them, they find the despair of habitual drunkenness and the wretchedness of morphinism.

THE WINE OF GRACE

In contrast with Satan's rule of giving that which is sweet first and afterward that which is bitter, Christ reserves the best of the wine until the last of the feast. This is evidenced throughout the entire experience of the Christian life.

1. *Cross before Crown*.—We must lift the cross first, endure its hardships, and drink the bitter cup of trial, affliction, and ostracism, even to the dregs. After the cross comes the crown.

2. *Suffering*.—We must suffer with Christ if we would reign with him. It is in drinking the wine of grace from the cup of suffering that the sincere Christian learns true obedience. After having drunk of affliction's cup, we may drink the wine of grace from the cup of eternal bliss.

3. *Persecution*.—"In the world ye shall have tribulation;" "Blessed are ye when men shall persecute you," etc., said the Master. There is not only a blessing in the persecution itself; but the experience which follows,—the draft of the wine of grace,—is an experience that lifts the persecuted soul nearer and nearer God, burns out more and more of the carnal dross, and shows forth brighter and brighter the image of his Creator and Redeemer.

4. *Grows Better and Better*.—The wine of grace, the wine which Jesus provides, grows better and sweeter with each and every draft. Bitter as was the first draft the sinner took,—bitter because of the sin of the one who drank it,—it grows sweeter and sweeter, until salvation's cup is filled to the brim with the sweetest water of life. David said, "I will take the cup of salvation," and in another place, "My cup runneth over." At the banquet of heaven, at the gospel table spread for hungry mortals here on earth, Christ's rule is: first the wine that seems poor; afterward that which is very good. The world gives us its best things first, and afterward follow remorse of conscience, sorrow of heart, and sadness of soul. The reverse of this was true in this first miracle that Jesus wrought. They had the best of the wine at the last of the feast. God gives us first trial and tribulation, and then glory and honor and immortality. "If we suffer, we shall also reign with him."

W. S. SADLER.

WHY DO WE WAIT?

Why do we wait till ears are deaf
Before we speak the kindly word,
And only utter loving praise
When not a whisper can be heard?

Why do we wait till hands are laid
Close-folded, pulseless, ere we place
Within them roses sweet and rare,
And lilies in their flawless grace?

Why do we wait till eyes are sealed
To light and love in death's deep trance—
Dear, wistful eyes—before we bend
Above them with impassioned glance?

Why do we wait till hearts are still,
To tell them all the love in ours,
And give them such late meed of praise,
And lay above them fragrant flowers?

How oft we, careless, wait till life's
Sweet opportunities are past,
And break our alabaster box
Of ointment at the very last.

O, let us heed the living friend,
Who walks with us life's common ways,
Watching our eyes for look of love,
And hungering for a word of praise!

—Our Young Folks.

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



EVERY DAY

TAKE a little holy time
Every day;
Lift your heart into the light
On your way;
Take a little resting spell
As you go;
Watch the clouds against the sky
Hanging low.

There is always peace somewhere,
Deep and still.
You will come to it, and know
'Tis His will.
Enter at the shining gate
Open wide,
Deeply breathe and gently wait —
There abide.

Strange how eagerly we grasp,
For a day,
That which perishes and falls
In decay.
Only trust the Father's love
And his care;
Life will be all heaven to you
Everywhere.

— Emma Miner.

UNQUESTIONING OBEDIENCE

IN a vision of the night, in his home at Beer-sheba, when he was one hundred and twenty years old, Abraham received the startling command: "Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt-offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of."

There was no more sleep for Abraham that night. The voice of God had spoken, and had been heard. Isaac, his only son, the son of promise, must be sacrificed.

God had promised Abraham that in his old age he should have a son, and this promise had been fulfilled. But now God says: "Take now thy son, . . . and offer him there for a burnt-offering." God left Ishmael out of the question saying, "Thine only son Isaac."

Had Abraham been a selfish, cold-hearted man, absorbed in ambitious projects, with no affection for his son, he would not have felt so deeply this terrible summons; but he loved his son tenderly. It seemed like sacrificing his own life to give up Isaac.

As Abraham stepped out into the night, he seemed to hear the divine voice that called him out of Chaldea fifty years before, saying, "Look now toward heaven, and tell the stars, if thou be able to number them. . . . So shall thy seed be." Can it be the same voice that commands him to slay his son? He remembers the promise: "I will make thy seed as the dust of the earth: so that if a man can number the dust of the earth, then shall thy seed also be numbered." Is it not the voice of a stranger that commands him to offer his son as a sacrifice? Can God contradict himself? Would he cut off the only hope of the fulfillment of the promise?

But Abraham does not reason; he obeys. His only hope is that the God who can do all things will raise his son from the dead.

The knife was raised; but it did not fall. God spoke, saying, "It is enough." The faith of the father and the submission of the son had been fully tested. The Lord said, "Now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son from me."

Abraham's test was the most severe that could come to a human being. Had he failed under it, he would never have been registered as the father of the faithful. Had he deviated from God's command, the world would have lost an inspir-

ing example of unquestioning faith and obedience.

The lesson was given to shine down through the ages, that we may learn that there is nothing too precious to be given to God. It is when we look upon every gift as the Lord's, to be used in his service, that we secure the heavenly benediction. Give back to God your intrusted possession, and more will be intrusted to you. Keep your possessions to yourself, and you will receive no reward in this life, and will lose the reward of the life to come.

