

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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UNDER THE APPLE TREES

UNDER the apple trees in front of my home is a row of white houses. In each house are thousands of beings, little, to be sure, and, to those who do not know them, scarce worthy of regard. They are sometimes misjudged and even insulted by persons unacquainted with them. To those who love them, they are among the most wonderful of all created things. Whole books could be written of them, and still something would be left unsaid. To write the biography of a single honey bee is to write that of millions of the same family. And were one in writing to make a single misstatement, these millions, in a wordless protest, would correct the error.

In the soft spring air, when the buds on the apple trees are breaking their hearts with delight, these people in my row of white houses send their doorkeepers to peep out. I smile into their small, intelligent faces, and say, "Welcome to the best we have; for the best has come." From this time on, and all through the long summer, they are my friends, my daily companions, my nearest neighbors, creatures whom our dear God thinks about. They are everywhere upon tree and flower and spilled sweetness, singing as they go. I have many times picked a bee from the city pavement, where she had fallen exhausted from a long flight, and taken her to a safe resting-place, lest she be trod upon. Footsteps of passers-by are so heavy and careless, unless the brain which is above the feet takes notice.

The honey bee, like every other created thing, be it animate life or plant, has once a —

BABYHOOD

The doorkeepers, peeping out at the spring, return to their comrades, and say, "It is time to be at work." They know this by instinct, not by experience, for they have never seen a spring before. Born in late autumn, by a forethought of Mother Nature, that they might survive the winter unworn by toil, they proceed joyously to their tasks. The empty combs, made on purpose of the right size for the baby bees to grow in, are carefully looked over and made clean. In one of the wax cells, or cradles, a tiny egg is placed. It is one of thousands, but we will leave the rest, and watch just one.

The egg is no larger than the point of a girl's hat-pin, but it grows. In a few days it becomes a little white maggot, or worm. It has a large mouth, like a baby bird, and is very hungry. It is fed constantly with bee-bread from the lips of a nurse bee. In a little while it has filled the cell with its soft white body. And then it requires to be fed no longer. The old nurse looks at it, and seems to say, "Poor little dear, you are sleepy!" Then she spreads a coverlet of

some suitable stuff which she makes on purpose, and which has never been used before, all over the top of the cell, and the baby is tucked in. No one can see it, so securely is it housed, but the nurse bee listens. She hears a sound. By it she knows that the little creature of her care is all right, and she goes away to look after the other babies.

Baby Bee, left to itself in the dark, although but four days old, begins to work. It begins life by spinning a soft, silken thread, which it weaves into a blanket, in which it wraps itself. It must do this for itself, for no nurse could possibly create so delicate a web. It is now a chrysalis.

In about three weeks from the time the egg was placed in the cell, if one is on good terms with the bees, and will lift the house roof to look

to adjust her dress. There are too many helpless maggot babies in the nursery to spare a nurse for Miss Apis. She must wait upon herself, and begin her busy life in real earnest. She stretches her wings and her limbs to make herself as full-grown as possible, and they expand in drying, seeming to increase in size. All about her, hundreds of nurse bees are fanning the air with their wings, and this helps in the drying. The hard work of putting herself in order makes her hungry, and she helps herself to honey from an uncovered jar, left in her way on purpose. The honey makes her strong. "Eat as much as you like," say the nurse bees, "and then come and help us at the nursing."

And this last is the first duty of little Miss Apis. She is not quite accustomed to herself, nor is she wise enough to go out into the honey



THE HOME OF LITTLE MISS APIS

in, one will see the top of the cell, or the waxen coverlet, break gently. Then a tiny face peeps through the opening. If one is accustomed to the look of bees, one will notice that this is a baby face in its expression. It has the innocent, wondering look of many infantile beings, such as birdlings and young animals. It turns about and looks around, seeming to take in its new situation with wonder. Then it puts two hands on the broken rim of the cell, and lifts itself. Little by little one may see it emerge from its cradle until it stands on the comb outside.

LITTLE MISS APIS

She is pale-yellow in color, if of Italian stock, but she is a perfect bee. She is wet, and her wings are in folds, like the wings of a newborn butterfly. She hastens to dry herself, and

world. She must remain for a time in the home, and make herself useful in the nursery, just as little sisters take care of their baby brothers and sisters in the human world. She goes to the bee-bread boxes, and brings food, and puts it in the large mouths of the little infant maggots, just as she herself was fed but a short time ago. As she works, she learns, and the pale color of her body takes on the deeper brown of the mature bee,—the brown with the golden bands. She belongs to a royal household, and wears its insignia of dress. She gradually loses her childish look, and longs to do what she sees the old workers doing. She smells the breath of the flowers, when she follows the old bees to the door, and sees them bring back the nectar and the pollen. She spreads her wings, and tests them on the threshold. Then she flies.

A BUSY WORKER

Every morning she goes out to her labors. She hums at her work or on the wing as if life were a delight to her. She clings with her dainty feet to the cups of the flowers, and sips the nectar from their pockets. She carries always with her a long-handled dipper, which we call her proboscis, that she may reach into the heart of sweetness. She tells many a human wanderer, by the way, which of the plants he may touch. She puts the nectar in her pouch, or honey-bag, and takes it home with her. Sometimes her load is heavy, and she falls by the way. But she is soon up and flying again.

Arrived in the house, she seeks an empty cell, and deposits her harvest. When she has filled the entire cell, or jar, by many excursions to the honey fields, she does not close it over, or put the cover on the jar of preserves, until the nectar has "ripened," or turned to a nutritious thickness.

Sometimes, if one watches at the bee-house door, one will see her come home with balls of yellow or white or red pollen on her thighs, upon which are baskets for that very purpose. She has dived into the deeper flowers, and covered herself all over with the powder with which the blossoms are wont to dust themselves in making their toilet. It adheres to the fringed hairs which thickly cover her like down; and she is very careful of the precious stuff; for well she knows it is needed for baby food. She packs every particle into her baskets. Once in the nursery, other bees help her to pull it out of the baskets, knead it into paste, and put it into the wax pots, just as any woman kneads her bread, and puts it in the pans.

At another time she brings home a sort of glue called "propolis," which she collects to seal the cracks of the hive, and to cover all over the underside of the roof, to keep the house warm and dry. This glue is resinous and dark of color, and is not used for food. Many a time in a storm I have gently tested the cover of the hive to be sure that the roof can not blow off. The bees have anticipated the weather, and glued the roof to the walls.

One can see this woman bee inserting her dipper into the torn rents of such fruit as the kind birds have made an opening in. She could not possibly make an aperture for herself, for her proboscis is delicate, and unsuited to boring. Foolish persons who meet her in the fields or on the road she is traversing run away from her, and scream that she will "sting." They do not know that the honey bee never stings away from home unless she is pinched. She will let you smell of the flower from which she is gathering sweets, and sing you a hymn while you admire her. She stings only in defense of home and family, and stores which she has gathered with so much labor.

