

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD

THE Lord is my shepherd; what is there to fear?
Do sheep fear the storm when their shepherd is near?

They follow serenely where'er he may lead,
And trust in his love to supply all their need.

Though pathways be rough, and the journey be far,
They know it will end where the green pastures are,
And waters flow stilly the sweet banks between:
Their faith in their leader is perfect, I ween.

E'en thus may I follow thee, heavenly Guide,
Secure from all danger with thee by my side;
For thou knowest the way—thou hast trod it before—
To highlands of glory, where trials are o'er.

VIOLA E. SMITH.

THE ROYAL GORGE OF THE ARKANSAS

I SUPPOSE if you were to ask any one who has traveled over the length and breadth of our wonderful country, to name some of the most noted and magnificent places on the American Con-

top, and gazing down three thousand feet,—if one has the nerve to do so,—one can see the dashing, hurrying waters of the Arkansas, with a fall of about seventy feet to the mile, on one side, while on the other, in and out among the rocks wind two tiny, shining ribbons, like long, slender serpents. Almost before you know it, you are asking what those are. But even as you gaze and wonder, a shrill whistle echoes through the mountains. Look!—but be careful not to get too near the edge in your eagerness. It would be well to lie flat down upon your stomach, and ask your companion to grasp your foot or ankle firmly, while you gaze into the dizzy depth in search of the train. See! there it comes, looking for all the world like a toy train, as it gracefully winds its way among the rocks, and finally hides itself behind a precipitous cliff.

Here and there among the rocks, sometimes forcing their way between immense boulders, grow stunted and dwarfed trees,—a species of pine. They are very hardy; for there is seemingly not a spoonful of soil to nourish them. Their trunks and stems are as twisted and bent as if they had been the playthings of a hundred cyclones.

Pike's Peak is not visible from the Gorge, though it is not many miles distant; the nearer

demands a generous entrance fee into her gallery of wonders,—not yellow gold nor shimmering silver,—for her deep and spacious pockets are full of glittering metals and precious stones,—but a resolute will, untiring muscles, and, above all, an appreciative spirit.

The Royal Gorge is distant about six miles from Cañon City; but in order to reach the top, one must take a circuitous route of about twelve miles. However, the scenery along the way is such as amply repays the tourist for hiring a team and driver.

To reach the bottom of the Gorge, there is no other way than to walk the six miles over the winding railroad track, or, if one has the nerve, he may mount his bicycle, and by using great care, ride most of the way. But as the narrow path is close to the railroad on one side, and nearly as close to the steep, rocky banks of the noisy Arkansas on the other, he must run the risk of receiving an impromptu ducking in the icy waters, or of being run over by the flying train, upon whose tract he is trespassing. While we are carefully picking our way lest our treacherous wheel strike a stone, and we be hurled into the water, some one shouts, "Here comes the train!" and almost before we can reach a place of safety, it goes tearing past.



THEY FOLLOW SERENELY WHERE'ER HE MAY LEAD

tinental, he would be likely to mention as foremost in the list the wonderful Gorge of the Arkansas, known as the Royal Gorge. In point of grandeur and solitude, surely this place stands without a peer among the sublime works of nature having the grand old Rockies as a background.

The view from both above and below is almost indescribable in its majesty. Standing at the

hills and overhanging precipices shut its snowy summit from our view. Here and there—everywhere—are other depths inviting us to explore the immense abyss from a new standpoint.

As if Nature feared that her most awe-inspiring scenes would not be appreciated were they too easy of access, she usually chooses inaccessible places in which to display them. She often

Standing on a narrow shelf of rock, and high above the river, on the opposite bank, are two miners, working with pick and shovel. In answer to our call, they take a specimen of ore from their sack, and throw it over the river to us, for the stream is quite narrow at this point.

When, at last, we stand on the hanging bridge at the foot of the Gorge, and look up at the masses

of craggy rock, it seems impossible that only a few days before we stood upon that dizzy height. We are tired and hungry, and after building a fire, we eat our dinner, seated in a grander and more stupendous dining-hall than the guests of the proudest monarch.

Branching off from the main gorge is a curious defile, narrow and winding. Here visitors from all over the world have left their names, and in some instances a few lines expressive of their appreciation and astonishment at the wonders of nature with which they were surrounded. These cards are left in a natural receptacle of solid rock, and most of them have been there a long time.

After we have each written our names, and an appropriate verse of Scripture, and added them to the motley collection, we lift our eyes to the top of the strange hallway in which we are standing. There is a queer-looking mass of rock of many tons' weight, which at some time has been rolled from the top of the Gorge. This has lodged in mid-air, there not being room enough between the sides of the ravine for it to reach the bottom. It looks like an enormous human face, distorted with pain. Here and there some tourist bolder than others has inscribed his name far up on the overhanging rocks. We can not but wonder if he escaped without any broken bones. We were told that somewhere hereabouts a woman, intent upon making herself famous, undertook to descend the three thousand feet from the top to the bottom of the Gorge. She succeeded in walking part of the way, and in falling the rest of the distance. Astonishing to relate, she lived, at least long enough to tell her story to her rescuers.

Comparing the most stupendous works of man with this mighty pile, this monument of God's handiwork, we reverently exclaim: "What is man that thou art mindful of him?"

MRS. L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE.



FEAR NOT

O TRAVELER! on the road of life,
Dost find thy journey dark?
Canst thou no ray of morn discern?
No sure, familiar mark?
Thy Father's eye doth pierce the gloom,
He knoweth all thy way;
And he will safely guide thy steps
Into the light of day.

O traveler! dost thou suffer loss?
Are pain and toil thy lot?
Trust in thy Father's loving care,
Nor deem he knoweth not.
His hand hath hewn thy cross for thee,
His hand hath shaped thy yoke;
And if his rod chastising fall,
He weigheth every stroke.

Do sore temptations thee beset,
And almost cause thy fall?
And when the enemy assails,
Dost find thy strength is small?
Relying on the strength he gives,
He bids thee still to stand;
Assured that nothing thee can harm,
Or pluck thee from his hand.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

THE YOUNG MAN

A GERMAN professor once said, "Whenever I appear before my pupils, I feel like making them a respectful bow." When asked the reason for this statement, he replied, "Because I see before me the men of the future—the power of the state and of their age."

It has been said that "secular history is philosophy teaching by example." Then sacred history is a higher philosophy; that is, religion, teaching in the same manner. The biographies of the Scriptures are simply the outgrowth, or practical illustration, of its teaching—like a kind

of experimental garden where we are shown first the seeds, and then, side by side, the sweet and bitter fruits of truth and error, holiness and sin.