God tries his people to-day to test their faith and obedience. There are many who have never made an unreserved surrender of themselves to God. They have not a right idea of the infinite sacrifice made by God to save a ruined world. If God should speak to them as he did to Abraham, they would not be sufficiently acquainted with his voice to know that he was calling upon them to make a sacrifice, in order to test the depth of their love and the sincerity of their faith.

divine grace only as we give all to Christ. We shall know the meaning of true happiness only as we keep the fire burning on the altar of sacrifice. God will bequeath the most in the future to those who have done the most in the present. He chooses his helpers in accordance with their unselfish endeavor. Each day, under different circumstances, he tries us; and in each true-hearted endeavor he chooses his workers, not because they are perfect, but because they are willing to work unselfishly for him, and he sees that through connection with him they may gain perfection.

Mrs. E. G. WHITE.

EVERYBODY UNDERSTANDS A SMILE

Two children, one French, one Italian, met at a steamboat landing where passengers were waiting. Each held his mother by the hand, at the same time looking with curiosity and interest into the other's face. Presently one of them



The plague spot of selfishness is as contagious as leprosy. Those who enter the heavenly courts must be purified from every vestige of this plague. Look at the world's Redeemer, and remember that as he sacrificed, so must we. He did a work so large and broad that it included the world. His was the ministry of love, yet he said, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head."

The Lord has a great work for us to do, and he invites us to look to him, to trust in him, to walk with him, to talk with him. He invites us to make an unreserved surrender of all that we have and are to him, that when he shall call upon us to sacrifice for him, we may be ready and willing to obey. We shall enjoy the fullness of

began smiling radiantly. The other responded, and put out a dimpled hand to smooth the cheek that leaned toward him. The two babies were friends at once.

"Everybody understands a smile," said a lady who was looking on; and the sentiment was responded to by more than one bystander.

We often speak of being misunderstood even by our nearest and dearest; but do we smile enough? Each soul speaks its own language, a speech foreign to every other: but smiles full of good-will, of self-forgetfulness, of serenity, are a universal language that explains, harmonizes, smooths, communicates, draws hearts together. Why should we not smile more? Thus we should become better acquainted with each other; the dim corners of the heart would be

illuminated, warmed, and blessed; the timid would be reassured, the weak strengthened as a plant with sunshine. Then, however obscure the language of any life, there would be the joy, perhaps sweeter than any other, of being understood.—*Selected.*



THE MESSAGE

I LIE at ease in the valley,
More blessed than song can say,
Beholding the skies bend over
The beautiful hills of May.

They are pink where the orchards flower,
They are white where the dogwoods sway,
Or blue where the violets cover
The beautiful hills of May.

They are low that the heart may love them,
They are far that the thought may stray,
They are near that the feet may climb them,
The beautiful hills of May.

Though better than song be silence,
Yet, ah! that song could convey
To December news of the beauty
That blooms on the hills of May!
—*Selected.*

CANVASSING IN THE SIERRAS

III

"HELLO! what you got down there?" and the angry speaker thrust her head through a second-story window.

"Something very interesting, which I should be pleased to show you, if you can spare a moment."

"No," she replied, "I don't want anything. *Git out!*"

What a contrast was this reception to that given by her neighbor, who invited me in, rehearsed all the faults of her neighbors, all her own virtues, agreed in every particular with the book, and then flatly refused to subscribe!

The road between Crescent Mills and Quincy is, for the most part, a grade on the sides of many precipices, blue sky above, and dashing creek below. Four miles out is "Shoofly," an old-time tavern, where travelers often stop for lunch. Thence one must climb a long, steep grade, then gradually descend into the American Valley.

Had not every one been busily preparing for the fourth-of-July celebration, I might have taken more orders. Long tables were constructed under a palm-leaf canopy, for a free dinner was a prominent feature of the program. In another part of the court-house grounds, seats were constructed, where we sat listening to a program overflowing with patriotic enthusiasm.

After a pleasant eight-mile ride on Sunday morning, I entered an ideal valley of the Sierras. The nature of the people is in harmony with the cheerful generosity of Dame Nature herself. Eight orders were secured in a few hours. Though I had to reach Quincy that night on foot, it was with a light heart.

I paid my board bill, and having a few cents left, set out for Beckwith, a distance of forty-two miles. As darkness came on, I trudged up a heavily wooded grade, leading my bicycle, which was once more a cripple.

God alone could provide shelter, so I talked it over with him as I toiled on. Soon I noticed a light. The folks were having supper, and invited me in, urging me to stay overnight. It was the only house on the road for many miles.

As the sun set on the following day, I entered a town tucked up on the mountains, like

an eagle's eyrie, at an elevation of nine thousand feet. On the surrounding mountain-sides were many giant pines, their cones scattered on the ground. It is amusing to watch a chipmunk jerking off the scales, and digging out the pine-nuts. He uses his fore-paws with all the ease and alertness of a monkey. He would run up a tree as easily as if it were lying flat on the ground. Though little larger than a gopher, his squirrel-like appearance and remarkable agility command every traveler's attention.

Johnstown, an exalted place, as far as altitude is concerned, is a mining settlement. Every one is busy. Large streams in aqueducts flow in various directions through the town. In the stream below are large machines looking like merry-go-rounds. The force of the flowing water keeps them turning round and round, thus separating the gold from the water.

With nine more orders on my list, I once more set out for Beckwith. It will certainly be a good-sized town, I thought, as I noticed the numerous sign-boards proudly pointing the way. Nevertheless, it seemed hard to reach. At length, almost discouraged, I rushed into a hotel in a little settlement of six or eight houses, and asked for further directions. "This is Beckwith," said the proprietor, and so it was.

