

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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

VOL. XLIX.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., JULY 4, 1901.

No. 27.



## THE OVEN-BIRDS

LITTLE brown birds, I have found you, led  
Half by the sound of your startled tread  
Over the woodland paths made brown  
By last year's leafage that drifted down,  
Half by the hurried, insistent notes  
That ring so clear from your tender throats,—  
"Teacher! Teacher!" Do you, too, yearn  
Some of the spring's deep thoughts to learn?

What are the questions that trouble you?  
I have been puzzling the morning through  
Over the secrets the young days hold,—  
The glory hid in the burnished gold  
Of dandelions, the wondrous way  
That new life springs from the old decay.  
"Teacher! Teacher!" my heart's cry, too;  
Little brown birds, let me sing with you.

—Selected.

from the dew-laden grass, and sails up into the blue sky, is so fresh and pure that it seems to come on the wings of the morning, and gives the deeper beauty of that day in June when heaven would try the earth if it be in tune."

The meadow-lark is so nearly the color of the meadow in which he feeds that it takes a keen eye indeed to make the creature out. His back is dull brown, streaked with black and white; his breast, golden-yellow, with a black crescent.

This bird lives largely upon grasshoppers, May beetles, ants, bugs, caterpillars, etc. He is therefore of great aid to our farmers, and should never be killed wantonly or for food. It has been estimated that the value of the grass crop alone saved by meadow-larks on a township of thirty-six square miles, each month during the grasshopper season, is about twenty-four dollars.

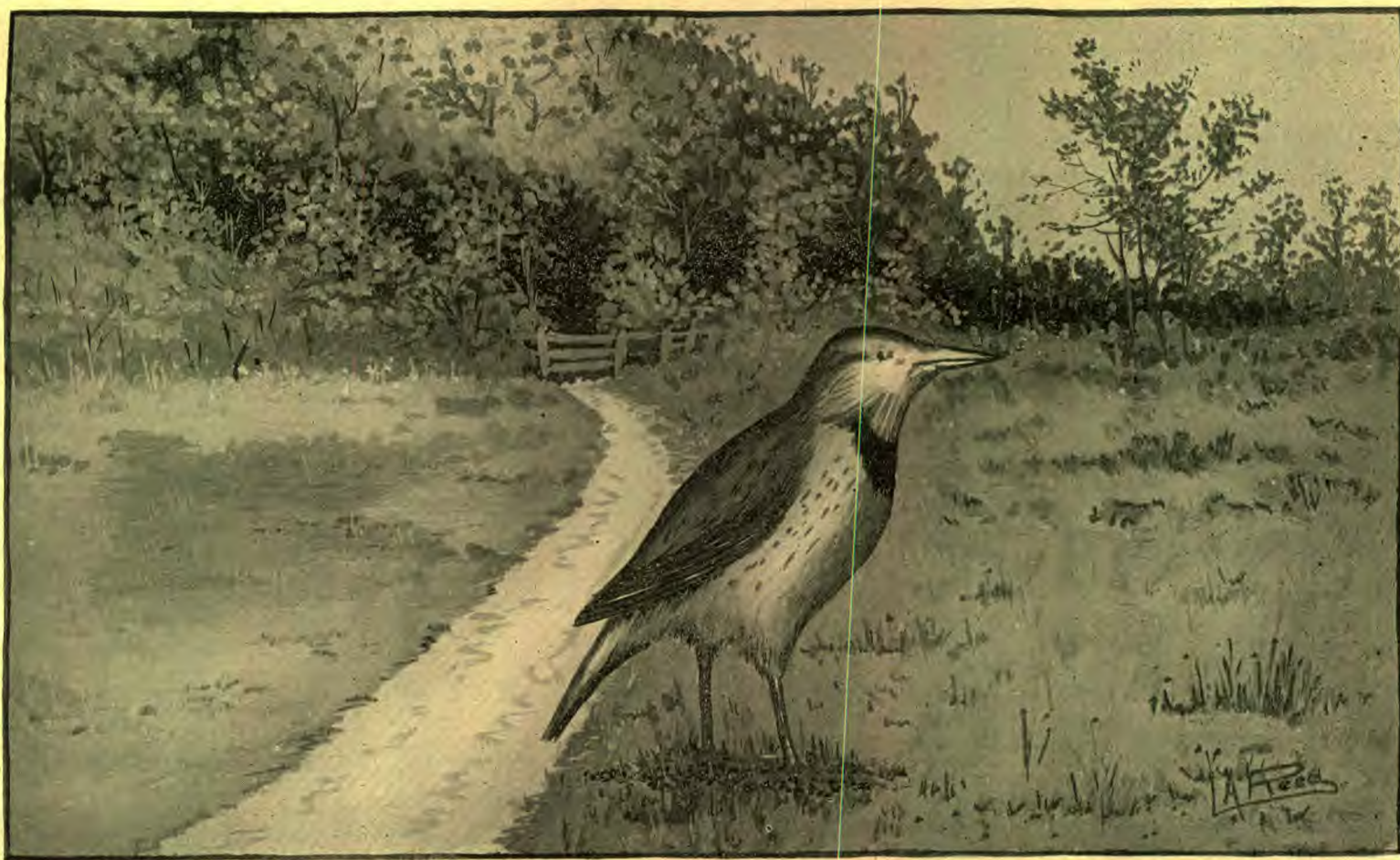
In our picture the bird seems somewhat larger than it really is. Its actual length is about eleven inches. It sometimes remains in the northern States all winter, but is not at all numerous at that season. The meadow-lark is a

## A FIRST LESSON IN WARBLERS

"WHAT kind of bird was it that I saw this morning,—a very small bird, full of motion, as active as a witch, all yellow like a canary?"

This, in substance, is a question that I am frequently asked, especially in May and June. Generally it turns out that the bird is what is called in books the "summer yellowbird," or "golden warbler," though a cross-examination of the witness may show that the bird was not all yellow, but yellow with black trimmings,—black wings and tail, and a black forehead. In that case, the inquirer has seen an American goldfinch, a seed-eating bird, with a thick, short, seed-eating bill.

The summer yellowbird, on the other hand, has a sharp, slender bill, appropriate to a bird that lives on insects. It belongs to a very numerous family, known commonly as "warblers," but more properly as "wood-warblers." They are American birds strictly, and America may well be proud of them. They are a numerous family, I say. About a hundred kinds are known, and



THE MEADOW-LARK

## THE MEADOW-LARK

You are no doubt well acquainted with the meadow-lark: it is a bird that has much to say in the spring. Every hour of the day, it would seem, we can hear his long-drawn-out notes. There is in the song an element of cheer, and we feel certain, when we hear it, that the bird must be in a happy frame of mind. We might call him a merry minstrel. As one has said, the song of the meadow-lark, "as he springs

great walker, and does not fly unless it is necessary. Its nest is built in the ground, in open fields, or meadows, and sometimes in marshes. Its eggs are white, spotted or speckled with reddish-brown. It comes north to us late in March, and leaves late in the fall. Its notes are not the same in all localities. Many bird lovers fancy that it calls, "*Spring o' the y-e-a-r!*" but in Illinois it seems to say, "*Fee-o-wheel-dee-dee.*"

L. A. REED.

of these about seventy visit the United States. More than thirty kinds have been found in a small State like Massachusetts.

Formerly, before I knew one bird from another, as our common saying is, I used to wonder what a man like Thoreau meant by talking so much about the "warblers" he had seen in his rambles. It was a rather affected manner of speech, I thought. Why couldn't he say "bird," or "singer," and be done with it? Why



so constantly use that pretty, poetical word "warbler"? I supposed, you see, that he was speaking simply of some bird that he had heard singing, and, since he was writing prose, I had a wise, critical notion that he ought, as a general thing, to use prose words.