House-cleaning occupies a great part of this busy worker's life. Her house is always clean, whether it be found in a decayed tree stump or in a choice hive made by the carpenter. No untidy thing is permitted to lie about on the floor, or in the nursery, or on the walls. She is neat in dress and habit, as any one can see who watches her at her toilet. When it is cold, the bees keep a constant fanning with their wings to warm the brood, which is so delicate that a few seconds of exposure to the outside air would destroy it. When it is warm, they keep on fanning to make the air comfortably cool. One can hear this fanning by placing the ear close to the hive. Always it is kept at an even temperature; for it is really an incubator. It is with the bees as with some people, who "blow their tea to cool it," and "blow their hands to warm them."

So all day long and all night long our dear bee works, never resting, toiling not for herself but

for others, for she seldom partakes of her harvested stores.

WHEN LONG FLIGHTS ARE OVER

Some day in midsummer one can see that the edges of her wings are a little frayed. But still she flies short trips to the honey fields, or, if one places a saucer of sweet at the door, she will go no farther. She often sips water at a puddle or a city trough. One with a kind heart will not frighten her away, but will watch the frail tongue sip the water eagerly, as if she were thirsty, as indeed she is. Without water she could not live.

A few more days, and she can fly no longer. She has literally "worked herself to death." She still goes out to the door, and smells the flowers, but her wings are jagged and broken with her long flights. Her body has lost its gloss of brown and gold, though but two or three short months have passed since she was a baby in the cell cradle, tucked in by an old nurse bee. She still strives to make herself useful among the little ones, but she is slow and "in the way," and the younger bees do not want her. She creeps out to the doorstep for one more whiff of the fragrance she loves, and falls in her attempt to fly.

When the time comes that she is too weak to creep to the door, and is but a cumberer of the ground, then the strong bees, two or three of them, take hold of her, and, pulling her from the door, drop her over the edge of the platform upon which the hive rests. She falls among the grass or in the dust, and the workers go back to their duties, to take their turn at old age and decay not many days hence. In her fall from the house doorstep, our bee may have slipped into a crevasse between foundation boards, and there she lies buried, as I have seen a Kiowa Indian in a natural cleft of his native rock. She is but one of many hundreds in a summer time from the same hive, who ask no favor of any, unless it be a kind thought when the honeycomb is broken at the tea table.—*Elizabeth Grinnell, in Young People's Weekly.*



A SUMMER MORNING

SWEET summer morning, bright and glad!
Refreshed with crystal dew,
All nature, smiling, greets the light;
The earth looks fresh and new.

Bring morning sacrifice to God,
While birds their chorus raise,
And gentle breeze and warbling brook
Are echoing his praise.

Morning amid the trees and flowers!
Sweet breath of Eden passed!
Too swiftly glide the happy hours,
Too bright are they to last.

My soul, awake these lovely morns,
And be attuned to praise;
Thou art redeemed; sing Jesus' love,
In joyful, happy lays.

MRS. P. ALDERMAN.

A LESSON FROM THE RAINBOW

PURE light is absolutely white, and yet it is really a combination of every color with which we are familiar.

The most striking illustration of this, one which will come home with pleasing remembrance to all, is the rainbow. The white light, passing through the raindrops, separates into seven colors,—red, orange, yellow, violet, blue, indigo, and green; or, as some put it, into three primary colors,—red, blue, and orange,—which, in various combinations, make up all others. This same white light shining through a prism—a

three-cornered pencil of glass—upon a white wall in a dark room, separates into the colors of the rainbow, or the prismatic colors.

Sometimes rainbows are formed by the spray of a fountain or hose throwing drops on the side of the observer farthest from the sun.

The same beautiful separation of light is seen in the flowers and all vegetation. A red flower absorbs all the light that comes from the sun except the red rays, which it reflects; the little for-get-me-nots, like the sky, absorb all but the blue; the purple flower absorbs all but the red and the blue, for purple is a combination of red and blue rays. The variegated flowers absorb all the light except that which composes their colors. The white flowers reflect all the light; the black absorb it all.

And so it is with the thousands of different flowers and the variously tinted foliage. God alone can so form these wonderful substances of vegetation as to absorb some colors and reflect others.

These same beauties and glories are caused by cloud and sunshine. Upon the dark storm cloud, which seems to threaten destruction, God writes his bow of promise. Into all lives some rain falls; some clouds form, often black and foreboding. In his wisdom God permits the tears to flow, the black clouds to form, the more manifestly and clearly to reveal his beauty. He is able to change blackness to glory, and to "paint on the cloud his covenant bow."

Believing this, and realizing that all the clouds and sorrows of life have their place, we can more fully appreciate and join in the prayer of Moses: "Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us."

God will reveal in his own way just that excellence of character which pleases him best. In his own life he reveals *all* beauty. He can not reveal *all* in each one of his children, because of our limitations. We are finite, he is infinite; yet he gives to all a share.

He is the one altogether lovely. We can not show all his loveliness, but we may each reflect some of his excellences and virtues; for "ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people; that ye should show forth the praises [excellences, virtues] of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvelous light."

KATHRINA BLOSSOM WILCOX.

INCENSE

By "incense" is meant the aroma, or perfume, arising when certain gums, resins, woods, barks, and flowers, used in religious ceremonies, are ignited. Literally, "incense" and "perfume" are identical in meaning, meaning the aroma given off in the burning of any odoriferous substance; but of late, the definition of the word "perfume" has been widened to include anything sweet in smell, while the word "incense" is restricted almost entirely to the aromatic frankincense, which, because of the ease with which it can be procured in European countries, has come to be the only incense used; hence it is spoken of as the only "true," or "genuine," that is, "franc," incense.

Frankincense, or olibanum, the latter term appearing in ecclesiastical Latin in the tenth century, is a gum resin obtained from certain trees of the genus *Boswellia*. The gum is obtained from the tree by making an incision, somewhat similarly to the tapping of a sugar-maple. It requires about three months for the gum to acquire the necessary consistency. The gathering period lasts from May until the September rains. The large, clear globules are then scraped into baskets, the inferior portion, which has run down the trees, being gathered separately.

W. S. CHAPMAN.



THE OBJECT OF OUR WORK

Not long ago I received a letter from a brother who is very much interested in the young people's work. He stated that in his home church, young people's meetings had been held for several months, and the young people attend regularly, and seem interested. "But," he wrote, "is that all there is to it? It seems as if we really ought to *accomplish something*, but I hardly know what to work to."

What say you, young people,—is the holding of interesting meetings *all* there is to this work? Shall we try to accomplish any definite result? If so, what? The success of your work depends upon your answer to these questions.