Obtaining one order, I left next day for a trip around Sierra Valley, a level plain thirty-five miles in length, a large portion of which is good farming land. Loyaltown, a town on the farther side, is renowned for its lumber, the Loyaltown lumber camp being but nine miles up the mountains. It would take a long story to tell all there is of interest connected with lumbering in the Sierras.

On my return trip around the valley I passed through Sierraville and Satly. About Sierraville are large patches of wild berries, especially of prickly gooseberries. Some of these, covered with long, sharp prickles, reminding one of a porcupine, are as large as an English walnut. The pulp resembles the gooseberry in appearance, but is very sweet.

The road beyond Satly is desolate. Tired, warm, covered with alkali dust, and almost overcome with thirst, I rushed up to an artesian well with great eagerness. Thrusting my hand into the water, I just as quickly jerked it out, for the water did not lack many degrees of the boiling-point. It had been heated by the action of certain minerals in the earth, and well symbolized a few of the difficulties to be encountered in my first delivery of books in this region.

WILLIAM YARNELL.

"ONLY a little service
By the way;
He'll reward the smallest effort
In that day."

IS YOUR FRIENDSHIP HELPFUL?

WHILE we estimate the value of the friendships we enjoy by their influence on us, it is no less important to remember that our own conduct in this relationship has to stand the same test. Is it good for my friend that I am his friend? In the maturity of his fully formed judgment, will he look back on the connection with approval? At the judgment-seat and in eternity, will he prize it? A man will hesitate to answer these questions; but surely there is no object worthier of intense desire and earnest prayer than that our friendship may never be detrimental to him we love; that it may never pull him down, but help to raise and sustain him. Would it not be a prize better than any earthly distinction if, in the distant years, when we are old and gray-headed, or perhaps beneath the sod, there were one or two who could say: "His influence was a redeeming element in my life; he made me believe in goodness and think highly of human nature; and I thank God I ever knew him"?—*Selected.*

HOW THE RABBIT ESCAPED

THE majority of persons consider the timid rabbit as being far lower in intelligence than either the dog or the cat, and hardly to be compared, as regards sagacity, with his predatory contemporary, the woodchuck, or ground-hog.

But this low esteem for the rabbit may come of a lack of understanding of the limitations which nature has imposed upon him. At any rate, I once witnessed a memorable exhibition of pluck and generalship on the part of a rabbit.

While riding up some steep bluffs on the plains of Colorado near the foothills of the Rocky Mountains a few years ago, my attention was attracted to the unusual behavior of a golden eagle, which suddenly pounced down from the sky and disappeared. Almost immediately the great bird reappeared again, only to swoop downward and vanish as before.

Spurring my horse to the top of the bluff, I saw before me a level table-land, some hundreds of yards in extent, flanked upon its farther side by a deep and tortuous ravine. The table-land was entirely devoid of vegetation or cover of any sort; not so much as a clump of cactus or a bunch of soapweed relieved the monotony.

Some fifty yards away toward the ravine lay an object, almost the color of the prairie itself, which at first I thought was a stone, but which on a second look I discovered to be a jack-rabbit. He was squatting down, his long ears folded back along his body, motionless. The mystery of the eagle's queer movements was revealed. The bird intended to dine on rabbit-meat.

Whether the eagle would decide to have dinner on the spot, or, true to story-book traditions, would carry its living victim to some inaccessible fastness before dispatching him, I was curious to know.

My horse had hardly come to a stop when the eagle, apparently oblivious to my presence, swooped fiercely down upon its prey. The rabbit passively awaited the onslaught. Straight as a falling shell the great bird pounced down. It was almost upon the rabbit, and seemed about to seize him, when suddenly the long ears unfolded, and a streak of gray flashed upward through the air. It was a tremendous leap,—five feet at the very least,—and so correctly timed that the huge bulk of the eagle swept on beneath him, and he dropped back unharmed. The rabbit instantly darted at full speed toward the ravine. He ran some twenty-five or thirty yards before the eagle was able to turn and renew the attack.

The jack-rabbit was apparently watching every move of his enemy; for at the very instant the eagle made toward him, he stopped, and squatting down as before, again awaited the foe.

As the eagle swept downward for the second time, I saw that the bird would pass far enough above the rabbit to seize him should he attempt to leap upward, as before. But the rabbit instantly divined the eagle's purpose, and this time merely flattened himself against the earth. The eagle passed too far above him to reach him. Again the rabbit darted toward the ravine, and again, at the proper moment, stopped to await the onslaught.

Time after time these tactics were repeated, always with the result that the rabbit kept unharmed, and gradually approached the ravine. At last, with one final dash, he sprang over the precipitous side of the ravine and disappeared. The great bird, balked of its prey, hung, disappointed, over the ravine for a moment, and then circled majestically skyward.

The unequal contest had lasted nearly half an hour. During that entire time, had the rabbit once yielded to panic, or had he in one instance failed to foresee the eagle's method of attack, he would have paid the penalty with his life.—*F. W. Hawkes, in Youth's Companion.*

"If you would please men, please God."

CHILDREN'S PAGE

A CLEAR PATH

KEEP the path of honor, dear,
Clear and bright before you,
Though a thousand signs appear,
Falsely to allure you.
They will vanish; never fear;
Keep the path of honor clear.

Though the crown of usefulness
Sometimes seems uncertain,
And the star of brave success
Slips behind a curtain,
Still, undaunted and sincere,
Keep the path of honor clear.