The young men of the Bible were like the young men of to-day, possessing all their susceptibilities and passions, and liable to the same temptations that attack the youth of every age and land. And as he sometimes escapes a bitter experience who is willing to accept the hard-earned lessons of other lives, so we may profitably study the paths of those who have gone before us, and thus gain instruction which is sometimes acquired only from the wreck of a shattered life.

Each young man whose life is recorded in the Bible stood at one time where the path of life seemed to divide into two ways, and he had to choose which way he would take. Whether a Joseph, a David, a Daniel, or a Paul, the choice had to be made. While at the fork of the road, the path of truth and right seemed hedged by thorns of trials, while the path of error gave every indication of ease and pleasure. He who stood at the fork of the road could not see far into the misty future to look beyond the entrance of the two ways, unless he relied entirely on the eternal principles of truth.

If he boldly faced all the apparent difficulties, and moved in the path of right, he found there was strength to conquer them all, and to come out triumphant. If he turned to the rose-strewn path because it appeared easy, he soon learned that its roses had thorns, and that the path was downward, urging him on to ruin.

Every young man has to stand at the fork of the road, and make his choice. Only a few choose the right until their feet are pierced with the thorns, and they find themselves pushed downward by the pressure that is ever upon them. Others devote the strength and beauty of manhood to the vices that lie along the wrong way, until the marks of sin are indelibly impressed upon mind and features. This may be done until, as long as they live, even the reformed life is beset with the ugly phantoms of the road to death. Discouragements, doubts, and anxieties are pressed upon them through the doors that have been made while on the wrong road.

He who never travels on that road is free from many of the temptations that beset the other class. He is ignorant of many of the snares, and this ignorance is bliss. The boy who says, "I wish I could see what the play is like, how a saloon looks inside, what the dance is like, what is the sensation of the tobacco smoke," is standing at the fork of the road; and when he investigates, he permits doors to be opened that will, during his life, invite temptation, which will be a struggle for him to fight.

"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word."

J. H. DURLAND.

TOM'S AWAKENING

IN one of the suburbs of Boston lives a boy whom we will call Thomas Stone. He is a lad of about sixteen, quick, intelligent, and an only son. From his earliest childhood he remembers that, whatever happened, nothing was allowed to interfere with the daily family prayers.

His father is a well-known merchant, of definite and well-fixed religious ideas. Every morning after breakfast the whole family—guests, servants, and all—assemble in the drawing-room. There the head of the family reads a passage from the Bible, and then offers a simple petition, which invariably concludes with the Lord's prayer, in which the whole family joins.

To the lively, impatient boy this sacred family custom was at times a bore. It interfered with so many things that might be done. But his father never allowed him to absent himself except for an imperative reason. So it frequently happened that he fretted, and showed more or

less impatience when the few minutes devoted to family prayers arrived.

His father tried all sorts of plans,—punishments, rebukes,—but could do nothing to check this spirit of revolt.

Finally, one morning just after prayers, while the family were all present, he said: "My boy, you are now sixteen,—old enough to take a prominent part in the management of the home,—and I propose that once a week you shall lead our family prayers."

The boy was taken by surprise, and flushed deeply. But he had courage, and so said, with apparent composure, "All right, father." But his heart beat tumultuously.

The next morning his father handed him the Bible, and told him he was to lead the family worship.

"But I can't make a prayer as you do," whispered the son.

"You can repeat the Lord's prayer," said his father, gently.

Tom read the Bible very well. Then they all knelt down, and followed him as he led them in the Lord's prayer. It was noticed that his voice became more unsteady as he went on. Finally, when he came to "and forgive us our trespasses as we—" he burst into tears, and jumping up, rushed up-stairs to his room, and flung himself on the bed, weeping bitterly.

The father knew that something serious was the matter, but did not know what. He gave the lad time to compose himself a little, and then followed him up-stairs. He leaned over, and patted his boy upon the head. "What is the matter, my son? Tell me all about it. I will help you."

"Father," sobbed the boy, "I couldn't lead in prayers! I saw my teacher before me all the time. I told him a lie yesterday. I—I had forgotten all about it, but it came up when I was praying. I don't think I ever realized what that prayer meant before."

"You had better tell your teacher to-day, Tom."

"I will, I promise you!" was the emphatic answer. Then raising himself, he looked his father in the eye, and said: "I don't see how any one can pray aloud before people, unless he can wash everything off the slate, and know that it is clean."

Much moved, his father laid his hand upon his shoulder. "My dear boy," he said, "you have stumbled upon the vital truth in prayer. It is not that one can not go to his Heavenly Father until 'the slate is clean,' as you say; but it is because prayer shows him when it is not clean, and helps to make it clean, that it draws us nearer to God and makes us better."—*Selected.*

CHOOSE WISELY

How many of the INSTRUCTOR family like books? There are good books and bad books; and as our reading is a fair index to our characters, we should be careful of the kind of books we choose. On the pages of some we find expression given only to what is false and weak; and if we form a taste for this kind of literature, we ourselves shall be false and weak. We should always reject the inferior, and read only books of the right character. These inform the mind, and, better, the heart. The book containing the most instructive and sublime thoughts ever written is the Bible. Other books are the works of men, but the "Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." We should make the Bible our daily study; for whatever our condition or calling, it will help us to keep in view the whole object of our life here; and by taking heed to its instruction, we shall live not for the little span of time allotted us in this world, but for eternity.

DAISY TYLER.



WHAT CAN YOUNG PEOPLE DO?

THE avowed object of the Young People's Work is Christian service. How shall we begin? and, What shall we try to do? are questions that many are asking. And they are important questions, too, and deserving of careful study. Some of these companies of young workers are in large cities, others in small towns, and quite a few are in rural districts. But to each one the Master is saying, "Go work to-day in my vineyard." If the Young-People's-Work movement has any life and power attending it, it will be because the young people heed this command. The real work that is to be done is the important part of this question, and the form of the organization is incidental. We only need meetings, and of course leaders and secretaries and committees to plan for meetings, *that the work may be done.*

So let us consider the work. We shall have space only for a statement of a few general principles that should not only guide, but encourage us; for they show how easily within the reach of each one the work is. Here is a statement from the newly published "Testimonies for the Church," Vol. VI, which tells us where to begin: "Let those who desire to work for God begin at home, in their own household, in their own neighborhood, among their own friends. Here they will find a favorable missionary field." Another statement from the same volume is this: "We need in our churches, youth who are working upon the Christian-endeavor principles, and the beginning must be made at home. The faithful performance of home duties has a reflex influence upon the character." Upon the same point I quote the following from the same author: "Every follower of Jesus has a work to do as a missionary for Christ, in the family, in the neighborhood, in the town or city where he lives."