Let us study the subject together for a few minutes. Here are two extracts from the Testimonies upon the subject; and although many others might be given, they would be but a repetition in different form of these statements:—

"Young men and young women, can not you form companies, and as soldiers of Christ enlist in the work, putting all your tact and skill and talent into the Master's service, that you may save souls from ruin? Let there be companies organized in every church to do this work. Will the young men and young women who really love Jesus organize themselves as workers, not only for those who profess to be Sabbath-keepers, but for those who are not of our faith?"

"Let young men and women and children go to work in the name of Jesus. Let them unite together upon some plan and order of action. Can not you form a band of workers, and have set times to pray together, and ask the Lord to give you his grace, and put forth united action? You should consult with men who love and fear God, and who have an experience in the work, that, under the movings of the Spirit of God, you may form plans and develop methods by which you can work in earnest and for certain results."

Let us see if we can find in these extracts the answers to the following questions:—

What should be formed in each church?

For what purpose are such companies to be formed?

For whom are those "who really love Jesus" to work?

What are the "set times" appointed for?

Who should be consulted?

What are the "certain results" to be worked for?

Can simply the holding of meetings which are entertaining, or even instructive, accomplish the object set before us?

What else is needed?

I have searched carefully through all the instruction that has been given us upon this subject, but nowhere do I find a single expression that would indicate that any other object should be kept in view than the twofold one revealed here; namely, a deeper work of grace in each heart, and united action in behalf of others.

Then is it not plain to all that every meeting that is held, and every plan that is laid, should serve directly toward the attainment of the object set before us? We shall thus effectually shut out everything that will lower the standard. That which is light and frivolous, or merely entertaining, or simply social in its nature, may appeal to some as being all that is desirable, and those "who really love Jesus" will need

to be on their guard, lest these things come in and mar the work.

The enemy will undertake to defeat this work in two ways: He will hinder some from attempting it at all; and where he can not do this, he will try to pervert the work, and cause it to be carried forward in a way that will bring reproach upon it, and thus discourage all who have any part in it. It is only by following humbly and prayerfully in the path that is marked out for us, that we shall win success, but success is possible for each band of workers. God is calling to our young people. By his Spirit he has said: "Young men and women, God calls upon you to work, work for him. Make an entire change in your course of action. You can do a work that those who minister in word and doctrine can not do."

I wish especially to call attention to the statement that our young people should in this work seek counsel of those who love and fear God. The entire work should be under the loving guardianship of the church. The officers of the church should be as much concerned for the success of your work as they are for any department of church work. This does not imply that they should personally conduct all your meetings, and carry all the responsibility, but that they should counsel, encourage, and help as you have need. Their advice will be invaluable in the work of appointing a leader, a secretary, and such committees as you may deem necessary, and in planning the program for your meetings.

I shall be glad to hear from all who have begun this work, or who desire to begin it. Let us counsel together, move forward together, and help on the work in every way that we can.

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.

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STUDIES IN THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

Chapter V—Consecration

(July 28 to August 3)

"CONSECRATE yourselves to-day to the Lord."

1. What is consecration? Jer. 29:13; Luke 14:26, 27.
2. Exodus 29 gives an account of a special consecration service. How long did it take?
3. What is our condition that makes it necessary for us to *surrender*? 2 Tim. 2:26; Isa. 1:5, 6.
4. How great a battle must be fought? Prov. 16:32.
5. What kind of submission is acceptable to God? Isa. 1:18; Joshua 24:15.
6. How much does God ask us to give up? Luke 14:33; Matt. 13:46.
7. What does the Bible say about the giving up of riches? of honor? of reputation?
8. What instances do you find of men who refused to give their service to God?
9. How much *has* been given to us? A good answer may be found in the parable of the prodigal son.
10. How much *is* being given to us? John 10:11.
11. Why need I go in penitence and humiliation before I can have the assurance of my acceptance with God? Ps. 113:5, 6, suggests an answer to this question. Compare 2 Cor. 5:21 with Isa. 53:12.
12. What do we give up when we give all? Mark 7:21-23 contains a good list. There are three other similar lists mentioned in the Scriptures. Where are they?
13. What verse of the Bible sums up the divine requirements?
14. What thought in Lam. 3:33 shows that God's requirements are reasonable?
15. How am I to make the surrender of myself to God? Joshua 24:15.

G. E. A.

GIVE AWAY IN ORDER TO RECEIVE

For years I felt that if I should submit, as far as I was capable, all my plans, purposes, and youthful ambitions, to be controlled, directed, and guided by God, the first thing the Lord would require would be for me to do some cranky or fanatical thing, in order to test the sincerity of my surrender; and second, I felt that he would deprive me of the little enjoyment and happiness that I was managing to obtain on this sin-cursed earth.

One day while admiring the beauty and fragrance of a lovely rose, I became deeply impressed with the thought that that was an illustration of what God *always* does when he has an opportunity to carry out his purposes. I partially grasped the thought that if I could become as perfectly submitted to his providences as was that plant, he would produce in my life a beautiful, harmonious, and elevated character; and the words, "He shall grow as the lily," came to my mind with a new significance.

When I read in "Steps to Christ," page 56, that "God does not require us to give up anything that it is for our best interest to retain," and, on page 57, that "our Heavenly Father does not close the avenues of joy to any of his creatures, . . . requiring us to perform only those duties that will lead our steps to heights of bliss to which the disobedient can never attain," it became the overmastering ambition of my life continually to submit myself a little more perfectly into his hands. And just to the extent that I have learned this lesson, have sweetness, joy, and happiness come into my life, and opportunities opened before me to benefit humanity that I never even dared dream of or hope for a few years before.

The surrendered soul will meet difficulties and hardships, but they are essential to his present good and for his future happiness. He who is most perfectly submitted to God will grasp most clearly the thought that the same loving hand that presses the bitter cup to his lips in this life, will pluck for him the roses and lilies and pinks in the future life; and that in reality, one is as great a blessing as the other. One who has fully grasped the thought that *every* circumstance that comes into his life is permitted by the hand of divine love, will begin to enjoy some of the sweets of heaven while still on this earth. He will not go through this world like a crippled mourner, but like a triumphant warrior, bravely and valiantly engaging in the battles that he must meet, his faith and confidence fixed in him who never lost a battle.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

THE COLLEGE PLACE SOCIETY

AFTER a careful consideration of the Testimonies calling for some united effort of the young people in the work of the Master, our Society of Christian Volunteers at College Place, Wash., began its work soon after the opening of Walla Walla College last fall. Naturally, the larger portion of the members were students attending the college, but it has been the continual aim to make our work only one branch of the work of the church.

From the first, our object has been the salvation of souls, especially the souls of Seventh-day Adventist young people. To some extent, at least, we have realized that no greater nor more promising mission field will ever open before us than the one in which we found ourselves in school, surrounded, as we were, with many young people brought up in the truth, but still out of Christ. It has often been remarked in our meetings that the most important part of our training for a place in this message is not to be found in books, but in personal experience in working for others.