Though the thistle and the weed
Fill the traveled highway,
Though a host of fears impede
Shorter road and by-way,
Every day throughout the year
Keep the path of honor clear.

—Frank Walcott Hutt.

THE SILENT SCHOOL

FEW of the little folks who read this page realize the number of deaf-mute children there are in the world. Why, in the city of Chicago nearly a hundred girls are cared for in one school alone. This school is a silent one, and the pupils are never sent out in the hall for whispering. School never opens with singing, for a golden silence reigns at all times. They rise at six o'clock in the morning. Some of the larger children make the beds, put on the white spreads, and tidy up the sleeping-room, while others help dress the babies. Indeed, there is a general spirit of good nature and helpfulness through the whole school. At seven o'clock they go into the chapel for morning worship. They are very attentive and devout.

Each day has its separate duties for the inmates of the "Silent School." Besides the ordinary studies, which range from the first to the eighth grade, there are housekeeping, cooking, millinery, and dressmaking classes. The dressmaking department has been divided. One class makes the dresses for the larger girls, and the other works on the children's clothes. There are no idle hands in the silent school. Every one has his allotted share. Even the little ones, numbering eleven, and ranging from four to seven years, are taught order with their toys. Six little dolls and six little cups and saucers play a prominent part in their method of arithmetic. It is a great strain on the instructor to teach numbers, so it must be done in the most attractive way, to catch and hold the children's attention.

The most interesting class in the silent school is the baby class. The youngest child in the house is four years old, a little brown-eyed Italian, with wavy black hair, and a most lovable manner. Her name is Mary Yanzitor. She came into the parlor the other day to see me, bowed politely, and threw me a kiss; all this in serious earnest, not a smile to be seen; then when I passed the four fingers of my right hand across my lips (the sign of candy), she laughed, and pressed her hand to her heart, which means, "I love." Another little girl equally interesting is a Polish child, Regina Zagorske. She is five years old, bright and intelligent, and misses none of the fun in the playroom. I wish you could all see that room. In it there are building-blocks, elephants with rolling eyes and long tusks, balls to bounce, and above all, a large blackboard provided with colored chalks. This last seems to be the children's greatest delight, as it is a means of expression, and helps them not only to express their own thoughts, but to understand one another.

Now, dear children, you who have been blessed with the double gift of speech and hearing, have you ever for a moment stopped to think how thankful you should be that you can hear the music of the birds, the loving voices of your parents and friends, and that you can speak and sing? There is another thing—we should be very careful to listen to nothing that is evil, or that will make it easier for us to do wrong; and we should pray every day that our lips may be kept from foolish, idle talk.

"STOP, THIEF"

"THIEF" is a disagreeable name to apply to any one; but a thief there certainly was. Father Nichols said the heap of potatoes in the root-cellar was diminishing altogether too rapidly. Mother Nichols said she was cooking no more than usual. And Harry, whose task it was to bring them to the house, said he never needed to uncover them, for there were always enough lying out on the covering, which was of sacks; for it was not yet cold enough to put earth over them. Here was a mysterious case, one that would bear watching. Yet who was to be

THE VISITOR THAT CAME TO STAY

WHEN Gordon Deems first got out to the country, early in June, he was too happy for anything. "I hope our old town house will burn down," he cried, "so we need never go back to town to live, never—never—never!"

But as the summer drew to a close, Gordon looked at the trees and grass and flowers and butterflies and birds with very different eyes: he was tired of the country. If there had been another little child in the family, perhaps it would have been different, but Gordon was all the sons and daughters the family owned.

"I wish we had some company in this house," Gordon said, discontentedly, pulling his dog's tail for lack of something better to do; "over at the Cullen's they have two little girls and a boy for company."

"I found out to-day that we have a guest," said Gordon's mother; "one that came without any invitation, and evidently intends to spend the summer."

"Sure enough, mama, without any fooling?"

"Well, it's sure enough, and yet there is some fooling in it, too."



THE SILENT SCHOOL

watched? To be sure, the blue jays passed in and out at will; and they were thieves, too, and helped dig the potatoes every fall; but they couldn't pull the sacks off, and they certainly wouldn't crawl under them. And it wasn't a gopher; for no gopher-burrow opened into the cellar.

But Constable Cat volunteered her services, and we were quite sure the thief was caught, when she came marching in, one day, dragging a big, gray wood-rat, and calling loudly for the family to come and admire her exploit. But where was the plunder?—Under the hay, probably; for the root-cellar joined the hay-barn.

A few days later Father Nichols invited mother and Harry out to see a "find" he had made in the barn. Away up in one corner, on top of the hay,—there they were, pink Early Roses, all about the same size, a little larger than a hen's egg,—a bushel and a half!

AUNT BETTY.

"Is the visitor old or young, mama?"

"She is a young member of an old family."

"Then it's a girl," said Gordon, somewhat disappointed.

"She wears a white lace bonnet," said Mrs. Deems.

"Where does she stay?"

"I see her oftenest in the back yard."

"The back yard!" cried Gordon; "that is a very strange place for company to stay."

"Suppose you go and look for her," suggested Mrs. Deems.

The little boy was gone an hour; and when he came in again, he was so full of chatter about an ant-hill he had found, that his visitor in a lace bonnet seemed forgotten.

"Did you find my summer company?" asked his mother, presently.

"Ma'am? Oh-h! I forgot. No, mother, but I'm going to look for her again to-morrow. Will she be here to-morrow?"