This is sufficient to show to all who desire "to work in the cause" that the "cause" is right where they are. Then, is it not evident that the first work of our companies of young people is the planning of active missionary work in the home, in the neighborhood, in the town or city where they are? In planning for this work, do not attempt the impossible. It is the simple plans of work that succeed best. On page 432 of Vol. VI, this instruction is given: "Do not pass by the little things, and look for a large work. You might do successfully the small work, but fail utterly in attempting a larger work, and fall into discouragement. Take hold wherever you see that there is work to be done. It will be by doing with your might what your hands find to do that you will develop talents and aptitude for a larger work. It is by slighting the daily opportunities, neglecting the little things, that so many become fruitless and withered."

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.

ONE WAY TO WORK

THOSE of you who read the *Missionary Magazine* for July—and we hope you all did read it—perhaps noticed among the editorial articles a little note concerning one of our number who very recently left this country to take up mission work in India. Her early life was spent in the South, and until she reached the years of young womanhood, her opportunities for reading were very limited. Then in some way her name was placed on several lists, and a number of story papers and books came to her every week. At last she found, among the other papers, fresh

copies of the *Signs* and the *Review*. She began to read, her heart was touched, and she responded to the call to accept the truth set forth, and to give it to others. Her parting word to all who remain in the home field is to be faithful in carrying on the work that brought this precious truth to her.

And this is a work in which *all* the young people can engage. In your own church missionary society you are *needed*—take hold and lift in it, and God will give you fruit for your labor. If you are not connected with any missionary society, you can carry on the work alone. Our papers contain the truth for this time, and the Lord is honoring their use. The work of writing missionary letters is one that requires tact, study, and earnest prayer. Often the counsel of those who have had experience will be a great help to the beginner; but if the work is faithfully carried on, and done from love to God and a sincere desire to bring the truth to others, both the work and the worker will be blessed.

There are many children and young people who, from sickness and other causes, are shut in and away from the privileges that others enjoy. Such would be cheered, and their lives would be brightened, by receiving the *Little Friend* or the *INSTRUCTOR*. The younger members of our young people's companies could send these papers to such, and occasionally a bright, friendly letter, to tell of their interest and sympathy. In this way the older members of the family might perhaps be interested: and whether or not results could be always seen and counted up, the effort would not be lost.

Those whose object is to give "the Advent message to the world in this generation" will lose no opportunity to sound it forth. If we give the message faithfully, we may safely trust our Leader to make it effective.

TO-DAY

By a smile, by a word,
By a sympathetic tear,
Help me, Lord, to give some heart
E'en a little cheer.

By a look, by an act—
It will but a moment take—
May I not in some one's breast
Soothe the bitter ache?

—Selected.

STUDIES IN THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

Chapter VI—Faith and Acceptance

(August 4-10)

1. WHAT is faith? Give Paul's definition, and one of your own.
2. Can men, by the power of their own will, exercise faith? Can they give it to one another?
3. How alone is it received? Eph. 2:8; Matt. 16:16, 17; John 6:44; 1 Cor. 12:9. How may it be increased? Luke 17:5.
4. Has God bestowed the gift of faith on only a few chosen persons, whom he loves better than others? Rom. 12:3.
5. Since God has given to every soul a "measure of faith," and since he is constantly revealing himself to all by the things that he has made, are any excused from serving him? Rom. 1:20.
6. Name four things that faith does for those who exercise it. Acts 15:9; Rom. 1:12; Acts 26:18; Rom. 5:1.
7. What simple thing is required of those who have confessed their sins, in order that they may receive a new heart?
8. How do we know that the prayer for forgiveness will surely be answered? Mark 11:24.
9. Find examples of unswerving faith in the lives of Enoch (Gen. 5:24; Heb. 11:5); Noah (Gen. 6:14-22); Abraham (Gen. 12:1-4; 12:7; 15:4-8; 22:1-10); Joseph (Gen. 50:20; Heb. 11:22); Moses (Heb. 11:24-28); Caleb

(Num. 13:30; 14:6-9); and Elijah. 1 Kings 18:22-28.

10. Name two men who are spoken of as being "full of faith." Acts 6:8; 11:24. How did one of these prove his faith?

11. By healing men and women of their physical diseases, what did Jesus show himself able to do? Matt. 9:6.

12. What one thing was always necessary in order that Jesus might exercise his healing power? Matt. 9:28, 29.

13. In order, then, to be cleansed from the sickness of sin,—a sickness so terrible that it is compared to leprosy,—what must we do? See pages 62 and 63 of "Steps to Christ."

14. When by faith our sins have been forgiven, and we have been adopted into the household of our Heavenly Father, how do we live day by day? Gal. 2:20; 1 John 5:4. Find other texts that answer this question.

SUGGESTIONS ON THE TOPIC

1. Read the chapter in "Steps to Christ" slowly and carefully many times during the week, and so fix its precious words in your mind. It would be a good plan to read it each morning, and think of it often during the day.

2. Faith is defined as "a union of belief and trust;" it is taking God at his word—believing and appropriating his promises of forgiveness and acceptance.

3. "Through faith we understand"—and it is only through faith that we can understand—the mysteries of God,—of his power, as exercised in creation, and of his love, as manifested to his sinful children. These subjects—the power and the love of God, as shown in creation and redemption—will be the themes of study and praise through endless ages. Even now, by faith, we may begin to understand these things.

4. Faith kept Enoch pure while he was surrounded by evil associates; it kept Noah at work, preaching and building, for one hundred and twenty years; it led Abraham to forsake friends and home and country, to go out "not knowing whither he went," and later to lay his beloved son upon the altar for God; it caused Moses to forsake the splendor and honors of an earthly court, and cast in his lot with a despised people; it parted the waters of the sea, and fed Israel in the wilderness; by it faithful Caleb, looking above the giants of Canaan and their walled cities, saw a power that was "well able" to give them the land. Faith threw down the walls of Jericho; it made the heart of the boy David strong to meet the giant enemy of Israel; it brought down fire from heaven at the word of Elijah; it preserved the three Hebrews in the furnace, and Daniel in the den of hungry lions. Faith in the power of Jesus cleansed the lepers, opened the eyes of the blind, cast out evil spirits, made the lame walk and the dumb sing, and raised the dead to life. It gave the martyr Stephen a view of the glory of heaven; and if allowed to have its full work in us, will make it possible to overcome sin, and to gain the crown of glory, that fadeth not away. As it led those whose lives are recorded for our inspiration to turn away from the inducements and allurements of the world, to go forward relying on the naked word of God, and to count not their lives precious to themselves, so will it lead us to make the cause and glory of God first in everything.

FAITH VERSUS FEELING.

THERE is scarcely any word that is used in speaking of religious things that has been so warped and distorted from its real meaning as the word "faith." Faith is grasping the real plan which God has for us. It is not, as is popularly supposed, a peculiar tension or twisted condition of the mind, which will bring something when it is exercised. It is based upon universal principles rather than feeling.