We have met every Friday evening in one of the larger recitation rooms of the college, and after enjoying a season of prayer, in which a number usually participate, a short study is taken up. For some time these studies were taken from "Early Writings," and as a company we were led to a deeper love for the third angel's message as we learned of the trials of those connected with it in the early days, and became assured of its final triumph. After the study the remainder of the time is well filled with testimonies from those present. Occasionally instead of the study we have a talk on some branch of the work for this time, or some missionary subject. Sometimes we have enjoyed a sentence prayer-meeting, where, in one or two sentences each, a very large number have presented some definite petition.

The meetings are made as informal as possible, our object being to devote our energies to the mechanical work as little as may be, that our hearts and hands may be free for the spiritual work, and especially for individual work for those out of Christ.

That we may become thoroughly acquainted with our work from its beginning, we have begun a series of programs, given perhaps once a month, and taking it up, historically, from the first, considering the various mission fields as they have been opened. A knowledge of these fields will lead to an interest in them, and we hope to the consecration of many lives to service therein.

Occasionally following the Sabbath preaching service, the active members have been called together for a special season of prayer and consecration, and we number some of these among the most precious seasons we have ever enjoyed. At the one held the last Sabbath of the school term, the Spirit of the Lord came very near as, in rapid succession, the members consecrated themselves to God, not only for the summer, but for life.

Only a few of our eighty members are left at College Place this summer, but the meetings continue with good interest; for strength is not in numbers, but in individual connection with divine power. We have tasted the sweetness of personal efforts in saving souls, and it makes us determined to consecrate our hearts and lives to this work, not only while at school, but wherever we may be.

LULU T. WHITE.

IS TRUE freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free.
They are slaves who dare not speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truths they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

—James Russell Lowell.

EACH of you can best tell what has marked his individual life—how often he has been evidently led, he knew not why; and in what singular positions he has been placed. Certainly, wherever we look, nothing is more evident than the truth of a Providence—a Power above us, interested in us, overruling all. A consoling faith in this truth is one of those blessings which are added unto us, we having sought first the kingdom of heaven and the righteousness of God.—*Edwin H. Chapin, D. D.*

"How can a Christian be healthy who never works? How can a man's faith be strong who never enters his closet?"



SECRET THOUGHTS

I HOLD it true that thoughts are things
Endowed with being, breath, and wings;
And that we send them forth to fill
The world with good results or ill.

That which we call our secret thought
Speeds to the earth's remotest spot,
And leaves its blessings or its woes
Like tracks behind it, as it goes.

It is God's law; remember it
In your still chamber as you sit
With thoughts you would not dare have known,
And yet make comrades when alone.

These thoughts have life, and they will fly,
And leave their impress, by and by,
Like some marsh breeze, whose poisoned
breath
Breathes into homes its fevered death.

And, after you have quite forgot,
Or all outgrown some vanished thought,
Back to your mind, to make its home,
A dove or raven, it will come.

Then let your secret thoughts be fair:
They have a vital part and share
In shaping worlds and molding fate,
God's system is so intricate.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

WITH POWER AND GREAT GLORY

CHRIST's second coming will be in marked contrast with his first coming. Then his glory was veiled with the garb of humanity. He came with no outward manifestation of glory. When he comes the second time, his divinity will not be concealed. He will come with his own glory and the glory of his Father. He will come as One equal with God, as his beloved Son, the Prince of heaven and earth. Instead of a crown of thorns, he will wear a crown of glory. Instead of a garment of humility, he will be clad in a garment of royalty. Upon his vesture will be written the name, "King of kings, and Lord of lords."

At his first coming, Christ was denied and rejected by men, and by them dragged as a criminal to Pilate's bar, where they charged him with blasphemy. He was scourged and crucified. Nails were driven through his hands and feet. For three hours he hung on the cross, while his enemies said, tauntingly: "He saved others; himself he can not save. If he be the King of Israel, let him now come down from the cross, and we will believe him. He trusted in God; let him deliver him now, if he will have him: for he said, I am the Son of God."

At his second coming, the scene is changed. He is acknowledged by all as the King of glory. At the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall confess that Jesus is the Christ, the Lord of heaven and earth, to the glory of God the Father. The angels bow in adoration before him. His enemies see the mistake they have made, and every tongue confesses his divinity.

Christ's glory did not appear when he was upon this earth. He was then a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Men hid their faces from him. But he was following the path God had marked out for him. Still bearing humanity, he ascended to heaven, triumphant and victorious. He has taken the blood of his atonement into the holiest of all, sprinkled it upon the mercy-seat and his own garments, and blessed the people. Soon he will appear the second time to declare that there is no more sacrifice for sin. His believing ones have made their calling and their election sure. They come forth

at the first resurrection, and by innumerable voices is sung the song: "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."

Christ is soon to come in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory. Are we preparing to meet him in peace, to be among that number in whom, when he comes, he can be admired? "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is."

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

SHODDY FOLKS

Do you know what, up to an hour ago, I thought shoddy was?—I thought it was some substitute for wool; something not wool, yet made to look like wool, and sold as if it were wool. I should not be surprised if a good many people are making the same mistake.

For shoddy is wool. That is where the mischief of it comes in. A clothier may assure you with perfect honesty that the suit of clothes you are buying is "all wool," and you may be able to see for yourself that he is speaking the truth, and you pay for it a high price, and yet that suit of clothes may be shoddy. For shoddy is simply old wool used over,—wool that has once been woven into cloth, and the cloth made into garments, and the garments worn out, then passed to the ragman, and sold by him to the shoddy manufacturer, who puts it through an ingenious machine, which tears it apart and puts it together again—cloth as good as new.

As good as new?—No, indeed! For the shoddy manufacturer will utilize what is hardly more than wool dust. "Anything long enough to have two ends" he accepts gratefully, and behold—an overcoat! How much wear you will get out of such an overcoat, I leave you to guess. But it is all wool?—Oh, yes; it is all wool.

Now that is the reason, brethren, why shoddy people are so mischievous in the world,—they have all the appearance of the genuine article, of "real folks," and they deceive the keenest eyes; but they won't "wear well."

If it is a shoddy teacher, he knows some things well, he makes a brilliant surface show, but he stopped studying ten years ago, and since that time he has been weaving over and over again, into no one knows how many suits of clothes, the knowledge he possessed at that time. Of course, he doesn't wear well in the schoolroom.

It may be a shoddy clerk. The first week he is all attention, wide-awake, brisk, affable, shrewd, the very man for the place; but by the end of the month he is all frayed out, comes lounging in ten minutes late, keeps his customers waiting, loses his temper at trifles, and goes to pieces in general.