"Didn't I tell you she had come to stay all summer?"

"I'll find her to-morrow, then," said Gordon.

But while looking for this mysterious guest the next day, the little boy found a wren's nest, and for several days he was intensely interested to see how many worms it took to feed those tiny birds. "They eat as much as elephants!" he declared, when he had counted *thirty-nine* meals in one day that the hard-working birds had carried to the nest.

Finally his mother had to introduce him to her company. In a far corner of the back yard, quite in the shade of the hedge, grew a tall and graceful plant of wild carrot, with finely branched foliage and delicate clusters of lace-like blossoms.

"How Miss *Daucus Carota* got here is her own secret," said Mrs. Deems; "I did not invite her, nor send for her, nor see her come; but here she is, and very welcome, I'm sure."

"What did you call her, mama?"

"Her company name is *Daucus Carota*, but her nickname, or home name, is 'Wild Carrot'; besides that, she is called 'Birds' Nest' and Queen Anne's Lace."

"Why did you say she belonged to an old family?" asked the inquisitive small boy.

"Because nearly two thousand years ago Pliny says the carrot was brought to Rome from Candia; and from another writer we learn that ladies in Queen Anne's day wore it in their hair."

"And how about the 'bird-nest' name?" asked Gordon.

"Ah, my little questioner," said Mrs. Deems, "that you can find out for yourself by watching our guest until she is ready to leave."

Gordon is still watching the wild-carrot plant in the corner of his back yard. Which one of my little readers has seen her flower stems get dry and brown, and then rise in close curves to form a nest, in which eggs *might* be laid, but never are?—*Sunday School Times*.

CHARCOAL

"CHARCOAL?" slowly repeated the druggist. He pronounced the word softly, as if he were studying how far the question would lead. Then he said, "The charcoal that we sell for medicine is made in two different ways."

Sandy McLaurin had been helping in the drug store. One of his tasks was to fill some small boxes with willow charcoal. There was now a lull in business, and the druggist was in the back room; so Sandy asked the question about what he had been handling.

"One way," continued the druggist, "is to arrange long, thick pieces of wood in a cone-shaped pile. This pile is then covered with sod, or earth, leaving one small opening at the top, and several at the bottom. Then the wood is set on fire, and gradually the holes through the sod (left to make a draft at first) are closed. The wood burns slowly, because the air is kept from it, and finally is changed into sticks of charcoal, instead of crumbling to ashes, as when burned in a stove. As a last step the charcoal sticks are crushed into powder in a mill.

"Another way of making charcoal is to put heavy pieces of wood into closed iron cylinders, which are then heated. The principle is the same as in the old-fashioned way, when wood is covered with sod; that is, the wood is burned away from contact with the air. All the big powder-mills make charcoal in this way."

"Is charcoal used in gunpowder?" asked Sandy.

"Yes. In fact, a large proportion of all the charcoal that is made is consumed in manufacturing powder.

"Charcoal is largely composed of the chemical element carbon. An element, I think I told you once, is a substance that has never been decom-

posed, or split up into other simpler substances. Gold and silver and copper are elements. The whole world is made up of about sixty-seven elements. By and by you will learn that the elements are the A B C of chemistry. You will learn that water is made up of hydrogen and oxygen gases; salt is formed of sodium and chlorine; and sugar contains carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen. Everything that you eat or drink or wear is composed of some of the sixty-seven elements. We'll go back to carbon, however; that is what started my talk of 'elements.'

"Carbon has a wonderful family. The aristocrat of it is the diamond. I thought you would look surprised at that remark. Nevertheless, all those diamonds that you see in the jeweler's window are pure carbon. They are carbon crystallized—the most permanent of gems, for they can neither be melted nor dissolved. The czar of Russia has set in the end of his scepter a diamond that is said to be worth three quarters of a million dollars, and there is one in England that weighs much less than a silver dollar, but it is valued at six hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

"The closest relative of the diamond is a smooth black substance called graphite. In one form you handle it every day, for graphite is used in making lead-pencils. Gas-carbon is a cousin of the diamond, and is obtained, as you might imagine from the name, in the process of making gas."

"Why, I thought only three things came from bituminous coal,—gas, coal-tar, and coke," remarked Sandy.

"You are correct, Sandy; but gas-carbon is another name for coke," the druggist answered. "Now, the diamond gives exquisite and inimitable sparkles of light, which make it of great value as a jewel; but it gives only the pleasure of possession. Its sober-hued cousin, coke, affords broad beams of light, making the path of night easy to travel, and lessening the crime that used to prevail in dimly lighted city streets. For from coke the long, black pencils, or 'carbons,' used in arc-lights are made. First the coke is ground to fine powder. Then it is mixed with molasses, and made into a very thick dough. After being rolled into long cylinders having a thickness about equal to the diameter of a twenty-five-cent piece, it is baked. And night after night, in all seasons, the power that we know as electricity is at work in millions of pieces of carbon all over our great country, giving us light and comfort and safety.

"Yet," continued the druggist, "I can't say that this is the most marvelous effect coming directly from carbon. No doubt you know that steel is a certain form of iron, but, like many older people, you don't know exactly how it differs from ordinary iron. Well, the difference is that steel is iron containing a very small proportion of carbon, from .75 per cent to 1.5 per cent, which causes the iron to become very, very hard. The surgeon, the carpenter, the engraver, and every one else who uses edged tools would be in a serious plight if obliged to depend on iron alone. With steel, however, a keen edge can be secured. The railroads in these days are almost all equipped with steel rails, which last longer than those of ordinary iron. All our wonderful cruisers and battle-ships wear outside cases of heavy steel plates. They are as strong as floating forts, and can withstand shocks and shots that would have sent an old-fashioned man-of-war to the bottom.

