

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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THE COUNTRY ROAD

FROM the busy fields of farmer-folk,
It starts on its winding way,
Goes over the hill, and across the brook,
Where the minnows love to play;
Then past the mill with its water-wheel,
And the pond that shows the sky;
And up to the bridge by the village store,
And the church with its spire so high.

You would never think that the country road,
From the hill to the store, could be
So long to a boy with an errand to do
And another boy to see.
You can never dream how short it is
From the farm to the frozen pond,
Nor how very much farther it always is
To the schoolhouse just beyond.

Oh, the country road! at the farther end
It runs up hill and down,
Away from the woods and the rippling brook,
To the toiling, rushing town;
But, best of it all, when you're tired and sick
Of the noisy haunts of men,
If you follow it back, it will lead you home
To the woods and fields again.

— St. Nicholas.

THE LOG JAM ON THE SANTIAM

At its normal height, the Santiam River flows over a bed of smooth, round cobblestones on the greater part of its journey from the mountains to the sea. Sometimes an immense boulder lies in its way; but the stream parts, and moves around the obstruction with a ripple and a laugh. At other places a wall of basalt lies across the path the stream would fain follow. Against this the water splashes; then, murmuring out a protest, it turns aside, and follows some other course. Again, two walls of rock may, for a short distance, confine it to a narrow channel. Through this the water rushes with a discontented roar, to spread out again upon its wide, cobblestone bed, or rest for a moment in some deep, dark pool.

But the river is up now. The boulders are covered so deeply that they cause scarcely a ripple on the surface of the water. The willows that used to line its banks, caught drifting reeds and rushes and twigs until they were no longer able to bear the strain; then they bent down before the rushing water, and now lie prone along the muddy bottom of the swollen stream. And there they will lie until the flood subsides, and the danger is past. Then they will slowly lift their heads; and when a shower washes the mud from their bright leaves, they will be none the worse for their experience.

Some of the trees that used to stand far up on the river-banks are now surrounded with water. Most of them stand unmoved, but some are torn up by the roots, and swept down the stream by the powerful current. Among the former is a great hemlock. At low water it

stood near the river-bank, but now it is almost in the middle of the stream. That tree has stood through many a flood like this; and now from its great height it looks down with disdain at the water surging at its feet. Now and again the angry flood hurls against it a drifting stump or log. Its bark is scarred; its branches quiver; but the proud old hemlock does not give an inch. But down the stream drifts a great fir-log, which the angry river has stolen from the lumbermen above. One of its sawn ends is

But the hemlock no longer stands erect. One of its roots was broken, and, deprived of that support, it now leans slightly down the stream. Still it may stand, we think. But as we watch it closely, we see it slowly sinking. So slowly at first that the motion is scarcely perceptible, but it goes faster and faster until there is another muffled snap. Then, with a great splash, it falls, and is swept down by the current.

Not far below stands one of those walls of basalt. Against this the tree is hurled, top first.



THE GREAT JAM ON THE SANTIAM

pointed down the stream, and it strikes the hemlock with terrific force. A shower of needles and twigs falls upon the water; there is a muffled snap among the roots of the noble tree; then the drifting log swings past, and continues its course down the stream.

The top is broken off, the branches are shattered and split; and when the hemlock swings clear of the wall, it is no longer a noble tree, but only a drifting log.

We hear a sullen roar; and as we hurry down the stream, we see the log swept into a narrow

cañon with race-horse speed. Now at the mercy of the flood, it is dashed against one wall; then as the end swings out, it is hurled against the other, until the remaining stumps of its disfigured branches are crushed and broken off close to the trunk. Just before it reaches the foot of the cañon, and the smooth water beyond, one end is caught in a niche in the rocks, the other end is dashed against the opposite wall; and there the log lodges. It is only a log; but it is a giant still, and all the mad waters of the flood are powerless to move it now.

Another drifting log is thrown against the hemlock; but it lodges alongside, and helps bear the strain. Still another is dashed against these two; but it glides under, strikes the rocks just below, catches the hemlock in the crotch of one of its broken limbs, and serves as a brace. Again and again the surging waters carry trees, and logs, and stumps into the cañon, and hurl them with terrific force against the jam; but there they lodge, and serve only to make the jam more firm.

All this happened years ago. The hemlock, and many of the other logs that helped begin the jam, have long since fallen into decay, and their remains have been washed away by succeeding floods. But each year more driftwood has been added to the jam; and now it fills the whole cañon. So firmly are the logs lodged, that it would require tons of dynamite to move them; and so tightly are they packed together, that when one stands on the top of the jam, he can scarcely hear the ripple of the water underneath.

J. EDGAR ROSS.



A DAY OF SUNSHINE

O gift of God! O perfect day!
Whereon shall no man work, but play;
Whereon it is enough for me,
Not to be doing, but to be!

Through every fiber of my brain,
Through every nerve, through every vein,
I feel the electric thrill, the touch
Of life, that seems almost too much.

I hear the winds among the trees
Playing celestial symphonies;
I see the branches downward bent,
Like keys of some great instrument.

Blow, winds! and waft through all the rooms
These snowflakes of the cherry blooms!
Blow, winds! and bend within my reach
The fiery blossoms of the peach!

O heart of man! canst thou not be
Blithe as the air is, and as free?

— Longfellow.

THE RESCUED VILLAGE

It was in 1879 when circumstances overthrew all my well-laid plans for the future, and compelled me to abandon my studies, and look for practical employment.

Nobody could have been more pleased than I when a college chum informed me that his father was connected with a railroad concern that wanted a qualified young man as surveyor's assistant to go to Upper Hungary, where they had a short line under construction. His father knew me well, and so, for the asking, I could have the place. Four days later I was at work.

It was while thus employed that I passed through an experience that I shall never forget.

One day the foreman of a gang of laborers working on the road-bed, reported that the

stakes driven during the definite survey did not correspond with the specified plan of that particular section. As these stakes had been verified by the surveyor only a few days before work was begun, not much importance was attached to the complaint, and it was deemed sufficient to send me to find the cause of the difficulty.

The tripod with surveying compass on my shoulder, I accompanied the foreman to where work was in progress.

Along a steep incline on the southern slope of the Carpathian Mountains, the road was staked out nearly sharp from west to east; a seemingly prosperous village in the valley below. The slope was almost bare; small, grassy spots, and a very few poor-looking bushes scattered at long intervals; no trees to break the monotony.

At first glance, I was sure that some stakes must have changed their relative positions since our surveyor, with me as his assistant, had gone over the line a few days before. But close examination convinced me that nobody had touched them in the meantime. While stooping down to look at one of the stakes that was remarkably far from what must have been its original place, some pebbles came rolling down; I looked around to discover the cause of this, but no animal was in sight, and our laborers were standing a few feet below. Thinking of an earthquake, I pressed my ear against the ground: there was not the slightest disturbance.

