

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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A BIRD SONG

I HEARD a song sparrow this morning;
Its burden of melody thrilled
As if the great joy of its spirit
The whole world of sadness had stilled.
And yet it was cloudy and ugly
And chilly and damp out of doors.
I listen: again the wee songster
His bosom of rapture outpours!

'Tis a whole loyal heart packed with praises,
As if the All Father above
Had touched its bird spirit with gladness,
From out of his heaven of love.
Hark! hear o'er the meadow and pasture
The little one trill as it sings,—
The gladdest of all the vast army
Of singers with feathery wings.

I heard it; it filled me with sunlight;
For weary this morning I was
So busy with work, thought, and hurry.
I scarcely was willing to pause.
But birdie, small birdie, glad birdie,
Your rapturous song of delight
Filled the depths of my spirit with visions
That made the dark morning grow bright.

If a little song sparrow could do it,—
Bear a message of joy from above,—
Could a heart, could *your* heart, O my brother!
Bear to sorrow a message of love?
For the world is so sad and so burdened,
With a sense of its toil and its care,
That it needs a sweet bird song of gladness,
Of rapturous joy, everywhere.

So the birds have hailed morn since creation
With melodious matins of praise;
In the gloom, or the burst of the sunlight,
They have welcomed all manner of days.
Then, my heart, take their chorus and sing it,—
Your bird song,—while ever above
The angels shall hear the far echo
Respond to their harpings of love.

B. F. M. SOURS.

THE KING OF FISHERMEN

THE Belted Kingfisher is a sprightly creature. He is not above making some noise, and his movements are as swift as they are certain. His note is very peculiar, and he certainly can not be offended with us if we term it a rattle.

He is ever on the watch for food, and he needs but the glint of a shining fin, or the flash of scales just beneath the water, to make his silent, head-long plunge. In another moment he emerges from the water with the fish in his bill, shakes the water from his plumage, and with victorious shout, or rather rattle, flies away to some favorite perch.

In our illustration we see him in a common position. His favorite haunt is the shores of a wooded stream or lake or pond. Here, perched on some limb which overhangs the water, he silently waits for fish or foe. It may appear that he is looking straight ahead; but do not be deceived by him. He is looking down at the surface of the water, on the watch for some unsuspecting fish. Besides, he is on the alert for any danger that

may threaten him. Try him once, and you will see.

Paddle toward him now, as quietly as you please. Just as you are near enough for what he thinks is danger, he drops from his perch, and with a loud, rattling cry, flies on ahead. Paddle toward him again if you wish. When you think you are in fair sight of him, away he flies once more; and so it continues until he has gone quite a distance, when he will make a detour, and return to the spot whence he started.

You will find his nest, if you are shrewd enough, built in a hole in the bank, where, early in May, his mate lays from five to eight white eggs. The birds use their feet as trowels in excavating these holes in the bank of earth. It has been said that they are about three weeks in excavating their

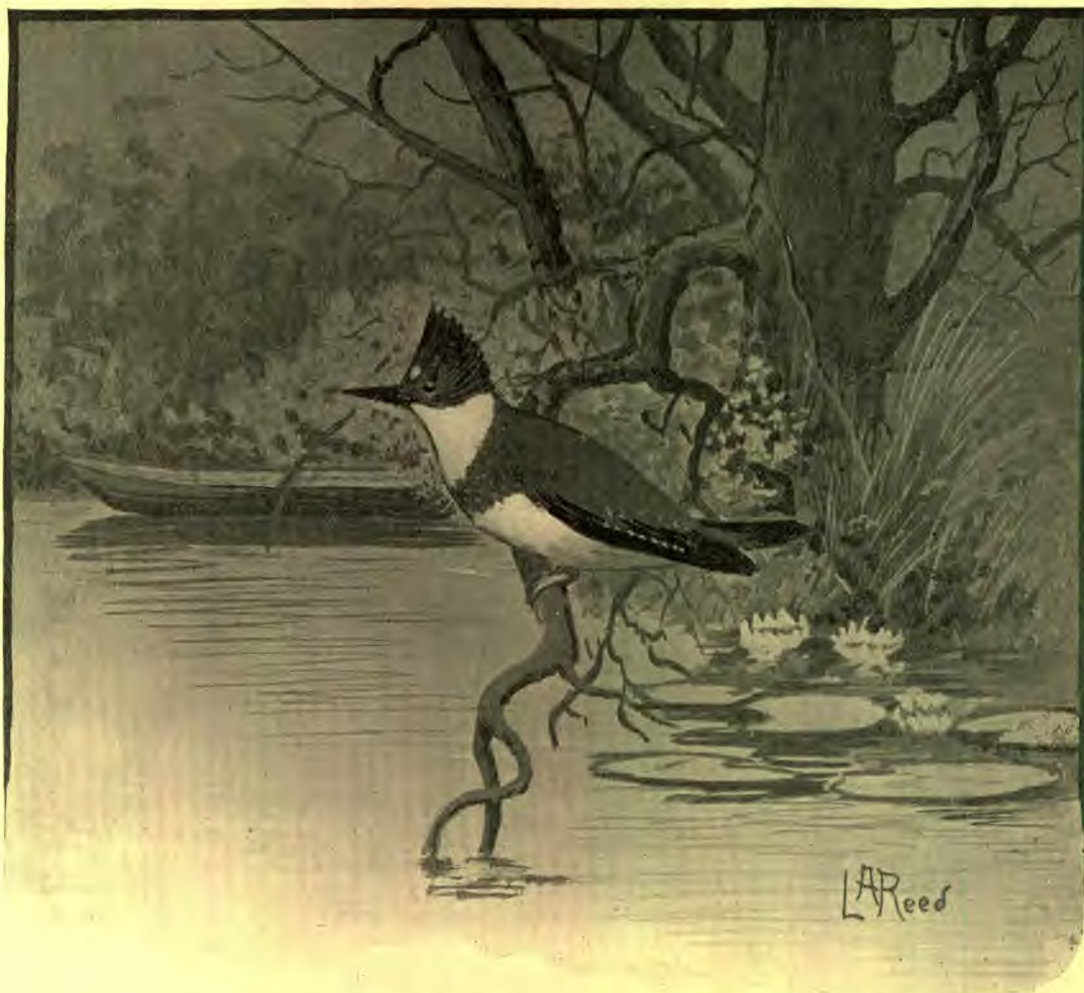
Though naturally very crafty and timid, he becomes quite tame if well treated. Miss Merriam says that at Lake Placid, when moored in a boat alongshore, she has had one perch almost over her, and dive so near that the water spattered her paddle.

The Kingfisher is certainly a very interesting bird, and well worthy of study.

L. A. REED.

THE HOME OF "MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS"

A STRANGE little bird, about as large as a swallow, with long wings, and sooty in color, except for a band of white on its back, has been named by the sailors after an imaginary old witch. "Mother Carey's Chickens" know noth-



THE HAUNT OF THE KINGFISHER

nest. Sometimes they dig a tunnel over five feet long; and the male bird has been known to burrow a second hole over three feet deep, in which to sleep. You see he believes in having a bedroom all his own. The young, when first hatched, have no feathers, and remain in their nests for several weeks.

The Kingfisher does not confine himself to a diet of fish. Though he is the king of fishermen, he eats crustaceans, grasshoppers, crickets, June bugs, and beetles with relish if opportunity offers; and in Arizona, where rivers are scarce, and the country largely desert, he lives principally on beetles, grasshoppers, and lizards.

ing about coops and hen-roosts. Most of the year they have no home but the heaving billows. They patter with their little black feet over the ocean floor, seeming to walk upon the water. So they have been called "petrels," after Peter. But their wings move all the time, and really they are flying. They have to sleep sitting on the water, and when the wind makes the waves break, they keep flying day and night until it is calm again.