It may be a shoddy friend. He seems to have all the characteristics of a noble friend, and truly he has, only—the threads are so short. He is thoughtful, and kind, and generous, and sympathetic, and tactful, and brave. He is sincere, too, and thoroughly honest. But that was yesterday. To-day the ends prove short. A mean suspicion, perhaps, has torn a great rent in his friendship. He is shoddy.

And so I have learned that it is not enough to discover that a man has fine qualities, but I must go on to ask of him, Have his fine qualities the faculty of endurance? Are they new wool, or are they shoddy?

"To ask of him," did I say?—Yes, in faith, and to ask it of myself!—*Christian Endeavor World.*

CHILDREN'S PAGE

THE LITTLE ONES HE BLESSED

I WONDER if ever the children
Who were blessed by the Master of old,
Forgot he had made them his treasures,
The dear little lambs of his fold.
I wonder if, angry and willful,
They wandered afar and astray,—
The children whose feet had been guided
So safe and so soon in the way.

And my heart can not cherish the fancy
That ever those children went wrong,
And were lost from the peace and the shelter,
Shut out from the feast and the song.
To the day of gray hairs they remembered,
I think, how the hands that were riven
Were laid on their heads when he uttered,
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

He has said it to you, little darling,
Who spell it in God's word to-day;
You, too, may be sorry for sinning,
You also believe and obey.
And 'twill grieve the dear Saviour
in heaven
If one little child shall go wrong,
Be lost from the fold and the shelter,
Shut out from the feast and the
song.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

LITTLE JOE

A True Story

DAY was breaking, cold and gray,
in early December, in the year 188—.

Several young women were hurrying through one of the side streets of our greatest city. They were hastening toward a number of huge brick buildings, which, as they drew nearer, proved to be one of the large city hospitals.

"PATIENTS RECEIVED WITHOUT REGARD TO COLOR, RACE, OR CREED"—so it reads on the southwest corner, thereby telling to the world that the Spirit of Love to all mankind dwells within.

"Hurry, or we shall be late!" The speaker was a young woman of medium height, with dark-brown hair and blue-gray eyes. Her companion was a tall, rather slender girl. She glanced quickly at her friend, then at the hospital, and answered, cheerily, "Here we are!" as the great oaken doors opened and closed upon them, shutting out the gray sky and chilly December day, and shutting in the trained nurses to twelve long hours of work over the convalescent, the sick, and the dying.

"A varied experience is what nurses need," said a learned physician; and of a truth that is what they have in the hospitals of New York City.

When our two friends had walked over the "bridge" which connects the Administration Building with the hospital proper, they were soon seated with others at breakfast. With their blue dresses, and spotless aprons, sleeves, and caps, they looked, as women of their profession should ever look, neat, clean, dignified, and ready.

A little later, each was at work in her respective ward. The two of

whom we have spoken were "head nurses." As we shall have to do with only the Children's Ward in this little sketch, we will say "Farewell" for this time to all the nurses except Miss Anders, who was at the head of that department. As she walked into the ward, the children all called out, "Good morning, Miss Anders!" and the nurse answered cheerily, smiling brightly into each pale face looking up to her from the beds,—Willie, with one thin leg done up in plaster, and head in the same; Nellie, with a broken arm; and Josie, whose poor, crooked little feet had been straightened. So it was the entire length of the ward,—Irish, American, German, Jews, colored,—all gave a hearty, affectionate welcome. It made the nurse's heart glad to see the eager look on the bright, upturned faces, as the children welcomed her.

"Now," she said, briskly, "everybody get ready for the bath." This was soon over; then, as the trays were brought in for the children's breakfast, a peculiar sound fell upon the ears of all. The startled little ones looked at Miss Anders; and even while she was reassuring them, the sound came again, louder than before.

And now the nurse's ear, grown acute from long practice of listening for the slightest sound, knew that it was the crying of a grown child. She walked to the door, and speaking to the doctor, who was passing, said, "Doctor, please bring us the boy who is crying in the Men's Ward."

"Very well, if you wish it, Miss Anders," replied the surgeon, "but we feared he would make you too much trouble."

"No, no; it is best to have him here," said the nurse.



"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN"

"Ah! yoi! yoi! yoi!" the cry went on, only the tone is indescribable. Such suffering, pain, sorrow, with the heart-loneliness of generations, as were expressed in this wail of the little Hebrew boy, are not often heard. Quickly the nurse prepared a bed to receive the new patient. In a few minutes the doctor came in, bringing a boy of about twelve years in his arms.

"Just lay him here, doctor; we are all ready for him, you see," said the nurse.

"He will be a great deal of extra care for you, Miss Anders. He does not speak English, and he is paralyzed from his body down," replied the doctor.

"We will take care of him, won't we, children?" They were looking with wondering eyes at the newcomer, but they nodded assent to the nurse's question.

He was a Polish Jew, with a round, bright face, and a shock of black hair, combed straight back from his low forehead.

When Miss Anders had taken a good look at him, and they had shaken hands, she asked, "What is your name, my little man?" But there was no response, only a strained, worried, anxious look on the little face.

The nurse did not speak German, but in mission work on the East Side she had learned many words in German and Yiddish. So she tried again, using the "picked-up" vocabulary, this time with better success.

The child's face brightened as he said "Joe." The last name was too difficult for the little tongue to pronounce, so Miss Anders turned to the children, and said, "Our new patient's name is Joe, and we will call him 'Little Joe,' because he is very helpless." Then, bit by bit, she learned the history of the case.

The little fellow had been apprenticed to a "schneider," or tailor, in a sweat-shop, away down on the East Side. O sad East Side! where thousands upon thousands of human beings are crowded together, barely eking out an existence on the returns of their week's work in the sweat-shops, in making artificial flowers, or in the cigar and cigarette factories! How many tales of suffering, sorrow, sin, and shame could thy pavements tell, had they the power of speech! But one Great Day all this will be revealed.

One day in early November Little Joe had been sent out for a bucket of beer; and as he was stepping down from the curb to cross the street, a brutal man told him to "hurry," accompanying the word with a kick. The lad lost his footing, and came down, striking the lower end of his spine on the edge of the curb.

He could not rise. Some one picked him up, and carried him home,—a home consisting of two or three small, close rooms in a tall, dark tenement.

Days passed into weeks, and still Little Joe could not walk. Then he was brought to the hospital.

Winter has passed, and the promise of spring is in the air. The March sunshine is soft and warm, and its cheering rays find their way into the ward where the children are. They are convalescent now, and talking of the happy day when they will start for home. Soon the boys will be ready to play baseball and other games dear to the heart of boyhood. God bless the little men! How very much their happiness depends upon knowing *exactly* when to "pitch," when to "catch," when to bat the ball, and when to run for bases. Let them have their little day of fun, as long as they are brave and manly.