Discussing the features of the case, the foreman and I were slowly walking around to inspect the ground more thoroughly when, being thirsty, I remembered that close by I had seen a spring bubbling from the mountain-side, its water flowing into a brook near the village.

This spring had ceased to flow: its place was covered with earth and stones! Then the terrible truth dawned upon me that the upper stratum had become separated from the solid rock, and was pressing toward the valley, so slowly now as to be quite imperceptible, but surely to end as a landslide within a few hours.

Being in a subordinate position, I could only order the laborers away, and send for the chief surveyor, while I warned the villagers.

It was just in time: through well-calculated blasting, the final movement was started at the extreme left of the affected area, and thereby the downward rush of the immense mass diverted from the village, which otherwise must inevitably have been destroyed.

To this day, I firmly believe that God in his grace used me to protect the villagers as well as our laborers from serious harm. Miracles happen in our days just as frequently as they happened in olden times; it is merely the worldliness of the present generation that accepts them as a matter of fact.

Much credit was given to the surveyor and to me for the "successful management" of the affair; but the Lord's timely warning, which alone prevented a disaster, was apparently forgotten.

GUSTAVE S. ZEIGLER.

THE DEATH OF A GREAT FIJIAN

THE king of Fiji is dead. Of course all understand that Fiji has had no authorized king since Cakabau, the great cannibal; but his son has held a government position under the British, and by the Fijians he was looked upon as the greatest Fijian, and was treated with more respect than any other man in Fiji, white or brown. On approaching him all inferiors made the shout of respect, "*Muduo! wo!*" This shout is also given to other high chiefs, being the recognized title of respect.

The burial of this chief is in great contrast to the burial of a Fiji chief fifty years ago. At that time the polygamous wives of a dead ruler were always strangled, and buried with him. He was specially dressed for burial, his body being blackened to his waist, and in his

hand a war club was placed, with which to fight his way to the spirit world. Not only were his wives murdered, but often a large number of other persons were killed for the burial feast. Fiji was a terrible, cannibal land, and cannibalism was also a part of the ancient religion.

Now cannibalism has passed away, and these horrid rites are seen no more. Formerly the dead were rolled up in mats, and buried. Now many are buried in coffins. In one respect the modern burial is similar to those of former days,—the burial-feast is always celebrated, not only for the high, but for the low as well. To you feasting does not seem to go well with thoughts of the dead, but the poor Fijian is not so refined.

Several feasts are held after the death of a person in Fiji. It is said that about three hundred hogs will be slaughtered for this chief's burial-feast. Besides, there will be enormous quantities of all native vegetables and fruits gathered from all parts of the islands.

J. E. FULTON.

PLEASANT SURPRISES

WHEN Elijah sent his servant up to the top of Mount Carmel to look for the coming of rain, he came back, and said, "There is nothing." He went up six times, and came back with the same report. After six journeys to the top of the hill to look out over the Mediterranean, to find the sky each time bare and cloudless, the servant had dismissed all hope. He would still climb the steeps and look out, because his master told him to do so. But what was the use?

Imagine the servant's surprise when he went up the seventh time, and discovered a cloud—yes, a cloud! He had been saying, over and over again, "There is nothing," and now all at once, "There is something." This is how pleasant surprises often come to us. We have been saying, like the servant, "There is nothing," when all of a sudden we have had to take it back, for we have met a pleasant surprise. To be sure, there are very many hardships, but there is hardly a life that has not now and then some pleasant surprise.

How often, for instance, we have looked for something, and when we have found it, it was even better than we expected. Or if we did not find what we wished, we have often found a substitute that was vastly better.

Saul the son of Kish went out to find his father's asses. He did not find them, but he found a kingdom, and returned with the oil of anointing on his head. Columbus, the explorer, sailed westward to find a southwest passage to the Indies. He found, instead, this vast and rich continent. The disciples of Christ toiled all the night, and "took nothing;" but in the morning, when it was light, they saw Jesus on the shore.

Have you had no pleasant surprises such as these, when you found that the substitutes were better than the first things you sought?

The story of discovery and invention is often a story of pleasant surprises. Thoughtful men—the world's discoverers and inventors—have stood unconsciously in the presence of some great truth, sometimes in despair because they could go no further, when of a sudden the door of some new field of knowledge flew open at their feet.

Sir Samuel Brown, it is said, meditating upon the construction of a bridge over the River Tweed, walked in his garden, and was taught by a spider, which had flung the cables of her delicate bridge-work across his path.

Another inventor, studying the problem of tunneling the Thames, was surprised into his discovery by watching the ship-worm, which, perforating one way and then another, formed an archway, which was then daubed with slime.

In lesser ways many of us have had this same experience. God's storehouse is never ex-

hausted. There is always something more beyond. How you have been surprised in your own thinking! You have had some ordinary thought, or you have read some commonplace sentence in a book, suddenly to find your thought opening out into something richer and better than you dreamed.

There are those who have been surprised about the use of their own material. They never knew it would go so far. What a life lesson in that pot of oil which the prophet replenished! "Not anything in the house, save a pot of oil." Can you imagine the widow's surprise when even the borrowed vessels overflowed? I have known young men to be very much dissatisfied with their positions. They have said, rather bitterly, "There is nothing in this for me."

I have sometimes thought that the trouble was not in the position, but in themselves. They have undervalued their resources, and have made too little of their surroundings. The thing to do is to put yourself into your position, and to use what you have to the best advantage. Make everything count,—time, habits, diligence, study, politeness, skill. Reach out and use everything. Make meal out of every grain of corn you can find. There will be many pleasant surprises for those who, ceasing to despair, arise and lay hold skillfully of what they have, determined to achieve the best results possible.

It is astonishing what great results have been obtained from meager materials.

A pan of water and two thermometers were all that Dr. Black used for the discovery of latent heat.

A caller came to see Dr. Wollaston, and asked to be shown the laboratory where so many famous discoveries had been made. The student showed his visitor a tea-tray on a table, containing a few watch-glasses, some test-papers, a balance, and a blow-pipe, remarking, quietly, "There is all the laboratory I have."

We often grow discouraged about ourselves and say, like the servant, "There is nothing. There is no ability, no capacity, no promise in me." Surprises come here also. Have you never been surprised at your own success when you have put your strength to a task? Read the account of the call of Moses. Moses made four excuses before he consented. At length the Lord said, "What is that in thine hand?" It was only a shepherd's stick. What a wonderful agent that common rod became when Moses was willing. Your talent may be very ordinary, but use it—*use* it! God has given each of us some capacity. You have no right to say, "There is nothing." Go up seven times, and see if the cloud of promise is not there.—*Selected.*

WHAT YOU CAN DO NOW

A WOMAN having an abundance of curly-leaved lettuce, picked and washed some of it, and tastefully arranged it on a platter, with red and white radishes, also washed clean and bright, and took it to a neighbor as a remembrance of her birthday. The gift, with the kindly remark, "Such as I have give I unto you," gave as much pleasure as would a choice bouquet.

