

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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TRAINING SQUIRRELS

In the public square, or park, as some call it, in Jacksonville, Ill., are a number of large maple trees. Several years ago some kindly disposed persons placed squirrel-houses in the branches of these trees, and the squirrels that live in the park have become very tame. During the present summer some miserable dogs killed off a number of the old squirrels, and there are now not more than one or two of the older ones left. But the policemen attended to the dogs, and several of the squirrel-killing curs were shot.

Such of the younger squirrels as are left are learning, with kind treatment, to trust those who seek to do them no harm. If one will go to see them for a few days, and feed them, never scaring them, they will come very close, and even eat out of the hand.

My brother, Mr. R. O. Reed, of Seattle, Wash., visited me for a short time not long ago. He is a great lover of dumb animals, and soon made friends with these interesting squirrels. After the second or third visit to the park, he struck up a real friendship with one of the animals. The little creature would eat out of his hand, and on several occasions crawled along his arm, perched upon his shoulder, sitting upon its haunches and eating the nuts he gave it, and then ran back to the tree whence it came.

My brother would hold a nut inside his hand, where it was difficult for the squirrel to reach it. In the picture you will see the little thing pulling with both fore-paws and teeth, seeking with great determination to pull the nut out of his hand.

In the upper picture, the squirrel is eating nut meats from my brother's hand, and in the lower picture it is eating a meat he has just given it. I was not more than seven or eight feet from the squirrel when I took the picture showing my brother. In taking the upper picture, I was about six feet away, while in taking the one of the squirrel alone, I was not more than three or four feet from it. At first I had some difficulty in getting anywhere near it, as the camera was a new thing, and its sharp "click!" "click!" seemed to make the little fellow nervous.

How tame these squirrels would become if they were never injured nor frightened, it is hard to say. In spite of dogs, mischievous boys, and foolish, unthinking older persons, who often molest them, they learn that some will treat them kindly, and with them they become quite tame. It is quite wonderful how they are able to make this distinction, but that they do make it is very evident to one who watches them for even a short time. On one occasion when my brother



and I made a trip to the park, a stranger was trying in vain to get one of the squirrels to come to him. As soon, however, as my brother called, and began to crack a nut for the little creature, it came bounding to him, taking the nut from his hand without any apparent hesitation.

Their being wild or tame all depends on how they are treated. And so it is largely with us all. Some people in the world have had a hard time. Like the squirrels that the dogs have chased and nearly killed, they have come to a place where they do not know whom to trust. They are at war with the world and with their own souls; at times they are even tempted to blame and defy God. Such are wild. As in the case of the wild squirrels, it is ill treatment that has made them what they are. But, like the squirrels, they, too, can be tamed. Treat them as you would like to be treated. Let them know you wish to help them. Kindness will tame them: love will find its way to the hardest heart.

Let us love the squirrels, and treat them so kindly that they will not be afraid to eat from a friendly hand; and God help us to be so true and kind to our worried, ill-treated fellow men that they will lose their fear of the friendly hand, and perhaps come at last to trust a kind and beneficent God. L. A. REED.

BABY STARFISHES

How old is a starfish? Sometimes you find one no bigger than the head of a pin, and again one as large as a soup-plate. Did you ever wonder how many days or years old either one of them might be? Or whether the larger one might be the older brother or great-great-grandfather of the little one? Curiously enough, nobody has been able, till within a year or two, to answer these questions. But now, fortunately, we are wiser. You know that boys and girls eat their three meals a day, and grow fairly regularly, so that boys of the same age are of pretty much the same size. You certainly would never mistake a child of three for a man of thirty. With the starfish, however, it is entirely different; for the baby stars, which are all hatched late in the spring, within a few weeks of one another, may go through the entire summer with virtually nothing to eat. All this time they remain perfectly healthy, but grow scarcely at all; and at the end of six months they are not so very much larger than a pinhead. If, on the other hand, the starfish happens to be born where he can find plenty of barnacles and small clams and mussels, he does little except eat, and grows astonishingly fast. Thus it may happen that, of two starfishes hatched the same day, the one which has been well fed may, at the end of half a year, be *very many times* larger than the other, which has gone hungry. You will see how remarkable this is if you will remember that a grown man is only about five times as large as a child of two, even though he may be twenty times as old. So, you see, a starfish of average size may be a very young animal, which has been well fed, or a very old one, which has lived on short rations.—*St. Nicholas.*

THE mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter, "Little Prig."
Bun replied: "You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track.
Talents differ: all is well and wisely put;
If I can not carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."
—*Emerson.*



THANKS FOR ALL

How can I count Thy mercies up?
What boisterous seas hast thou made calm,
What sad sights changed to joyous psalm,
And what rich wine has filled my cup!
My day and night, my work and rest,
Even my sorrows, thou hast blessed.

Thou gavest, and I took my share
Of pain and trouble, grief and tears;
But ever through the stormiest years
My peace was greater than my care.
Unworthy I! And yet I pray,
O Lord! accept my thanks to-day.

—*Marianne Farningham.*

IN THE WILDERNESS WITH GOD

OBEIENT to the onward movement of the pillar of cloud, the children of Israel left Rephidim, and began their march to the desert of Sinai. They wound their way through narrow defiles, with high cliffs rising abruptly on either side. They climbed steep ascents, and descended into deep valleys.

With intense interest the Israelites watched the movements of the cloud, which was leading them over plains of desolation, broken by rugged mountains. Often the question arose in their minds, Where will this weary march end? Was God leading them through the wild passes of the wilderness to their destruction? Again and again, when passing through the mountain fastnesses, they came to a place where their way appeared to be entirely hedged in. Then a passage would open before them.

What a sight was this!—More than a million persons marching through the desert, led by day by a pillar of cloud, and guarded at night by a pillar of fire!

Thus God led his people. The wilderness was their school. Christ was their Instructor. He desired to teach them to depend on him in all the circumstances of life.

During all their march through the wilderness, the children of Israel were sustained by bread from heaven. The hoary-topped mountains, could they speak, would bear witness to the way in which the people were fed by the miraculous power of God. As the people lay in their tents, wrapped in slumber, bread from heaven fell quietly round the encampment.

At length the people came in their march to a long range of mountains, with one lofty peak towering above the rest. Here the pillar of cloud rested, overlooking the plain where the people were to encamp.

The encampment was placed in order. In harmony with God's direction, captains were appointed over different companies. The elders and judges chosen to relieve Moses of some of his many burdens, were given their work, that order and harmony might be preserved in the camp.