Did we say that all our little friends were growing strong again?—No; not all. Little Joe still lay helpless, not able even to turn himself over in his tiny bed in the Children's Ward. But Miss Anders would take him in her arms, and move him about, to give him a change and rest; and as often as this was done, the little fellow never failed to put his arms about her neck, and

say, in his pretty way, "Dear Miss Anders," or, "My Miss Anders." Then the nurse would kiss his thin cheek, and reply, very softly, "Dear Little Joe."

Despite the most skilled and loving care, the bright little face of the Polish boy grew thinner and paler, and each day he clung closer and more affectionately to the nurse. He would follow her with his eyes wherever she went about her duties in the ward; and as often as she passed his bed, she remembered that it gave Little Joe pleasure to have her lay her hand on his forehead for an instant. At these times he would look up into her face with an expression so sweet and loyal that the nurse would turn her head quickly, lest the loving child-heart should be pained by the moisture that would gather in her eyes.

One afternoon as the light was fading, and the children were quiet,—for this was the time that Miss Anders always talked or sang to them,—Little Joe put out his hand as she came in, and she knelt beside his bed, and asked, "Well, my Little Joe, what have you to say to Miss Anders?"

He raised his thin hands, and placing one on each side of the nurse's face, said, "Dear Miss Anders, sing for Little Joe; sing 'Rock-a-bye.'"

So the nurse drew a low rocker to the center of the ward, and sang, in the twilight, the sweet old lullaby. "Rock-a-bye" was Little Joe's favorite, and he always asked for it. He could now read and speak English quite well, and it was very sweet to hear him repeat the Lord's Prayer and the Twenty-third Psalm, with his pretty, half-foreign accent.

Although this little boy was so helpless, and could not run, or even take one step, and never would be able to do so, yet he had his little happinesses. He learned to love the beautiful things that the Father had given him to enjoy. As his strength failed, his love and devotion for those about him, and especially for the nurse, seemed to increase. As for Miss Anders, she rarely spoke of Little Joe, and answered with difficulty when any one asked her of him.

As the summer drew on, he faded away, and one evening closed his eyes and fell asleep.

Dear little boy! Many a lesson was learned beside your bed. Gentle, loving, ever thoughtful for others, yours was a beautiful, unselfish life. In later years Miss Anders has thought often of Little Joe, and her eyes grow moist as she tries in vain, in the twilight, to sing "Rock-a-bye."

How very much we owe to children! I am always so thankful that there are dear children in the world,—just such little ones as Jesus loved and blessed; and as long as we keep ourselves in touch with him, so long shall we love children, and be loved by them; for has he not said, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me"? MARGARET ANDERSON.

"TO KNOW ALL IS TO FORGIVE ALL"

If I knew you, and you knew me,—
If both of us could clearly see,
And with an inner sight divine
The meaning of your heart and mine,
I'm sure that we should differ less,
And clasp our hands in friendliness.
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree
If I knew you, and you knew me.

If I knew you, and you knew me,
As each one knows his own self, we
Could look each other in the face
And see therein a truer grace.
Life has so many hidden woes,
So many thorns for every rose;
The "why" of things our hearts would see
If I knew you, and you knew me.

—Nixon Waterman.

"PATIENT continuance in well doing.' Only five words, but they tell the story of thousands of victorious lives."



THE FIRST MIRACULOUS DRAFT OF FISHES

III

And They Beckoned unto Their Partners, Which Were in the Other Ship, That They Should Come and Help Them.—Two ships went out, but only one had this remarkable, miraculous experience. The fishers whose nets were full to breaking called upon their fellow workers to come over and help them,—a beautiful illustration of how workers in one part of God's cause should feel free to call upon others to lend a helping hand in times of special need or great crisis. Two may be working together. The one may have an extraordinary experience, while the other has a very common one. Yet both should rejoice over the special blessing of the one, and labor in harmony to gather in the harvest. One of the most deplorable forms of jealousy is that of a Christian worker who manifests a reluctance to help gather in the fish taken in another's net.

And They Came, and Filled Both the Ships.—Here is an object-lesson of brotherly love and mutual co-operation. These in the other ship did not say: "They got the fish; it's their net; let them get along with it the best they can." Neither did they say, "The Master, by his personal presence and his special blessing, is paying more attention to that boat-load of people than he is to us," and so become sulky, and refuse to co-operate with their much blessed fellow laborers. No; they came, and by so doing set a worthy example for every Christian worker to-day. When God has especially blessed one of his servants, and calls another worker to his side to render aid, let the one who was last called be sure there is blessing enough for both, or he would not have been asked to come. The richest blessings are received as a result of giving and doing; and so when we are called to give or to do, we may be sure of receiving strength and blessing. If our work is to support the efforts of another, let us be sure that there will be enough fish to fill both boats. When the Lord has worked a great miracle for you, when your net is full of blessing, and your efforts for souls are crowned with success, beckon to your brethren, and say, "Come over, and help us." Then when they come, and lend a helping hand, don't try to crowd all the fish in your boat, but fill *both the ships* with the glorious results of the blessed work.

So That They Began to Sink.—The remarkable miracle worked on this occasion in the very waters where the disciples had toiled all night without results, so filled the small and shallow vessels of the Galilean fishermen that they began to sink. So with us: our Christian experience is sometimes so shallow that God can not work many great miracles for us; too soon we begin to sink beneath the heavy weight of spiritual pride, selfishness, and moral lethargy. Heaven can not bless mortal man very much, because he is so easily lifted up. If God should work great miracles for many of his children to-day, it would be the means of their own destruction as well as exerting a wrong influence upon those who would behold their spiritual pride; and so, in his mercy, because of our spiritual weakness, our narrowness and shallowness of character, because of the great liability of our ship of expe-

rience to sink, Jesus can not perform many miracles among us.

Depart from Me; for I Am a Sinful Man.—Peter was quick to recognize the Lord's hand in the miracle, and so we see him falling down on his knees before the Master of earth, sea, and sky, and imploring him to depart, saying, "I am a sinful man." Although from a different motive, the request which Peter made on this occasion was very similar to that of the Gadarenes at the time when the two demoniacs were healed. They prayed Jesus to depart out of their coast, and he departed. He answered the prayer of those godless people, and yet the prayer of Peter, who prayed in sincerity, although perhaps he did not use the most suitable words, was unanswered. An immediate answer to prayer is not in itself a divine credential. God does not always answer prayer at once or in the exact words of the petitioner; but his delays should never be regarded as denials.

They Were Astonished at the Draft of Fishes.—Everything in the material world is subservient to the will of Christ: all power in heaven and in earth has been given him. Christ, as the second Adam, exercised complete and entire control over all the earth and every creature thereon. The perfect obedience that the animal world yielded to Adam, we now see, even under the influence of sin, willingly yielded to Christ. The fish of the sea and the fowls of the air recognize him as their Master and their Maker. Man is the only creature that has said in his heart, "There is no God." But the humble, trusting soul can say, with the psalmist: "Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet: all sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field; the fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas."