This was a very little thing to do, but "little things" make a vast difference in lives. Can not you think of some one whom you may cheer in some such simple way? Do not put off the carrying out of your kindly impulse till another time, but do what you can to-day.

PHEBE UNDERHILL.

"SUCCESS" is a sadly mishandled word in these days. Neither prominence nor "a pile" is success. Many a miserable failure dies with his name on everybody's lips, or with his gold pile so big that he has not been able to count it. Success which is not more than mere notoriety or money is not worthy the serious consideration of sensible young people."



THE COMFORT OF THE STARS

WHEN I am overmatched by petty cares,
And things of earth loom large, and look to be
Of moment, how it soothes and comforts me
To step into the night, and feel the airs
Of heaven fan my cheek; and, best of all,
Gaze up into those all-uncharted seas
Where swim the stately planets; such as these
Make mortal fret seem slight and temporal.

I muse on what of Life may stir among
Those spaces knowing naught of metes or
bars,—
Undreamed-of dreams played in the outmost
stars,

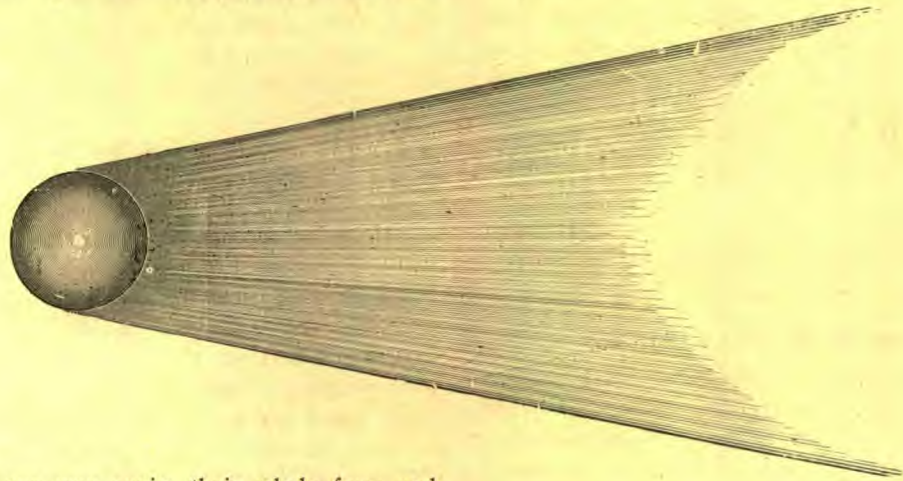
And lyrics by archangels grandly sung.
I grow familiar with the solar runes,
And comprehend of worlds the mystic birth,—
Ringed Saturn; Mars, whose fashion apes the
earth;
And Jupiter, the giant, with his moons.

Then dizzy with the unspeakable sights above,
Rebuked by Vast on Vast, my puny heart
Is greatened for its transitory part,
My trouble merged in wonder and in love.

—Richard Burton.

COMETS

As much has been said of late in the popular press regarding the sudden and unexpected disappearance of the three-tailed comet that so lately visited our solar system, it may be of interest to our INSTRUCTOR class to give some time to the study of these strange visitants, which so frequently emblazon our field of vision, and then as strangely take their hurried departure, many of them to the unknown realms of space, never again to return; at least, if they ever



do come our way again, their whole form and conduct are so changed that we fail to recognize them.

We had hoped to have many a pleasant study with our INSTRUCTOR friends during the spring and early summer; but General Conference plans, like the comets we are about to study, often come unexpectedly across our pathways, and change all our prearranged ideas. We are glad to find ourselves pleasantly situated here in the sunny South, and thankful to have a part in the Lord's great work of saving precious souls; and while these new arrangements bring to us many added cares and responsibilities, yet we hope to find time to spend an occasional evening with our friends, studying some of the many wonderful lessons God has so graciously placed within the reach of our mortal vision. As we do so, let us all look forward to that glad day when we shall see face to face, behold the land of "far distances," and sing with the inhabitants thereof the praises of God.

Probably many of our readers felt disappointed when the comet that so lately flashed upon us, suddenly turned his tails in the opposite direction, and sped to—nobody knows where. Com-

ets, as a rule, are only visitors. They come unheralded; behave, while with us, in a most unaccountable manner, and leave just as mysteriously as they come. We know as little about them as any of the celestial phenomena. Personally, however, I am thankful for comets; for they prove most unmistakably the utter falsehood of that great foundation rock of infidel science,—the nebular hypothesis.

As we said, most of these comets are only visitors; yet there are quite a number which live in, and belong to, our solar system. These make, with some degree of regularity, periodic visits to the region of our sun; then retire, in a hurried manner, to the outer portions of our solar neighborhood. The accompanying illustration gives a general idea of the appearance of a single-tailed comet, as seen some distance from the sun.

The mind becomes bewildered when we try to grasp the immense size and fearful velocity attained by many of these bodies. It will be remembered that our earth is but a trifle less than eight thousand miles in diameter, and we think it quite a good-sized little ball; yet a comet no larger than our earth could hardly hope to be discovered by any one living here. The head of a comet—that which shows as a ball in the engraving—usually ranges from forty thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand miles in diameter. The comet that appeared in 1811 had a diameter of one million two hundred thousand miles, being forty per cent larger than our sun. The comet of 1680 was six hundred thousand miles in diameter. Imagine one of these tremendous bodies of light, followed by a hair-like coma, or tail, extending from it for a distance of from five million to fifty million miles. Several cases are cited where this stream of light exceeded one hundred million miles in length.

Now as to their rapidity: Our earth moves onward in its yearly journey around the sun at the speed of eighteen and one-half miles a second, or sixty-six thousand six hundred miles an hour; while the comet of 1680, mentioned above, traveled at the rate of eight hundred eighty thousand miles an hour; and one that was seen in 1843 moved at the rate of one million two hundred and sixty thousand miles each hour, or three hundred and fifty miles a second. The density of these bodies is exceedingly rare. Were it not so, they would produce general havoc in any system of worlds that they chanced to visit.

Even at the present day, comets are regarded by many as objects of superstitious reverence or abject terror. In 1456 one appeared whose size seemed equal to that of the full moon, its tail reaching from the horizon to the zenith. Such consternation was caused among the masses of Europe, that Pope Calixtus taught the people to pray that the Lord would save them from the devil, the Turk, and the comet.

DR. O. C. GODSMARK.

2005 Magazine St., Louisville, Ky.



REMEMBER

THAT any question that may arise in your mind as you study these lessons will be gladly answered, either by personal letter or in the Question Box on this page.

THAT we shall be glad to receive a short, live report of the work you are doing as a company of young people. To read of what you are doing may be the very thing that will help some other company, or some who do not have the privilege of working in companies, to see some of the opportunities for labor that lie close at hand.