Recently a patient came to be examined, *feeling*, however, little or no distress. He was found to have an enormous cancer of the stomach, and will probably be dead within six months. The same day a woman came to have her chest examined, *feeling* very ill, and therefore supposing she was looking into the open grave, but a careful examination showed that her lungs were perfectly sound, she having been simply annoyed with a troublesome intercostal neuralgia.

Many Christians suffer with spiritual neuralgia, and imagine they are just about lost, when, as a matter of fact, if they had faith,—if they knew how good God is to them every moment,—they would go right along, and accept the glorious blessings that hang above their heads. Their "faith," in other words, would make them "whole;" that is, accept the wholeness they *already have*, and do not know they possess, just as the woman went away happy when she learned there was nothing the matter with her lungs.

There is another class of young people who are suffering with spiritual cancer, and their very vitals are being destroyed; but they do not *feel* bad. If, instead of depending upon their feelings, they could grasp by faith the actual seriousness of their spiritual malady, they would cry out for God to save them from their spiritual leprosy, and the divine Surgeon would remove the sin from their lives. "Faith," again, would make them "whole."

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.



HOPE

To-morrow — to-morrow — 'tis cloudy to-day;
To-morrow will scatter the shadows away;
To-morrow will brighten, with blue all above,
And birds singing praises from blossoms of love.

Pain touches, but O! 'twill be joy afterwhile!
We see how the gladness, with radiant smile,
Illumines; but an hour in the distance — and see!
The pleasures I longed for are waiting for me.

Across the far bounds,—yet they may not be
far,—

Above the clear light of yon silvery star,
The loved and the lost in my visions I see;
Hope calls me to meet them; they beckon to me.

Hope! hope! see how fair are the skies of the
west;

They tell of the sinking of life to its rest;
And then—O the morrow! what breaking of
day!

Love offers a mansion, and calls, "Come away!"
B. F. M. SOURS.

THE TRUTH

THE Saviour said of himself, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." When an object is named, and modified only by the definite article "the," no other explanation or definition being understood or expressed, it places that object in a pre-eminent position as *the one* object of its class. That is, Jesus is not simply *a way, a truth, or a life*, but *the only way, the only truth, the only life*. All ways, all truths, all lives, are emblematic or tributary to the one great reality, which is Christ. There are deceptive ways, falsehoods that appear to be truth; but every right way leads to a good end, and in every good end is Christ. Christ is the only way that leads to Christ.

Take this in its most literal sense: Here is a plain road, good people travel that road in pursuit of good objects. But the only good is Christ. Hence every road, or path, is tributary to the one true way, which is Jesus, the Christ.

Jesus says, "I am *the* true Vine." How many true vines are there, then?—Just one. What are all other vines?—Emblems, or figures, to

illustrate the true. The clusters of grapes are figures of spiritual life; and spiritual things are the true things. All tangible and visible things are transitory and figurative, while the things which the Spirit of God reveals are the only realities in existence. For this reason we are asked and urged to seek for the things which lie beyond the range of our natural senses. The true bread is Christ, of which he that eateth lives forever. The water which Jesus gives becomes flowing fountains of living grace, forever refreshing our own souls, and flowing out to all around us. Our clothing, which so soon grows old and wears out, is to remind us of the glorious, imperishable robes with which Christ clothes all who come to him. The money we handle represents the imperishable gold, which the Faithful Witness asks us to buy of him without money or price. The houses we live in but poorly represent that grand spiritual temple of which the final overcomer becomes a part. Our earthly homes grow old and perish; but the home above is "eternal in the heavens." Our clothing wears out, our money vanishes, our bread perishes, the water we drink satisfies but a little while, the flowers around us fade, the trees, and even the rocks, decay. All things we see or handle are passing away; but the unseen things of faith are real, they are true, they are eternal. They are all vested in Christ. He, the maker of all, is the embodiment of all. He is the truth, he only is the true. Let us live for him.

G. C. TENNEY.

PLAYING POSSUM

"Isn't it —" The remark I was mentally making was never finished. Standing in the depth of a wood, I had laid my finger-tips lightly on a dome-shaped nest that rested on a poisonous vine.

"Isn't it soft?" I was going to say. At that moment, out of the nest, and out upon the vine, shot a mother mouse and her five young ones.

There was then given me an example of the wonderful quickness with which instinct works. For, after the desperate dash from their endangered home, every one of those animals apparently realized that on a vine, with no chance of running away, its only hope was to "play possum." And so each lay as if dead. It was only by the frightened eye and heaving side that one knew of the agitation within.

Slowly I stepped back a few paces, crouched down, and began *my* play of possum. Only the day before a bird had kept me waiting twenty minutes until he moved. How long would the feigning mice keep me waiting?

Minutes passed; there was no movement, except on the part of two young mice, which had dashed ahead of the others upon the vine, where it slanted sharply downward, and being unable to retain their hold, they began to slip, a fraction of an inch at a time. But even their slipping was like that of inanimate things; there was no violent movement of the body to recover its position. One at last fell to the ground. It might have been an acorn or a piece of bark, so far as any sign of life was concerned. It remained where it fell.

Ten minutes passed; six seemingly dead mice in front of me. Absolute silence.

Fifteen minutes. A rustle, the flash of a cottontail, and again silence.

Twenty minutes. There was noticeable among the lower tree-branches on my left a curious, undulating movement, which came toward me. There was a cautious whispering. The author of it, a red squirrel, appeared on the tree-trunk in full view. The whispering became a chattering. He ran up and down the tree; he jumped to the ground, and into a mass of dried leaves just behind my back, stirring things up so one would have thought a large man was raking. I remained motionless. The squirrel grew ex-

cited. He rushed around and upon a small stump at my right; he sat up, he drummed with his feet, he scolded.

Through all this excitement my eyes had not left the mice. I looked again at my watch. For half an hour those six mice had remained motionless. The sun was down. I was growing tired, and also felt that the poor mother mouse had been kept in suspense long enough. I decided to leave them.

An impulse seized me. Reaching forward with a stick, I lightly touched the mouse that had fallen from the vine. It was as if the shadow of a flying bird passed over the ground. The mouse was no longer to be seen.

I turned, and waved my hand toward that chattering squirrel. For the moment I was the magician; there was no more sound, no squirrel, only again that undulating movement among the branches, this time receding.

I looked up; around me the curious quiet of a wood-interior at twilight. I walked slowly away.

"I wonder how much longer mother mouse will play possum?" I looked back, and straining my eyes through the gathering darkness, I saw that she had turned, and was cautiously moving toward the nest.

Her "playing possum" was at an end.—
George F. Muendel, in *St. Nicholas*.