Sometimes they get tired out. During an October hurricane I was on Cape Cod watching the surf, and saw a poor petrel washed ashore and lie fluttering on the beach, all bedraggled and too weak to rise.

I find great fun, when far offshore in a fishing boat, attracting the petrels. If there are none in sight, I throw out a piece of cod liver as we sail along. By and by I see a petrel away astern, hovering over one of the bits. Soon it overtakes the smack. Then another comes, and before long there are perhaps a score about us. I toss out more liver alongside, and they come up so close as almost to feed out of my hand. In this way I once caught one alive.

Yet, after all, these little wanderers have a real home for part of the year. As they can not hatch their young on the ocean, in May they seek out some lonely island, and this is their nursery till September. I have visited a number of these places. The most interesting that I know of is Seal Rock, twenty miles off the coast of Maine.

One bright day in June a friend and I engaged a schooner to take us to this wild, lonely retreat. The captain landed us with a dory, and sailed away, leaving us there till night. We scrambled up the slippery rocks, and found in the top a grassy slope about a mile long. There was not a bird in sight, but in the turf at our feet were many little burrows, like rat-holes. Choosing one, I tore up the sod for about two feet, and then I found what I was after. In a little round hollow lined with dry grass sat a mother petrel on a single white egg. She did not try to escape, but when I took hold of her, she squirted out from her strange, tube-like nostrils some yellow oil that had a disagreeable smell. Nest, bird, egg, and all smelled of it.

Then I opened my hand to see what she would do. The sudden strong light must have almost blinded her, for she made off in an irregular, zigzag flight down to the water, and away out over the ocean. There were thousands of these holes all about the island. The birds never show themselves in the day, but at night father and mother petrel change work. One comes in from the sea to sit on the egg, and the other wanders off, far away, to get food.—*Selected.*



THE BLUE ABOVE

THERE was never a day so misty and gray
That the blue was not somewhere above it;
There is never a mountain-top ever so bleak
That some little flower does not love it.

There was never a night so dreary and dark
That the stars were not somewhere shining;
There is never a cloud so heavy and black
That it has not a silvery lining

There is never a waiting time, weary and long,
That will not sometime have an ending;
The most beautiful part of the landscape is where
The sunshine and shadows are blending.

Into every life some shadows must fall,
But heaven sends the sunshine of gladness;
There are rifts in the cloud, and we may, if we
will,
See the beautiful blue through the sadness.

Then let us hope on, though the way be long,
And the darkness be gathering before us;
For the turn in the road is a little way on,
Where the home-lights will ever shine o'er us.
—*Selected.*

"GRIND IT INTO THE WOOD"

"Don't have your sections wet; dip the point of your knife in honey, and having placed your piece of comb foundation smoothly in your section, grind the edge of it into the wood."

This was the carefully worded instruction that I received from my brother when being initiated into the mysteries of bee-keeping.

"Grind it into the wood." It looked easy enough as I watched him go through the process.

I placed my clean, white bass-wood boxes in a convenient row, put in the comb, and went to work. "Try them: pull on them—so," he said, when I had finished the lot.

I gently pulled at each piece, and nearly every one came off. It was discouraging. "You didn't grind them into the wood," was his not very comforting explanation. "This must be done, or the warmth and weight of the bees, when they hang in a cluster on your comb in the hive, will pull the pieces loose, and they will fall to the bottom of your sections. You will get no honey that way."

I tried again, and was more successful; but many times since, in taking off my cases in the fall, I have found now and then among the well-filled boxes one or two that had nothing in them but an ugly-looking lump of wax.

What was the trouble?—My work had not been well done; hence the consequent loss and vexation.

It pays to be careful; to do whatever we do faithfully. Nothing is ever gained by being in a hurry, or by slighting one's tasks. Not to do work well is not only to rob ourselves in a pecuniary way, but also of character. It makes us slipshod in principle. From being careless about our own work, we come to be careless about how we do that of others, and defraud them by taking wages for that which we have not done.

The weeds are left in the corn-hills; the corn is not properly thinned; seeds are half covered; bundles of wheat and oats so loosely bound that they fall to pieces in handling; wheat- and corn-shocks so poorly put up that they tumble over, and the grain is spoiled. Putty and paint are but half put on; mud wasp-nests are painted over; the piece of furniture is poorly put together, and badly varnished; the garment is slighted in making; the clothes are left mottled with dirt-stains by the washerwoman.

Grind it into your hearts, young people, that all work must be perfect when it comes from your hands.

If you cheat in sewing, in picking berries, in tidying up the stove-room, in piling wood, you

will be sure to try to cheat God. No person will be faithful to him, who is not faithful to man. And it is just as true, too, that one who is unfaithful to God will not be faithful to man.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," is the law that binds you to faithful work. Keep it, and you will find success and abundant blessing.

MRS. S. ROXANA WINCE.

GOD A BENEVOLENT BEING

THE heathen philosophers inferred from the mere light of nature that God must be good. One great moralist of ancient times wrote: "The first act of worship is to believe the being of God; and the next, to ascribe majesty or greatness to him, and to ascribe goodness, without which there can be no greatness."

We have proofs of God's goodness in the adaptation of the physical creation to the promotion of human happiness. There was no necessity that God should paint the sky, the fields, and the forests with the most agreeable of all colors to the natural eye; that he should perfume the air with fragrance, and spangle the earth with flowers; that he should give the atmosphere power to fall upon the ear in such sweet and rich harmony of sounds; that, in short, he should make—

"All nature beauty to the eye,
And music to the ear."

Yet God has filled creation with beauty, and glory, and wonder; he has lavished the treasures of his wisdom in multiplying sources of enjoyment on every hand; and then he has hidden in the human soul a deep fountain of feeling, a susceptibility of emotion, from the presentation of such objects. Having drawn across that sacred harp the tender strings of taste, sentiment, and love of the beautiful, he has given to nature the power to awaken, from that harp, tones of the sweetest music.

We see another illustration of the benevolence of God in still other sources of happiness provided for his intelligent creatures,—in the pleasures of thought, of memory, of the conscious power to rise above a physical world into regions of truth, and hold communion with the great Author of all being.

Let him who doubts whether God is benevolent take his position, at some hour of the morning, upon the banks of a stream, beneath the overhanging foliage, as the sun awakens the tide of life, and then decide the question as to the goodness of God. Beneath him the fish are leaping up from their native element in sportive enjoyment; around him are innumerable tribes of happy insects, rejoicing in their being; above him the trees are full of warbling birds, and the whole forest is vocal with sweetest music. The air, perfumed with flowers, is wafted to him; and as his soul drinks in the full tide of beauty, music, and love, his heart, too, must overflow with love and gratitude to God.

In contrast with all this, there may seem, to a superficial observer, to be a darker shade to the picture—as in the lightnings and storms, the raging of the elements; in the sickness, disappointments, and trials incident to human existence even in its best estate.

But as the raging of the elements, the lightnings, and the storms purify the atmosphere from noxious vapors, and render it healthful, so the trials, disappointments, and sorrows of life are far from being unmixed evils. They are disciplinary in nature, and are sent in love to develop in us noble, upright, sympathetic characters.

JOSEPH S. JOHNSON.