I would that those who to-day rebel against rules and regulations could realize that it is God's plan to have all things done with order and discipline.

In the morning, as the sun began to rise behind the ridge of eastern mountains, filling with light the dark gorges, it seemed as if golden beams of mercy from the throne of God were shining upon the weary, almost discouraged travelers.

The encampment was soon astir, and the busy activities of the day began. With anxious eyes the people looked upon the pillar of cloud resting over the mountain, wondering where next it would lead them. Around them lay a country strange and solemn. Immense piles of rugged rock, stretching upward into the heavens, looked like the ruins of a world. Frequently the people

contrasted the verdant valleys of Egypt with these dark and cheerless ravines.

God had a purpose in leading his people to this place. He had gathered them to himself, apart from the world, that he might talk with them. In these mountain solitudes, where there was nothing to lead the mind away from the Creator, God was to give the people his law. Everything in this wild region tended to make the people feel their own nothingness, and the greatness of him who weigheth the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance.

God has left these hoary sentinels to stand through all the ages as a memorial of the time when the Infinite held communication with mortal man, giving him the law which was to rule the nations of the world through all time.

God called Moses to come up into the mount, and Moses immediately obeyed. Placing his feet in steps made without hands, he ascended the mount, and entered the presence of God. Here the Lord told him that it was his design to take Israel into close connection with himself. They were to be his church, a nation governed and controlled by him.

For three days before the giving of the law, the people were encamped before the mount. They were given ample opportunity to review their past experiences, and to repent of their continual distrust and unbelief.

God commanded Moses to sanctify the people, to instruct them, to point out to them what God required. Much was included in this command, and great responsibility was laid upon Moses. Faithfully he was to point out to the people their past wrongs, and show them their need of humbling the heart before God.

The people were to spend their time in fasting and prayer. All outward impurity was to be put away, and their hearts were to be cleansed from all iniquity. Had there been one in that vast multitude who was defiling himself by the use of tobacco, he would have been required to cleanse himself from all filthiness. Had he failed to do this, he would have been slain by the bolts of God's wrath at the first revelation of his glory.

The children of Israel were to do all in their power to cleanse themselves from inward and outward defilement. This is the work God requires us to do if we would be brought into close communion with him. The battle with wrong habits and sinful indulgence will be long and severe, but it must be undertaken. Through Christ, victory is sure.

The divine presence of Christ could bring to the aid of the Israelites a power which, when combined with human effort, would sanctify them to God. So to-day this Presence can bring us power to consecrate ourselves wholly to God.

Many look upon the days of Israel as a time of darkness, when men were without Christ, without repentance and faith. Many hold the erroneous doctrine that the religion of the children of Israel consisted in forms and ceremonies, in which faith in Christ had no part. But men in that age were saved by Christ as verily as men are saved by him to-day. They were under a discipline of mercy, and had special privileges in their day, even as we have in ours. Christ was shadowed forth in the sacrifices and symbols, which were to last till type should reach antitype in his coming to our world. The Hebrews rejoiced in a Saviour to come. We rejoice in a Saviour who has come, and who is coming again.

Shrouded in the pillar of cloud, the world's Redeemer held communion with Israel. Let us not say, then, that they had not Christ. When the people thirsted in the wilderness, and gave themselves up to murmuring and complaint, Christ was to them what he is to us,—a Saviour full of tender compassion, the Mediator between them and God. After we have done our part to cleanse the soul-temple from the defilement of sin, Christ's blood avails for us, as it did for ancient Israel. MRS. E. G. WHITE.



THE address of the Corresponding Secretary of the Sabbath-school Department, Mrs. L. Flora Plummer, is 703 Northwestern Building, Minneapolis, Minn. All communications or inquiries concerning any of the lines carried on by the Department should be sent to Mrs. Plummer at the address given above.

WE are glad to read the report from the work at the North Pacific camp-meeting. It is indeed encouraging to read of the earnestness shown by the young people, and of their purpose to serve the Lord. We trust that as our workers visit the camp-meetings this summer, they will note the work done for the young people, and send reports of it to the INSTRUCTOR.

As you read the article on this page by Dr. Paulson, telling one of his experiences in speaking a "word in season," perhaps you will say that such opportunities must often come to a man who is constantly brought in contact with sick and dying men and women. That is true. But remember—no one is held responsible for any opportunity that is given to some one else; and it is also true that no one need ever be kept from work for lack of opportunities. Some day, perhaps to-day, *you*, as you are engaged in your ordinary duties, will hear a gentle voice whispering to your heart, telling you to speak a loving, faithful word to some one who "is ready to perish." If you listen to the voice, if you heed the call, you may become, in the Lord's hand, the means of comforting the discouraged, lifting up those who are cast down,—of doing the very work he did while he lived among men as his servants must live among them to-day. Let us not bemoan our lack of opportunities, but instead, hold ourselves always ready faithfully to improve those that come to us, remembering that to each one are given as *many* opportunities as he will wish to account for in the Judgment.

A WORD IN SEASON

A FEW years ago I had an experience that impressed upon me the absolute necessity of promptly carrying out the leadings of the Spirit of God, to speak a word in season to him that is weary. A patient under my care was seriously ill, and rapidly failing. I had entertained the idea that he was a Christian; but one evening as I was about to leave my office to teach a class, the impression came very vividly that I ought *at once* to ascertain whether this man was prepared to meet his Maker.

Responding to the impression, I went immediately to the patient's room, called out his wife, and asked if her husband was a Christian. She said, "No, he has never been converted."

I stepped to his bedside, and inquired if he would not allow me to help him see a little more clearly what Christ was willing to do for him. Tears came to his eyes as he said that he would.

With a silent prayer for wisdom, I then simply and briefly explained to him that God holds nothing against his wayward children; that he only wishes them to surrender completely to him; that salvation is for all, only *all* will not accept its provisions, and therefore can not share its benefits. The poor man said he could grasp that, and would accept it. I knelt at his bedside, and committed him to that God who pays the full "penny" to those who come in even at the

"eleventh hour." A new light illuminated the invalid's eyes, and I hurried away to my class.

When I returned, an hour later, the man was unconscious, and he remained so until two o'clock that morning, when he passed away. As he died, his poor wife said to me, in agony of spirit, "Oh, if I could only be sure that he died a saved man!" How glad I was that I could assure her that he died penitent and forgiven. But suppose I had smothered the prompting of God's Spirit earlier in the evening,—could I ever have forgotten the heart-rending words of that poor woman, or cease to regret my failure to respond to God's suggestion?