"So you see that the black, smudgy willow charcoal has interesting and useful relatives."—*Ralph Benton, in St. Nicholas*.

"ONE thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I"—in my study; I, in my shop; I, in my parlor, kitchen, or nursery; I, in my studio; I, in my lecture-hall—"may dwell

in the house of the Lord all the days of my life." 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 our work-tables, may be in our Father's house, too; and it is only we that can secure that it shall be.—*Alexander Maclaren*.



THE PEACE-OFFERING

(June 15)

MEMORY VERSE.—Heb. 13:15.

1. After one had been forgiven, and had given himself to the Lord, what offering did he bring? Lev. 3:1; note 1.
2. From what three kinds of animals might the peace-offering be chosen? Lev. 3:1, 7, 12.
3. What did the Lord say one must not choose? Lev. 22:24.
4. What was the peace-offering always to be? Lev. 22:21; note 2.
5. In what way did a person make his offering? Lev. 3:8.
6. To whom were parts of the peace-offering given? What were these parts? Lev. 7:34; Num. 18:11; note 3.
7. What parts were burned upon the altar? Lev. 3:14-16.
8. What was done with the remainder of the flesh?—It was eaten by the one who made the offering. Note 4.
9. Was there more than one kind of peace-offering? Lev. 7:15, 16; note 5.
10. The blood of the peace-offering was a type. What has the blood of Jesus brought to men? Col. 1:20; see John 16:33.
11. How may we find this place? Rom. 5:1.
12. What promise has Jesus given to all who believe in him? John 14:27; note 6.
13. What does the Lord say this peace will do for us? Phil. 4:7.
14. When one is thus blessed, what will he desire to do? Heb. 13:15; note 7.

NOTES

1. Let us not forget the order in which the offerings were made. First came the offering for sin, that one might find pardon. Second, the whole burnt-offering, in which the person, who *had been forgiven*, gave himself wholly to the Lord, "a living sacrifice." Third was the peace-offering; for when the sinner had been pardoned, and had become wholly the Lord's, then he could offer an offering of peace and thanksgiving.

2. All the offerings made were types of Jesus. But Jesus was a perfect offering, the perfect Lamb of God. God gave his best gift, and he did it gladly and willingly. Therefore, only perfect offerings can be accepted by him. He desires that his people shall do toward him as he has done toward them. And, surely, if one appreciates the great goodness of his Heavenly Father, he will wish to offer the very best he has, and offer it with a glad heart.

3. Only a *part* of the peace-offering was burned upon the altar. The shoulder and breast were given to the priests and their families. The shoulder was called the "heave shoulder;" the breast, the "wave breast." The breast was waved before the Lord to acknowledge that God was the giver, and had a right to all. The priests were God's servants, his ministers, and they, with their children, were to eat of the offering of peace and thanksgiving. Their food was provided them in the thank-offerings of God's people. So it is now. The people whom the Lord has blessed with forgiveness, and who have consecrated themselves to him, will make offerings to

the Lord, which will be a blessing to the servants of God and their families. We may not call our offerings "wave offerings," but they are just as truly so as they were then; and the Lord will make them a support to those who labor in his cause.

4. The priests were not the only ones to eat of the peace-offerings; the worshiper ate also. The offering was a type of Jesus, and so was to be shared by both the child of God and the minister of God. They both could sit at the Lord's table, and hold communion with him.

5. The peace-offerings were divided into three kinds: (a) thanksgiving; (b) vow; and (c) free-will. In our service to God we, too, shall be glad to make offerings of thanksgiving, to make vows, and to present to the Lord free-will gifts. He who has peace can not help making these peace-offerings.

6. When Jesus promises peace, he simply promises himself. "He is our peace." Eph. 2:14. He abides in the heart of every child of his, and by his power brings in quietness and gladness. There may come many trials and temptations, but his peace and joy continue unchanged and unbroken. And he who knows the peace which the Lord gives, will ever find it a blessed service to give his means, his life, and his praise to God, the giver of all. And all such service on his part will be looked upon by the Lord as peace-offerings, a sweet savor of righteousness.

7. Perhaps there is no one thing which a child of God loves to do more than to give praise to him who has brought peace to his soul. He longs to make known that which God has done. He who is ever silent when opportunities are given to praise, may well doubt whether God's peace is within his heart. Let us not forget to "offer the sacrifice of praise continually."

HEARTS good and true
Have wishes few,
In narrow circles bounded;
And hope that lives
On what God gives
Is Christian hope well founded.

—Faber.



STEVENSVILLE, MONT.

DEAR YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR: On each side of our home there are mountains. In the summer, when it is hot down in the valley, we can look up and see snow on the mountains. I have two pet pigeons; they are very tame, and will alight on my shoulder, and eat wheat out of my hand.

EDWARD BARKER.

NORTH WINDHAM, CONN.

DEAR YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR: The other day I saw a bird whose name I do not know. It looked something like a robin; the head, the upper part of the back, and the tail were quite black. Under the black feathers were white ones, and the breast was red and white. I should be glad to know its name, for I am very much interested in the study of birds. I am twelve years old, and attend a church school.

CLARA M. STANDISH.