FROM THE BATTLE CREEK SOCIETY

AT the close of the regular meeting Sabbath afternoon, June 29, a short business session was held. The nominating committee appointed the preceding Sabbath, submitted the names for two committees, consisting of seven members each. The first, or Workers' Committee, was drawn from the ranks of the young people themselves; and the second, or Committee of Counsel, was made up of the two church pastors, and others who have had experience in young people's work, or are interested in it. Both committees were unanimously elected.

In presenting the report, the chairman of the nominating committee brought out the thought that as this is a young people's society, and one of its objects is the development of latent talent among the younger members of the church, much of the benefit to be derived from this experience would be lost if the conduct of the work were placed entirely in the hands of those who are already well fitted to carry it forward. On the other hand, these younger workers would be glad to profit by the experience of those who had been longer in the work, and to receive their advice and counsel.

During the week the two committees will meet to choose officers, and to lay plans for the work.

THE WORK IN OKLAHOMA

I AM deeply interested in the young people's work, and have been doing whatever I could for its advancement wherever I have labored. Last fall, with the help of others, I organized a company of young people at Oklahoma City for the spread of the third angel's message. Special attention has been devoted to those who had become indifferent, and in work for the unconverted. We meet once a week to study the doctrinal points of our faith, and for devotional service. We have had some excellent meetings during the last six months, and I think their influence has largely aided some in giving their hearts to the Lord. We realize that the work has not made the advancement that it should, but we hope for better things in the future, as we learn what others are doing, and come into closer harmony with one another. I know of no better way to unify this work and place it upon a proper basis, than to make, as has been decided, the INSTRUCTOR its official organ. I am sure it will be the means of great help to all. Oh, if our young people could only realize the importance of working for their associates and friends, what a harvest of souls would be gathered into the garner of the Lord! The young, who are strong and active, might become the instruments of doing a work that would be a joy throughout eternity.

Remember the work at Oklahoma City, that the Lord may bless us, and make each one a worker for him.
HARRY A. PHILLIPS.

STUDIES IN THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

Analysis of Chapter III—Repentance

(July 14-20)

1. NATURE of true repentance. Notice what Paul says of it in 2 Corinthians 7.
2. Men who had a false repentance. Name four.
3. Prayer of David in Psalms 51—illustrates what?

4. Power to repent—where obtained?
5. How to repent:—

Behold the Lamb of God upon the cross.
The conscience is quickened.

Sin is revealed.

The heart longs for something better.

Ask God for repentance.

6. A glance at the heart through the Spirit:—
Daniel: My comeliness is turned into corruption.

Paul: Sin revived, and I died.

God's estimate of sin: (1) All sins are not equal; (2) No sin is small; (3) Pride and drunkenness.

Publican—in great need.

Pharisee—felt no need.

7. Exhortation of the chapter:—

Do not wait to make yourself better.

The sins and defects of others do not excuse any one.

Beware of procrastination.

Let us not regard sin as a trivial thing.

Even one evil trait of character, persistently cherished, will eventually neutralize all the power of the gospel.

Christ does not force the will. Go to him with your soul all stained as it is.

Study God's word prayerfully.

Do not give up in despair as you see yourself as you really are.

When Satan tells you that you are a great sinner, look up to Christ, and talk of his merits.

Those to whom God has forgiven most, will love him most.

It is necessary that we become intelligent about the subject of repentance. There is a sin that can not be repented of, and because of a lack of knowledge concerning this, many become deeply distressed, and sometimes insane. This is as Satan would have it. He likes to confuse people about the plan of salvation.

Our lesson teaches us the nature of true repentance, the source of it, and the way to get it. The process requires a look into the heart by the aid of God's Spirit. Thus the conscience is quickened, and sin is revealed. At this point many become disheartened and give up, but this is the very time to ask God for help. As we look to Christ, our own hearts appear exceedingly sinful. This was Daniel's experience and also Paul's. The publican felt himself so great a sinner that he could not even lift up his eyes to heaven; the Pharisee, on the other hand, thanked God that he was not "even as this publican." But which one was justified? The Saviour said, "I tell you that this man went down to his house justified rather than the other;" and "this man" was the publican.

One very encouraging thought in this chapter is that the sinner need not wait until he has repented before he can come to Jesus. There were to be no steps to the altar of atonement, as we read in Exodus 20. Not even so necessary a step as repentance is to come between us and Christ. One need not ascend to bring him down: he is already here by his Spirit, and "nigh thee, . . . in thy heart."

In studying the lesson, sum up the important

points, and trace them back to the Scriptures, whereon they are founded. The seventh of Romans contains Paul's experience in repenting. 2 Cor. 7:9-11 shows what true repentance includes. Heb. 12:16, 17, is a helpful commentary on the case of Esau. A most excellent study would be to trace the life and example of Esau down through the history of his descendants, the Edomites, ending up with the Herods. There is no record that one of them ever repented! Mal. 2:13 mentions a repentance that the Lord does not regard. Ezra 10 gives an illustration of this.

There are many other scriptures bearing on this subject. Seek them out, and more than all else, learn to make the Bible answer every doubt and question that may arise.
G. E. A.

NO HUMAN SOUL OVERLOOKED

"CHRIST is the source of every right impulse."—"Steps to Christ," page 30. There is not a soul on earth, Christian or heathen, whom the Spirit of God is not prompting and stimulating to reach a higher level than the one he is at present camping upon. Christ is "the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." "Whenever they make an effort to reform, from a sincere desire to do right, it is the power of Christ that is drawing them. An influence of which they are unconscious works upon the soul, and the conscience is quickened, and the outward life is amended."—"Steps to Christ," page 31.

This is just as true of the heathen in darkest lands as it is of the Sabbath-school pupil in the most enlightened Christian community. The Spirit of God, which keeps the heart of the heathen pumping the blood to all parts of the body, and looks after the activities of every cell in his system, the same as it does in the Christian, is also prompting and inspiring his darkened mind; and if he yields to it, he receives a blessing, and will not be lost, even though he has not heard those wonderful words, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief."

Christ has placed a divine light in the heart of every man, which is sufficient virtually to say to him, "This is the way; walk ye in it." If he willfully extinguishes that light, and deliberately smothers that voice, he will be lost. If he harbors and cherishes it, he will one day hear, to his astonishment and delight, these melodious words from the lips of the Master, whose name he may never have heard, whose history he may never have read, and whom he has never seen: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

There will no soul appear in the Judgment that will be able to give a satisfactory excuse for being lost. On the contrary, every one who has carried out the promptings of that divine life which dwells within him will be saved, and will help to swell the multitude that will finally stand around the great white throne.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

THERE is no condemnation to him that is in Christ Jesus. You may pile up your sins till they rise up like a dark mountain, and then multiply them by ten thousand for those you can not think of; and after you have tried to enumerate all the sins you have ever committed, just let me bring one verse in, and then that mountain will melt away: "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."—Moody.

"God gives thee youth but once. Keep thou The childlike heart that will his kingdom be; The soul, pure-eyed that, wisdom-led, even now His blessed face shall see."