This may seem like an exaggerated case; but it illustrates, as far as the principle is concerned, the supreme importance of *momentarily* yielding to the guidance of that divine Spirit which dwells within us, and which will lead and guide us aright, if we will only learn more and more the sweet lesson of yielding to its blessed influence.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

STUDIES IN THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

Chapter IV — Confession

(July 21-27)

HE that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but *whoso confesseth and forsaketh them* shall have mercy.

Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed. . . . For we have not an High Priest which can not be touched with the feeling of our infirmities.

The Lord is nigh unto them *that are of a broken heart, and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.*

We have added unto all our sins this evil, to ask us a king.

Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed; judge the fatherless, plead for the widow.

If the wicked restore the pledge, give again that he had robbed, walk in the statutes of life without committing iniquity; he shall surely live, he shall not die.

Ye sorrowed after a godly sort; what carefulness it wrought in you; yea, what clearing of yourselves; yea, what indignation; yea, what fear; yea, what vehement desire; yea, what zeal; yea, what revenge! In all things ye have approved yourselves to be clear in this matter.

ADAM: The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat.

EVE: The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat.

PAUL: Many of the saints did I shut up in prison, having received authority from the chief priests; and when they were put to death, I gave my voice against them. And I punished them oft in every synagogue, and I compelled them to blaspheme; and being exceeding mad against them, I persecuted them even unto strange cities. Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.

If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

QUESTIONS

1. What are the conditions for obtaining mercy of God?
2. What kind of confession is acceptable?
3. Give an example of confession that is definite and right to the point.
4. What work on our part must go with confession?
5. What forcible illustration of this is given in our lesson?

6. What was wrong with the confession of Adam and Eve?

7. Paul's confession was of the right kind. What others do you find mentioned in the Bible?

8. What is God's promise to us if we confess our sins? Can it fail?

G. E. A.

APOLOGIZING AND CONFESSING

"To every acknowledgment of his guilt he adds an apology in excuse of his course, declaring that if it had not been for certain circumstances, he would not have done this or that, for which he is reproved."—"Steps to Christ," page 49.

Thousands of young and inexperienced Christians have not learned that the various unfortunate circumstances that they meet serve only to bring to the surface something that already exists within them. The young man who utters an oath because he is so terribly provoked by what some one else does to him, does not appreciate the fact that the "swear" was *in him* all the time, and what the other man said simply brought it to the *surface* in all its hideousness.

When I was a boy, there was an old rain-barrel that stood at the corner of the house to catch the water from the eaves-trough. One day I took a stick, and stirred up the water in this barrel, thus bringing to the top considerable filth and sediment that had accumulated at the bottom. My mother reproved me for making the rain-water dirty, but in reality I had only stirred up what was already in the barrel. So when something happens to us that does not meet our approval, or we are bitterly disappointed, and as a consequence manifest a disagreeable spirit, or utter aggravating words, it is well for us to remember that these things were *in us* all the time. Really it is fortunate that God permits such a train of circumstances to be brought about as will cause these things to rise to the surface, so that we, as well as our friends, can see what is actually lying dormant in our hearts. It is much better to find out what is within us, so we can seek divine help to be cured, than to go on to the Judgment, deceiving ourselves day by day, and then find that there is so much sediment of sin still in our characters that it would not be safe to take us into heaven, since sooner or later some circumstance would arise which would bring our true traits of character to the surface, and we would spoil the harmony of heaven, just as we are spoiling the harmony of that heaven which Christ is seeking to create for us here below; for God is giving us each day just as much heaven as he can trust us with.

Recognizing this as the absolute truth, how childish and absurd it is for us to plead that if it had not been for so and so, or what Brother A or Brother B said or did, we should never have done what we did. That kind of confession may deceive men, but it will never satisfy God; for he says, "Be not deceived; God is not mocked." Let the confession be whole-hearted, and as open as the sin. Do not weary and disgust men with a detailed account of various misdeeds that should never be dropped into human ears. Some actually appear proud of the fact that they have been wicked, and seem anxious to enlarge and exaggerate the sin as much as possible, evidently forgetting the divine admonition that it is only our "*faults*" we are to "confess one to another," while our sins are to be confessed to God alone.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

FROM THE BATTLE CREEK COMPANY

ALTHOUGH services had been held all day, and many were weary, a larger number than usual gathered in the Tabernacle at the hour appointed for the young people's meeting, Sabbath, July 6. After song and prayer a little time was spent by the leader in explaining the plan of Bible

studies suggested for the young people's companies during the summer and early fall, as has already been set forth at length in the INSTRUCTOR.

Following this the first of these regular studies was taken up, and the subject of "God's Love to Man" was clearly and touchingly presented. Questions asked by the leader brought out many beautiful thoughts on the topic, and showed that the lesson had been attentively studied.

The remainder of the hour was devoted to a praise service, in which a large number took a willing part, several standing at the same time, waiting for an opportunity to speak. The testimonies were all expressive of gratitude to God for his great love to his children, and a determination to live for his service. The Spirit of God witnessed to the words spoken.

As it is thought best to open these meetings promptly, and close them on time, all present did not have an opportunity to speak. In order that such might show their willingness to do so, had there been time, they were asked to rise; and nearly all who had not already spoken responded.

As we enjoyed this good meeting, our hearts and thoughts went out to the other companies of young people in different parts of the world, who will take up these studies with us week by week, and meet to encourage one another in the way. Many, we know, are not, as far as outward circumstances are concerned, so favorably situated as is this large company. But it is well for all—those whose conditions are fortunate, with those who must meet difficulties and obstacles at every step—to remember that God is no respecter of persons or places. The conditions on which his blessing may be received are very simple, and they are the same for every one of his children. Unfavorable surroundings or circumstances, which are beyond his power to improve, can never keep from the willing, longing heart the blessing that "maketh rich."

A CHEERING REPORT

In many respects the North Pacific camp-meeting was the best that I have ever attended. There were from one hundred to one hundred and fifty young people present. I have worked many times among this class at our camp-meetings, but never in my life have I met a more earnest company of young people. It was an inspiration to stand before them, and look into their faces. Many of those who had not accepted Christ would sit down and talk the matter over soberly and quietly, in a way that was truly refreshing. Believers were encouraged and built up, and a goodly number found the Saviour for the first time.