No one can be sad where cheerfulness reigns. Then let us all try to be cheerful, so that none of our companions will ever have occasion to be sad.—*Boys' Lantern.*



OUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

IN this paper we have our first official Young People's Department. As has been explained in the two preceding numbers, it was decided by the committee having charge of the work to provide in the INSTRUCTOR, from week to week, something that would be at least suggestive to companies of young people in conducting their regular meetings. Plans for practical work, short missionary studies, reports of experience in working for others, etc., will also be given.

In considering this matter, the committee recommended that until the taking up of the *Berean Library* lessons in October, "Steps to Christ" be used as a basis for study. This little book is in nearly every Seventh-day Adventist home, and ought to be read and read again by every young Christian. In it the fundamental truths of repentance, conversion, and Christian growth are so simply set forth that the youngest and weakest can grasp something of their beauty; while at the same time the book is so comprehensive in its scope that the most earnest Bible student can never "outgrow" it.

"I have never gone beyond this little book," said a member of the committee; "indeed, I have found that it covers every phase of Christian experience." And that is the testimony of many others.

Miss Grace Amadon, an efficient teacher and thorough Bible student, has consented to write these lessons; and in order that she may know how they are studied, she asks that after you have studied the lesson, and are familiar with the truths it brings out, you *write the answers* to the questions, with any suggestions or queries that may occur to you, and send them to the INSTRUCTOR. This will not only serve to fix the points of the study more firmly in your own mind, but will also be a help to her. Remember that this department is opened, and will be conducted, for you, and that to make it of the highest usefulness, it needs your active, hearty co-operation.

Those who take up these lessons, and master them, devoting a set portion of time to their study regularly, and then carrying out their practical lessons in the daily life, will find their hope and courage and faith growing stronger and brighter day by day. May this be the experience of many of our young people.

STUDIES IN THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

"Steps to Christ," Pages 7-16

(June 30 to July 6)

ONE of the first things to do in studying a lesson is to find the principal thoughts, and learn them. In any well-written piece of prose, these will shine out as the colors of the rainbow, and unless we are color-blind, we ought to be able to see them. The rainbow is a good example of one of the "unnumbered tokens" of the love of God, as revealed in nature. It is round, it has no end. So God's love encircles the earth, and is limitless. The seven colors blending together beautifully symbolize the character of God; and as the rainbow was given to remind us of his mercy, so Christ is a pledge of the same.

The principal thoughts of this chapter are these:—

1. Nature has unnumbered tokens of God's love for man.
2. The word of God also reveals it.
3. Satan has blinded men's eyes so that they can not see it.

4. Christ came to remove the shadow: every act of his life was full of love.

5. Nothing less than this sacrifice could express God's love for us.

6. Result: we are called the "sons of God."

This last thought is the climax. God's love so impressed the apostle John that he could not describe it; and in thinking upon the high calling of men, he wrote, "Behold, what manner of love."

It will require repeated study to get what a lesson contains. As the important thoughts begin to linger in the mind, collect them together in the same order as written, and give a summary. Very few persons can do this. Sometimes in Sabbath-school the request is made, "Give a synopsis of our lesson," and it is difficult to find one who can do it. This was one of Professor Bell's chief methods of study; and, although both in day-school and Sabbath-school it is not developed as it should be, still it is just as important as ever. Summarize the lesson often, repeating it aloud, so that, if called upon to answer in public meeting, you can do so "distinctly, and give the sense."

This first chapter of "Steps to Christ" has one object in view—a glimpse of the love of God. We are pointed to three witnesses of his love,—nature, the word, and Christ's life. Can you see it?—Yes, you *can*, but *do* you? Let this question be in every mind. As we walk from one place to another, why not hunt for the "unnumbered tokens" of it?

Always search for promises in such a lesson as this. There is a very important one in the last paragraph of the chapter; what is it? Surely such a promise should stir every soul to think upon the love of God.

In reading over the lesson, what impressive quotations do you find? Mark them, memorize them, and learn to find them readily. If you should ever canvass for "Steps to Christ," this will help to make you successful. Here and there in the chapter stand out divine commentaries on certain texts of Scripture. Record these in your Bible, not so much for your own sake as for the sake of others who may be puzzling over some of these very texts. Point them to the explanation, and in so doing you will be able to fulfill the very object of Testimony study—to make the Bible plain.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

1. What is there in nature to show God's love for us?
2. What chapter in the Bible especially portrays his character? Notice the one mentioned in our lesson, and then find others.
3. What difference is there between the revelation of God's love in nature, and the manifestation of it in Christ? Compare pages 9 and 16.
4. What caused this difference?
5. In what special ways did Christ reveal God's love for men?
6. What was it that made him cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"
7. What inspired commentary is given on John 3:16?
8. "Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life." What in this verse shows God's great love toward us? Consider page 14.
9. Why is Christ the only one who could make manifest the love of God?
10. How completely has God given his Son?
11. What exalted conception of God's love toward us had the apostle John?
12. What value does this place upon man?

"PERCHANCE, in heaven, some day to me
Some blessed saint will come and say:
'All hail, beloved; but for thee
My soul to death had fallen a prey;
Then O! what rapture in the thought
One soul to glory to have brought.'"

HOW DO YOU REGARD TRIALS AND DIFFICULTIES?

"THE thorn and the thistle—the difficulties and trials that make his life one of toil and care—were appointed for his good, as a part of the training needful in God's plan."—"Steps to Christ," page 8. The greatest blessings do not necessarily come to us on the "Mount of Transfiguration." Frequently some "Garden of Gethsemane," where, forsaken of men, our hearts are crushed because of the agony that weighs upon them, and our courage grows faint, is the very experience that brings an angel to our side to strengthen us.

We know that "all things work together for good to them that love God." The trials and temptations that even the wicked man has to pass through are the best experiences the Lord can trust him with, but he sees in them only disadvantages and obstructions, and becomes more embittered by them; while the righteous man knows that they are sent for his good, to help bring out some trait of character that has before lain dormant. "Occasions of stumbling; . . . it must needs be that the occasions come; but woe to that man through whom the occasion cometh." Matt. 18:7, R. V.

In his gymnastic training the athlete has hurdles placed before him, to test his ability to leap over them. They are necessary for his development. In the same way, God permits stumbling-blocks to be put in our way, simply to develop our spiritual muscles. They must "needs be." When we have acquired the strength and ability and moral courage to surmount the highest one that the devil can invent, the Lord will say, "It is enough; come up higher."

May we all be able to say, with Paul, "But I would ye should understand, brethren, that the things which happened unto me have fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the gospel." Phil. 1:12. DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

TRANSFORMED

A LITTLE naked thought was mine;
Nor form nor hue it had;
Nor could the passing throng discern
If it were good or bad.

I clothed my thought in glowing words;
Rare beauty it displayed;
But few inclined their ear to hear,
Few, few, their steps delayed.

Into my little thought I breathed
A loving, helpful deed;
And lo! it stood a living text,
That every one might read.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

A GOOD MEETING

KNOWING that the young people everywhere are glad to know what others are doing, and how the Lord is blessing them, we take pleasure in giving a brief account of an interesting meeting held by the Battle Creek young people, Sabbath, June 15.

Following the opening songs and prayer, the president read John 3:1-10 and Gal. 5:22-26, concerning the new birth and the fruits of the Spirit. The connection between these scriptures is plain, since the fruits of the Spirit follow the new birth.

Several persons, previously invited, then spoke about three minutes each upon these different virtues; and between these talks, short, pointed testimonies were given upon each subject.

From these three-minute talks we glean the following:—

Love: God, through Christ, has been giving his life for us through all the ages of this world's history, and his holy angels are continually ministering for those who shall be heirs of salvation. In giving his Son, God gave his own life. He is the embodiment of love.