CHILDREN'S PAGE

THE SAME DUTIES

Over and over, and over and over,
The rains come down, and the grasses grow;
Thistle and bracken, and milkweed and clover,
On hill and meadow-way come and go.

Over and over, the robins remember
The paths they traveled the year before;
Over and over, from May to December,
The fishes hurry from shore to shore.

These are the ways nature has of explaining
How duties come, and how duties go.
So, little friend, where's the use of complaining,
When birds and seasons content them so?
FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

REPENTANT

AH! little bird, I laid this snare
To rob thee of thy liberty;
I thought there was no one to care
If thou shouldst captive be, or free.

But I have found, upon a tree,
A nest of birdlings, cold and dead,
And I believe that thou art she
Whose love those birdlings warmed and fed.

Now let me set thee free again,
With joyful throat to greet the morn;
But O, I can not ease thy pain
When thou shalt find thy nest forlorn.
ELIZABETH ROSSER.

BLUEBIRD'S CASTLE

POOR Prince Bluebird's castle is empty and desolate. With a sad heart he has left what was once a happy home, but is now fast falling into ruin under the ravages of wind and rain. Whenever you hear the rain patter, and the wind sigh, remember the sad story of Prince Bluebird and his ruined castle.

Bluebird was a right royal little fellow, and dressed as became his station. He wore a satiny coat of rich blue, with a cardinal waistcoat of equal elegance. He was handsome, cheerful, and loved by every one, never doing a thing in his whole sweet little life to deserve the sorrow that broke his tender heart.

One day in early spring, when Bluebird was yet young, though quite "grown up," there was a happy little wedding in the forest where he lived, and afterward he and his more soberly dressed, but still beautiful, little bird bride flew far away to the North, looking for a suitable place to spend the early summer.

After much searching, Prince Bluebird found a spot that he thought would make a nice home for the Princess. It was on an elevation, surrounded on all sides by a bright, green expanse called the Sea of Green Leaves; and here the castle was finally built. Though apparently frail, the foundation of the tiny home was yet so firm that even when the wind tossed the Sea of Green Leaves very roughly, Bluebird's castle stood unharmed. Can you wonder that he thought it safe from every foe?

For a time Prince Bluebird and his wife lived very happily in their charming home. The Princess had a great deal to do about the castle, and in caring for the little birdlings, which filled it to overflowing with love and happiness. The Prince sometimes helped in finding food for the children; but most of his time was spent in fitting back and forth about their pretty home, or, perched on a near-by twig, singing to his little family.

The rest of the story is sad to tell. One day a dreadful creature made its way cautiously up among the green billows of the Sea of Green

Leaves, and slowly neared Bluebird's castle. This creature had hard, cruel hooks on each of its four feet; and where the light was dim, its green eyes glowed like fiery coals.

The Princess screamed in frantic terror, and trembled pitifully; while the courageous Prince, though his heart was beating fast with fright, did his brave best to prevent the monster's approach. But every effort was vain. Heedless alike of the cries of the poor Princess mother and the brave resistance of the Prince, the beast entered the castle, seized the baby bluebirds in its great mouth, and then slunk away.

Poor Bluebirds! they never saw their babies again. The Princess sadly mourned for them; and though his own heart was aching, the Prince tried to comfort her. After a time their love

would have been still greater had he known the fate of his little helpmate. Struck by a stone from a sling-shot in the hands of a cruel boy, she lay in the sweet white clover and velvet grass below her home, with a crimson stain on her red breast.

At last even Prince Bluebird's hopeful heart gave up in despair, and he felt that he could bear his loneliness no longer. So one beautiful day he took a farewell look at the little castle where he had been so happy, and then went away, never to return.

The forsaken castle still stands, shaken by winds and pelted by rains, but finally its walls will crumble and disappear. Perhaps some day the cruel boy with the sling-shot will chance to see the deserted castle falling to ruin in the



NOW LET ME SET THEE FREE AGAIN

for each other helped to lessen their grief, and Prince Bluebird began to hope that some day they might again be as happy as when their home was new.

But the worst was yet to come. One summer morning, when the Prince returned from a short trip, the Princess was nowhere to be seen. He called, but she did not answer; he sang one of his sweetest songs, but heard no gentle chirp in reply; he searched, but he could not find her. Then he waited and waited, but she did not come; and all the love, and loneliness, and grief of his sweet voice could not bring her to his side.

Prince Bluebird's sorrow was deep, but it

winter wind; and his own heart may tell him that it was he who helped to make that little home desolate, and stilled the happy songs of poor Prince Bluebird.

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

ONE LITTLE LABORER WITH GOD

"ONCE upon a time" there was a little girl named Sarah, and she worked in a great factory. She was a plain, pale, still little girl; and it was a dingy, noisy, ugly factory. They made toys and "notions" there.

When she walked through the door for the first time, she felt as if she were being swallowed

by a huge, fire-eating dragon out of a story-book. For she was an imaginative little girl, and full of fancies. She gave a little gasp as the dragon's jaws closed behind her with a bang and a click, and did not quite realize where she was until she was seated at a long table with many other girls, most of them older and larger than herself, and a sharp-voiced, sharp-featured woman was showing her how to put the bows on dolls' slippers. Yes, that was her work. Each girl was provided with a box of slippers, a heap of bows, and a bottle of glue. And they were paid by the hundred. Sarah was sure she could do as many as any of the girls, after a little practice, even if they were older and larger. She shut her lips tightly, and determined to do it, anyway; for had not Grandma Hall always said, "Sarah's master spry with her hands"? (That was long ago, so long,—a whole month,—before Sarah's father died, and the farm and the dear old house had been sold, and they had come to the great, bustling city, where Sarah's mother could "do tailoring," as she used to when a girl, and Sarah could help pay the rent for their two small rooms by working in the factory.)

So Sarah set to work very energetically. Sometimes the glue brush would get nearly dry; but if there was enough to make the bow barely stick, she did not stop to dip it again. The more bows she could fasten on with one dipping, the better: it saved time. And she was determined to keep up with the others. That was the way they did, she discovered by a swift glance or two down the long table.

Presently her back ached a little, and she straightened up for a moment. In front of her, across the room, was a window, closed to keep the dust and din without from adding to the dust and din within. But through its specky panes she saw something that made her heart leap with joy, while the glad tears came to her eyes. It was the blue-white crest of old "White-cap," the mountain whose slowly wheeling shadow she had measured all the happy days of her short life. It was not, then, so very far from home! She almost smelled the cool, fragrant breath from the thickets that clothed its shaggy sides. She almost heard the songs of the birds that built their happy homes and sang their joyous hymns there. Then she remembered some lines from a calendar left by a city boarder at the old farmhouse:—

"The inevitable morning
Finds them that in cellars be,
And be sure the all-loving nature
Will smile in a factory."

Why, it had come true! The all-loving nature had smiled in the factory, and—

A sharp voice recalled her from her dreaming, reminding her that girls who "loafed" could not expect to keep their places, even if they did work "by the piece" instead of "on time."