From your description, the bird might be the Chewink, sometimes called the Towhee Bunting.

BETHEL, WIS.

DEAR YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR: I am attending our school at this place, and enjoy it very much. It is a grove, and the boys are clearing the land, and piling up the brush to burn. The trees are filled with birds, and there are many wild flowers. I am raising some hens, and shall soon have eggs to sell for missionary money. I enjoy reading the letters in the INSTRUCTOR.

We children have a work to do,
And all the grown-up people, too;
For Jesus loves us all the same,
And strength will give through his dear name.

GOLDEN H. COVERT (11 years old).

DODGE CENTER, MINN.

DEAR YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR: Last summer I had a flower garden; and as I pulled the weeds out of one of the beds, I noticed that some of them came out easily, some a little harder, and others were almost impossible to pull out. Then I thought of our habits. Some can be easily changed, others come up out of the heart a little harder, while those which we have practiced longest are almost impossible to get rid of.

GERTRUDE AKINS (12 years old).

MARYSVILLE, KAN.

DEAR YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR: I am a boy ten years old. I have received five copies of the INSTRUCTOR, and I like it very much. I am going around and get subscriptions for it. I have learned all the Sabbath-school lessons in the paper so far. Last summer some king birds built a nest in one of our cherry-trees. When I would go out into the garden, they used to fly down, and snatch at my head. I live by the side of a park. It is full of redbirds.

CLINTON HANKINS.

DUNBAR, NEB.

DEAR YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR: I am taking the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, which I paid for myself, and enjoy reading. One Sabbath morning this spring we were all out on the porch getting ready for Sabbath-school, and when mama went into the house for something, she saw a wren flapping its wings against a window, and she called us children in to see it. The poor thing was so frightened we could see the feathers on its breast move when its heart beat. It was so overcome with fright and exertion that it was almost dead, so mama carried it outdoors, and put it in the fork of a tree. When it had rested a while, it flew away to join its mate, which was calling to it.

NEVA BUCKRIDGE.

PRATUM, ORE.

DEAR YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR: Mama took my two sisters and me to see our grandma; it was three and one-half miles. We were going to come home the next day, but it rained too hard, so we stopped there two days. We helped feed the calf and the horse, and gather the eggs. When we were coming home, we saw a sparrow hopping on the ground; we picked it up, and saw that its tail was gone, and its wing hurt. I thought it had been shot. I asked mama if I could take it home, but she said the cat might get it, so we let it go. I am nine years old.

GLADYS ROSSER.

If the men and boys who shoot birds would only stop to think of the suffering caused to those that are not killed, but only injured, and left to suffer, perhaps for days, there would surely be fewer who would seek pleasure in this cruel way. It is often the kindest thing one can do, when finding a wounded bird, to kill it mercifully, and thus end its suffering.

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ST. MATTHEW, 13.

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

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

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

45 Then goeth he, and taketh with him seven other spirits more evil than himself, and they enter in, and dwell there: and the last state of that man is worse than the first.

CHAPTER 13.

1 The parable of the sower, and the seed; 18 the exposition, 24 The parable of the tares, 31 of the mustard seed, 33 of the leaven, 44 of the hidden treasure, 45 of the pearl, 47 of the dragnet. 53 Christ is condemned of his own countrymen.

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

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

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No. 3, Lehigh Valley Express, to Chicago..... 3:50 P. M.
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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..... 8:23 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.
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NOTES AND COMMENTS

Chile's New Move.—It is reported in diplomatic circles that Chile has decided to fortify the Straits of Magellan, which are in her territory. In this case, if she desired, Chile could force the ships of all other nations to go around Cape Horn.

Largest Loaves of Bread.—In France and Italy are to be found the largest loaves of bread in the world. What is called the "pipe" bread of Italy is made in loaves that measure from two to three feet in length; while in France it is an ordinary sight to see the waiter bring in a loaf measuring from four to six feet in length.

A Horseless Plow.—A West Virginia farmer is making use of an elephant to do his plowing. A circus having broken up in his vicinity, the animal was purchased by him at auction for a moderate amount. Since "the animal eats little more than a horse, and does many times the work, and is gentle and docile," the enterprising farmer is well satisfied.

The World's Largest Hopyards.—The largest hopyards in the world are to be found in California, along the Sacramento, Russian, and Feather rivers. The largest hopfield is situated at Pleasanton, Alameda County, contains three hundred and sixty-eight acres, and has nearly four hundred and fifty thousand vines under one wire. All the picking of the blossoms must be done by hand.

Slandorous Silence.—Many who flatter themselves that they are not the possessors of a slanderous or evil tongue may be compared to a man of whom it was said that he "never uttered a slanderous word, so that it could be put on record against him; but by means of a nod, or an expressive look, or a shake of the head, of an eloquent silence, he managed to encourage more rumors, and work more mischief in the community than any slanderous tongue." A man's silences should be as truthful as his speeches.

A Ticket's Curious Flight.—As a north-bound train on a Western road passed one of the stations, a passenger in a forward car raised a window, says the *Railway Journal*, and in an instant his ticket was blown from his hands outdoors. The passenger naturally gave it up for lost, and was very much surprised when the baggage-master handed it to him a little while later. It appears that when the ticket flew through the window, a south-bound train was passing. The suction of that train, which was moving at a rapid rate, drew the ticket along with it, and, as it passed the rear end of the north-bound train, it blew into the door of the smoking-car, where it was found by the baggage-master.