Joy: The word says: "Fulfill ye my joy," and, "These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full." A distinction is made between the joy of Christ and that of the world. We are told that "our Saviour's joy was in the uplifting and redemption of fallen man;" and it therefore follows that if we are clothed with his righteousness, and filled with his joy, we shall do the same work that he did. "The effort to bless others will react in blessings upon ourselves. This was the purpose of God in giving us a part to act in the plan of redemption. He has granted men the privilege of becoming partakers of the divine nature, and, in their turn, of diffusing blessings to their fellow men. This is the highest honor, the greatest joy, that it is possible for God to bestow upon men."

Peace: The peace of God is freely offered us to-day, and the possessing of a tranquil mind and heart lies in our accepting it. No experience, condition, nor walk in life, is so adverse that at the same time we can not be at peace with God. But in order to enjoy this peace, we must receive it. "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you."

The remainder of the time was allotted to Brother H. R. Salisbury, who gave a short, helpful talk upon How to Study the Word of God. His remarks were well put to the busy class of young people who assemble weekly at our meetings. Those who work from morning till night, and are often physically and mentally wearied with care and responsibility, are apt to say, "I am too tired; I have no time to study God's word." But these, by keeping their eyes open to see the goodness of God, and their ears open to hear his voice speaking to their hearts, may become acquainted with the truths of his Holy Book. In this connection he quoted the following wonderful words from "Desire of Ages:" "When you are studying God's word, and there comes a thrill of joy and longing in your heart to be more like him, it is the Lord Jesus Christ with you, as he was with the two going to Emmaus." We can not thrust at God the excuse that some eminent scholar has hours for study daily, while we have not. God requires of us only the faithful use of what he has intrusted to us; he will never demand at our hand what he has given to another.

Moses, when commissioned to bear a message to the haughty Egyptian king and his proud people, was only a humble shepherd, one of a class despised by the learned Egyptians. His instrument for accomplishing so many mighty works was his simple shepherd's rod. When God says to us, as he did to Moses, "What is that in thine hand?" let us respond as nobly as did the prophet of old, with willing service, bringing into action any means or talent that lies within our reach, be it nothing more than the humble tool of our daily labor.

Just before the close of the meeting, Elder Spicer related a little incident which has a certain significance for each one of us. A day or two before, he met a young man whom he had known ten years ago as a promising young Christian. Upon inquiring after the young man's spiritual welfare, it was found that he had "grown up out of the truth." His principal excuse for the position he had taken was "the inconsistencies of Christians." We were exhorted to watch for these straying ones, and by loving words endeavor to bring them in. And may we not add, Let us, as young Christians, guard against "inconsistencies" in our daily lives, that we may not cause a weaker one to turn away from Christ and his work? Our youth does not excuse us from responsibility; with the young man Timothy we are each exhorted to be "an example of the believers" in all the graces that win souls to the Master.

CARRIE HATHAWAY, Sec.



HEALING THE NOBLEMAN'S SON

III

"He Was at the Point of Death."—It is remarkable that most of Christ's miracles were wrought upon cases that were, from a human point of view, well-nigh hopeless. He did not work miracles to save people the trouble of taking baths, or the inconvenience of having broken bones set, or to deliver them from having a sour stomach when they had committed some error of diet. The nobleman's son was at the point of death when Christ restored him. There is no real healing apart from Christ; and yet divine restoration is not always of that extraordinary type we call miraculous. The fact that his son was so dangerously ill appears to be the great reason for the nobleman's seeking Christ, and for his persistency in urging the Master to intervene, and save the child.

"Then Said Jesus unto Him, Except Ye See Signs and Wonders, Ye Will not Believe."—Jesus spoke these words of warning and rebuke because of the nobleman's request that he "come down" and heal his son. The Master detected on the part of the nobleman a desire to see outward manifestations in the healing of his child, and therefore rebuked him. The Saviour undoubtedly saw that there would be a disposition on the part of the people to center their attention upon miracles. In passing through Samaria, on his way to Cana and Jerusalem, it is recorded of the Samaritans that they believed his word. Now the nobleman comes imploring the Saviour's help, and Jesus answers: You will not believe unless you see signs and wonders.

The greatest hindrance to the nobleman's faith was that it sought for miracles, for signs and wonders; and so it is with the faith of many to-day. Unless they can see some remarkable demonstration, some peculiar manifestation; unless they can undergo some singular experience, their faith is slow to grasp the promises of God. They have it fixed in their minds just how they or their loved ones should be healed, either physically or spiritually; and they are slow to believe that God can perform the work in any other way. One of the greatest dangers to our faith is that we become victims of that doubting desire to see signs and wonders, or that we become careless in recognizing the hand of God in the daily providences about us; and thus in times when our faith should be bright and glowing, it is allowed to smolder and grow dim.

On the other hand, the greatest evidence of the strengthening of a weak faith is the willingness of the individual to yield implicit obedience, even as the nobleman, when Christ had spoken the words, "Thy son liveth," started on the homeward journey without further question or delay. This is evidence that he believed, in reality, in the truthfulness of the words of Christ. The nobleman's urgent request that Christ should "come down" ere his child die, implies that his faith was not of that strength which enabled him to believe that Christ could raise his son from the dead. It is apparent that the nobleman thought that Christ's services would be of no use unless he reached Capernaum before the child's death.

"Jesus Saith unto Him, Go Thy Way; Thy Son Liveth."—"He sent his word, and healed them." This truth expressed by the psalmist was what the Saviour wished to impress upon the nobleman, and, through him, upon succeeding generations. The Master desired to teach that

his personal presence is not necessary for the healing of either soul or body; that he can simply send his word, and heal them. The divine word was enough to effect the healing of the nobleman's son; and this same word also evidenced his power on the nobleman. It is written, "He believed." He went his way in confidence; took a night's rest, and began his homeward journey on the morrow. According to the Saviour's promise and the nobleman's faith, the healing word had truly been sent by the divine Healer to the bedside of the languishing son. Let us learn to take the Master at his word, in simple faith perform his bidding, and eventually we shall receive the reward of the righteous and the crown of the faithful.

"The Man Believed the Word That Jesus Had Spoken unto Him."—One of the most commendable features of the nobleman's faith was that finally he came to the place where he believed the Master's word. In spite of all his former unbelief, blindness, and wrong ideas about divine healing, he grasped the Master's promise; and his subsequent course indicates with what peace of mind and perfect trust he took up the homeward journey. The leisure with which he traveled shows the growth of his faith, and the entire confidence he had in the words of Jesus, "Thy son liveth."

We should recognize the word of God as spoken to us personally, whether through the pages of revelation, in the vast realm of nature, or by his Spirit in the deep recesses of the heart. The nobleman believed the word that was spoken to him: he acted on it, and was wonderfully blessed in so doing. Whether our sick ones recover in a moment, or whether their return to health occupies a day or a month, we should still recognize that their recovery is due to the fact that God has healed them, and give him the praise.

W. S. SADLER.

(Concluded next week.)

WILLING HORSES

ONE of the judges at a horse show made a shrewd criticism, which has a broader application than he gave it.

Four high-bred carriage horses were on view. "I see no difference between them," said an unskilled looker-on. "They seem to me to be equals in blood, beauty, and training."

"No," said the judge. "This horse," touching one of them, "is incomparably the finest. He is of a better breed than the others, his temper is good, and he is stronger than any of them. But I would not buy him. He will be short-lived. The others will outlive him by years."

"Why? What is wrong?"

"He is too willing a horse. Look! He pulls for both himself and his mate. He shoulders the whole weight, and the other simply trots alongside. There are many such horses. They use up their vitality before middle age."