THE EARTH-STAR, OR THE FAIR- WEATHER TRAVELER

EARTH-STARS are members of the plant kingdom, and are closely related to the puff-balls with which all country boys and girls and all frequenters of the woods are familiar: they ripen their spores, or puff-ball seed, in round brown balls as the puff-balls do, but are unique in their wonderful manner of scattering their spores. For this purpose the plant develops a tough outer coat to the ball, which on a damp day, when the spores are ripe, swells up, splits, and rolls back from the summit to the base, to form a star about the ball. The round ball at the center of the star then opens at its summit, and waits quietly for fair weather favorable for traveling.

The first day after these preparations the earth-star breaks its connections with the part of the plant which is in the ground, and which up to this time has fed and nourished it, and held it firmly in the ground; curls up the rays of the star over the puff-ball; and lets the wind roll it over the fields and wherever it will, while it puffs out the spores, and scatters them far and wide.

Some observers have stated that when the dews of evening fall, the plant unrolls the star-points until they again lie flat upon the ground, and firmly anchor the ball where it may rest until another fair day comes round in which, in company with the wind, it may resume its travels.

The earth-stars are not common, but still one on the alert may expect to find them on damp wood roads, and will be well rewarded if he takes one home to watch the rays of the star curl and uncurl when subjected at first to dry and then to moist air.—*Selected*.

It is one thing to have possessions, and quite a different matter to be possessed by what one has. The one may mean a degree of content and happiness that shall make you a blessing wherever you are; the other will not only make you unhappy yourself, but will effectually keep you from being a blessing to others. It is sad when one gives up the greatest blessings of life for the sake of "having things,"—only to find, too late, that the "things" have him. The grace of contentment not only insures happiness to its possessor, but keeps him from laying hold of what would make him all his life a veritable bond-slave in mind and body.



EARNEST WORKERS

LET us look about a little,
Let us look about, and see
What the busy world's great workshops
Have for you and me.

There's not one of us so tiny,
There's not one of us so small,
But the Master surely findeth
Something for us all;—

Something kind to do for others,
Something kind and sweet to say,
Something that will make us better,
Truer, every day.

Let us look about a little,
Every one to do his share,
Ready, earnest, always busy,—
Busy everywhere.

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

WHICH?

CALLS mother: "Why, it's nearly eight!
For shame! Get up, or you'll be late."
But Johnny Sleepyhead moans, "Oh,
That clock is much too fast, I know."

And when at noon he lingers round
Until the dinner-bell shall sound,
He says: "Oh, dear, it seems to me
That clock's as slow as it can be."

But when at night some one declares,
"Come, Johnny, time to go up-stairs;
Just see! your bedtime hour is past,"
This Johnny vows: "That clock is fast!"

Now what a funny clock, indeed,
To go with such erratic speed!
Would you another clock employ?
Or would regulate the boy?

— St. Nicholas.

WHAT THE BLUET SAID

WILL had been sent to school; but when he reached the field that he crossed on the way to school, and that took off quite a little of the distance, he noticed how thick were the tiny bluish flowers that are called "bluets."

Will knew there was no time to spare; but all at once he thought it would be a great deal more fun to stop and pick some of the pretty little flowers, than to sit in school all the afternoon with a spelling-book in his hands.

Of course Will knew what was right just as well as any little boy knows; but all at once he made up his mind to pick the little Mayflowers, and let school go. So down he went on his naughty little knees, and pick, pick, with his fingers until his small back ached, and his fingers were stiff. But in one hand he held a large, thick bunch of the bluets.

"Now I'll take them home, and put them in water," Will said to himself, "and then perhaps mama will want to put them on the supper table."

Then Will thought it would never do to go home quite so early because—because—mama would want to know how it happened, and she might not just like it, having her little boy stay out of school picking little blue-and-white blossoms, without her saying he might.

So Will made up his mind to creep round very carefully; and if no one was looking, he would get into his own room, and stay there until it was time for school to be out. And so he did. And he put the bluets into a glass of water, sat down in his comfortable chair, and watched the little blue-whitish flowers until—why, what surprise was this? One of the bluets all at once had a little face, and what was more, it began talking to Will.

"We never should have dared do it," the bluet said.

"Shouldn't have dared do what?" asked Will.

"To disobey."

"Who did disobey?"

"You did. You know you did."

"How did I disobey?"

"You were sent to school. You should have gone to school. Now you are afraid to have the truth known that you ran away from your lessons, and stopped to pick us in the field."

Will opened wide his eyes, and thought, in

"You had better listen to me," said the bluet, "for small as I am, I can teach you something you ought to know. Everything has laws. When we are down under the ground, all at once we can feel a moisture or dampness reaching us. Then we know the frost of winter has melted away, and that the time has come when the April showers and the May sun are reaching the earth, and it is time for us to look up. We obey this call, and go to work. Soon we peep up above the soil into the beautiful light.

"Then more than ever we feel the laws that



A COUNCIL OF WAR

astonishment: "But why wouldn't you dare disobey? What difference would it make to little bluets whether or not they disobeyed? And whom do you have to obey?"

"Our Maker," said the little flower. "We have to obey his laws; and if we didn't, we should die."

"You're joking," said Will. "Flowers can't have laws. They're too small. They just come up out of the earth, look round, and then by and by drop back to the earth. The idea of flowers having to obey!"

are within us. We must lift our heads to receive the dew that comes morning and evening to refresh us. We must lift our faces to receive the sunlight that helps keep us alive. We must drink in the showers that sometimes fall, and must stand up bravely when the wind comes sweeping across our little forms.

"Oh, dear, no! A bluet wouldn't dare disobey the way you did. Such a little thing would take our life away. If we would not take the dew, we should wither away. If we turned away from the sunshine, we should droop and fall. If we

refused to stand upright when the wind swept by, down we should go, and out would go our little life. We must either obey or die."

"Dear me! I'm glad I'm not a bluet," said Will.

"It's a far grander thing to be a boy," sighed the flower. "I think if I had been made a boy, I would be a good, true one, not a naughty, disobedient one. I know we have the same Maker, and it is just as bad for a boy to do what is wrong as it is for a little flower."

Then the bluet closed its little mouth and seemed to fade from sight just as the door opened, and there was Will's mama coming in.

EDITH E. ADAMS.

BABY CAMEL IN LINCOLN PARK

THERE is now a cunning baby camel at the Lincoln Park Zoo. When this sketch was made, it was nearly two weeks old, and could walk almost as well as its mother.

The coming of this ugly but funny little creature gives Lincoln Park the distinction of being the birthplace of the first camel born in the West. It is a shaggy little baby, and its fur is of a dark-gray hue. Its long, awkward legs are quite firm. Somehow they look as if they were stilts under a full-grown dog.