So her fingers flew faster than ever; but when she started to put on a bow with too little glue, she stopped, blushing hotly. With the sight of the sturdy old mountain had come a vision of the beloved home life, the morning prayers, the Scripture reading; and one verse shone between her eyes and the dingy table: "For we are laborers together with God."

"But that means grown people, and more important things than sticking bows on dolls' slippers!" Sarah argued. But she knew better.

"I am a laborer with God!" whispered the honest little soul—softly, so that no one else heard. "I am; and I will labor his way."

And as her fingers flew, other verses came to be with the first—about "doing all to the glory of God," and "in the name of the Lord Jesus," and working "faithfully, as unto the Lord." So she was very happy as she worked; and the tired, disheartened mother was happy, too, that night, when Sarah told her all about it.

Sometimes the girls laughed at Sarah; for it was not long before they noticed how particular she was about the bows.

"What's the odds?" they scoffed, "when we're paid by the piece, and not half paid at that, and nobody'll know how it's done, so long as it looks well?"

"I would know," said Sarah.

And I do not doubt that many a little girl was saved a great deal of sorrow over lost doll-slipper bows, just because they were glued on faithfully, "as unto the Lord." And though the other girls laughed, Sarah noticed that many of them grew more careful as the days went by.

The years flew swiftly, in spite of hard work and many cares. By and by Grandma Hall went to rest with the dear ones whom she had "loved long since, and lost a while." Not long afterward, the dear mother fell asleep, too; and Sarah was left alone.

Perhaps you thought this story of faithful service would end in her having a fortune fall to her; or that some kind friend would take her away from the drudgery which she glorified. No; Sarah still works in the factory—weary often, very quiet sometimes; but she has much love given her freely; and in every room where she has worked, as finer parts of the work have been assigned her, more faithful service has been done. And when some girl, tired and disheartened, longs for a friendly hand, or the love and tenderness of the dear mother (perhaps hundred of miles away in a quiet country home), she turns naturally to the little, plain woman, with the sweet, firm mouth and steady eyes. And those who know best believe that no so-called "good fortune," though richly deserved, could add to the fullness and happiness of the life lived amid the turmoil of a great factory by one little laborer with God.—*Epworth Herald*.

A FRIENDLY FIELD-MOUSE

MANY stories have been told in the past, tending to show that wild animals, when in trouble, will display surprising confidence in man; in fact, will often seek his assistance when sore beset. The writer, when a boy upon a farm in Minnesota, had an experience with a field-mouse which prettily illustrates this trait in wild creatures. It was stacking time, and the men were all busy in the fields lifting the shocks of cured grain and stacking them in hive-shaped stacks in the barn-yard. The writer, a barefoot boy at that time, had been following the wagons in the field all the morning in a vain endeavor to capture some field-mice to take home as pets. He had seen a number of the little drab creatures, with their short tails, but had failed to lay his hands upon any of them, owing to the thick stubble and the nimbleness of the mice. At last, as a particularly large shock was lifted, a broken nest was disclosed, and the youthful mouser was put upon the *qui vive* by the faint squeaks of seven or eight hairless little beings that were so young as not to have opened their eyes yet. The mother disappeared with a whisk, whereupon the young hunter sat down in a critical attitude beside the nest, and began to examine his find. He had already put one of the young mice in his pocket when the mother reappeared out of the stubble beside the nest. The boy held his breath, and awaited developments. Much to his surprise, the mouse-mother, after carefully examining the ruined nest, entered his pocket, which, as he sat, opened very near the nest. She seemed to come to the conclusion that her lost little one had found a good home, and in about two minutes had transferred the remainder of her offspring from the nest to the pocket, carrying them one at a time in her mouth.

The writer has had many and varied experiences with wild animals, but none which impressed him so strongly as the episode of the mouse-mother in the wheat stubble.—*Selected*.



THE VISION OF DANIEL IN CHAPTERS 8 AND 9

(July 20)

MEMORY VERSE.—Dan. 8:14.

1. At what time did Daniel have the vision recorded in the eighth chapter? Dan. 8:1; note 1.
2. What different things were seen in this vision? Vs. 3, 5, 9.
3. In this same vision, what wonderful statement did the prophet hear? V. 14; note 2.
4. What did Daniel at once do after seeing the vision? V. 15.
5. Who was sent to explain the meaning of what he had seen and heard? V. 16.
6. What did the angel say the ram represented? V. 20.
7. What did the goat represent? V. 21.
8. What was pointed out by the "little horn" of verse 9? V. 23, last part.
9. What were the last words of the angel to Daniel at that time? V. 26.
10. Was the last part of the vision explained? V. 27; note 3.
11. Afterward what did Daniel begin to study? What did he learn? Dan. 9:2; note 4.
12. In his prayer what special request did Daniel make? V. 17; note 4.
13. While he thus prayed, who appeared to him? V. 21.
14. What did the angel say? Vs. 22, 23; note 5.

NOTES

1. "In the third year of the reign of king Belshazzar." This was just a little while, a few months, before Babylon was taken by the Medes and Persians. Daniel had now been in Babylon nearly sixty-eight years. At the end of seventy years, God had promised to take his people out of captivity (Jer. 25:11, 12), and therefore it was but a short time before the promise was to be fulfilled. This vision was to prepare Daniel and his people for what the Lord had in store for them.

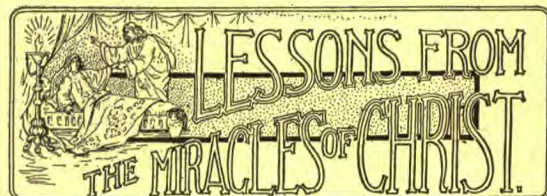
2. We must not forget that verses 13 and 14 are a part of the vision, and the most important part. The first part was given that we might understand the last part. Thus the vision contains four parts: first, the ram; second, the he goat; third, the little horn; fourth, the time of cleansing the sanctuary. In the margin of Dan. 8:14 we read, in place of days, "evening, morning;" that is, twenty-three hundred evening-mornings. This part of the vision is therefore the "evening-morning" part.

3. All of the first three parts were fully explained. The ram was a figure of Medo-Persia, the he goat of Grecia, and the little horn of "a king of fierce countenance,"—the Romans. Only one part was left unexplained, that of the promise to cleanse the sanctuary. All that Gabriel said about this was, "The vision of the evening and the morning which was told is true; wherefore shut thou up the vision; for it shall be for many days." The "evening-morning" part was left for Daniel to study over.

4. Daniel tells us that he did the very studying which was left for him to do. The part of the vision about the sanctuary was the part over which he studied, meditated, and prayed. As he studied, he found that in a short time the seventy years' captivity would end, and then his people would go back to Jerusalem, where the sanctuary had stood. He understood that the sanctuary of which the angel had spoken in

the vision was the sanctuary at Jerusalem, now all broken down, and so he began to pray the Lord concerning it. But that was a mistake; and so the Lord sent his angel to give Daniel light, and to cause him to know the truth. We may learn from this that when we study earnestly to know the truth, and are in danger of making mistakes, the Lord will send angels to correct us.