It occurred to one of the bystanders that there were also many such men and women.

In almost every family there is some unselfish, energetic draught-horse who draws the load of the others. It may be the old father, plodding at his desk the year round, while his wife and daughters are idling; or it may be the fast-aging farmer's wife, who keeps house, and cooks, and irons, and sews, while the girls are busy in their clubs or entertaining their friends. Often it is a homely old spinster aunt or sister.

As a rule, nobody notices these willing drudges until they drop suddenly in the harness, worn out by pulling the load which belonged to those who were dear to them—son, wife, or brother.

If, as is usually the case, they have made those about them idle, incompetent, and selfish, have they done well? Are they, in fact, good and faithful servants?—Selected.



TEN LITTLE SERVANTS

TEN little servants Johnny has,
That know but to obey;
And to his slightest beck and call
They never answer nay.
They never argue nor reply,
Nor vexing questions ask;
But with a good and hearty will
Do their appointed task.

Of different size and different strength,
Yet willing all and true,
And glad to give each other aid
In everything they do.
Five on his right, five on his left,
And each one has his pair,
Which matches him in size and form
Exactly to a hair.

In every duty of the day,
Each nobly bears his part;
At school or home, no matter where,
In labor or in art.
And Johnny never speaks his wish;
He only needs to think,
And straight these servants do his will,
As quick as you could wink.

And should these busy brothers work
A single deed of shame,
Not theirs the fault; you may be sure
That Johnny is to blame;
And so are you in the same case,—
All children and all men,—
For who has fingers strong and well
Can count his servants ten.

—Selected.

QUEEN ROSE

If I should ask you which you think the sweetest and loveliest of all the fair flowers, most of you would agree with me in giving the crown of honor to "sweet Queen Rose."

We might almost say that all that is beautiful in flower life meets in this crowning wonder, which seals up the sum, "perfect in beauty." The purity of the lily and the snowdrop; the fullness of the peony and the hyacinth; the perfect shape and delicate molding of the lilac and the Egyptian lily; the exquisite colors and shading of the sweet pea, the petunia, and the pansy; the richness of the gladiolus and the geranium; the precious fragrance of the violet, the wall-flower, and the mignonette,—all the virtues which distinguish the different flowers are combined, bound up, and sealed, in this "perfection of beauty," which stands as the type of all.

Now we are going to talk about that flower in the King's garden which he calls "the bond of perfectness," and so we have taken the rose as the fit emblem of it. Can you tell what it is?

Do you remember that we said last week that each of the commandments of God is a divine seed from the Father's own heart, which he plants in the heart gardens of his children, to bring forth the fragrant flowers of his own lovely character? But there is one word that sums up all the commandments, and has in it the grace of every one of them. It is *love*; "for all the law is fulfilled in one word, even in this; Thou shalt *love*."

And so God says that love is "the bond of perfectness." As the rose, the emblem of perfection, is the queen of the flowers, so love, "the bond of perfectness," reigns in the King's garden, and gathers up and seals within itself the graces of all the fair flowers that bloom there.

Each of the commandments contains some special grace of God, that it may be unfolded and revealed in the hearts of men. But in love, the crowning grace, or rather the summing up of all the graces, "all the fullness of God" shines forth; for "God is love."

The rose seems to us the summing up of all that is beautiful in nature; and Christ, who is "the One altogether lovely," calls himself, "The Rose of Sharon."

Since God is love, and the seeds of all that is fair in his garden come from his own heart, they must all spring from love, and show to us its different characteristics.

You know that there are different families of plants, and the plants belonging to each family are known by their likeness to one another in some particular. Now the family name of all the plants in the King's garden is love, from which they all spring.

As we walk in the garden, and examine the flowers, we shall find many different plants,—Worship, Holiness, Obedience, Faithfulness, Kindness, Purity, are names of some of them,—but we shall know by their fragrance that they all belong to the one family of Love. For it is love that is the life of every virtue; it is



IN THE KING'S GARDEN

this that breathes its sweet odor over the whole garden, and makes of each flower a censer in which holy incense is offered to the King. This fragrance is not something put on from outside, as we might sprinkle scent on an artificial flower; it is the life of love within, breathing itself out.

Do you think that the King would be pleased with worship, if such there could be, that did not spring from love? Do you think he would accept the forced obedience of fear, or the gifts of self-interest?—No; the King wants no scentless flowers in his garden for the sake of appearances, but only such as breathe out the sweet fragrance of love.

But when Worship is the expression and offering of love; when Obedience is love hastening to fulfill his slightest wish; when Kindness is love pouring out its treasures in his service,—this is "an odor of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well-pleasing to God."

And so in its fragrance as in its beauty, the rose is a fit symbol of the love of God, which he plants in the hearts of his children.

The fragrance of the rose can not be separated from its petals; it keeps its sweetness, even in death. To the one who crushes and bruises it, it but yields a sweeter fragrance, even as Christ, the Rose of Sharon, showed the full strength of his love when "it pleased the Lord to bruise him." Then Love poured itself out, a willing offering, that we might receive it into our hearts, and so be able to offer to God the sweet incense of loving service that would be acceptable to him.

So each of the King's gardens may be to him "a sweet savor of Christ," his beloved Son, who said: "I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart."

May the sweet Rose of Sharon, which, in his heavenly courts,—

"Unfolds its heartsome bloom,
And fills the air of heaven
With its ravishing perfume,"

bloom also in each "little corner" of the King's garden on earth, until it shall shed its fragrance over all the wide world.

EDITH E. ADAMS.

JUDGE NOT

"O MAMA!" cried Jack, running into the sitting-room, where his mother was sewing, "Sidney is breaking a commandment,—'Thou shalt not steal,'—and I should think he'd be ashamed of himself."

"Why, Jack," said his mother, in surprise, "what can you mean?"

"He is, truly, mama," said Jack, hopping about on one foot, and seeming rather to enjoy the fact. "I saw him getting sugar out of the sugar-bowl, and you know you told us not to."

"O—h," said mama, in a tone of relief, "that's it, is it? Come here, Jack," and taking her little boy's hand, she drew him to her side. "Do you think it such a dreadful thing to break a commandment, dear?"

"Why, yes, mama, of course," answered Jack, surprised that his mother should ask such a question.

"You would not do it?"

"No, indeed, mama."

"Then you think you are very much better than Sidney?"

Jack hung his head at that question, but did not say no.

"Now, Jack, I want you to see how mistaken you are. You think you would not break a commandment, but because you are so able to believe evil of your brother, you are really breaking the command which says, 'Thou shalt not bear false witness.' Do you know what that means, Jack?"

"Yes, mama, you said it meant saying what was not true about any one; but Sidney was stealing, for I saw him."

"He was taking sugar, Jack, but are you sure he was stealing?"

"Yes," answered Jack, "and now I s'pose he's going away to eat it."

At that moment the door opened, and Sidney came into the room, his bright, manly little face not looking at all as if he had been doing something to be ashamed of.



"Here is the sugar for Dickie, mama," he said, slipping the lump between the wires of the cage, "and here's a letter for you. I saw the postman coming, and waited a minute for him."

"Thank you, dear," said mama, smiling at him, and then turned and looked at Jack.—*Sunbeam.*



KEEP BUSY

MAKE some endeavor every day,
No matter what the idlers say;
Go forth, and meet the strong.
Be sure, my boy, no matter who
Finds fault, finds little work to do—
Keep busily along.

Keep on, no matter whom you meet
Upon the road in full retreat;
Yours is the better way.
Keep on; let every effort tell—
Beginning well, and ending well—
Keep busy every day.