There was a great deal of talk between the keeper and the park attendants as to what they

chair; but it was a little black-headed one that climbed down.

"Dear me!" said her mother, looking in dismay at the little dark head. "I wouldn't have known the child if I had met her in the street. Who would suppose that a little hair could make such a difference! I should have liked it better if Mr. Bobbs had cut the black end off."

"Why," laughed Phyllis, "he couldn't do that, because the golden end wasn't fastened in. It seems funny to be two kinds of a little girl all in one day, but I'm just as comfortable as I can be. My neck is so nice and cool."

"But," mourned her mother, "I've lost all my gold."

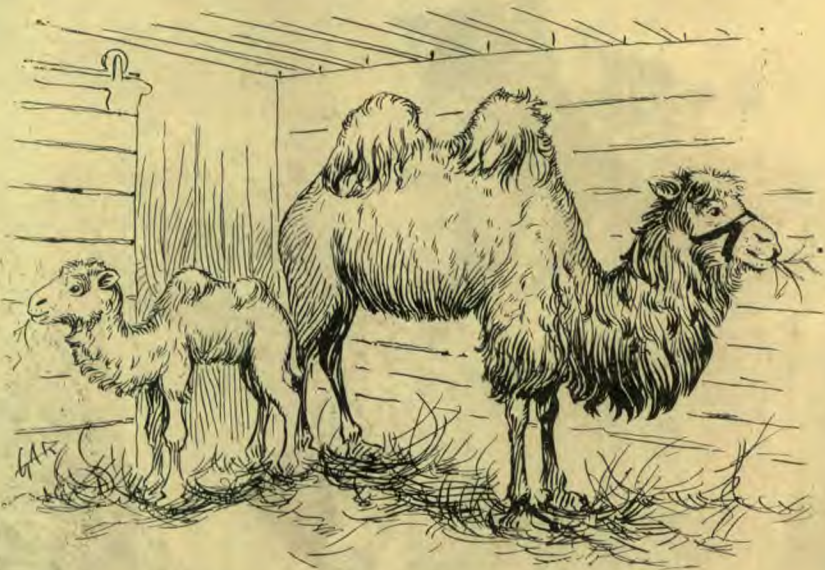
"Oh, no, you haven't," cried Phyllis. "Mr. Bobbs said he knew you'd want those old curls. I can't see why,—such hot, tangling things,—but I brought them home in my blouse, and here they are, all done up in paper. I guess I'm your little golden girl inside anyway."

"Why, so you are," said her mother, feeling quite comforted. "I'm so glad I still have a little golden girl."—*Young People's Weekly*.

THE JANET-LOUISE LETTERS

I

MY DEAR COUSIN: I want to tell you what mother said to me last evening. I was nodding over my schoolbooks, trying to keep awake to



THE BABY CAMEL AND ITS MOTHER

should name the baby. Some one suggested a long, Asiatic name, but the keeper said, "Certainly not." The baby's mother had been called plain Judy, and his father Punch. Finally the matter was settled by calling the little fellow Buddy.

The keeper is besieged by eager boys and girls, who want just a peep at the baby camel, which for the present is kept inside the barn.

A LITTLE GOLDEN GIRL

WHEN five-year-old Phyllis got up one morning, her hair was long and golden; but when she went to bed that night, it was short and almost black. This is how it happened.

The weather was very warm, and the little girl was so uncomfortable with such long curls and so many of them, that her mama decided that the hot little head and the sweet little neck would be happier without the curls; so she sent the little girl to visit Mr. Bobbs, the barber.

While the pretty hair was very light at the ends, it was quite dark close to the little maid's head, but nobody realized how very dark it was.

Perhaps the barber, who was in the habit of cutting little boys' hair, was absent-minded, and forgot that Phyllis was not a little boy, too; for he cut her hair very short indeed.

Even Mr. Bobbs was surprised at the result. A little golden-headed girl had climbed into his

study, when she aroused me by saying, "Why don't you go to bed, Jane? You are too sleepy to study. Don't sit up any longer, dear; for to do so will injure your health."

At that I laughed outright. "Injure my health"! Well, that was an idea, surely. I was wide-awake then, wanting to know how it could injure my health to sit up at night: so I asked her, and she told me that the habit of fighting off sleep, and trying to keep the brain active when it needs rest, is an unnatural thing, and if persisted in long enough, will induce a disease called "insomnia," or sleeplessness, which is often hard to cure. She said that persons who have this disease find it impossible to sleep when they would be glad to do so.

Isn't that strange, Louise? Did you ever hear of such a thing? I never did before; but I believe that mother is right, and I thought I'd write to you about it, for I know you used to study late, and dread going to bed, putting it off as long as you could. I wonder why people do such things, anyway. I heard our teacher say that heredity is the cause of much intemperance, and that some people inherit their disposition from their parents or grandparents. If that's the case, all we can do is to ask our Heavenly Father to take the evil out of our hearts, and gives us new desires.

Lovingly yours,

JANET.



THE FIRST MIRACULOUS DRAFT OF FISHES

IV

Henceforth Thou Shalt Catch Men.—Christ used this recently wrought miracle and the work of the fisherman as an illustration of the work to which he had called the disciples, because it had been their daily occupation. The difficulties, the trials, and the triumphs of the greatest of all work—soul-saving—were here symbolized. Henceforth they were to catch men. They were to hunt for souls; not, however, as the huntsmen and sportsmen catch their prey, driving it before them into the corral; nor by striking it down in death; nor yet by the cruel, piercing bullet; but as the fisherman catches his fish, letting down his net, dependent upon Providence to fill it. As a type of the soul-saving work, Christ chose the net; for by this process the fish are caught and saved alive. The fisherman catches his fish, not by his own sagacity. Circumstances contribute largely to his success; he must use judgment in choosing the right bait to catch a particular kind of fish; he must choose the proper time of day, as well as the most promising fishing-grounds. When he has carefully regarded these matters, it remains for him to keep quiet,—to keep himself out of sight.

Thus in the life of a successful fisherman we have much that teaches us how to succeed in soul-winning. We should be sure to use the right bait; that is, the divine word. The gospel is the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth. The gospel net is the only soul-saving agency. Tell the story of the cross in plain, simple language. Spread salvation's net as best you can; then lift up in your daily life the One who said, "I, if I be lifted up, . . . will draw all men unto me." The fisherman keeps self in the background. Just as unnecessary noise would frighten the fish from the carefully-baited hook, so the demonstration of self is sure to frighten away many eager souls, who are hungering and thirsting for light and truth. Put forth every effort to do your work without a single thread of selfishness being woven into it; but if after you have worked in faith and labored in love, the Holy Spirit should disclose to your view threads not of divine origin, woven into the pattern of your work, do not be discouraged.