A reference to any "bird-book," or even to a dictionary, would have shown me that "warbler" is a family name, like "swallow" or "sparrow." Its use does not imply that the bird is of necessity a fine singer, any more than to call a man "Mr. Taylor" implies that he gets his living by making clothes. As a matter of fact, the warbler family is not highly musical, and even its best singers do not, in any proper sense of the word, warble. Their voices are mostly thin and sharp, and their tune is only a short, quick sentence or phrase, with nothing of the smoothness and flowing quality which the word "warble" naturally suggests.

The golden warbler is probably seen by more persons than any other member of its family. It is not fond of woods, but of shrubby patches along roadsides, and in gardens, especially in the neighborhood of water. This preference brings it often into sight, while its bright color renders it conspicuous enough to attract general attention. I have seen it spoken of as the "blue-eyed warbler,"—a very pretty name, surely, though I do not know whether it is, in any peculiar sense, appropriate. As to "yellow warbler" and "golden warbler," you have only to look once at the bird to see that either name fits it perfectly.

In the case of the male bird, the under parts are streaked with brownish-orange; but the marks are hardly striking enough to catch the eye of a chance beholder. Nine persons out of ten, I suppose, after watching the pretty creature as it flits about in a clump of bushes, would pronounce it "all yellow." That, at any rate, is the way in which my inquirers are accustomed to speak of it.

According to my experience, this warbler is very punctual in his annual home-coming. On one of the last days of April, or, more likely, on one of the first two or three days of May, I am pretty certain to hear him singing in his old places. And when I hear him, I always wish to go near and look at him. It is like a flash of sunlight after a week of rain to see the lively fellow back again after his seven or eight months of absence and his four thousand miles—more or less—of journeying.

The happy pair build their nest in a bush, often directly upon the roadside, at a height of four or five feet from the ground,—a peculiarly thick, warm-looking, closely woven, cup-shaped structure; and in it the mother-bird lays four or five speckled, bluish-white eggs. Then, in the course of time, if nothing happens,—if a cowbird does not drop one of her larger eggs among them, or a crow or a jay find them out, or a squirrel or a cat devour them, or a boyish collector carry them off,—the eggs are hatched, and as many young warblers crowd the nest.

As for knowing the birds, I was going to say that nothing could be easier. That would be an exaggeration. Yellow warblers are not so thick as robins, nor can they be seen so far away as crows; but they are common, in their season, are readily made out, and—what I wish especially to emphasize—the knowledge of them may easily become the door to much other knowledge of a very pleasant sort.

If you know them, I mean to say, and pay attention to them, you will soon begin to notice other birds that are built like them and act like them, but are differently colored. Here, for example, is a little bird in a swampy place, always near the ground. He is largely olive and yellow,—olive above, and yellow underneath,—but is most curiously marked with a broad black band, which crosses the forehead and folds back upon the sides of the head. This is the Maryland

yellow-throat,—the male. His song is in triplets: *Fidgety, fidgety, fidgety*, or, *Witchery, witchery, witchery*, or whatever else your ears can make of it. The female wears no black head-band, and is even prettier than her husband,—or so I think,—one of the very prettiest birds that live.

Here in the woods, but not too far in,—in woodlands rather than in the forest,—is another. This one keeps farther from the ground than either of the other two, and is very richly and elegantly dressed,—jet-black and pure-white, with vivid splashes of red on the wings and sides of the body, and also on the tail,—a gorgeous creature, though very small,—an American beauty, if there ever was one. You might take him for a chance wanderer from the tropics. He is incessantly on the move, flitting among the green branches, his bright color flashing, and his tail constantly snapping open, as if on purpose to show itself. This is the redstart.

And these three are, perhaps, enough for a first lesson in the bewildering warbler family. When you know these, and ten or fifteen like them (like, and yet unlike), you may begin to feel that you have made a really prosperous start in bird study. And, having gone so far, you will not be likely to turn back.—*Bradford Torrey, in Sunday School Times.*



#### HARVEST

THE harvest is ripe, and the reapers are waiting;  
Though bright beams the morning, no sickle is laid.

O, why do we linger, the bright moments freight-  
ing  
With loss unretrieved when the evening shall  
fade?

The harvest is great, and the reapers not many;  
Then how shall we gather the bright, golden  
grain?  
Who is there will help us? The call is to any;  
At eve they may join in the reapers' refrain.

The harvest is precious. No price that is given  
Can ever repay for a grain that is lost—  
This harvest of souls, whose redemption's from  
heaven—  
Eternity whispers its wonderful cost!

Then linger no longer; be our best endeavor  
Put forth, in the work, in the broad, open field!  
Faint not in the noontime, nor turn aside ever,  
But faithfully gather the plentiful yield.

When darkness has settled, and bright stars are  
shining,  
And man has forgotten the place of our rest,  
We'll slumber, our sheaves to our Saviour re-  
signing,  
Awaiting the dawn in the land of the blest.  
B. F. M. SOURS.

#### MY CLOCK

My clock has a beautiful face and an attractive form. Its mission is supposed to be not only that of keeping time, in harmony with the sun, but to be an indicator of true sun-time to those from whom the sun is hidden. Its maker purposely placed within it a regulating device by which its time-keeping might be adjusted to the great time-maker with which it was designed to be kept in harmony.

But, strange to say, my clock utterly fails to obey its regulator. Touch it as often as I will to correct the clock's waywardness, it seems to make little difference with the actions of the hands; for they still persist in moving around the dial in an aimless manner. Sometimes, as if in very exuberance of spirit, they dash away at a rapid rate, as much as to say, "We don't wish to be restrained." Again, they lag in their round, as if in despair, and desiring to give up the business altogether. For months have I

touched and retouched the regulator, to correct these habits, but all in vain. Though seeming to do better for a little while, the clock soon lapses into its old ways.

Only this morning I said: "It is of no use; I can do nothing with it. Since it can not be depended upon in its present condition, it must be sent back to the shop, and be set in order."

Then I thought, Ah me! how many of us humans need to be returned to our Maker, and be made over into "new creatures." Then his law, which has been provided for our hearts, will regulate our lives, and so make us true to the Sun of righteousness, and faithful to those who need to know that the day of salvation is at hand.

LULA V. CORLISS-GREGORY.

#### THE PUNCH-BOWL

"MISS ETTIE R— presided at the punch-bowl," was one of the items in the description, by a country editor, of a recent reception given to a newly married pair.

Smilax, roses, and lilies-of-the-valley, sweet-scented and pure as paradise itself, decorated the lovely home, where were music and song and happy laughter, with never a thought of care.

Lightly and thoughtlessly, the young girl filled to the brim the beautiful glasses, and handed them to the guests. She was not more than fourteen,—a womanly little maid, with straight, erect form, and lovely features,—but what a beginning!

My heart felt like lead as I read the item, and thought of the terrible words, "At the last it *biteth* like a serpent, and *stingeth* like an adder."

And this dear girl, pouring out the "biting," "stinging" stuff for her gay companions to drink!

I can see them not very far in the coming years, going down into dishonored graves, lost and ruined souls, just because of that "punch-bowl in the corner." And Ettie herself, perhaps a miserable drunkard's wife, or a sorrowful widow, with wild, reveling boys to break her heart.

Let the punch-bowl alone. Better never go into society than go where punch and wine are provided.

MRS. S. ROXANA WINCE.

#### ONE SIN

THERE was only one crack in the lantern, but the wind found it, and blew out the light. How great a mischief one unguarded point of character may cause us! One spark blew up the magazine; and shook the whole country for miles around. One leak sank the vessel, and drowned all on board. One wound may kill the body, one sin destroy the soul.

It little matters how carefully the rest of the lantern is protected, the one point which is damaged is quite sufficient to admit the wind. And so it little matters how zealous the man may be in a thousand other things, if he tolerates one darling sin, Satan will find the flaw, and destroy all his hopes.

The strength of the chain is measured not by the strongest, but by its weakest link; for if the weakest snaps, of what use are the others?