Twenty of the youth and young people were baptized, and several who were not prepared to go forward in baptism gave evidence of a thorough conversion. Two of these were young ladies who are connected with our sanitarium at Spokane. Three others had not openly accepted the Sabbath faith before coming to the camp-ground.

In all the instruction, the thought was made prominent that the blessing of God is given for service, and that service must begin *right where we are*. Our social meetings were one voice of praise from first to last. B. L. HOWE.

COLPORTEUR WAGON WORK

AMONG many methods of reaching the people with Bible truth, the work of the colporteur wagon is a promising one for many who are doing less than they ought, and wish, to do. It saves costly bills for board, bed, carfare, etc., and the worker can go where he will.

By adding instrumental music and a pulpit platform, a crowd can be gathered and held in any populous place to hear the message. Charts,

Bible texts, maps, etc., can be displayed outside the wagon, and a vivid and direct appeal thus be made. One brother has sold tracts, the *Signs of the Times*, *Good Health*, and other publications, on the streets of Denver, Colo., on Sundays with good success. His sales have run from \$5.50 to \$120 a trip; while at the same time he was preaching the word to crowds of from one hundred to three hundred at from three to six different places along leading streets.

Why can not companies of young people associate themselves with a teaching laborer, and thus fulfill Luke 14:21: "Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind?"

Yours for the world-wide message,

LLOYD J. CALDWELL.



THE FIRST MIRACULOUS DRAFT OF FISHES

II

For a Draft.—The Lord never bids his servants bear useless burdens. He never sends us to a needless task. He first told the disciples to "launch out into the deep," and then to let down their nets for a draft. When the Master says, "Go, work to-day in my vineyard," you may be sure there is work for you to do. When he says: "Go yonder, let down your nets," it is because his infinite eye has there beheld a soul in peril, and he would send you to the rescue. He never commands us to let down the net except "for a draft." The soul that is led by God will not be directed to do useless work.

Toiled All Night, and Taken Nothing.—When the Lord is providentially leading us out to do a great work, to catch a net full of fish, there may be little difference between the appearance of our present circumstances and surroundings, and those which figured in our last defeat. It was in these same waters that the disciples had toiled all night, and caught nothing; but now they were about to witness the miraculous draft. The Master knows where the fish are. We can see but a short distance below the surface. Nevertheless, we let down the net at his word, and trust him to do the rest. We may have taken nothing without Christ; but working *with* him, we shall not lower salvation's net in vain.

Nevertheless at Thy Word.—The disciples had toiled all night, and taken nothing; yet Peter said, "Nevertheless at thy word I will let down the net." This should be the attitude of every true follower of Christ,—ever listening for the word, and acting when it comes. Night was the most favorable time for fishing, but they had failed; nevertheless now, in obedience to the Saviour, and against every appearance, they let down the net.

Peter could have had no greater incentive for casting in the net than the simple fact that the Lord had spoken. The word of God is all-powerful. It was by his word that worlds were created, and by his word they are upheld. Sometimes as we toil all night with sinners and wanderers, the dawn of another day finds us well-nigh disheartened and discouraged; but we must look up, we must not faint. If Jesus has said, "Cast in the net," let us leave the results with him. His word has in it that divine power which guarantees success when we yield obedience. The word was spoken to Peter personally; it demanded his personal obedience. He did not

linger. He did not recount the useless struggles of the night just past; he did not repeat that they had accomplished nothing; he simply obeyed the Master's word. He cast in the net, and success rewarded his obedience. When we have toiled long and faithfully, it would seem without success, let us not cast about to find some new way of "catching" men; but at his word cast in the net again.

I Will Let Down the Net.—It is not enough to hear the Master's word, or to profess to obey it; we must yield immediate, actual, and *exact* obedience. Christ had said, "Let down the net;" the word was spoken to Peter, and notwithstanding the remembrance of his night of fruitless toil, Peter says, "Nevertheless at thy word I will let down the net." Oh, that we might learn always to do just as the Master commands, just as he directs! We never reap before we sow; and so on this occasion the disciples did not secure the miraculous draft of fishes until they willingly and exactly carried out the Master's directions.

They Inclosed a Great Multitude of Fishes.—Note carefully that the multitude of fish did not enter the net until the disciples had obeyed the Master's command, "Let down your nets for a draft." It is not enough merely to launch out,—enter the Lord's work; and to let down the nets,—put forth direct efforts for souls. We must do all this *in faith*; that is, "*for a draft.*" We must not expect to succeed as fishers of men unless we work in faith, expecting to see souls saved; and go about it in harmony with the Master's directions, never doubting that our efforts will accomplish that which will please him.

And Their Nets Brake.—The net broke,—a suggestion that we are not to glorify the net, or show off the means, methods, or occasions which the Lord may choose to use at our hands in the work of saving souls. They are of no real value in themselves. It is the *word* upon which we are to let down the net, that is to be glorified,—not us, nor any of the means or methods we may use. The Christian worker is often compelled to witness what appears to be a breaking of the net. Difficulties, obstacles, and even misunderstandings among his fellow workers, cause things to appear as if the nets were breaking; but let the sincere worker for God and humanity rest secure upon the fact that the work is the Lord's, and that it is his word that has given the command to launch out into the deep.

W. S. SADLER.

(To be continued.)

JUDGE NOT

JUDGE not; the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see.
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure sight may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight,
May be a token that, below,
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some infernal, fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face.

The fall thou darest to despise,—
Perhaps the angel's slackened hand
Has suffered it, that he may rise,
And take a firmer, surer stand;
Or, trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

Then judge none lost; but wait and see,
With hopeful pity, not disdain:
The depth of that abyss may be
The measure of the height of praise
And love and glory that may raise
The soul to God in after days!

—Adelaide A. Procter.



HIS COMPANIONS

I know a happy little child,
His years scarce number eight,
Who has no one to play with him,
Not even one small mate.

You'd think he would be lonely?
Ah, that's the strangest part;
Day after day this little boy
Lives close to nature's heart.

He goes into the wind-swept fields,
While yet 'tis early morn,
And wades waist-deep in grass, to say
"Good morning" to the corn.

He fancies that the waving heads
All bow with courteous charm,
And thinks each leaf the breezes sway
A friendly, beckoning arm.

The smiling sunflowers by the fence
Look down with faces gay,
And so he gives them smile for smile,
A hundred times a day.

He's learned in all the mysteries
The maple trees unfold;
They talk to him all summer long,
Till green leaves turn to gold.