In these solemn times when darkness covers the earth and gross darkness the people, many so-called Christian workers, instead of the gospel net, seek to use logic and rhetoric, and other nets, to catch fame, worldly honor, and vainglory; while souls are perishing on every hand. These nets are so loosely and carelessly made that the majority of the fish slip through, and are not caught. Such decry the uselessness of church organizations, and would make us believe that we need no nets to catch fish. Those have gone far beyond the Man of Galilee; for when he was catching fish, even by a miraculous draft, he told the disciples to launch out, and let down the nets. Universalism constructs a net so loose and broad and wide, that we might well wonder if any fish would ever be taken in it. To many persons, God is not very real; and religion is regarded as a code of general moral ethics, which almost any one can keep, and which it is unnecessary for anybody in particular to obey.

Again: there are those who lean toward ceremony and formality, weaving their net so closely that but few fish are caught. To some, the machinery of church government is of more importance than the souls it was constructed to save,

while others go to the opposite extreme, and are like those whose nets are broad and loose. Such toil all night and catch nothing. Let us seek not only to launch out into the deep at the Master's word, not only to let down the net at his command, but to have a net woven in the looms of heaven. Let us study, work, and pray, that we may be workmen that need not be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth; that is, employing right methods of labor.

It is necessary that the word of truth, the gospel net, be wisely used in order to catch and hold the particular class of people whom we may be seeking. The Saviour's words, "I will make you fishers of men," suggest that we must take our nets, and go where the men are; we must not wait for souls to come to us for the gospel, but we must take the gospel to them. If we are to be fishers of men, we must study their habits, their modes of life, and learn how to reach them in their own environment. Soul-saving can not be learned in the class-room any more than successful angling can be taught in the colleges. The Christian worker must learn to save souls as the angler learns to catch fish,—just where the souls are. We must reach men and women in the every-day walks of life if we would become successful soul-winners. We can not catch fish by experimenting on dry land with a net, however good the net may be; neither can we expect to win souls where there are no souls to be won. We must go, like Jesus, to those who are lost, if we would be used as instruments for saving souls.

Be sure you use the bait for which every sinful mortal is hungry, the righteousness of Christ. Then when, by precept and example, you have preached Jesus Christ as the Saviour of men, those who are hungering and thirsting after righteousness will be attracted by the Man of Calvary; for it is written that he who hungers and thirsts after righteousness shall be filled. Launch out into the deep, cast out the net, and then *trust*—not in your own experience and ability as a soul-winner, but in the Holy Spirit of God, to do for you what you are unable to do for yourself.

W. S. SADLER.

(Concluded next week.)

AS OAKS GROW

THE builder idly picked up a piece of wood, as he stood chatting with a friend. He turned it over in his hands, and when a pause occurred in the conversation, he said: "See what a beautiful bit of oak this is. Note the fineness of its grain. This wood will take a higher polish than a bit of ordinary oak. Can you guess why this is?" The builder's companion expressed himself as being altogether in the dark.

"Well, it is because the tree of which this bit of wood was once a part had to stand a good deal of buffeting. This tree did not grow in a forest, where it was sheltered by its neighbors. It stood apart in some field, solitary, and it gets its delicate grain from the struggle with the elements which it had throughout its life. It was blown upon from every side, and the story of its resistance is now written in its very fiber."

The man of affairs did not extend his philosophizing any further, though a spiritual analogy was evidently in his mind. He was doubtless thinking of the characters which come to strength and beauty by way of hard buffetings. It is a universal law of life, with countless other illustrations besides the bit of oak wood, that through contest comes might; through trials, growth; through tribulation, perfection.—*Well Spring.*

"ALTITUDE is not the same thing as ability. Position does not bring merit. A small boy astride of the ridge-pole of the highest barn in the country is as much a small boy as ever—with increased capacity for mischief. Which thing is a parable."



THE DISAPPOINTMENT

(August 10)

MEMORY VERSES.—Heb. 10:35-38.

1. When the angel told the prophet to eat the book, what did he say the result would be? Rev. 10:9.

2. How true did the words prove to be? V. 10; note 1.

3. What did the angel say the prophet, who represented God's people, was still to do? V. 11.

4. Were these words understood? Note 2.

5. Instead of coming to the earth in 1844, to what place *did* Jesus come? Dan. 7:13; note 3.

6. While the work of judgment, of cleansing, is going forward in heaven, what does Jesus do for his praying people on the earth? Mal. 3:2, 3.

7. To those who were so disappointed, and to all God's people, what comforting words does the Lord send? Heb. 10:35-38.

8. The angel said they were to prophesy again. What is the work that was spoken of? Rev. 11:1; note 4.

9. What message contains the truth they are to teach? Rev. 14:9-12.

10. What will take place when this message has been given to the world? Rev. 14:14-16; note 5.

NOTES

1. When Wm. Miller, and the thousands of others who so earnestly studied, found the truth in the prophecies of Daniel, their hearts leaped for joy. Nothing had ever seemed so precious. Day by day and hour by hour they rejoiced. The truth was in their mouth "sweet as honey." And for the sake of what they believed, they gave up all their worldly hopes, and put everything on the altar for Christ Jesus. Laying aside all selfishness, they went out from home to make known to others the blessed hope they enjoyed. Never before had people had a grander, deeper experience. They ate the book indeed, and it was in their heart everything that was needed to make them holy and glad. But after the sweetness came the bitterness. They were disappointed. The Lord did not come as they had expected. They had made a mistake. They had not understood the meaning of 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. But, while they were exactly right in regard to the *time*, they were mistaken in regard to the event. The sanctuary is not the earth, and therefore its cleansing is not by fire. The sanctuary is in heaven, and its cleansing is performed by the blood of Jesus. The mistake was, therefore, great, and the trial very, *very* bitter; but God saw what was best, and he permitted it for their good. Out of that disappointment he has brought great blessings.

2. The words of the angel seem very plain, and yet they were not understood. It was not in God's providence for the people to know their meaning at that time. The Lord put his hand over them, as it were, until after the disappointment came; but when the trial was past, he took his hand away, and showed to the people that he still had work for them to do. This encouraged them to trust the Lord.

3. In 1844 Jesus came into the most holy place of the heavenly sanctuary. He came to the Ancient of Days, his Father, to assist in the judgment work, the work of cleansing.

4. "Thou must prophesy again." The Lord's people had prophesied, or preached, once; now they were to preach again. They were to go out once more, and tell the good news of the gospel. And the particular truth they were to talk about is the sanctuary in heaven; or, as we now speak of it, the third angel's message. In the sanctuary in heaven is the law of God, and to this wonderful law and the Sabbath, which is a part of it, the people of God were to call the attention of the whole world. This work began soon after the disappointment came.