Satan is a close observer, and knows exactly where our weakest points are; we have need of very much watchfulness, and we have great cause to bless our merciful Lord, who prayed for us, that our faith fail not.—*Spurgeon.*

"UNKIND words may be forgiven, but long years go by and they are not forgotten. We who spoke, and they who heard, may desire to have them drop out of remembrance; but they come back to thought again in spite of us, and hinder love. How brief the gratification of their utterance! How indelible their record in the heart!"





Do not forget to send to the INSTRUCTOR a report of what *your* young people's society is doing.

### THE BATTLE CREEK SOCIETY

At a meeting of the young people of the Battle Creek church, held Sabbath afternoon, June 22, it was decided to abolish the constitution which was adopted at the organization of the society. Arrangements were made to appoint a committee that will have the oversight of the meetings in the future. From this time forward the young people's work will bear the same relation to the church work as does the Sabbath-school. We shall be glad to report from time to time the progress made under the new plan of organization.

E. H.

### OUR MOTTOES

"The Advent Message to the World in this Generation"  
"Love Teaches the Way"

PERHAPS last week, as you noticed the words engraved in our department heading, and thought a little of their meaning, it seemed to you that that is rather a large subject for young people to handle. It may be that, half-unconsciously, you lifted your eyes from the little part of "the world" that lies close about you to some remote corner of the earth, and thought, not really putting the idea into words, but still keeping it in your mind, that that work is too great for young people,—that it is all right for those who are older, but that you can have no real part in it.

Never was there a more serious mistake. It is true that it is a vast work,—a work whose extent and influence can not be estimated, whose results can not be measured. That is one reason that you, with every other faithful Christian, young as well as old, are to have a place in it. It is an important work, too,—the most important in all the world; for it concerns every soul who lives. Men, it is true, think other things of greater moment,—the opening of the East to Western civilization; the death of one monarch, the coronation of another; the visit of a prince and his train to a distant land; the subjugation of this province, or the annexation of that territory; the putting down of a rebellion; a storm in the West; a lynching in the South,—how many things there are to divert the attention from the one great Event before whose solemn hour all these details of earthly governments and affairs will quickly vanish away! Like the eunuch of old, many are wondering what all these things mean; but how can they understand the import of the signs of the times unless they are taught?

And this Advent message, with its solemn warning and its gracious invitation, must be given to "all the world." It *will* be given, and given soon; for the Lord has declared that he will make a "quick work" in the earth. Some one will have a part in giving it. Who so prepared for this momentous work as those who, from their cradles, have been familiar with its truths; who have fortified their bodies to resist disease by attention to the laws of health; and who, by their very profession, declare that this message is to them the dearest thing in life?

"The Advent message to the world in this generation." I like the sound of these words. They are definite; they are sincere; they voice a great purpose; they are in themselves an in-

spiration. Shall not we, as young people, write them in our hearts, and allow their wonderful, solemn meaning to transform our lives?

And the world—the field—is all about you. The Lord needs you now, to-day. Begin *where you are*, in your own little part of "all the world,"—the world of home, of school, of daily employment; your own neighborhood, or village, or town,—wherever there is one aching heart to be reached with the comfort of the message. Think for a moment what it would mean if every young person who has confessed Christ would thus arise, and, laying aside all selfish plans and aspirations, begin, in every sort of service, to give this message. How soon would there be recruits for the work at home! what a trained army to go into fields abroad!

But the giving of this message, that is to go to "all the world" and in this generation, requires our best powers. How shall we take it up, and not fail? How shall we know what methods will bring the best results?

This is where our second motto will help us. "Love teaches the way." It would be impossible for any one to make a set of rules that would fit every case; and even if they could be made, they would be of no use. But if love, the love of God,—not our weak, changeable, uncertain love for him, but his unbounded, changeless, all-comprehending love for all his creatures,—is shed abroad in our hearts, we shall be able to approach people so as to win their confidence. We shall know how to give the message in a way to attract, not repel, souls.

Thus, love taught, we shall, each in our appointed place, bravely, fearlessly, yet in all gentleness and tenderness, sound the message for this generation. Then, indeed, will the message go to all the world, "for a witness; . . . and then shall the end come."

### SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM

#### 1. OPENING EXERCISES. (Ten minutes.)

(a) Singing: "Jesus, Engrave It on My Heart" (Hymns and Tunes, No. 366).

(b) Responsive Reading: John 15.

(c) Prayer, in which several may take part.

(d) Singing: "Only Thee" (No. 1215).

#### 2. Bible Study: The Sinner's Need of Christ. (Twenty minutes.)

For helps see the lesson and article on this subject in this week's INSTRUCTOR.

3. Testimonies, reports of labor, and suggestions for the work of the next week. (Twenty minutes.) Besides the many little openings that naturally suggest themselves as opportunities for the labor of love, there are many of our young people who would engage in definite work for the Master if they knew what to do. A few minutes might be profitably spent in suggesting different kinds of work,—such as a cottage meeting to be held; the giving out of addresses of persons who might be encouraged by a good missionary letter; mention of some special meeting or other opportunity where papers or tracts might be distributed; and many other lines of work that count so much in giving the gospel to those around us, but which are not always noticed by the inexperienced. Let those who see these openings be constantly on the lookout, that the latent talent among the young people may be utilized.

#### 4. Closing exercises. (Ten minutes.)

(a) Five-minute talk on the great need of Christ in the world. As a basis for this talk, some excellent help may be gleaned from the July issue of the *Missionary Magazine*.

(b) Song: "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name" (No. 1229).

(c) Benediction.

### STUDIES IN THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

#### Chapter II—The Sinner's Need of Christ

(July 7-13)

1. WHAT change did sin work in man?
2. What was man's joy before he sinned?
3. In what things has the sinner no joy?
4. From what would he shrink and hide?
5. What great thing is it not in our power to do?
6. What can not education, culture, and will-power do for us? What can they do?
7. How only can a sinful being become holy?
8. What idea often deceives people?
9. What led Paul to exclaim, "I consent unto the law, that it is good"? What made him cry out, "O wretched man that I am"?
10. What conclusion is to be drawn from this experience of Paul's?
11. Under what circumstances did Jacob find his Saviour?
12. To whom else did Christ similarly reveal himself?
13. How necessary to us is Christ?
14. What five agencies are enlisted in our behalf?
15. What mighty incentives urge us to give our hearts to Jesus?
16. On the other hand, what warnings are there against the service of Satan?
17. What is the final restoration to be wrought in us?
18. After studying this chapter, what answer do you find to the subject: "The Sinner's Need of Christ"?

#### IMPORTANCE OF BIBLE STUDY IN CONNECTION WITH THE LESSON

The foregoing questions are answerable from the Bible as well as from "Steps to Christ." When you can not find a text of Scripture that will forcibly apply, look for your answer in some Bible experience. Often the experiences of men are greater evidence of certain truths than texts would be, culled here and there. We find the thoughts of our lesson verified in both ways. While there are fifteen or more Scriptural references, there are also the experiences of three men, Paul, Jacob, and Nathanael. What connection have they with the subject of our lesson?—A very great one! Each recognized his great need of a Saviour. Jacob was so discouraged that he feared he would not find Him; Paul, in his great wretchedness, cried out, "Who shall deliver me?" and Nathanael was praying for help under a fig-tree. They each found the One whom they were seeking. Study their lives afterward, and see the results of finding the Saviour.

It is very important that we use the Bible for our evidence of the truth. Unless we do, we shall not be able to give to every one that asketh a reason of the hope that is within us. There are many persons who believe the Bible, but know nothing of the Spirit of Prophecy. Like the disciples at Ephesus, they have not so much as heard whether there be any or not. Such must be met where they are. But we can not give to others what we do not have ourselves. Now is our opportunity to prepare. How would you show from the Bible the sinner's need of Christ?