—*Frank Walcott Hutt.*

THE WHEAT PLANT

THE grain-bearing, or corn, plants are called cereals, from Ceres, whom the ancients regarded as the goddess of corn and harvests. Formerly that one of the grains upon which any people depended chiefly for food, was called by that people "corn;" as wheat in England, oats in the north of Scotland, rye on the southern shores of the Baltic, and maize, or Indian corn, in North America.

The cereals comprise one of the largest and most important of the natural orders of the plant kingdom; this order is known in botany as the *Gramineae*, commonly called the "grass family." This department of the plant kingdom is too vast to be explored in a single study, but it is of interest to form a slight acquaintance with at least some of its members. It is from this family that not only the human family, but a large number of animals, are supplied with food. "Our daily bread" is derived from the cereals. All the plants in this order are readily recognized by their strong family resemblance; first, by their leaves, which are for the most part long and grass-like, with parallel veins; that is, the veins all run lengthwise of the leaf.

The botanic name of common wheat is *Triticum vulgare*,—*triticum* signifying "to grind into flour." Wheat is both annual and biennial, having the culm (the name given to the stems of grasses) round and smooth, from three to five feet high, bearing a head, or spike, at the top. The spike is more or less four-sided, and is crowded with spikelets, which usually bear from two to five flowers, and which contain the grains, or kernels, of wheat, although not often more than two perfect kernels are developed in a spikelet.

If we examine a head of wheat carefully, we shall find at the base of each spikelet two husks, or scales of chaff. (See Fig. 1, a.) These are called "glumes." After the glumes we find that each separate grain is also inclosed in chaff. These are called "paleæ." (Fig. 1, b.)

Should we examine the wheat when it is in full bloom, we would discover that it has beautiful blossoms. On each little spikelet the glumes and paleæ open; and from beneath, three thread-like stamens protrude; on the end of each is suspended the silver-white anther loaded with pollen, with which to fertilize the ovule through the feather-like style, which rises from the top of the ovule (Fig. 2), and which also protrudes from beneath the paleæ. Fig. 3. It will be

noticed that the flower has no corolla; nor is it needed, the glumes and paleæ serving the same purpose.

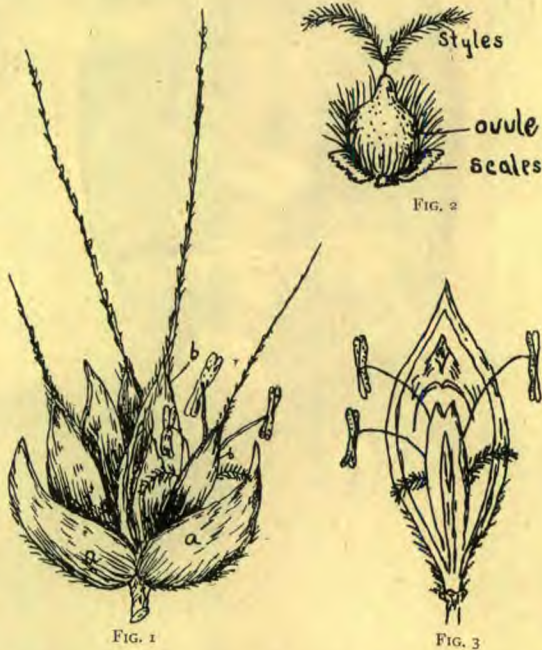
Summer wheat, commonly called "spring wheat," which is sown in early spring and harvested the same season, is less hardy than winter wheat; the head is more slender, and its glumes are usually provided with much longer awns, or beards. Fig. 1.

As all farmer boys know, winter wheat is sown in early autumn. It lives through the winter, and ripens its seed the following summer. There are over seventy varieties of winter wheat, such as bearded, beardless, white-chaff, red-chaff, etc. Many of them are much alike, differing only in color and form, or in time of ripening; some, being more hardy, are better adapted to colder regions than others.

There is also a kind of wheat called "mountain spelt wheat," grown in mountainous regions where common wheat will not ripen. It is a very early variety of spring wheat, but the grain is shrunken and light, yielding but little flour, and that of a very poor quality.

Wheat straw is much used in the manufacture of straw hats. The best straw for this purpose is obtained from the chalky lands of Italy. The famous Leghorn hats are made from straw of a bearded variety of wheat, which grows only about fifteen inches high, on the poor, sandy soils along the River Arno; the wheat is pulled green, and afterward bleached.

The culture of wheat is a most important one over a large area of the north temperate zone,



and affords an excellent subject for study and observation during its whole life-history, from the time of sowing till it reaches our table in the form of bread or other food.

A. W. KELLEY.

MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY

It came in the summer, right in the hot and busy season; and when I began first to remember, it was always made a festival. Father used to give mother some little gifts, and usually took a half-holiday, at least, and we had a ride or some little outing. As the years rolled on, there came a change; the family was larger, cares were greater, and there always seemed too much to do to celebrate. Expenses were heavier, and consequently extras, like birthday gifts, were crowded out; only I remember mother used always to plan somehow to get something for all the rest when their birthdays came.

After a time, when her birthday came around, there was an unusually good dinner prepared for the family, and an extra loaf of cake for supper; and if there were remarks about the good fare, as there generally were, some one would say, "Oh, it must be mama's birthday;" and we

would feel ashamed we had not remembered it.

This had occurred several times, and we had come to look for it. I well remember her the last year. It had been a very hot and busy month, and mother had seemed unusually tired and weak; and on that day, after we were seated at the table, a passing mention was made of the day of the month, and some one spoke up, saying, "Why, isn't this mama's birthday?"

Mother looked up with tears in her eyes, and said: "Yes, dear, it is; but mother was too tired to do anything extra to-day. I meant to have given you a nice little treat, but had to give it up."

There was a hush; all seemed to have lost their appetites; bitter thoughts were the food we had. Not one of us had remembered the day of the month. We had passed it by without even a thought of the patient, worn-out, sick mother, who never forgot one anniversary where others were concerned; not one little gift. We could at least have given her an entire holiday from work and worry, seated her in the parlor, and waited on her as an honored guest.

We did try to atone for our want of thought, by ushering her into the cool, shaded sitting-room after her dinner was finished, and after a needed rest, helping her to put on one of her pretty home dresses.

Then for a little surprise, we invited in mother's dearest friend; and while they visited quietly and happily, we girls prepared a nice, holiday tea, with plenty of flowers, for mother was so fond of the delicate beauties. After tea, father took them both driving; and when she arrived home, mother found several pretty gifts awaiting her.

As we were separating for the night, mother kissed us as usual, and said, "This has been a very happy birthday, girls. I thank you so much for your thoughtful love for me."

It made us both glad and sorry—glad for that day, and sorry for so many others we might have brightened for her, instead of her always doing for others and herself, too.

Dear girls who read this, don't you think we promised ourselves to be thoughtful and ready next year? Ah! when next year came, we had not the opportunity: mother's tired hands were folded; her true, patient, loving heart had ceased to beat.

Girls, isn't there a little hint for each of you here? Not one of you but has a great, loving heart; add to that thoughtfulness, tact, self-sacrifice, and then look out for mother.—*Selected.*

PETROLEUM

THE name "petroleum" signifies "rock-oil," and the existence of this oil has been known as far back as history extends. Herodotus wrote of the springs of Zacynthus, and Arabs and Persians, of the fountains of Hit. Pliny and Dioscorides mention the oil of Agrigentum, while the earliest records of China contain accounts of the petroleum springs existing in that country.