5. Without doubt Gabriel had come to explain the part of the vision which Daniel did not understand,—the part concerning the sanctuary,—the "evening-morning" part. This was a question of *time*—of "two thousand and three hundred days." The first words of the angel are about time. See verse 24.



MOMENT BY MOMENT

Dying with Jesus, thy death reckoned mine,
Living with Jesus, a new life divine;
Looking to Jesus till glory doth shine,
Moment by moment, O Lord! I am thine.

Never a trial that he is not there,
Never a burden that he doth not bear,
Never a sorrow that he doth not share,
Moment by moment I'm under his care.

Never a heartache, and never a groan,
Never a teardrop, and never a moan;
Never a danger, but there on the throne,
Moment by moment, he thinks of his own.

Never a weakness that he doth not feel,
Never a sickness that he can not heal;
Moment by moment, in woe or in weal,
Jesus, my Saviour, abides with me still.

—D. W. Whittle.

THE FIRST MIRACULOUS DRAFT OF FISHES
I
INTRODUCTORY

Preceding Events.—The following important events occurred between the working of the second miracle at Cana and this, the third miracle:—

1. First rejection at Nazareth. Luke 4:16-30.
 2. Christ's removal to Capernaum. Matt. 4:13-16.
 3. The final call of the four. Luke 5:1-11.
- (NOTE: The working of this miracle was immediately associated with the final calling of the four.)

Main Reference.—Luke 5:4-11.

Other References.—None.

The Bible Story of the Miracle.—"Now when he had left speaking, he said unto Simon, Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draft. And Simon answering said unto him, Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing: nevertheless at thy word, I will let down the net. And when they had this done, they inclosed a great multitude of fishes: and their net brake. And they beckoned unto their partners, which were in the other ship, that they should come and help them. And they came, and filled both the ships, so that they began to sink. When Simon Peter saw it, he fell down at Jesus' knees, saying, Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord. For he was astonished, and all that were with him, at the draft of the fishes which they had taken: and so was also James, and John, the sons of Zebedee, which were partners with Simon. And Jesus said unto Simon, Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men. And when they had brought their ships to land, they forsook all, and followed him." Luke 5:4-11.

Place.—Near Capernaum, by the sea of Galilee.

Circumstances.—This miracle was worked without the request of those who benefited by it. It appeared as a *result* of obeying Christ's command, "Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets." The disciple-fishermen had already spent the night, the best time for fishing, in fruitless toil. The working of this miracle immediately precedes the final calling of Peter, Andrew, James, and John, from their work as fishermen, into the great and glorious work of becoming fishers of men. The miracle was worked under the personal supervision of Christ.

Great Lesson.—One of the great lessons taught by this remarkable miracle is that we should persevere under difficulties, obey in the face of obstacles, close our eyes to apparent failures in the great task of fishing for souls, and recognize divine foresight and providential leadings in every experience connected with the great work of catching men. The pathway of success to-day sometimes carries us by the scenes of yesterday's failures.

STUDY OF THE MIRACLE

He said unto Simon, Launch out into the Deep.—Christ had been teaching the multitude, but now he addressed one of his disciples personally. It is sometimes easy to accept truth which is spoken to a large audience, but now comes the personal test to Simon,—"Launch out into the deep, and let down the net." To obey this command would greatly test the faith of Peter and his associates. The disciples, it would seem, had been fishing in shallow water, and were fearful of getting out far from shore; perhaps they were afraid of storms and contrary winds. But the Saviour said, "Launch out into the deep," and then, "Let down your net." Let us not fear to launch out into the deep waters to fish for souls when the Master has spoken. We may learn a spiritual lesson from this circumstance. Sometimes we go about our work of soul-saving in fear and hesitation, afraid to risk much in our efforts to catch men; but we must go out into the deep waters before we can expect great things, or be able to do a great work. The Christian worker must move forward in confidence, expecting great things from God.

Let Down Your Nets.—Often we toil all day and far into the night, and meet with little success. It may be for the purpose of developing patience and perseverance, and again it may be because it was not his word that directed us to the place where our nets were lowered. If this be the difficulty, let us listen and receive the message from above, and obediently make such changes in our methods of work and field of labor as may be required. In enabling the disciples to secure a draft of fishes after they had toiled all night, and failed, the Master gives us a beautiful illustration both of his willingness and of his ability to qualify us for the great and sacred work of catching men. He stands ready to help us even after apparent defeat, and upon the very verge of despair.

Another lesson to be learned from this miracle is to labor on, when the Lord has spoken, in spite of disappointments and unfavorable circumstances. When his Spirit directs, let not adverse conditions and unfavorable surroundings deter us. This miracle teaches us the necessity of employing every means at hand in connection with soul-saving work. Christ did not cause the fish to be miraculously washed ashore, or to jump into the boats. The disciples must first cast the net, and this act represented all they were able to do. Divine Providence arranged the rest. In this miraculous draft of fishes, the Lord employed the nets and boats, to catch the fish and bring them ashore. He used the usual manner of catching fish, simply adding his

special blessing. So let us adhere to the old way of catching men,—fishing for them individually, casting out the gospel net; only we must have the divine blessing attend our efforts if we would achieve lasting success. However essential is human instrumentality to the work of saving sinners, we must remember that of ourselves we are utterly insufficient, however skillful or experienced as soul-winners we may be. Were not these apostles experienced fishermen? Had they not followed that vocation for their livelihood? And yet they toiled all night, and took nothing. If we are deceived into depending upon our own sagacity, or relying upon our own experience, we shall meet with certain defeat in every effort to rescue the perishing and uplift the fallen.

W. S. SADLER.
(To be continued.)

HALF truths are often more calumnious than whole falsehoods. It is not even necessary that a word should be distinctly uttered; a dropped lip, an arched eyebrow, a shrugged shoulder, a significant look, an incredulous expression of countenance, nay, even an emphatic silence, may do the work; and when the light and trifling thing which has done the mischief, has fluttered off, the venom is left behind to work and rankle, to inflame hearts, to fever human existence, and to poison human society at the fountain springs of life.—F. W. Robertson.

PEACE for the past, grace for the present, and glory for the future. Yes, there is a glory for the future; nothing before the true believer that isn't glory. I think it would take the wrinkles out of your brow if you would just look into the future instead of into the past.—D. L. Moody.

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No. 5, International Express.....	2.17 A. M.
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Nos. 9 and 75, daily, except Sunday.	
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No. 4, Lehigh Express, East and Detroit.....	8.22 P. M.
No. 2, Express, East and Detroit.....	2.10 A. M.
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FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY:

A good conscience, like the eye, is troubled by any speck of defilement and wrong that falls into it.—*Dr. H. Bushnell.*

MONDAY:

"He who does not respect himself, can not long hold the respect of his fellows; and he who truly respects himself, can not long be deprived of the respect of his fellows."