G. E. A.

#### "WHO SHALL DELIVER ME?"

"SUCH is the cry that has gone up from burdened hearts in all the lands and in all ages."—"Steps to Christ," page 20. Paul appreciated that his body, his flesh, in its natural state did not harmonize with the divine life that was dwelling within him. "For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven." Paul recognized that the body which he would receive in the resurrection morning would be in perfect harmony with that divine Spirit which dwelt in him.



And he further declared, "For we that are in this tabernacle [our bodies], do groan under its burden." 2 Cor. 5:4, Syriac Translation.

Everywhere humanity is groaning under the fact that it can not, somehow, carry out its ideals. Men's bodies seem to hinder and hamper them. They seem to be at cross-purposes with the noble desires that the Spirit of God prompts them to carry out. What is the solution of the problem? What is the remedy?—The verse offers its own explanation: "But clothed upon, that mortality might be *absorbed in life*." 2 Cor. 5:4, Syriac Translation.

The beautiful flower takes the dead particles of earth, and absorbs them into life. So the divine life within, if only allowed an opportunity, can absorb, or swallow up, the dross and sin until our associates shall see the divine character shining forth in our lives. "We are saved by his life." "We have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us."

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

### A QUESTION BOX

Will be opened in connection with these studies, and you are invited to send in any question or questions that may occur to you on the lesson. These will be answered either by personal letter or on this page of the INSTRUCTOR.



#### WHERE THE CROWN IS WON

Nor on the shining river  
Where summer shadows glide,  
Our oars at rest in the rowlocks,  
Borne by the silent tide;

Not in sweet-scented gardens  
Through lapsing summer days,  
Where the smoke of the fierce world-battles  
Is changed to a rosy haze;

But out on the field of contest,  
Where wrong is at war with right;  
Girded with sword and buckler  
In the thickest of the fight;

Respite the soldier earneth;  
Peace is the fruit of strife.  
"To him that *overcometh*  
Is given the crown of life."

—Mary F. Butts.

### HUCKLEBERRY MOUNTAIN

THE Creator always deals out his bounties with a generous hand. The needs of all his creatures are abundantly supplied. There is always enough and to spare. Sometimes, alas, too often, men monopolize his benefits to the exclusion of their fellows. Then there is a lack. But never do the children of men suffer in one place, but some otherwhere there is going to waste that which would supply their needs. "The earth hath he given to the children of men;" and if the children of men only loved one another, what a happy world it would be! If each one but loved his neighbor as himself, how quickly would sorrow and sighing flee away! It will be so some day; but not till the harvest time; not till the wheat is garnered into the Master's barn, and the tares are gathered together and burned. Until then we must be patient, and stablish our hearts unto the coming of the Lord.

It is not always easy to do this when we see want and misery on one hand, and abundance and waste on the other. When we see needs that we can not supply, and sorrow we can not comfort, our hearts sometimes grow sick. When we see sickness that we can not heal, and wrongs we

can not right, our courage sometimes fails. When the mask of hypocrisy falls from a trusted face, and we see the unfeeling skeleton of selfishness and deceit, our faith sometimes falters. Then it is that the child of God ought to seek solitude. The Master spent his time between the mountain and the multitude. His followers may not always be able to do that, but they can always find a solitary place where he will meet with them. But nothing will comfort the sorrowing heart, nothing will strengthen the failing courage, nothing will renew the wavering faith, like the solitude of the mountains, away from the jostling, hurrying, bubble-chasing crowd, where one can see nature as nature's God created it, and learn how bountifully the kind Father supplies the needs of all his creatures. Such a spot as this is Huckleberry Mountain.

It lies in southern Oregon, in the heart of the Cascade Mountains, within a few miles of the summit of that great range, where the Storm King reigns all winter long, piling up snow so deep that the feeble efforts of spring are baffled, and only the fierce rays of the midsummer sun are sufficient to reclaim the hidden earth.

To reach the mountains, one must travel two days' journey from the nearest village, along the Rogue River road, to where another road, almost as much used as the main thoroughfare itself, branches off to the south, and ends, within a mile, in a magnificent grove of fir-trees. As far back as the memory of white men goes, or the legends of red men tell, this road has been used for a camp-ground during the brief season when huckleberries are ripe. At other times it is silent and deserted, with only the names and dates that are cut in the tree trunks, the rusty cans and broken bottles scattered on the ground, and the dead embers of camp-fires half hidden in the leaves, to tell the story of the last year's camp.

From the camp-ground a well-worn trail leads to the berry patch. Over a foot-log, which spans the big, noisy Union Creek; up along the narrow edge of a "hog-back;" then down into a forest-grown cañon, where woodman's ax has never fallen, not even to cut the trees that lie across the trail; again climbing the steep mountain-side; over the rocks; around the fallen trees; out of the dense timber, and into the more open forests of the higher altitude; then through grassy meadows and great patches of fragrant wild flowers; still higher and higher, until the berry patch is reached, four miles from the camp-ground.

Several varieties of the berries grow side by side; but all greatly exceed in size, and excel in flavor, the common sort found in the market. They are round, but not globular, being considerably flattened on two sides. The bushes are usually quite close together, and are often loaded to the breaking-point with the delicious fruit. But each berry must be picked separately, and it requires a good picker to gather five gallons in a day.

The patch covers a divide ranging from one to eight miles wide, and fully twenty-five miles in length. The fruit begins to ripen about the tenth of August, and continues until the first snow-storm, usually about two months. During that time the patch is visited by hundreds of Indians and white settlers from the surrounding country. Thousands of gallons of berries are picked, but thousands of barrels are left for the birds, the bears, and the fall frosts. J. EDGAR ROSS.

### A MOTHER'S SELF-SACRIFICING LOVE

IN the suburbs of a city in Scotland lived a widowed mother who had but one child, a little baby girl. One day this mother's duties required her to fasten up her home, leaving the child inside, asleep.

During her absence a fire broke out in the

neighborhood. She heard the news when on her way home, and, of course, with fears aroused, hurried along as rapidly as possible. When she reached her house, to her horror she found it almost wrapped in flames. The firemen had succeeded in removing a few articles of furniture, but were entirely ignorant of the fact that a babe lay sleeping within. The mother was horror-stricken to learn that the child had not been rescued; and in spite of those who tried by their entreaties to arrest her in her desperate attempt, she threw some garment over her head, and bravely dashed into the burning building. Knowing, of course, exactly where to go, she succeeded in securing her still sleeping child, around whom she wrapped the bedclothes in which it had been reposing. Turning toward the door, she made her way through the flames, and succeeded in escaping with her precious burden. Her garments were nearly all on fire; but loving friends awaited her return, ready to aid her, and so with a severe burn on the side of her face, and her hands almost ruined, she escaped a terrible death.

Years passed on, and the rescued babe was a girl of about eight years. She had often wondered at the fact that her mother always wore gloves, and that through the years, as long as she could remember, she had never seen her mother's naked hands. Often had she been anxious to learn the reason, but there was something in the mother's demeanor that checked her from asking.

One day when she was eight years old, however, on coming in from school, and seeing her mother preparing the dinner with her gloved hands, she quickly asked: "Mother, why have I never seen your hands ungloved?"

The query deeply agitated the mother; and as the question had to be answered, she decided that the time had come when her daughter, who had never been informed of her narrow escape from the burning dwelling, or the cause of the mother's scarred and crippled hands, should be told the whole story. Before beginning the narrative, however, the mother pulled off her gloves, and held up her hands, so mutilated and disfigured. With a cry of horror the child burst into tears, and rushed away from the terrible sight. Her conduct filled the mother's heart with deepest sorrow; but mastering her emotion, as soon as the child's first outburst was over, she described to her fully the sad scene, her narrow escape from the burning house, and her own desperate effort, which resulted in burning her own hands so terribly, but which saved her child from an awful death.

As the girl listened to the story of her own narrow escape, and her mother's self-sacrificing love, she began to caress the hands so wounded for her. Then suddenly throwing her arms around her mother's neck, she burst into an agony of tears, as she realized that she had not only caused that scarred face, but also those poor, withered hands, that had risked so much for her.