Sprinkling Streets with Sea-Water.—The Merchants' Association of San Francisco, Cal., has been trying the experiment of sprinkling a street with sea-water, says the *Popular Science Monthly*, and finds that such water binds the dirt together between the paving-stones, so that when the street is dry, no loose dust is formed, to be raised by the wind. It has also been observed that sea-water does not dry so quickly as fresh water, so that one load of salt water is equal to three loads of fresh water. The salt water which is deposited on the street absorbs moisture from the air during the night, whereby the street is thoroughly moist during the early morning, and has the appearance of having been freshly sprinkled.

To Convert an Enemy.—In his "Autobiography," Benjamin Franklin states that "when he found a man opposed to him, and likely to become his enemy, he immediately contrived to ask a favor of him. The favor was usually granted, and the man not only ceased to oppose him, but became his lifelong friend." Or, to put it in the words of the well-known saying, "He that has once done you a kindness will be more ready to do you another than he whom you yourself have obliged."

A Modern Hero.—The following bit of intelligence from Indianapolis, Ind., shows that the world still has many unheard-of heroes: "William Phelps, a colored mill worker, and James Stansbury, were caught inside a boiler when an employee turned on the steam. Both men jumped for the ladder. Phelps reached it first, but stopped, jumped aside, and said, 'You go first, Jim; you are married.' He lived for two hours afterward." Such a man is worthy the commendation, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Wellington's Rigid Integrity.—The real-estate agent of the Duke of Wellington once purchased for him some farm lands adjoining the latter's vast estates. Having made the purchase, the agent went to the duke, and told him that he had made "a capital bargain." "What do you mean?" asked Wellington. "Why, your grace, I bought the farm for so much, and I know it to be worth at least so much more." "Are you quite sure of that?" "Quite sure, your grace, for I have carefully surveyed it." "Very well, then, pay the gentleman from me the balance between what you have already given and the real value of the estate."

Lincoln's Temperance Pledge.—While a member of Congress, Abraham Lincoln was once criticised by a friend for "his seeming rudeness in declining to test the rare wines provided by their host." The friend said to him: "There is certainly no danger of a man of your years and habits becoming addicted to the use of wine." "I meant no disrespect, John," answered Lincoln, "but I promised my precious mother, only a few days before she died, that I would never use anything intoxicating as a beverage, and I consider that promise as binding to-day as it was the day I gave it." "But," the friend continued, "there is a great difference between a child surrounded by a rough class of drinkers and a man in a home of refinement." "A promise is a promise forever," answered Lincoln, "and when made to a mother, it is doubly binding."

Swallowing a Farm.—The following excellent temperance address by Robert Burdette is worthy of a careful perusal: "My homeless friend with the chromatic nose, while you are stirring up the sugar in a ten-cent glass of gin, let me give you a fact to wash down with it. You may say you have longed for years for the free, independent life of a farmer, but you have never been able to get money enough to buy a farm. But there is where you are mistaken. For some years you have been drinking a good, improved farm at the rate of one hundred square feet at a gulp. If you doubt this statement, figure it out for yourself. An acre of land contains 43,560 square feet. Estimating, for convenience, the land at \$43.56 an acre, you will see that it brings the land to just one mill a square foot. Now, pour down the fiery dose, and imagine you are swallowing a strawberry patch. Call in your friends, and have them help you gulp down that five hundred-foot garden. Get on a prolonged spree some day, and see how long it will take to swallow a pasture land to feed a cow. Put down that glass of gin! There is dirt in it—three hundred feet of good, rich dirt, worth \$43.56 an acre."

An Electric Kitchen.—One feature of the recent Paris Exposition was an electric kitchen, operated in connection with a restaurant in the Spanish pavilion, on the Quai d'Orsay. The reason for its use was the fact that the proprietors had been given permission to establish their restaurant in the grounds of the Exposition "only under the express condition that there should be no burning of coal or gas or oil, in order to avoid smoke and all possible danger of fire." The heating apparatus used was of the Parvillée type, "in which a metallic powder is mixed with various proportions of a non-conducting enamel, thus making blocks of high resistance-material well adapted to develop heat under the application of an electric current." Between three and four hundred guests were cared for daily, and an elaborate menu was served.

AUGUSTIN J. BOURDEAU.

FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY:

"FAILURE is only endeavor temporarily off the track. How foolish it would be to abandon it in the ditch!"

MONDAY:

There is nothing in the universe that I fear but that I shall not know all my duty, or shall fear to do it.—*Mary Lyon.*

TUESDAY:

O God, I thank thee that the night
In peace and rest has passed away,
And that I see in this fair light
Thy smile, which makes it day.
—*John Pierpont.*

WEDNESDAY:

This learned I from the shadow of a tree,
That to and fro did sway upon a wall;
Our shadow selves, our influence, may fall
Where we can never be.
—*A. E. Hamilton.*

THURSDAY:

Begin by denying yourself, and by and by
you forget yourself. The kindness which
was at first just a duty becomes a pleasure
and a joy. Self-denial becomes glorified into
self-forgetfulness.—*Brooke Herford.*

FRIDAY:

He who has never known adversity is but
half acquainted with others, or with himself.
Constant success shows us but one side of
the world. For, as it surrounds us with
friends, who will tell us only our merits, so
it silences those enemies from whom alone
we can learn our defects.—*Colton.*

SABBATH:

"He shall call upon me, and I will answer
him: I will be with him in trouble; I will
deliver him, and honor him. With long life
will I satisfy him, and show him my salva-
tion." Ps. 91:15, 16.

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