He knows and loves the pretty
flowers
That bloom beneath his feet;
And e'en the stars look down on him
In benediction sweet.

He's safe in such companionship,
And wiser grows each hour;
For God himself is teaching him,
Through star and tree and flower.

VIOLA E. SMITH.

THE "LUCK FLOWER"

An Allegory

ONCE there was a poor man (so the story runs) who was wandering all alone upon the side of a rugged mountain, when he came to a tiny, trickling stream, flowing from the rocks. He followed its course, and it led him into a wooded glen, where the fresh green grass was growing. On the banks of the stream he found a tiny blue flower. It was so long since he had seen a flower, that he eagerly picked it, and tied it to the head of his staff.

Just as he turned to go on his way, he saw an opening in the rock, which led him into a large cave filled with gold and silver and jewels and precious stones. He threw down the "luck flower" that had brought him this good fortune, and filled his pockets and his arms with all that he could carry of the treasure that he had found.

But as he was leaving the cave, he heard a sweet voice crying, "Forget-me-not! Forget-me-not!" However, he paid no heed to it; for he could not take the flower with him without leaving some of the treasure behind, so he hastened out of the cave without it. As he did so, the door closed behind him with a crash, and immediately he found himself again on the dreary mountain-side. The treasure that

he had collected vanished, and not even his staff with the "luck-flower" on it remained to him.

He sought in vain for the "luck-flower" that had gained him an entrance to the cave, but he never succeeded in finding it again.

You will, I think, see the meaning of this little fable without any explanation. The stream whose course he followed shows how God guided the poor man, in his want and loneliness, to the place where he would find an abundance.

Then the finding of the "luck-flower," as he called it, which gave him entrance to the cave, showed how God opened the way for him to get wealth. Did you ever hear any one talk about "luck" or "chance"? Did you ever think, yourself, when any good fortune came to you, that it was "a piece of good luck"? There is no such thing. All things are ordered for us, and every good thing comes to us from God.

Then when he forgot his benefactor in his eager, greedy grasping after the treasure it had brought him, he was an example of what so many do,—forget God, and leave him altogether out of their reckoning, in seeking to fill their hands with the riches that he himself has bestowed. Take care, dear children, that you are

not so taken up with the good things God has given you, that you forget the Giver of "every good and perfect gift."

Many think that it is all their own skill and wisdom that bring their good fortune, and to such God says: "Beware that thou forget not the Lord thy God, . . . lest when thou hast eaten, and art full; and hast built goodly houses, and dwelt therein; and when thy herds and thy flocks multiply, and thy silver and thy gold is multiplied; . . . then thine heart be lifted up, and thou forget the Lord thy God; . . . and thou say in thine heart, My power and the might of mine hand hath gotten me this wealth. But thou shalt remember the Lord thy God: for it is he that giveth thee power to get wealth."

From all his works his sweet voice cries to us continually, "Forget me not! Remember me, the Giver of every good and perfect gift; for my hand made all things." It is for our sakes that he thus calls to us; for he knows what must be the end if we do forget him. We shall at last find ourselves shut out from his presence, with all the things that we have allowed to take his place faded from our grasp. We shall be left empty-handed, like the poor man on the bleak mountain-side.



HE FANCIES THAT THE WAVING HEADS ALL BOW WITH COURTEOUS CHARM

How much better it is to remember God, and love him, even though we have no earthly treasure, than to have all the riches of earth, and forget the source from which all our blessings come!

EDITH E. ADAMS.

THE CRICKET'S SONG

WHAT's the song the crickets sing —
Summer, autumn, winter, spring?

When I take my little broom
And go dusting through the room —
"Sweep! sweep! sweep! sweep!"

When I go to bed at night,
Then I hear them, out of sight,
"Sleep! sleep! sleep! sleep!"

When I waken every day,
If it's sunny, then they say,
"Peep! peep! peep! peep!"

But they feel as bad as I
When it rains; for then they cry,
"Weep! weep! weep! weep!"

—Selected.



THE GREAT NORTHERN SHRIKE

Of the great family *Laniidae*, the shrikes, of the order *Passeres*, we have in America only two species, the great northern shrike, *Lanius borealis*, and the loggerhead shrike. The name of the great northern shrike is much more than a mouthful, and is all out of proportion to the size and importance of the bird.

There are two hundred species of shrikes altogether, nearly all of them being confined to the Old World. When one comes to know fully the characteristics of the creatures, he feels that the birds would not have been out of place if they had been classed in the order *Raptores*, because they possess the distinguishing traits of the bird of prey. The shrikes, however, do not have talons, and they are singers of no mean order,—facts which perhaps disqualify them for association with their larger rapacious brethren.

The great northern shrike, more commonly called butcher-bird, comes from northern British-American territory to the latitude of Chicago in the fall, and stays through the winter, when it leaves for the vicinity of Fort Anderson in the crown territories, to build its nest. This is placed in a low tree or bush, and is composed of twigs and grasses. The eggs number four or five. During the winter the shrike's food consists almost entirely of small birds, with an occasional mouse to add variety. In the summer its diet is made up chiefly of the larger insects, though at times a small snake is caught and eaten with apparent relish.

The great northern shrike has the habit of impaling the bodies of its victims upon thorns, or of hanging them by the neck in the crotch of two small limbs. The bird has a peculiar flight, hard to describe, but which, when seen a few times, impresses itself so upon the memory that it can never afterward be mistaken, even when seen at a long distance. Its favorite perch is the very tiptop of a tree, from which it can survey the surrounding country, and mark out its victims with its keen eye. In taking its perch, the shrike flies until one gets the impression that it is to light in the very heart of the tree. Then it suddenly changes direction, and shoots upward almost perpendicularly to its favorite watch-tower.

One has to have something of the savage in

him to enjoy thoroughly the study of the shrike. As a matter of fact, the close daily observance of the bird involves some little sacrifice for the person whose nature is tempered with mercy. The shrike is essentially cruel. It is a butcher, pure and simple, and a butcher that knows no merciful methods in plying its trade. More than this, the shrike is the most arrant hypocrite in the whole bird calendar. Its appearance as it sits apparently sunning itself, but in reality keeping sharp lookout for prey, is the perfect counterfeit of innocence.