From that hour the mother's love was viewed by her in a different light. She had ever been a kind, obedient child; but this revelation of the mother's sacrifice to save her life, and the affliction which she had since endured, gave her such an insight into that maternal heart, that it seemed as if she could never do enough for the one who had risked so much for her. "Those beautiful hands," as the daughter called them, though so burned and scarred, were frequently moistened with tears of gratitude, and often she would be heard to say: "And this for me; and this for me."

When we hear of such incidents, we see the appropriateness of the illustration of a mother's love to represent, even if faintly, the great love of Him who "was wounded for our transgressions," "bruised for our iniquities," and by whose "stripes we are healed."—Selected.



# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## A STITCH IN TIME

"In the grand parade on the Fourth of July,  
I'm going to march," said Rosabel Fry.  
"There's a rip in your frock," said mama,  
"that I

Would mend, were I you: there's time."  
"The rip is so small 'twill attract no one's eye,  
And I must be off." But a rosebush sly  
Thrust its thorns in the rip as she passed nigh,  
And she turned to the house with face awry.  
She saw the procession go marching by,  
She heard the drums beat, and saw the flags fly,  
While the sun smiled down from a cloudless  
sky;  
But all *she* could do that Fourth of July  
Was sit in her room all day, and cry,  
For lack of a stitch in time.

Johnny ran through the room where Grandma  
Lee  
Sat knitting as busy as busy could be;  
And she peeped o'er her near-seeing "specs"  
to see

(Or I mightn't be writing this rhyme).  
"There's a button gone off your shoe," said she,  
"Just bring the button-box here to me."  
"A button's no very great thing," said he,  
"And I'm in a hurry, dear Grandma Lee."  
So he ran down the path, with a shout of glee;  
But a stick in the way he did not see,  
And it caught in the place where the button  
should be,  
And down went Johnny and hurt his knee;  
And a lame little boy for a week was he,  
For lack of a stitch in time.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

## HOW THE BEES SHOW GOD'S LOVE AND WISDOM

"THE works of the Lord are great, sought  
out of all them that have pleasure therein." So  
let us look closely, and seek out some of the  
secrets of his love that our Heavenly Father has  
hidden for us in the things that he has made.

See how busily the little bee gathers the  
sweet store of honey that God has put there on  
purpose for it to feed on! But there is some-  
thing even more sweet and precious hidden there  
for you,—the loving thoughts of God, which  
show how "his tender mercies are over all his  
works."

A gentleman who has made a special study of  
bees, and watched them very carefully, tells us  
that if one brings a "bee to some honey, she  
feeds quietly, goes back to the hive, stores away  
the honey, and returns with or without com-  
panions for another supply. Each visit occu-  
pies about six minutes, so that there are about  
ten in an hour, and about one hundred in a day."  
And another, to show us how quickly the bees  
work, says that he has watched them visit  
twenty flowers in one minute.

In the long summer days the bees work over-  
time, to make up for the months when they do  
not work at all. Right up in the North, where  
the winters are longest, the summer, when it  
does come, is almost continual daylight, and the  
bees are able to work nearly all the time while  
the warm weather lasts. A gentleman who  
lately visited Finland, says that he noticed the  
bees out gathering honey at ten o'clock at night.

But while it is true, and has always been  
easily seen, that the bees need the flowers, and  
could not live without them, it is just as true,  
though not so easily seen, that the flowers need  
the bees just as much, and many kinds would  
die out altogether if it were not for the bees, but-  
terflies, and other insects.

Some seed from the red clover plant was taken  
to New Zealand, and planted, but no seed came  
from it, and it died out. At last some bumble-

bees were taken over, and some fresh clover  
planted, and from that time it flourished, and  
bore seed just as it does here. So you see that  
the life of the clover depended on the bumble-  
bees. Do you wonder how this can be? Let  
us see.

You must have noticed, in a full-blown rose,  
the golden heart of the flower, made up of little  
yellow grains, and in almost every flower you  
will notice something like this. Sometimes the  
yellow dust from the flowers is blown about by  
the wind. You have often seen it, but did you  
know what it is, and what it is for?

This fine yellow flower-dust is called "pollen,"  
and though you may have thought it only use-  
less dust, the very life of the plants depends  
upon it. For if some of these little grains should  
not reach the newly-formed seeds in the little  
pod at the bottom of the flower, the seeds would  
not be any use at all, as they would have no  
power to bring forth any new plants and flow-

increase; the bee serving and fertilizing the  
flower, and thus providing a future store of  
honey for itself and other bees.

Then besides the sweet lesson of the love and  
wisdom of God, who is really doing all this,—  
who puts the honey in the flower and guides  
the bee to it,—I am sure you will learn at least  
this lesson also: Our own greatest blessing, hap-  
piness, and prosperity, come through letting God  
use us to bring blessing and happiness to others.

EDITH E. ADAMS.

## A HARD NUT

It was the evening for Dick to study his Sab-  
bath-school lesson. The lesson was about the  
plagues of Egypt.

"Uncle Jack," said he, suddenly, "I can't  
understand this lesson at all."

Uncle Jack laid down his newspaper. "What  
is the trouble with it, my boy?" he asked.



ers. This dust is to fertilize the seeds, to make  
them fruitful.

The strongest and best plants come from the  
seeds which have been fertilized by the dust,  
or pollen, from another flower of the same kind;  
and so in many plants it is not possible for the  
dust of a flower to fall upon its own seed.

But just when the pollen is ripe and ready  
to fall, a part of the flower is filled with sweet  
honey, which attracts the bee or butterfly. As  
he pushes his way in to get it, he brushes against  
the part of the flower that holds the dust, and  
carries some of it away with him to the next  
flower that he visits, where he leaves it behind  
to make the little seeds able to bring forth new  
plants.

Think of this wonderful little circle of bless-  
ing and helpfulness,—a wheel within a wheel,—  
the flower giving its honey to the insects, and  
thus really working for its own fruitfulness and

"Why, it says that 'the Lord hardened Pha-  
raoh's heart,' and then, because he did not let  
the children of Israel go, he kept sending worse  
things upon him. Truly, Uncle Jack, it does  
not seem fair."

"Dick," said his uncle, "what was baby Nell  
crying for a few minutes ago?"

"I took my new book away from her."

"Then she did not give it up willingly?"

"I should think not!" answered Dick, smiling.  
"She held it with all her might. You wouldn't  
believe how strong the little thing is. I had to  
be very careful not to hurt her. But I had to get  
the book from her, because she was tearing it."

"What happened to her little soft arm? How  
did it change?"

"Why—it stiffened, of course."

"Yes, it stiffened—'hardened.' You hardened  
it, did you not?"

"I, uncle?"



"Certainly. It would not have hardened if you had not been pulling at the book."

Dick thought a moment, and his face lighted.

"I think I understand what you mean, uncle. Pharaoh's heart was like Nellie's arm. When he would not do the right thing, the Lord's wanting him to do it only made his heart the harder."

"Right, my boy. And the things that poor old Pharaoh learned through so much trouble and sorrow are just as true to-day as they were thousands of years ago. Every good impulse which one resists, only makes the heart harder, and the yielding, if ever done, more difficult and painful. It is in this way that some people who have all their lives been pulling against everything good and pure and lovely, come to have hearts which the Bible calls 'harder than the nether millstone.'"

"But we may turn this sad thought quite around, and find a brighter side. Perhaps we can make little Nellie illustrate it again for us. You know how fond she is of trying to carry Muff about the room, although the great cat is a very heavy load for her. She was tottering across the floor with him when you came in from school yesterday, and I saw her give you an appealing look. Do you remember what you did?"

"Yes, uncle," said Dick, laughing at the memory. "I caught her up, Muff and all. She did look so distressed, the dear little thing!"

"And what became of the strained little arms then?"