TUESDAY:

"Go make thy garden fair as thou canst,
Thou workest never alone,
Perchance he whose plot is next to thine
Will see it, and mend his own."

WEDNESDAY:

"We are not writing in the sand. The tide does not wash it out. We are not painting our pictures on the canvas, and with a brush, so that we can erase the error of yesterday, or overlay it with another color to-day. We are writing our lives with a chisel on marble; and every time we strike a blow, we leave a mark that is indelible."

THURSDAY:

But if my lot be sand where nothing grows!
Nay, who hath said it? Tune a thankful psalm,
For though thy desert bloom not as the rose,
It yet can rear thy palm.

—*Christini G. Rossetti.*

FRIDAY:

"Place a guard over your strong points! Thrift may run into niggardliness, generosity into prodigality or shiftlessness. Gentleness may become pusillanimity, tact become insincerity, power become oppression. Characters need sentries at their points of weakness, true enough, but often the points of greatest strength are, paradoxically, really points of weakness."

SABBATH:

"They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." Isa. II:9.

Go work *to-day*, says the Master. To-morrow is uncertain; he asks your service *now*.

SOMETIMES in reading of an explosion of dynamite or gunpowder, we are told that "it was felt ten miles away," or more, as the case may be, and of the damage it did at this distance. There are other explosions besides those mentioned whose shock is felt far beyond the scene of the disaster. Explosions of various sorts—of temper, ill feeling, fretfulness—how far-reaching are their effects, and how disastrous! The best way to avoid their results is to avoid the cause itself—or to keep such guard over ourselves that there shall be no cause.

ONE hundred and twenty years ago, Gilbert White, whose "Natural History of Selburne" has been a delight to nature-lovers for more than a century, measured the trunk of a large yew-tree in the church-yard of the village of Selburne. He found that the trunk was twenty-three feet in circumference, and estimated its age at several centuries. Not long ago the tree was measured again, and was found to have gained two and one-half feet in circumference, or nine and one-half inches in diameter, since White's measurement.

A REPUTATION for honesty is worth more than an inheritance of money to any young person. And it is a possession for which he alone is responsible: no one can give it to him; he must win it for himself if he would have it. It used to be said of a certain business man that "his check was worth a million, but his word was not worth a bean." Make your word worth millions, boys and girls; make it absolutely trustworthy, even if other things have to go. Do not allow yourself to stumble about in the fogs of falsehood and prevarication; but keep in the clear light of truth, remembering that "he that walketh uprightly walketh surely."

SCRAMBLED FACTS

SUCH is the not very happy caption given to a column devoted to certain items in an exchange. Scrambled facts are not the kind with which one likes to burden his mental digestive apparatus, nor are they productive of any sort of mental strength. There are too many scambly thinkers in the world; too many who do not take pains with the facts they learn—to keep them separate, distinct, and ready for use at an instant's notice. Even facts that are good in themselves, or at worst, not capable of very extensive harm, may become an actual menace when scrambled together, seasoned with suspicion, toughened over the fierce fire of personal prejudice, and so passed out to the world. A slighting word, scrambled with an unwise decision, a hasty act—and what mischief may not the whole work?

Take care that the things that are told you for "facts" are not scrambled; and that when they are related by you to some one else, you do not begin the process.

THE SMALLEST REPUBLICS

How many can tell what they are, and where they are situated? According to the *Literary Era*, the smallest republic, in point of area, is Goust, in the Lower Pyrenees, which occupies less than one square mile of territory on the side of a mountain. The republic consists of about one hundred and fifty persons, who elect their president every seven years. Its independence has been recognized by both France and Spain for more than two hundred and fifty years.

But in point of population there is a still smaller republic—Tavolara, a small island a few miles north of Sardinia. This island is five miles long by five eighths of a mile in width, and has a population of about fifty souls. Sixty-five years ago the king of Sardinia conferred the absolute dominion of the island upon a prominent native family, whose head immediately took the title of King Paul I. He was the first and last king of the little island; for at his death he requested that the monarchy be transformed into a republic.

This was done. A constitution was adopted which confers the right of suffrage upon men and women alike, and by which a president, with a council of six, is elected every six years. No salary is paid either to the president or to the members of his council.

Neither Goust nor Tavolara is mentioned by the gazetteers.



To Keep Pressed Flowers Bright.—An authority on such matters declares that if, after flower specimens have been kept under pressure two or three days, they are laid between papers heated in the sun until they are perfectly dry, their natural color will be preserved. It is a simple suggestion, and worthy of a trial by all who enjoy pressing flowers.

A New Substitute for Wool.—Nature produces little of value that man does not try to imitate. Sometimes the substitute can be produced more cheaply than the original product; and if it is a useful article, thus be made to confer its benefits upon a large number who could not otherwise enjoy them. At Düsseldorf, Germany, a new artificial wool is now manufactured, and is woven into cloth, rugs, etc. For a number of years this turf-wool has been experimented with; and the improved production is soft and fine, and can be spun almost as easily as sheep's wool. The new wool possesses highly absorbent qualities, and can also be bleached or colored for commercial purposes.

Cut Insurance to Abstainers.—One of the largest life insurance companies of the United States, recognizing the fact that the total abstainer's chances for long life are greater than those of the man who drinks, has recently established a total-abstinence class for policy holders, by which abstainers will be given lower rates than others. This action was brought about by the protest of a number of prominent men, who, being opposed, on principle, to the use of intoxicating drinks, did not wish to pay part of the expenses of those who do drink. The justice of their claim was recognized at once by the company to whom the protest was made, and it is expected that other companies will follow suit by establishing a lower premium for non-drinkers. This, added to the economy of not handing his money over a bar, represents the value, in dollars and cents, of the abstainer above the drinking man. His gain in other ways is above computation.

A Boys' Exposition.—A novel enterprise has been started by the "Junior" Y. M. C. A. lads of Dayton, Ohio. This is to be an "Exposition," to be held the first two weeks in September, at which time it is hoped to have a fair display of such natural products as can be obtained and sent to Dayton by boys all over the world. Letters have been sent out, and many generous responses have been received. The boys of Belgium wrote: "Be assured that we shall do our utmost to let our small Belgium shine in your gigantic America." The boys of the Dayton Manual Training-School are preparing a beautiful piece of parquetry, consisting of specimens of every obtainable variety of wood native to Ohio. Hazelton, Pa., will exhibit a model coal-bunker, showing the manner of handling the natural product. Marseilles will exhibit products of the historic Riviera. Two dozen countries and islands, together with many States of the Union, will be represented, according to the latest returns. An ostrich egg, mounted on an orange-wood frame, has been received from a large ostrich farm in California. Another interesting feature will be a large map of the world, with the characteristic products of different countries mounted on them. It is hoped that this exhibit will cause an increased interest in geographical study by all the boys who take part in it, or who have the privilege of seeing it.