My own observations of the shrike have been limited to Chicago, and to the fields immediately beyond its walls. For those unfamiliar with the subject it may be best to say that in the winter the shrike is abundant in the parks of the great, smoky city by the lake, and not infrequently it invades the pulsing business heart of the town. No one ever saw the placidity of the shrike disturbed in the least. It will perch on the top of a small tree, and never move so much as a feather, barring its tail, which is in well-nigh constant motion, when the clanging electric cars rush by, or when the passing wagons shake its perch to the foundation.

As far as my own observation goes, the great northern shrike in winter does not put very much food in cold storage. I have never seen many victims of the bird's rapacity impaled upon thorns. Perhaps I should qualify this statement a bit by saying that I have never seen many victims hanging up in one place. I have watched carefully something like a score of the birds, and while every one occasionally hung up one of its victims, there was nothing approaching the "general storehouse" of food so often described. It is my belief that this habit of impaling its prey upon thorns, or of hanging it by the neck in a crotch, is one that is confined largely to the summer season, and especially to the nesting period.

Every morning during February, 1898, a shrike came to a tree directly in front of my window on Pearson street, in Chicago. The locality abounded in sparrows, and it was for that reason the shrike was such a constant visitor. The bird paid no attention to the faces at the window, and made its excursions for victims in plain view. The shrike is not the most skilled hunter in the world. About three out of four of its quests are bootless; but as it makes many of them, it never lacks for a meal. The Pearson street shrike one day rounded the corner of the building on its way to its favorite perch, and encountering a sparrow midway, struck it down in full flight. The shrike carried its struggling victim to the usual tree. There it drilled a hole in the sparrow's skull, and then allowed the suffering, quivering creature to fall toward the ground. The butcher followed with a swoop much like that of a hawk, and, catching its prey once more, bore it aloft, and then dropped it again, as it seemed for the very enjoyment of witnessing suffering. Finally, when the sparrow had fallen for the third time, it reached the ground before the shrike could reseize it. The victim had strength enough to flutter into a small hole in a snow bank, where it was hidden from sight. The shrike made no attempt to recapture the sparrow. It seemingly was a pure case of "out of sight, out of mind." In a few moments it flew away in search of another victim. The sparrow was picked up from the snow bank and put out of its misery, for it was still living. There was a hole in its skull as round as if it had been punched with a conductor's ticket clip.

It has been my experience that the great northern shrike hunts most successfully when he, so to speak, flies down his prey. If he gets a small bird well started out into the open, and with cover at a long distance ahead, the shrike

generally manages to overtake and overpower his victim. If the quarry, however, is sought in the underbrush or in the close-twined branches of the tree-top, it generally succeeds in eluding the butcher. One of the most interesting incidents of all my bird observations was that of the attempted capture by a great northern shrike of a small brown creeper. The scene of the action was near the south end of the Lincoln Park lagoon in Chicago. The creeper was nimbly climbing a tree-bole, industriously picking out insects, as is his custom, when a shrike dropped down after him from its high perch on a tree which stood close, and overshadowed the one from whose bark the creeper was gleaning its breakfast.

The shrike was seen coming. The creeper, for the fraction of a second, flattened itself, and clung convulsively to the tree trunk. Then, recovering, it darted to the other side of the bole, while the shrike brought up abruptly and clumsily just at the spot where the creeper had been. The discomfited bird went back to its perch. The creeper rounded the tree once more, and down went the shrike. The tactics of a moment before were repeated, the shrike going back to its perch chagrined and empty-clawed. Five times it made the attempt to capture the creeper, and every time the little bird eluded its enemy by a quick retreat. It was a veritable game of hide and seek, amusing and interesting for the spectator, but to the birds a game of life and death. Life won. I have always believed that the creeper thought out the problem of escape for itself. The last time the shrike went back to its perch, the creeper did not show round the trunk again, but instead flew away, keeping the bole of the tree between itself and its foe. It reached a place of safety unseen. The shrike watched for the quarry to reappear. In a few moments it grew impatient, and flew down and completely circled the tree. Then, seemingly knowing that it had been fooled, it left the place in disgust.

Of the boldness of the great northern shrike there can be no question. It allows man to approach within a few feet, and looks him in the eye with a certain haughty defiance, showing no trace of nervousness, save the flitting of its tail, which is a characteristic of the bird, and in no way attributable to fear or uneasiness. One morning early in March, when the migration had just started, I saw two shrikes on the grass in the very center of the ball ground at the south end of Lincoln Park. They were engaged in a pitched battle, and the feathers literally flew. I looked at them through a powerful field-glass, and saw a small, dark object on the grass at the very point of their fighting. Then I knew that the battle was being waged for the possession of an unfortunate bird victim. Being anxious to find out what the dead bird was, I walked rapidly toward the combatants. They paid no heed to me until I was within twenty feet of the scene of their encounter. Then they flew away. I kept my eyes on the ruffled body of the little victim lying on the grass, and, walking toward it, stooped over to pick it up. At that instant, as quick as the passing of light, one of the shrikes darted under my hand, seized the quarry, and made off with it,—an exhibition of boldness that did not fail to win admiration.

I once saw a goldfinch in winter plumage escape a great northern shrike by taking a flight directly at the zenith. The shrike followed the dainty little titbit far up, until the larger bird was only a speck, and the little one had disappeared entirely. The shrike apparently could neither stand the pace nor the altitude, and the watchers, with whom the goldfinch was the favorite in the race, rejoiced with the winner.—Edward Brayton Clark, in *Birds and Nature*.

CULTIVATE a discreet deafness.



THE TWENTY-THREE HUNDRED DAYS

(July 27)

MEMORY VERSE.—Dan. 9:23.

1. When the angel again came to explain "the vision" to Daniel, with what words did he begin? Dan. 9:24; note 1.
2. What is the meaning of "determined"? Note 2.
3. Into how many periods are the twenty-three hundred days, or years, divided? Dan. 9:25, 27; note 3.
4. When did the period of seven weeks (or forty-nine years) begin? Dan. 9:25, first part.
5. To whom was this commandment given? When did it "go forth"? Ezra 7:11; note 4.
6. To what event would the "seven weeks, and threescore and two weeks" reach? Dan. 9:25; note 5.
7. Who was the Messiah? When did he come? John 1:41; note 6.
8. When the Messiah came, what would he do? Dan. 9:27, first part.
9. In what way did Jesus fulfill this prophecy? Mark 1:14, 15.
10. What did the angel say would occur in the midst of the week? Dan. 9:26, first part; 27.
11. How could it be true that Jesus would "confirm the covenant"—preach the gospel—for one week, and yet be "cut off"—crucified—in the middle of the week? Note 7.
12. In what year was Jesus crucified? At what time of the year? Note 8.
13. Three and one-half years later—at the end of the seventy weeks—what took place? Note 9.
14. At the close of the seventy weeks, how many of the twenty-three hundred years still remained? Note 10.
15. In what year, then, would the twenty-three hundred years come to an end?
16. At their close, what had the angel said would take place? Dan. 8:14.