"They weren't strained any more. They wound around my neck as softly as if they had been made of velvet."

"Do you see, my boy? It is just so when a heart that has been laboring and struggling with a burden of trouble or sin, yields itself with all its load to the strong, loving Heavenly Father, to be lifted and carried wherever he wishes. All the hardness goes out of it, leaving it tender and gentle, and filled with a great restfulness."

"People talk about its being easy to do wrong, —and indeed it does seem so at times,—but it is only seeming. The real truth is that wrongdoing is, everywhere and always, hard and hardening, and that the way of obedience is the only way of pleasantness and peace."—*Selected.*



#### HEALING THE NOBLEMAN'S SON

(Concluded)

"As He Was Now Going Down."—"He went his way." That the nobleman personally heard and accepted the words of Jesus, is evidenced by his personal obedience. He had not yet *gone down*, but was still *going down*, when he met his servants, and learned of them the joyful news that the child lived. Note that Jesus did not "*come down*;" it was the nobleman who *went down*. We often ask God to do for us those things which would simply hinder our faith. He purposes that in doing them ourselves, we shall strengthen our faith. In yielding obedience, we shall very often learn that we have already received the things we desired. It was on the morrow, as he returned to Capernaum, that he met messengers from his house, bearing the tidings that his son lived; and upon inquiry he learned that the child began to amend about the hour in which Jesus had spoken the life-giving words.

"His Servants Met Him, Saying, Thy Son Liveth."—First we must obey; afterward we shall be permitted to enjoy the reward of obedi-

ence. We must sow the seed of obedience, in order to reap the reward of satisfaction and assurance. Jesus bade the nobleman go his way; and it was while pursuing his journey, in obedience to the Master's word, that he met the servants of his own house, who bore the tidings that gladdened his heart.

*He Inquired of Them the Hour.*—We often meet those who claim to have been physically healed by prayer, and who refuse to permit a physician to examine them, lest they thereby give expression to doubt and unbelief, and so lose the coveted blessing. True faith is ever willing to be tested; it is ever willing to inquire; not that it is in any sense doubtful, but as a result of sincere inquiry, it is always strengthened. The faith that led the nobleman to believe was sufficiently strong to lead him quietly to rest overnight, else the morrow would not have found him on his journey to Capernaum, only eighteen miles away; yet he proceeded to inquire of the servants the time and hour when the child began to mend,—not that he doubted that the child had been healed, but he desired still more evidence by which to strengthen his faith, and glorify his Master and Healer. It is often well to take particular note of the blessings of God. It is evidence that on this occasion the servants had especially noted the time when the fever left the child, and it was their carefulness in taking this into account that enabled the nobleman fully to appreciate that his son was instantaneously healed by the word spoken by the Master on the previous day at the same hour.

*The Father Knew It Was the Same Hour in Which Jesus Had Said, Thy Son Liveth.*—The father knew this hour well, for not only was it the hour in which Jesus had said, "Thy son liveth," but the hour when he might have added, "The nobleman believeth." It was the word which Jesus spoke, and the faith of the nobleman in that word, that brought the blessing of healing. The father knew it was the hour in which he *had heard and believed* the word which Jesus spoke. This is the assurance that when we have first heard the voice of God, and next believed the word of his power, and lastly witnessed the result of his grace, we may, like the nobleman, know whereof we speak.

"And Himself Believed, and His Whole House."—We have already learned that the nobleman believed somewhat in Christ when he first sought him to come down and heal his child. We have noticed the Saviour's rebuke of the weakness of his faith, in that it desired to see signs and wonders. We then see that his faith begins to grow, and becomes strong. And when Christ spoke the healing word, "Thy son liveth," the nobleman began his homeward journey in confidence and assurance. His faith was not yet perfect; and so when he actually learned that his son had in reality been healed, he believed, and his faith became still stronger. As his faith increased, it became a power in the household; for not only he believed, but his whole house. So we see that Christ at Cana of Galilee performed two miracles at once,—first, on the body of the absent child at Capernaum; and second, on the soul of the inquiring nobleman. Can either miracle be said to be greater than the other?

"This Is the Second Miracle That Jesus Did."—This is a type of the miracle that was performed in the absence of Jesus. There was no particular sign nor wonder connected with it. The great lesson to be learned from this miracle is that wherever and under whatever circumstances the recovery of the sick is observed, it is because the Lord has "sent his word, and healed them."

W. S. SADLER.



#### CLEANSING OF THE SANCTUARY

Final Disposal of Sin

(July 13)

MEMORY VERSES.—Lev. 23:27-29.

1. How long did the priest continue to carry sin into the sanctuary? Note 1.
2. How many times during the year did he enter the most holy place? Heb. 9:7.
3. What was this day called? Lev. 23:28.
4. Before entering the sanctuary on the day of atonement, what did the priest choose for offerings? Lev. 16:5.
5. What did he then do with the two goats? Vs. 7, 8; note 2.
6. What was done with the Lord's offering? V. 9.
7. What did the priest do with the blood of the offering? V. 15.
8. As he thus sprinkled the blood, what change took place? V. 19; note 3.
9. How much of the sanctuary needed this work of cleansing? Vs. 16, 18; note 4.
10. Besides the sanctuary, what other work of atonement was accomplished? V. 17.
11. When the work of cleansing had been completed, what did the priest do with the live goat? Vs. 20-22; note 5.
12. What were the people of God to do while the priest was making atonement? Lev. 23:27, 28.
13. What did the Lord say should be done to those who neglected or refused to afflict their souls? Vs. 29, 30; note 6.
14. Of what was the cleansing of the earthly sanctuary a figure? Heb. 9:22, 23.

#### NOTES

1. The length of the year, during the time of the earthly sanctuary and for hundreds of years afterward, was three hundred and sixty days, or twelve months of thirty days each. The entire year, except one day, was devoted to the work of transferring sin from the people to the sanctuary. The service of the first, or holy, place continued every day for three hundred and fifty-nine days; while the service of the most holy place was for one day only.

2. We may not know exactly how the priests cast lots, but the plan of choosing was one which the Lord commanded, and in which he guided. It was the Lord, therefore, who made the selection of the goat which was to be used as an offering for sin. This choosing was a type; for it was God who chose his Son, and gave him as an offering for the world. The goat set apart for the Lord was a figure of Jesus; the other was called the "scapegoat," and represented Satan. In the margin of Lev. 16:8 we have the word Azazel, which was one of the names by which Satan was known.

3. Sin always separates us from God. The Bible says, "Your iniquities have separated between you and your God." Isa. 59:2. The sin which, day by day, had been carried in before God, had all been forgiven; but until it was cleansed away, and forever removed from the sanctuary, it defiled the holy places, and in a sense kept the people away from the Lord. It was like a great mountain between the people and God. But when the high priest went in, and sprinkled the blood seven times before the Lord, he gathered up, in figure, all the sin which had collected, and took it upon himself. Thus, when he went out of the sanctuary, there was nothing unclean left behind. This was the work of atonement, or at-one-ment. While the



sin was before God, the people and the Lord were not at one with each other, but were two, separated; when the sin had been removed, they were brought together into one.

4. Everything that sin had touched needed cleansing, for sin defiles all with which it comes into contact. It was therefore necessary to cleanse both the most holy and holy places, and the altar of incense, where so much of the service for sin had been performed.

5. The sins of all Israel were placed upon the scapegoat, which was sent into the wilderness, where it miserably died. This is a type of what the Lord will finally do with the sins of all his people. Jesus, our great High Priest, will remove them from the sanctuary in heaven, place them upon the head of Satan, and then will bind him in the desolate, dark, broken-up earth for a thousand years, after which he will be destroyed forever. The cleansing away of sin from the heavenly sanctuary is called, in the Bible, the blotting out of sin. It is the last work of Jesus before he comes to take his people to heaven. See Acts 3:19, 20.