Petroleum was discovered in North America as early as 1629, but no practical use was made of it until after the report of Prof. B. Silliman, of Yale College, on some specimens of oil sent him from Titusville, Pa., when a company was organized in New Haven, Conn., and a representative was sent to Oil Creek to prospect for oil. He was much hindered and delayed by quicksands and water in digging his well; and, as an experiment, drove down an iron pipe. This not only proved successful, but later in the day fell suddenly six inches into a "pocket" about thirty feet in the ground, where it was left until morning, when it was found to be filled with oil. This was the beginning of the "piping for oil," now so well known. Many other wells were immediately sunk in the vicinity, and it was soon discovered that the oil was to be found in regular courses, or streaks, and was not diffused generally under the surface. This was the origin of the method of "exploring" now in use.

An analysis of petroleum shows that its constituents are equal atoms of carbon and hydrogen. Some oils have impurities containing nitrogen; others contain sulphur and oxygen. The origin of petroleum is conjectural. It has no organic structure, like coal, for instance; hence it can not be proved that it is of organic origin, yet only French chemists have, as yet, asserted that petroleum is of chemical origin. When shale, coal, peat, wood, or animal matter—any recent organic substance—is subjected to destructive distillation at low temperature, there is finally evolved an oily fluid, which chemistry shows to consist chiefly of the same compounds of carbon and hydrogen found in the Pennsylvania petroleum. Observed facts would lead to the conclusion that these oils found in the earth are products of the indigenous limestone in which they are found.

In new territories, the first step is to drill a test, or "wild-cat," well. If oil is found, the surrounding territory is soon occupied. Wells are sometimes drilled by owners of the land, but generally under leases. Under the leases, the usual stipulation is that a certain part, from one tenth to one fourth, shall be paid to the owner of the land. One well to five acres is considered as many as will be profitable. The average duration of the profitable working of a well has been estimated at five years.

In Burma and other Eastern countries, oil is carried from place to place in flasks and jars. In the United States, it was for years distributed in barrels, but now it is transported in lines of pipes to refining stations. When oil is received from a well into a pipe-line, a receipt is given the owner for it, less three per cent to cover loss and for handling. This receipt is called a "certificate;" and when such a receipt, or "order," is accepted by an officer of the company, it becomes negotiable equally with a bank check. As the "exchanges" deal only in certificates of one thousand barrels, they are always made of that amount when practicable.

In its crude state, petroleum is used in connection with other oils, tallow, lead, soap, graphite, etc., to make lubricating oils. When crude oil is too thin for lubricating purposes, it is reduced to the proper consistency by evaporation by heat, or exposure to the sun in shallow pans.

As an illuminating oil, petroleum has superseded all other material in nearly all the civilized portions of the world. In Great Britain, it is called "paraffin oil;" on the Continent, "refined petroleum;" and in the United States, "kerosene." In refining petroleum, the crude oil is first distilled, this process being continued until only a kind of coke remains, the vapors arising being condensed by the usual worm-pipe arrangement. The oil thus condensed is green in color, and called "once-run oil," also "green oil." It is separated, by repeated washings with sulphuric acid and caustic soda, and by further distillation, into gasoline, naphtha, burning oil, etc.; there is also a residue called "heavy oil," used for lubricating purposes. W. S. CHAPMAN.

MOTHER

THE house is wrapped in slumber deep,
And only one is not asleep;
She sits below. 'Tis hard to sew
When weary; none can ever know
How hard it is but mother!

The lamplight flickers; tired out,
The toiler dreams of rest, no doubt;
But every little head abed
To-morrow, next day, must be fed—
This thought gives strength to mother!

At last the drowsy clock strikes one,
And that day's work is almost done!
Some basting threads to take away—
The love sewed in will always stay.
The holiest thing on earth to-day—
The unselfish love of mother!

—Selected.



THE SERVICE OF THE SANCTUARY—A TRANSFER OF SIN

(July 6)

MEMORY VERSE.—1 Tim. 5:24.

1. Why did the Lord desire a sanctuary built? Ex. 25:8.
2. For what purpose did he wish to dwell among his people? Note 1.
3. How many rooms, or apartments, were in the earthly sanctuary?
4. How often were services performed in the holy place? Heb. 9:6; 10:11.
5. What was the daily work of the priest? Why? Heb. 5:1.
6. What offering was made every day for the people of God? Ex. 29:38-43; note 2.
7. By making these offerings, what did the priest do for the people? Lev. 15:31, first part.
8. After the people had thus been separated, what did the priest do for them? Lev. 9:22; Num. 6:23-27.
9. Instead of blessing, what came to one who did not put away sin? Num. 19:20.
10. How did the constant service for putting away sin affect the sanctuary? Note 3.
11. What was it therefore necessary to do? Heb. 9:23, first part.
12. Of what was all the service of the earthly sanctuary a type, or figure? Heb. 8:5.
13. What is the work of Jesus, our High Priest? Acts 3:26; note 4.
14. As we offer the blood of the Lamb of God, what becomes of our sin? 1 Tim. 5:24; note 4.
15. What blessing does our High Priest pronounce upon us, when our sin has been separated from us? 1 John 1:9.
16. What will come to those who neglect to have their sins carried into the heavenly sanctuary? Ps. 37:9; note 5.
17. Because sin is being carried into the heavenly sanctuary, what will it finally be necessary to do? Heb. 9:23.

NOTES

1. We have already learned that God's reason for wishing to dwell *among* his people is that he may dwell *in* them. But he can not dwell where sin is found, and so, in order that God may find a dwelling-place in the hearts of his people, it is necessary to have all sin put away. The Lord dwelt in the sanctuary, therefore, to help his people get rid of their sin. The sanctuary building covered the glory of the Lord, and kept it from destroying the people while God worked for them.

2. Sacrifices and offerings of many kinds were made every day in the year. But though there were so many different kinds, they all were for the purpose of taking away sin, and bringing the people to God. The offerings provided a way for removing sin from the children of God into the sanctuary, where God could destroy it without destroying the sinners. When one had done wrong, he brought his offering, and confessed over it his sin. By doing this, his sin was removed from his heart, from his life, to the life of the offering; and God counted the offering as the sinner. Thus when its blood was shed, and carried into the holy place, the sin of the man was carried in, and placed before the Lord, where it remained until the end of the year. There were two rooms in the sanctuary, the holy and the most holy. The first, or holy place, was the one in which the priests served every day, where all sin was taken and left before the Lord. There were two ways in which sin was carried into the holy place,—

by taking in the blood, and sprinkling it before the Lord, and by taking in part of the flesh of the sin-offering, and *eating* it before the Lord. Both were done by the priest.

3. The Lord counts all sin as unholy, unclean. Therefore, though the sin was carried in only in figure, the sanctuary was defiled by it, and needed to be cleansed. We must not suppose that any *physical* uncleanness was to be found in the sanctuary, for everything was kept very clean, not even a particle of dust being allowed on the priest when he entered.

4. The whole work of Jesus, both on earth and in heaven, is to save people from sin. So long as he is in the sanctuary, his life will be spent in separating his children from their sins. By faith we confess our sins, and our great High Priest, by his own blood, carries them into the heavenly sanctuary, and places them before God. The Lord sees them, then, not in us, but as in heaven, waiting for final destruction. The sinner has sent them beforehand to judgment; he is separated from them, and stands "pure in heart" before the Lord.

5. Those who did not put away their sins while the sanctuary was upon earth, were "cut off" from the people of God. Thus it will be in the service of the sanctuary in heaven. Those who cling to sin, who neglect to transfer it from themselves to Jesus, must be destroyed with the sin.