NOTES

1. There was but one part of the vision that the angel had not previously explained; that was the twenty-three hundred days, or the *time* part. The first thing, therefore, which he mentions, as he again takes up the vision to make it plain, is *time*. This shows that "the vision" which the angel mentions (Dan. 9:23) is the same vision as that of chapter 8.

2. "Determined" signifies "to cut off." To say that "seventy weeks are determined," is but to say that seventy weeks are cut off. If the seventy weeks were cut off, and they were, they must have been *cut off from some other period of time*, or from the twenty-three hundred days, which the angel mentioned when he first gave Daniel the vision. And we may know, too, that when the seventy weeks were cut off, they were cut off from the *first part* of the twenty-three hundred days, just as, when we purchase cloth, the merchant cuts off our portion from the first part of the bolt, or roll.

3. There are four divisions,—(a) seven weeks; (b) threescore and two weeks; (c) one week; and (d) the remainder, after deducting the first three. To make it plain by figures, we may state it as follows:—

Seven weeks = 49 days
Threescore and two weeks = 434 days
One week = 7 days
Total, 490 days
2300 days — 490 days = 1810 days

The four divisions are, therefore,—49, 434, 7,

and 1810. A *prophetic day* equals a *literal year*. Num. 14:34. The twenty-three hundred days therefore equal twenty-three hundred years. And as the seventy weeks are taken from the first part of the twenty-three hundred days, the beginning of the seven weeks (forty-nine years) is the beginning of the twenty-three hundred days.

4. The "going forth" of the commandment refers to the time when the work of building actually began, which was in the fall of 457 B. C. The date 457 B. C. is found in the margin of Ezra 7, and is undoubtedly correct. From 457 B. C. is the time to reckon the beginning of the twenty-three hundred years; for at that time the commandment was given to Ezra.

5. The sixty-nine weeks were to reach to the Messiah. The Lord has stated it very plainly, that no one may misunderstand. Seven weeks were to be spent in the building of Jerusalem, and history says that this was just the time taken. Sixty-two weeks later Messiah was to come. This, too, was exactly fulfilled. It was just four hundred and eighty-three years from the time that Ezra began to build Jerusalem to the time when Messiah came.

6. The word "Messiah" means "the Christ" (John 1:41); and the margin reads, "the Anointed." Jesus, when baptized in the Jordan, was anointed with the Holy Ghost (Matt. 3:16; Acts 10:38), and at that time began his work of preaching the kingdom of God, of saving his people. The sixty-nine weeks, therefore, were to reach to his baptism. By looking at the margin of Luke 3:21, 22, we find that the date of his baptism was A. D. 27. The twenty-three hundred years began in the fall of the year; therefore the close of the first sixty-nine weeks was in the fall of A. D. 27.

7. Jesus himself worked for his people, the Jews, only three and one-half years; but he continued to work for them, by his apostles, another three and one-half years,—seven years in all.

8. Jesus was baptized in the fall of A. D. 27. He worked for his people three and one-half years. By adding the three and one-half years to A. D. 27, we are brought to the spring of A. D. 31, and to the time of the feast of the passover. Nearly all know that Jesus was crucified at the time of the passover. See John 18:28.

9. Three and one-half years after Jesus was crucified, in the fall of A. D. 34, and when the seventy weeks ended, the Jewish people entirely rejected the gospel of Jesus Christ, and so the apostles said to them the words written in Acts 13:46. The four hundred and ninety years given to the Jewish people ended in the fall of A. D. 34. At that time the apostles turned to the Gentiles.

10. We have already seen that after the seventy weeks ended, there would still be 1810 years remaining. Adding 1810 years to the fall of A. D. 34, we are brought to the fall of 1844. At that time the cleansing of the sanctuary in heaven began.

WHAT a shadow is cast over our lives and homes by bad tempers. How may those afflicted with ill temper be delivered? The apostle says, "Laying aside all malice." That "laying aside" is a remarkable expression; for it means that the thing may be done by one sudden, definite act. We are not to wait till these evil things die down in our hearts, but are to make up our minds, once and forever, to lay them aside, as a beggar his rags when new clothes are offered to him. It is a definite act of the will. Will you make it now? Will you say, "From this moment I choose to be free from these things, and I deliberately put them off"? But you fear this will not help you, you have so often made good resolutions before, and broken them. Then take one further step. Trust Christ to keep you. Say, "Lord, I have often tried to keep my temper, and failed, but

henceforth I trust its keeping to thee." Every morning look up into his face, and say "I am still trusting thee to come between me and my evil past, and to fill me with thine own sweetness, gentleness, and patience." In moments of provocation, dare to trust him still. Live thus, and you will be known for the very opposite temper to that which has so often caused you poignant regret.—F. B. Meyer.

JUST A LITTLE SONG

Just a little song, dear,
When the heart is gay;
Just a lilting measure
In the lonesome day;
Just a thread of melody
On the weary way.

Just a little song, dear,
When the burden binds;
Just a snatch of music
When the toiler finds
Life a little wearing,
And the day's work grinds.

—Collier's Weekly.

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No. 5, International Express..... 2.17 A. M.
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SUNNY HEART

WHAT becomes of Sunny Heart
When the skies are gray?
Where, indeed, is Sunny Heart,
When the sun's away?
'Neath a bright sky all his own
Sunny Heart is not alone.

Keep along with Sunny Heart,
Make the dark days bright;
Lead the way with Sunny Heart,
Morning, noon, and night.
Count, like Sunny Heart, each mile
With a kindly word and smile.
FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

"OVERLOADED VESSEL SINKS"

SUCH was the glaring headline in a daily paper. Sometimes a ship does not have sufficient load, and then it goes bumping along, at the mercy of every wave. It is in almost as great danger as the too heavily loaded vessel, and gives great discomfort to those who may be compelled to journey in it.

Both extremes are to be avoided—in ships and in other things. Think how many overworked mothers and fathers are overloaded these summer days, while their thoughtless sons and daughters are almost free from the responsibilities and burdens it should be their pleasure to share. Sometimes, alas, some overloaded human vessel sinks: the strain is too severe. Then those who have shirked their share of the load wake up to find that they must take it upon inexperienced shoulders, and, worse still, that they must bear with it the additional burden of a lifelong regret.