6. The cleansing of the earthly sanctuary closed the work of the year; it was the last work. Those whose sins were not blotted out that day were "cut off." So, when the heavenly sanctuary is cleansed, it is the last work for man; and to let it pass carelessly, means to be cut off forever from the Lord. *This is the true day of atonement*; are you earnestly putting away your sin?



#### JULY STUDY OF THE FIELD

*Introduction.*—The articles for special study in the July Magazine are: "Porto Rico As a Mission Field;" "Paraguay and the Paraguayans of the Present;" and "The Mission Field of South Africa," with items from the letters and reports.

*Work in Porto Rico Educational.*—Of the inhabitants of Porto Rico fewer than ten per cent can read and write, unless it be children who have been placed in school during the last two years. Scarcely three per cent may be said to be educated, as we understand the term. This makes the plan of work in this field radically different from that of any other. The colporteur can not expect the success he has in other fields. Unable to read, and practically without a religion, these people do not know what religion requires. They can not gain this knowledge from books; so our first work must be educational. They must be brought into personal contact with the laborer. The word of God must be read to them. The truth must be taught in simple language—the plain language of the Bible itself. But the fact that they are eager to learn English, opens the door to the Christian worker, and makes this a most promising field.

*The Need.*—One of our own brethren, after spending some time in Porto Rico, sends the following appeal: "Were it possible for me to tell you the feelings produced in visiting the meetings where these poor, hungry souls have begun to feed upon the word of life; could I picture to you the joy and hope that animate their countenances, or vividly portray the man-

ner in which they linger, hanging on to the words and ideas presented, lest they slip away from them, I feel sure you would hasten to have a part in carrying the message to these people. It would do you good, brethren, and the contents of your pockets would not be sufficient for your giving: you would want to go, too. But although all can not go in person, yet all may have the privilege of giving and praying, and thus enter into the enjoyment of the blessings that come from the Lord's service.

Since this appeal came, our hearts have been made to rejoice because two of our young people have been sent to labor in this field. An experience may be gained here that will make the worker successful in other Spanish-speaking countries. Who will consecrate himself to educational work in Porto Rico?

*Opening in Paraguay.*—From our study this week we glean the fact that, outside the sermon on the mount, the Bible has as yet never been translated into the Guarani language. The Jesuits, who have wielded a strong influence over the large majority of the Paraguayans in the past, reduced the language of the tribes along the Amazon, and of the Paraguayans, under the name of Tupi Guarani, to a system, and printed grammars and dictionaries; but it yet remains for the devoted child of God to place his word in the hands of this people in their own tongue. The few white persons who have settled in the country understand and converse with the natives in the Guarani. It is simple and euphonious, and easy to master, but has a very meager vocabulary.

*Our Work World-Wide.*—The study on Africa and the reports from our missionaries in so many lands, bring vividly to mind the world-wide scope of the third angel's message, and our relation to it as young people. What we have done in these countries outside of the United States is but a beginning. What we may do in a very short time is limited only by our lack of consecration to the work of God. His "all-power" awaits our demand and reception; and his promise, "Lo, I am with you alway," will be verified as we obey his command, "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations."

*A Testimony* which was written in 1892, almost ten years ago, is worthy of thought in this connection. Truly, in a broader sense than many of us realize, the message must go to the world:—

"The same work must be accomplished in Australia, New Zealand, in Africa, India, China, and the islands of the sea, that has been accomplished in the home field. Under an appropriate symbol of an angel flying through the midst of heaven is represented the work of the people of God. In this work heavenly intelligences co-operate with human agencies in extending the last message to the inhabitants of the world. But the plans and work of men are not keeping pace with the providence of God; for while some in these countries who claim to believe the truth declare by their attitude, 'We want not thy way, O Lord! but our own way,' there are many that are pleading with God that they may understand what is truth. In secret places they are weeping and praying that they may see light in the Scriptures; and the Lord of heaven has commissioned his angels to co-operate with human agencies in carrying forward his vast design, that all who desire light may behold the glory of God. We are to follow where God's providence opens the way; and as we advance, we shall find that heaven has moved before us, enlarging the field for labor far beyond the proportion of our means and ability to supply. . . . The field for missionary operation is not limited

by caste or nationality. The field is the world, and the light of truth is to go to all the dark places of the earth in a much shorter time than many think possible."

Does not this Testimony arouse every young Christian who longs to see God's message triumph in the earth, and that speedily? Our watchword is, "The Advent message to the world in this generation." Jesus calls for young people who will volunteer to carry the truth to the world. Will we who know this truth arise in God's strength, and do the work? or must others be raised up whom God can trust? We are answering this question by the attitude we assume toward the world-wide work to-day.

#### BOYS WANTED

As agents to sell a small article that is needed in every household. Make money during vacation and after school hours. Only a few cents needed to start. Send five cents for sample and terms. Address A. Mallett, 710 E. 171st St., New York City.

Seventh-day Adventists coming to the Pan-American,  
STOP AT  
**"THE VERI"**  
787 Niagara Street (near Vermont Street).  
BRO. C. H. HARRIS, Mgr. BUFFALO, N. Y.



#### Baby's First Wardrobe

Complete outfit based on healthful principles—22 Neat Patterns—with full instructions for making, and an illustrated booklet on baby's care and clothing. All sent in a plain envelope for 50 cents in stamps or silver. If interested in the best books, patterns, materials, garments, and accessories for mothers or children, send a stamp for information, or remit for patterns to—  
Mrs. F. M. Kellogg, 36 Washington Ave., Battle Creek, Mich.

#### GRAND TRUNK R.Y. SYSTEM.

Taking Effect June 2, 1901.

Trains leave Battle Creek.

#### WEST-BOUND.

No. 9, Mail and Express, to Chicago.....	12.15 P. M.
No. 7, Limited Express, to Chicago.....	7.00 A. M.
No. 1, Chicago Express, to Chicago.....	9.23 A. M.
No. 3, Lehigh Valley Express, to Chicago.....	3.50 P. M.
No. 5, International Express.....	2.17 A. M.
No. 75, Mixed, to South Bend.....	7.30 A. M.
Nos. 9 and 75, daily, except Sunday.	
Nos. 1, 3, 5, and 7, daily.	

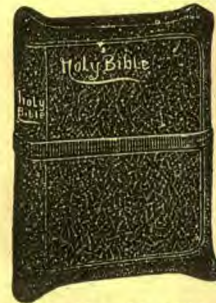
#### EAST-BOUND.

No. 10, Mail and Express, East and Detroit.....	3.45 P. M.
No. 8, Limited Express, East and Detroit.....	4.50 P. M.
No. 4, Lehigh Express, East and Canada.....	8.22 P. M.
No. 6, Atlantic Express, East and Detroit.....	2.10 A. M.
No. 2, Express, East and Detroit.....	7.00 A. M.
No. 74, Mixed (starts from Nichols yard).....	7.15 A. M.
Nos. 10 and 74, daily, except Sunday.	
Nos. 4, 6, 8, and 2, daily.	

W. C. CUNLIFFE, Agent,  
BATTLE CREEK.

#### SELF-PRONOUNCING S.S. Teachers' Reference Bible

Contains the Celebrated  
Teachers' Helps,



Comprising nearly 400 pages.  
Also a complete series of fifteen new maps.

#### DESCRIPTION

IMPERIAL SEAL BINDING,  
TUCK EDGES, known as "DIVINITY CIRCUIT," ROUNDED  
CORNERS, FULL RED UNDER  
GILT EDGES.

We offer this Bible, postpaid, for only six new yearly subscriptions at 75 cents; or twelve new six months' subscriptions at 40 cents.

We will also send it, postpaid, with the INSTRUCTOR one year for \$3.25. For 20 cents extra we will stamp your name in gold upon the cover. Address—

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR,  
Battle Creek, Mich.