Jesus Said unto Simon, Fear Not.—Perfect love casts out all fear. Jesus knew that Peter loved him. The love of Peter was not a perfect love, for Peter had not a perfect heart; nevertheless, in his sphere, and according to his light, Peter could truly say, as he did on a subsequent occasion, "Lord, thou knowest that I love thee;" therefore if Peter loved his Master, and we can not question that the Master loved Peter, there was no ground for fear. To you and me the word, "Fear not," has been spoken, as literally as it was to Peter. See Isa. 41:13.

W. S. SADLER.

(To be continued.)



THE FIRST ANGEL'S MESSAGE

(August 3)

MEMORY VERSES.—Rev. 14:6, 7.

1. What did the angel say would take place at the close of the twenty-three hundred years? Dan. 8:14.
2. To what sanctuary did he refer? Note 1.
3. When the sanctuary was upon earth, what name was given to the day of cleansing? Lev. 23:27.
4. In what way did the Lord tell all the people that the day of atonement was at hand? Vs. 23-25.
5. Just before the cleansing of the heavenly

sanctuary, what message concerning it did God send to all the world? Rev. 14:6, 7; note 2.

6. This same angel is spoken of in Rev. 10:1. What did he have in his hand? Rev. 10:2.

7. What book is this out of which the angel preaches? Note 3.

8. What was the message which he spoke? Rev. 10:5, 6; note 4.

9. In what way do angels preach? Note 5.

10. What did the voice from heaven tell the prophet to do? V. 8; note 6.

11. When he had taken the book, what instruction was given him? V. 9; note 7.

12. How does the prophet describe the judgment, or cleansing of the heavenly sanctuary, now going on? Dan. 7:9, 10.

13. What did the angel say of the work of preaching which God's people are now doing? Note 8.

NOTES

1. Surely, when the Lord spoke of the sanctuary to be cleansed in 1844, at the close of the twenty-three hundred years, he did not have in mind an earthly sanctuary; for the true service of the sanctuary on earth ended when the veil of the temple was rent (Matt. 27:51), and the temple itself was totally destroyed in A. D. 70. There has been no sanctuary on earth since that time. But there is a sanctuary in heaven, and it was to this that the Lord referred in Dan. 8:14.

2. The day of atonement was a very important time for God's people. It was the day of judgment to them; and if they failed to observe it properly, they were cut off. But if that time back there was so important, what must be the importance of the day of atonement in the service of the heavenly sanctuary? The antitypical, the real, day of atonement began in 1844. And that all the world might know of it, and be able to do what must be done before it is too late, the Lord sent a message. In the type, trumpets were blown throughout all the land; every man, woman, and child knew that the day of atonement was near at hand. So it was before 1844. Throughout all the world the message was given, "Fear God, and give glory to him; for the hour of his judgment is come." The message went to "every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people." The warning was given for about ten years before the fall of 1844, the time of cleansing.

3. The book of Daniel, one of the small books of the Bible—"a little book"—had been "closed up and sealed till the time of the end." Dan. 12:4, 9. This is the *only* book which had been closed. And the Lord really tells us that the book had been closed, by taking special pains to say that the angel holds in his hand a book that is "open." The book in the angel's hand is the book of Daniel, which was closed until 1798,— "the time of the end,"—but which is now open for God's people to understand and preach.

4. At the close of verse 6 we read, "There should be *time no longer*." This does not mean that the world would come to an end, that men and women would no longer live on the earth; but that after 1844 there would be no more *prophetic* time. The twenty-three hundred years is the longest period of prophetic time given in the Bible, and comes down further in the history of the world than any other prophetic period. The angel really said, therefore, that after 1844 there will be no more prophetic time, no more exact dates for the termination of prophetic periods.

5. Angels never have appeared upon earth to preach the gospel with their own voices. They use men, women, and children. We are therefore told that "angels rejoice that they may *speak through our voices* to reveal God's love."—"Desire of Ages," page 297.

6. The prophet was told to take the book. He was one of the Lord's people; and in telling him to take it, the voice was really speaking to all God's children. And they obeyed the voice. Wm. Miller was one of the first to hear and obey, and in a short time, men, women, and children everywhere, and in all the world, were studying and preaching the word of God. Thousands upon thousands were heard saying, "The hour of his judgment is come." This is the same as saying that "there should be time no longer;" for the close of prophetic time, the end of the twenty-three hundred years, was the beginning of the judgment in the heavenly sanctuary.

7. The angel said to take the book, and "eat it up." That is, he desired God's people to study it earnestly and faithfully and long. They were to think upon it until it became a part of them. As we sometimes say of people, "They just devour their books," so the people of God did with the book of Daniel previously to 1844. They ate it up. Its truths were very sweet to them. They thought the Lord was coming, and every day and hour they rejoiced. They were glad to give up all they had in this world, in order to prepare for the great day. They were not selfish. Their love for others led them to deny self, and to go out from their homes to tell the glad news. But though the truth was so sweet, and was in their mouth "sweet as honey," there came the bitter. They were disappointed. The Lord did not come. They had made a mistake. They did not understand the words, "Unto two thousand and three hundred days; then shall the sanctuary be cleansed." They thought the sanctuary was the earth, and that its cleansing would be by fire at the coming of the Lord. They were perfectly right in the *time*, but were mistaken in what was to occur. It was a bitter, *bitter* trial; but God saw what was best, and out of it he has brought great blessing.

8. The angel said, "Thou must prophesy again;" that is, preach the gospel again. In Rev. 11:1 he gives the command, "Rise, and measure the temple of God." God's people were now to go on and study the sanctuary, and preach its truths. So the Lord opened the temple (Rev. 11:19), and helped his servants understand, and they are now preaching as the angel has told them. God's people are now finishing up his work on the earth, giving the last message. Soon the heavenly sanctuary will be cleansed, the judgment will be completed. Oh, let us do our part in giving the message!

TREASURES

LITTLE words in love expressed,
Little wrongs at once confessed,
Little favors kindly done,
Little toils thou didst not shun,
Little graces meekly worn,
Little slights with patience borne,—
These are treasures that shall rise
Far beyond the smiling skies.

—Selected.

GRAND TRUNK R.Y. SYSTEM.

Taking Effect June 2, 1901.

Trains leave Battle Creek.

WEST-BOUND.

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

EAST-BOUND.

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

W. C. CUNLIFFE, Agent,
BATTLE CREEK.



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FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY:

"A grudge is like a coal of fire; the longer you hold it, the deeper it burns, and it burns nobody but you."