Look out for mother these days. If it is warm for you in the shade, where you have taken a book or some light work, how do you think it is for her in the hot kitchen, whose very breath in passing causes you to gasp? Oh, do not think she is "used to it,"—that she "does not mind"! Get her to put on a thin dress, and sit in the shade, while you prepare the meals, or wash the dishes, or do the ironing. You will see very soon how much she will appreciate your thoughtfulness, and by that you may know how much she has "minded" the long, overheated hours in the kitchen.

And father—in the field or at his daily work—do not add a straw to his burdens and anxieties by needless or heedless requests and demands. Instead, be ready to meet him with the cooling drink he likes best, see that he has the comforts that will refresh him after his long day's work, and in every way try to lighten the necessary things to be done that would eat up his short hour or two of rest. He will appreciate it, never fear.

And if the burdens are thus equally divided and adjusted, there will be less danger of any one giving out under the strain, even if all have to work hard.

A GIRL'S BATTLE

JULIA VINCENT was employed in one of the great cotton factories of Lawrence. She had been there since she was a mere child of a dozen years; and at sixteen the discouraging fact stared her in the face, as it did hundreds of others, that it was impossible to earn more than a dollar a day in busy times, to say nothing of the weeks when the mill was practically at a standstill.

A shopmate relieved the monotony of work by reading from a novel, which she contrived to keep open before her as she worked at the spindle. The thought occurred to Julia that she

could improve her mind while at work by studying from an open book. She knew that it could do her no harm, and it was possible that the open book would prove the door to a more congenial and better-paid position. The mill girl determined to make the effort.

She knew little or nothing of the branches taught in the grammar school; and it was at the bottom of the ladder that she began her self-education. An arithmetic was the first book that she purchased, and immediately she began to dig out the simple problems, difficult enough for her.

The foreman smiled as he passed, seeing the open book before her. "Can't you keep track of your surplus wealth?" he asked.

"I haven't been able to discover a surplus yet," the girl replied, looking up. "I thought that perhaps the arithmetic would show me where to look for it."

"So it will," said the foreman, smiling; "stick to your books, and they will show you the way to a better position." It was only a passing word, but somehow it encouraged the girl wonderfully, and she did not forget it, though years passed.

The girls at the mill found much merriment at the expense of the girl who had made up her mind to rise above her surroundings, but she gave little thought to their taunts; her mind was in other fields.

The days lengthened into weeks, and weeks into months, and the mill girl persisted in her resolve. Evenings and holidays were the golden opportunities for study which she most carefully improved. To arithmetic she added other branches, and the results soon became apparent. Copies of the examinations held in the public schools of the city were secured, and she found that to pass them was little more than pastime.

A party was to be held by the employees of the mill; there were few of the girls who would not attend. Preparations had been going on for weeks; many of the girls who were working for almost starvation wages had managed to set aside a little sum with which to purchase a tasty dress, or make over an old one. For once, the girl who had denied herself almost every pleasure, that she might study, decided to have a part in the coming festivities. She contrived to lay aside ten dollars with which to make and purchase a new dress; no extravagant amount, to be sure, but sufficient for a dress which would please the quiet mill girl.

One evening it dawned upon the girl that she was sorely in need of a tutor's assistance. She had come to a point where help seemed imperative; there were problems in the algebra which she was unable to solve, passages in the first year's Latin which she could not translate. It came to her with almost overwhelming force, that either the studies or the new dress must wait.

It was a girl's battle that was to be fought in the little room of one of the corporation houses,—a struggle between a girl's longing for pleasure and a girl's desire to see the ambition of her life a reality. It was a girl's battle, marked by a girl's tears; but it was sound sense that won, and when at last the conflict was over, she was no longer a girl, but a woman.

The ball was held, and Julia did not attend; but the problems and Latin translations were successfully disposed of, and though some of the girls sneered, she was content.

Six years passed, and the girl who had clung through thick and thin to her books, was ready to attempt the normal school examinations. Wages at the mill had not increased during that time, and the dress she wore was an old one, ill-fitting, and of cheap material, but that did not seriously annoy her. Several of the young ladies who were seated near her, curled the lip and smiled, and the laugh went round, but that was merely a passing trifle. The mill girl's time to laugh came later in the day, though she did not avail herself of it.

An hour passed, and nothing was heard save the scratching of pens. Not a few who had smiled at first began to look worried; they looked at the examination papers and then at one another. It was apparent that they were not at ease.

Meanwhile the mill girl's pen was busily at work; page after page was being filled, punctuated with few pauses. Those years had not been spent in vain; there was a fund of knowledge at her disposal which was ample, and long before the allotted time had expired, her paper was handed in. Other examinations followed in order, and were successfully passed. No one now thought of remarking the plain dress; many would gladly have changed places with her, could they have felt as secure as to the future.

One morning Julia Vincent received a letter from the principal of the normal school, informing her that there was a position at her disposal,—a little school among the Vermont hills. For an hour the young woman, who had denied herself almost every luxury that she might win, held the letter tightly in her trembling hands—the happiest hour of her life. It was then that she realized that the books had led the way to a more desirable position.

At the mill no one was more pleased than the foreman who had encouraged her at the start; and as she parted with the mill operatives with whom she had worked, there were those who heartily wished that they had followed her example. Some called it luck; they said that Julia was always lucky. They didn't call her lucky when she had remained away from the party four years before; they called her mean in those days. Well, if she was lucky, many of those who envied her lot might have been lucky, too; it was merely a question of self-denial and perseverance.

A year passed, and the young schoolmistress filled her position so satisfactorily that a better position was offered her in the same town. The knowledge of her ability as a teacher, however, was not confined to that township; her career had been watched with interest by the faculty of the normal school. A choice position was awaiting the right person in one of the large city schools; Julia Vincent's name was mentioned. The recommendation was sufficient, and the place was assured.

Such is the story of the Lawrence mill girl. Sound sense and perseverance were the factors which wrought such changes in her life,—qualities which will turn failure into victory as surely as the rising sun brings daylight.—*Frederick E. Burnham, in the Well Spring.*

TRUTH is a link that acts as a swivel in the golden chain of life. It keeps the chain from becoming tangled, regardless of the way it is interwoven, and always serves the same purpose, and has the same appearance, no matter how many times it has been turned.—*Our Boys' Magazine.*

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