PUBLISHED BY THE  
 REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING COMPANY  
 BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

ADELAIDE BEE COOPER - - - EDITOR

#### Subscription Rates:

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION	\$ .75
SIX MONTHS	.40
THREE MONTHS	.20
To Foreign Countries	1.25
CLUB RATES:	
5 to 9 copies to one address, each	\$ .55
10 to 100 " " "	.50
100 or more " " "	.45

#### The Advertising Rate

Is fifteen cents per agate line, one insertion. Reading notices, thirty cents per brevier line, one insertion. Further information upon application.

Entered at the post office at Battle Creek, Mich., as second-class matter.

#### FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

##### SUNDAY:

"Solitude shows us what we should be. Society shows us what we are."

##### MONDAY:

Be what you wish others to become. Let yourself, and not your words, preach.—*Amiel.*

##### TUESDAY:

Circumstances are beyond the control of man; but his conduct is in his own power.—*Disraeli.*

##### WEDNESDAY:

Let our deeds be syllables  
 Of the prayer our spirit swells.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

##### THURSDAY:

One demolishing ax can undo more in a day than ten edifying hammers can advance in a month.—*Thomas Fuller.*

##### FRIDAY:

Let us be content, in work,  
 To do the thing we can; and not presume  
 To fret because it's little.

—*E. B. Browning.*

##### SABBATH:

"Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets."  
 Matt. 7: 12.

HEREAFTER the address of Mrs. L. Flora Plummer, Corresponding Secretary of the Sabbath-school Department, will be 711 Northwestern Building, Minneapolis, Minn. All communications and questions relating to the young people's work should be so addressed.

ONE hour spent in good, honest work is worth a lifetime of idle repining over past blunders and mistakes. "Walk circumspectly" in the present, not sitting down weakly to bewail the past, "redeeming the time." That is Paul's advice: and a later writer on the same subject suggests that "the best way to redeem the past is to make a future out of it."

SIR THOMAS MORE called his home his "school of Christianity." That is a school that never lets out, and that offers almost unlimited post-graduate work. Lessons in neatness, order, dispatch; in economy, thoroughness, bearing responsibility; in self-denial, courtesy, and thoughtful love for others, are taught all the year round. These are no trifling matters, either: they can not be mastered once for all, but day by day one can learn a little more of them. No one who is brought into intimate relations with others, whether in his own home, or in the home of some one else, need deplore

the fact that he is gaining no education; for if he sets himself to learn these lessons, he will be acquiring a very practical and beautiful education of soul day by day.

"LIFT up your eyes," said Jesus, "and look on the fields,"—the world. It is not easy to lift up the eyes while the head is bowed down. If one is ashamed of his work, if he feels all the time that he must apologize for the message he is giving to others, he can not look far enough away from himself to get any real idea of the work to be done. Go to work with your head up, with enthusiasm in your manner, and hope and confidence in your heart; for you bear a message from a King. And remember that he has said, "Lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh."

#### A WORD TO THE GRUMBLERS

NOTHING is much easier than grumbling. Really, when one stops to think how many persons he knows who resent nothing more than to be told that they are doing something that "every one else does," he is surprised to find how many grumblers there are among them. Often these same persons can and do bear a really great trouble or sorrow with an equanimity and patience and faith that command one's admiration; but the little pin-pricks and hurts,—the moment's delay, the failure of another to keep his appointment, a trifling headache, the rare leisure occupied with unwelcome callers, the giving up of some insignificant plan, the food that fails to suit,—what an appalling volume of fretting and grumbling over these and similar trifles rises to heaven every day!

Take, for example, the weather—a subject that is in every one's mouth far more than it should be, considering the treatment it receives. If the spring is late, and a little of the refreshing coolness of winter is diluted, and carried, with too frequent rains, far into June, what persistent complaint is heard on all sides! Every physical ill-feeling is laid to the weather, the cost of fuel is loudly lamented, the housewife sighs that the "berries will never ripen at this rate," and the farmer mournfully declares his conviction that the seed will "rot in the ground." Few stop to notice, and fewer still to praise, the unusual beauty of the spring that has come so gradually,—the deeper foliage, the luxuriant grass, the abundant shade, the comparative freedom from insects, or to be thankful for the sound, refreshing sleep that accompanies the cool nights.

Then—the weather changes. The rain ceases; the clouds that have folded the horizon so long disappear; the mercury rises. But is the wail of the grumblers silenced?—No, indeed; it only changes to a higher pitch, and rises with increased volume. As soon as the warmer days for which they sighed a few hours before are really here, all who can do so begin to lay plans for going to a cooler place.

Meanwhile the berries come to market by wagon-loads—great crimson and scarlet beauties, brought to perfection of form and flavor by the coolness, the rain, and the heat—each so wisely bestowed by the Master Gardener, and each, in its turn, so ungraciously received by the recipients of his bounty. And have the seeds rotted in the ground?—Not a bit of it! The fields are green with growing things; and the evidences of God's love and patience and thoughtful care are written abroad on all the face of nature.

A story is told of a group of disappointed children, who stood tearfully looking out at the rain that had spoiled their holiday. An elder sister, coming into the room, and seeing their doleful faces, began cheerfully to repeat the following beautiful lines of Robert Loveman's, and had the pleasure of seeing the frowns and tears

and frettings give way to smiles and happy anticipation:—

"It isn't raining rain to me,  
 It's raining daffodils.  
 In every dimpled drop I see  
 Wild flowers on the hills.  
 The clouds of gray engulf the day,  
 And overwhelm the town,—  
 It isn't raining rain to me,  
 It's raining roses down.

"It isn't raining rain to me,  
 But fields of clover bloom,  
 Where any buccaneering bee  
 May find a bed and room.  
 A health unto the happy,  
 A fig for him who frets,—  
 It isn't raining rain to me,  
 It's raining violets."

How much better was this than to add her disappointment to theirs—this happy looking forward to what the rain would bring in added beauty to the coming days. And the same spirit of looking beyond the present inconvenience to the good purpose that is being worked out,—and to believe in it, even when it can not be seen,—will cause the ways of the Christian to be always "ways of pleasantness, and all his paths peace."

Oh, if we would but open our eyes to the goodness of God—if we would turn them away, persistently and determinedly, from ourselves, our cherished plans, our own convenience, we should see in every experience that comes to us some manifestation of the Father's love. It is there, whether we see it or not. But what unspeakable joy, what fullness of content, is theirs who do acknowledge it! Truly, "nothing shall offend them."

#### ALL THERE

It is often asserted that "lazy folks take the most pains." This is only another way of saying that those who dawdle along with their work, slighting it when they may, and escaping it altogether when they can, will find the tables turned on them some day, and will have to pay to the full the penalty for their shiftlessness.

Don't get into the *habit* of laziness. Don't dawdle. Don't begin some task, and then stop to rest before you are really tired; or to laugh and talk with your fellow workers; or to "think,"—which is often, with the young, only another word for "dream." "When water is broken into a mist, it drives no mill;" so when your thoughts and efforts are divided, you will accomplish nothing. Think about what you are doing—if only for fifteen minutes at a time. Bring all your ability, all your deftness and skill, all your concentration of mind, all your earnestness of purpose, *all* your powers—*all of you*—to the doing of your work. Be "all there." Begin something; finish it; and then, when it is done,—and it will be accurately and quickly done under these conditions,—rest, if you are weary. Think, too, by all means,—only think to a purpose. Rest and thought, in their season, are both just as essential as work to the making of an all-round man or woman,—one who will be energetic, resourceful, and efficient in whatever is undertaken. And that is what you all intend to be.

Then, once more, whatever you do, don't allow yourself to form habits in youth that will cause you to develop into one of those pitifully helpless persons before whose irresolute hands the ordinary duties of life pile up in an ever-increasing mountain,—who are always busy, always hurried, but whose work is never done.

To "work while you work, and play while you play," is just as sound advice now as it was when our great grandparents spelled it out in their second readers. And those who follow it wisely will not only find satisfaction in work, and pleasure in rest or "play," but will also be useful and honorable members of the great world-family.