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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 tak-

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

CHAPTER 13.

3 The parable of the sower and the seed; 13 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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FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY:

Learn to live, and live to learn;
 Ignorance like a fire doth burn;
 Little tasks make large return.

—Taylor.

MONDAY:

"Salvation is going to Jesus for what he can give us,—adoption, forgiveness, strength,—and then going into the world with what he gives, to live his life and do his work."

TUESDAY:

"An arm of aid to the weak,
 A friendly hand to the friendless;
 Kind words so short to speak,
 But whose echo is endless.
 The world is wide, these things are small;
 They may be nothing, but they are all."

WEDNESDAY:

It is while you are patiently toiling at the little tasks of life, that the meaning and shape of the great whole of life dawns upon you. It is while you are resisting little temptations, that you are growing strong.—
Phillips Brooks.

THURSDAY:

"Hold yourself responsible for a higher standard than anybody else expects of you. Demand more of yourself than anybody else demands of you. Keep your own standard high. Never excuse yourself to yourself. Never pity yourself. Be a hard master to yourself, but lenient to everybody else."

FRIDAY:

O listening Christ! give hourly grace
 To keep us when temptations come
 In meetings of the market-place,
 Or the sweet liberty of home;
 That we may serve and please thee still,
 And speak as thou wouldst choose to hear,
 With patient kindness of will,
 With cheerful faith and holy fear.

—Isaac O. Rankin.

SABBATH:

"But I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection; lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway." 1 Cor. 9:27.

THE INSTRUCTOR has received a copy of a little eight-page sheet published by our missionaries in Fiji, called *Rarama*, meaning "light." As there are about eighty inhabited islands in the Fijian group, with a population of something over one hundred thousand natives, besides many others who speak their tongue, this little light-bearer has a wide field before it for doing its part in the work of gathering out some of the precious jewels that shall make up the Master's kingdom. Let us not forget our faithful workers in these distant fields, but pray that their health may be precious in God's sight, that they may have wisdom and strength for the difficulties and

perplexities they must meet, and that souls may be saved as a result of their work. And if we faithfully remember them in our prayers, we shall also be glad to do our part to help them in other ways.

Below is given a verse of Scripture in the Fijian language, just as it looks in the little paper. I am sorry I can not tell you what verse it is, but there is no one here who can read the language well enough to give the reference:—

"A sa kaya ko Samueli, Sa vinakata li ko Jiova nai soro kama kei nai madrali, me vaka na talairawarawa ki na domo i Jiova? Raica, sa vinaka na talairawarawa, ka ca nai soro; sa vinaka na vakarorogo, ka ca na uro ni sipi tagani."

LABORERS TOGETHER

DID you ever share the doing of a piece of work with some one who thought and acted as if anything that would "do" was "good enough;" who didn't "see the use of being so particular;" and whose motto in life seemed to be, in all things requiring the least expenditure of personal effort, "Let it slide"? And all the time you were doing your very best to reach that standard of perfection that admits of no such weak, qualifying word as "nearly" or "almost," and must yet fail because of that other's neglect. Not at all a pleasant experience, was it?

It is not enough for you, is it? that it shall be "fairly well" swept and dusted—that room you are tidying up?—No, indeed; it must be thoroughly swept; dust in the corners and on the picture-frames and moldings, cobwebs on the ceiling—all must be removed. The whole place must be as fair and dainty and sweet as it can be made before you are satisfied to leave it. But you are not working alone; you have an "assistant"—one who has been given her share to do, and who is depended on for it. And her only care in the matter is to get it quickly off her hands. She goes about it with the "ends of her fingers;" and so, though you do your best, the effect is spoiled.

And those dishes you washed with such painstaking care, and which, properly dried, should have shone like mirrors—was it not trying to have them dim, and streaked, and linty through the carelessness of your helper?

"Nobody will notice." That is what was said when you lamented the bungling work on the dainty garment you had planned and cut, basted and fitted, with such care!

And often it is not the careless work, the low standard, the indifference to striving always for the best results, that is hardest to bear; but the distressing, complacent satisfaction with imperfection.

Reflecting on these things the other day, a new thought came about that old verse which says that "we are laborers together with God." Not perfect workers, by any means; no, indeed! often not even willing; but still "chosen" and "appointed" to be "laborers together" with him. Alas, how faithless and grudging and indifferent our service! Our earthly work—yes, of course we take pride in doing that well. Why?—Oh, because—well, answer, honestly. But this other work we shirk and slight, and would often escape altogether if we could.

Yet it is a wonderful work,—so important that Jesus gave his life that it might be carried forward; so beautiful that the angels rejoice to have a part in it, by ministry,—this work of saving souls from sin and death to an endless life of perfect happiness. But not even the angels has he chosen, in one sense, to the position of honor that he has given his disciples, who, by their personal interest and love and influence may comfort those who mourn, and lead those who are straying in the mazes of sin back to the fold of the true Shepherd.

What infinite painstaking and constant watchfulness are incumbent upon those who are "workers together" with him in this high office of winning souls! One harsh, unkind word, a single yielding to temptation, and who can tell the influence on some tempted one, the awful result on the great work in which we each have a part?

We are "laborers together;" we can not, if we would, escape the responsibilities laid upon us by this appointment. But it is ours to choose whether our service shall be such as will gladden the loving heart of the Master, or whether he shall have the grief of seeing his precious work marred and ruined in our hands because we are too indolent, too self-satisfied, too apathetic, to give it our very highest and best efforts.

Shall we not, O beloved fellow "laborers together"! strive so to do our share, our part, of his great work as to please and glorify him?

TRANSMUTED TROUBLES

SOMETIMES when one passes through a trying experience, which leaves him feeling bruised, battered, and almost disheartened, he is tempted to wonder why it is that such things are allowed to come to him,—why it is that his kindness should be received coldly, his attempts to please be misunderstood, his plans fail through the stupidity or carelessness of those upon whom he is dependent for their carrying out.

Every one has such experiences. Often, through inability to express itself, the little child is misunderstood, or his desire to help is unappreciated, and his friendly advances met with indifference or openly repulsed; and thus for a while his sun ceases to shine, and he goes about with a heavy weight at his heart; for young hearts can sometimes bear burdens quite as heavy in proportion to their years as older ones. As he grows older, he meets the same things in school; and later on he finds that unkindness, thoughtlessness, and injustice are not something that can be outgrown and left behind, but that wherever he goes, his relations with others will, more or less often, bring him face to face with these things.

If he is wise, he will turn these trying experiences to good account. Do you wonder how that can be done?—how, for instance, the unkind accusation you met to-day from one you had called your friend, which hurt you too deeply for words, and which no explanation nor kindness can ever quite take away—do you wonder how that can be made to work good to you or to others?

But are you not also a friend? and is it not possible that to you may come the temptation to indulge in hasty judgment and stinging speech, even to one you love? Can you not see, then, how the thing that has hurt you, may keep you from hurting some one else—may make you slow to speak, kindly in judgment, gentle in manner, thoughtful and sympathetic, and give your heart that love for others that shall hide a multitude of imperfections? And thus this bitter trial will not only make you a blessing to others, but may become a bit of material for your character-building that shall be worthy to endure through all the ages.

This power to transform the deep personal hurt into a blessing for others, to turn the waters of a bitter experience into a sweet, refreshing draft for some thirsty soul, comes from a living connection with the Source of all power. It is beyond any merely human will or determination or effort to accomplish; but it is easy when one lays down his own will, and accepts in its place the mind and will of Heaven.

It is better to deserve love and sympathy and tenderness than to demand them. It is even better to deserve than to receive them.