MONDAY:

You do not have to persuade sunshine to come into your house. Open your shutter, and it streams in. So it is with God's love. Open your hearts, open your life, and he will enter.—*Herbert Johnson.*

TUESDAY:

As a very little dust will disorder a clock, and the least grain of sand will obscure our sight, so the least grain of sin which is upon the heart will hinder its right motion toward God.—*John Wesley.*

WEDNESDAY:

Do thou thy work; it shall succeed
In thine or in another's day;
And if denied the victor's meed,
Thou shalt not lack the toiler's pay.

—*Whittier.*

THURSDAY:

God takes men's hearty desires and will, instead of the deed, when they have not power to fulfill it; but he never took the bare deed instead of the will.—*Richard Baxter.*

FRIDAY:

A bad habit is like a noxious weed: if trimmed down, or even cut quite off, it will spring up again from the root. The only safe way, with wrong habits as with weeds, is to destroy them root and branch.

SABBATH:

"In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." John 16: 33.

CHEERFULNESS is not a flight of feeling; it is a habit of mind.

We are all sowers; some day we shall be reapers. Do we stop often enough to look after our seed—to see that it is good, that it is the right kind, that there are no tares nor briars nor thorns mixed with it? For just as surely as we live, we are sowing; and nothing is more certain than that we shall reap according to that sowing; "for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

IN sending an article to the INSTRUCTOR, a subscriber says: "For twenty-five years or more the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR has been a welcome visitor in my parents' home, and greatly enjoyed by us all. I trust it will always have a place here. It seems to grow better and better as time continues. I sincerely hope that it will have a wider circulation from year to year, bringing comfort and cheer into many homes."

WE are very glad to read the good report of the work done by the young people's company at College Place, Wash., given on page 235. Others would like to know what *you* are doing.

God's gift to the world was a real, a tangible gift. He gave his Son,—the most precious gift that Omnipotence itself could bestow. So our gifts to him should be real; fragrant with the spirit of loving sacrifice, they should represent our love to him. The first and most precious gift we can bring is that of the heart—our sinful, human heart, with all its weakness, its corruption, its hidden sin, its hardness and indifference; with all its plans for the present, and its ambitions and aspirations for the future. This is the gift he craves. And why?—Oh, because he sees what he can do with hearts that are wholly given to him—how they may become purified and precious in his hand. Then as God, in giving Christ, has "freely given us all things," so shall we, when our hearts are fully given to him, freely give to him again all that he has given us.

FRIENDSHIP AS A TEST

WE are apt to think of friendship as one of the pleasures of life. And it is that. But it is more—it is a test of character. Day by day, week by week, month by month, our friendships show what we are. Do the fleeting hours find us more gentle and patient, more loyal and lovable and trustworthy, as they pass? A friendship that gives no opportunity for test would perhaps be unworthy the name; but do not for a moment think, because this is so, that you will need to make such opportunities. Testing times in friendship, as in every other human relationship, will come only too often. A slight lapse in courtesy, a trifling manifestation of temper, a little forgetfulness of the respect that is due to "the minds that know, and the hearts that feel," a thoughtless neglect of the principle of love set forth in the golden rule,—and how many a friendship has been miserably wrecked!

But if, when such trying seasons come, one of the friends is ready to forget, forgive, and overlook the faults of the one he loves, and to help him back to the place he occupied before, all may be well. This is what the true friend will always do; for his first thought will be not of himself, nor of pain at his wounded feelings, but rather of sorrow for the one who, for the moment, has forgotten the obligations of friendship.

It is sometimes said that it is easier to win friends than to keep them. Perhaps in many cases this is true; for it is natural for one to show only the best and most pleasing traits of his character to one whose good opinion he wishes to gain. But it is not such acquaintance that is covered by the deeper word. Friendship knows us as we are; it is strong enough to know us at our worst, and loving enough always to have faith in our finally doing our best. It dares to tell us the truth about ourselves, believing that we have only to know our faults to put them away.

Sometimes, alas, a friendship that might have gone on, growing stronger and stronger, and becoming more and more an element of strength and an influence of sweetness in the character and the life, breaks down when this test comes. But one who is worthy of friendship, or of himself being a friend, will not only be willing to listen, but quick to respond, to such efforts of love in his behalf.

In all our experience of friendship, and in all our thoughts concerning it, let us always remember that a true friend, like every other "good and perfect gift," is heaven-sent,—that it comes directly from him who is our truest and best Friend,—a Friend who understands all our weaknesses, who is touched with the feeling of

our infirmities, who pities us with the tender love of a Father, and in whom are infinite resources for our every need.



Free Postage.—It is well known that the senators and representatives of the United States, by writing or stamping their names on the envelopes containing their mail, may have it carried free; but perhaps all do not know that there are two women to whom the same privilege is granted by courtesy of the government. These are the widows of Presidents Grant and Garfield. All communications addressed to either of these ladies are also carried free.

Boys as Builders.—An interesting project is being carried on by a large industrial school in San Francisco. This is no less than the erection of a \$40,000 structure to be built entirely by boys attending the school. It is expected that it will take several years to complete the structure, as it is intended to work slowly and well, and to make the finished building one of the most beautiful on the campus. It will not only furnish needed additional room for the boys, but will be a source of invaluable training for them as well.

A Field of Salt.—Such is a tract of about a thousand acres of land near Salton, in southern California. The tract is situated in a natural basin, from two to three hundred feet below the level of the sea, and is as white as a field of snow with salt. This is thrown into long ridges by a plow constructed specially for the work, and is afterward piled into conical-shaped heaps, looking something like the diminutive Eskimo houses of the old-fashioned picture-books. It is then taken to the drying-house and crushing-mill. About two thousand tons of the product is taken from this salt farm every year, but there is no danger of exhausting the supply, as it is constantly renewed by the deposits of salt springs. During the summer, when the temperature often reaches one hundred and fifty degrees, only Indian workmen can endure the heat and the intolerable glare of the white salt-fields.

A Complicated Timepiece.—A certain watch-making firm in Switzerland have for sixty years been making a specialty of complicated timepieces, and it is said that they regarded a watch which was placed on view at the Paris Exposition as their highest achievement. This watch, which is of ordinary size, has a perpetual calendar indicating the days of the month, the days of the week, and the phases of the moon, and also possesses two separate small dials, upon which are shown automatically for a given latitude the time of the rising of the sun and the time of its setting. The difficulty overcome here was great, but what comprises the merit of the piece is that, in connection with the minute-hand, which shows the mean time (the time we use), it carries another hand, which indicates the sun's time (the true time). This hand, moving from the center, as do the hands showing the mean time, constantly travels with them, and automatically places itself each day, at midnight, in the position it should occupy in order to indicate for that day the difference between the mean and the true time. The variation is very great, being as much as fifteen minutes in one direction or the other, and but four times in a year do these two minute-hands correspond within a few seconds of each other. These dates are April 15, June 15, September 1, and December 25.