5. The third angel's message is the last message to be preached to the world. Those who accept the truth, and keep the whole law of God, are sealed with the seal of God; they live to see the Lord come, and are taken to heaven without seeing death. The very next thing, therefore, after the message, is the coming of Christ and the reaping of the harvest of the earth.

SPEAKING the truth is not enough. It may be spoken in unkindness, as when an enemy reproaches us for sin. But speaking the truth in love is at once the safeguard and the promise of our Christian fellowship. Love shuts malice out, and opens wide the door for service.—*From "Closet and Altar."*



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No. 4, Lehigh Express, East and Canada.....	8.22 P. M.
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FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY:

There is nothing insignificant—nothing.—*Coleridge.*

MONDAY:

Reach up as far as you can, and God will reach down all the rest of the way.—*Bishop Vincent.*

TUESDAY:

Every man is bound to aim at the possession of a good character as one of the highest objects of life.—*Smiles.*

WEDNESDAY:

"Every life, even the lowliest, which fulfils the divine thought for it, adds its little measure to the joy and treasure of other lives."

THURSDAY:

Once a single word of the Saviour suddenly calmed a furiously agitated sea; one look of him at us, and of ours toward him, ought always to perform the same miracle within us.—*C. H. Fowler.*

FRIDAY:

"Obliterate everything disagreeable from yesterday; start out with a clean sheet for today, and write upon it, for sweet memory's sake, only those things which are lovely and lovable."

SABBATH:

"Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill can not be hid." Matt. 5:14.

HEARD AT BERRIEN SPRINGS

A SOWER went forth to sow.

Plow in hope, sow in assurance, and God will give the increase.

FAMILIARITY with God's word is the secret of power in God's work.

It is our business to make difficulties turn into opportunities.

JESUS is the Saviour of those who, of themselves, can do nothing.

It is difficult to give to another what one does not himself possess.

WE lose a great deal in the service of God because we do not count on enough.

WHEREVER we are on the earth, there is our field of ministry spread wide before us.

It is not the studied effort, but the love of Jesus flowing out in the life, that wins souls.

WE look with a feeling of loathing at a thief; yet we are daily robbing ourselves of the priceless blessings of Heaven by refusing to receive them.

It is not necessary to wait for an introduction to a person who is in distress or sorrow, in order to comfort or relieve him without giving offense; neither is it necessary to wait for an introduc-

tion before speaking a message of courage and cheer to those around us.

GALILEE, constantly pouring out its blue waters, refreshing the thirsty land,—Galilee, bright, sparkling,—how many hallowed memories cluster about that little lake in Palestine! What a contrast is the Dead Sea, constantly receiving, always hoarding, yet never having enough! This is a parable that God himself has set in the earth to show to all who behold it the folly of selfishly hoarding the blessings received.

God's desire for his children is that they shall be happy. That does not mean that they shall always have an easy or a pleasant time, as the world looks at it; but that their trust and confidence in his loving care and wise purpose shall to show to all who behold it the folly of selfishly the peace and joy of their hearts.

SINCE God's love is revealed in all his created works; since one need never even glance up without seeing some manifestation of himself,—of his word,—no one need think that because he can not shut himself into a room, and surround himself with commentaries and dictionaries, with various revisions and translations, with the best thought of eminent Bible students, or because he may not read Hebrew and Greek, therefore he can not study God's word. If one will look with devoted eyes upon God's works, and keep his heart open to receive instruction, he will become a student of God's word indeed, and day by day will grow in knowledge of him.

OUR MISSION FUND FOR INDIA

As the time draws near when we must raise the amount to pay for the club of thirty INSTRUCTORS that goes week by week to a mission school in far-off India, we are encouraged to receive two contributions to that fund from readers of the INSTRUCTOR. We trust that others, young and old, will add their mite till the amount is made up. This is a very worthy cause, and one in which, we are sure, you all feel an interest. The mission school mentioned, while not conducted by our people, finds so much help in the INSTRUCTOR that those in charge cheerfully pay for a club of fifteen copies, to which, through the gifts of our readers, twenty-five free copies are added. From returns from this work we learn that the INSTRUCTOR is read and appreciated by those who attend this school, and by others to whom it is sent.

This week we have received from Brice Morrow, Lead Hill, Neb., one dollar for this fund; and from Mrs. C. Steele, Grunda, Cal., fifty cents. We are glad that the needs of this field, and our special opportunity to send literature in this way, are not forgotten by our friends.

A SUGGESTION

A BRIGHT young girl in Kansas is earning a small fortune by making corn-husk dolls, which she sells for twenty-five cents apiece. She is an expert at this art, and the dolls she sends out are really beautiful to look at. At first she sold them to her friends, but by and by she began to receive orders from a distance, and now she has more than she can fill. So far she has found no one skillful enough to help her. The dolls and the manner of their making are thus described by an exchange: "There is a peculiar knack of putting the husks together, which is exceedingly difficult of imitation. About as many husks as one finds on an ordinary ear of corn are all that are required for one doll. The cob serves for the body. The face is covered with a husk, and the features are painted on. The silk of the corn is used for the hair. The skirt is made of the widest husks, and a shirt-waist and jacket come out of the softest pieces. A corn-husk sash en-

circles the waist. The hat is a big scoop-bonnet, trimmed with tassels. The dolls are furnished with parasols made of straw, with silky husks for the covering." We wonder if there are not some of the INSTRUCTOR girls who could learn to make these pretty little dolls, and thus perhaps earn money to pay for a year at school. Perhaps if you can not do this, you can think of something else that you have or can make, that other people would be glad to buy. Opportunities as well as talents are given us to improve. Keep your eyes open, and you will find yours.

VERY SPECIAL TO ALL MEMBERS OF OUR SABBATH-SCHOOLS

ACCORDING to our usual custom, one number of the INSTRUCTOR will be omitted during the time of the Michigan State meeting. As this meeting is set somewhat earlier this year than formerly, the paper to be dropped will be that which would, in the natural order, bear the date of August 15.

But that there may be no confusion in regard to the Sabbath-school lessons, or the weekly studies for the Young People's companies, there will be printed, in the issue of August 8, or next week's paper, two lessons and two studies,—one each for Sabbath, August 17, and Sabbath, August 24. It will therefore be necessary to preserve the paper carefully, in order to make it do service for two weeks in this way.

In former years there has usually been more or less confusion in regard to this matter; and so we speak of it thus early that all may be prepared. We trust that all Sabbath-school workers, especially, will see to it that the members of their schools understand the arrangement, in order that there may be no break in the lines of study carried on in the INSTRUCTOR.

Remember, the next paper you receive, No. 32, will be dated August 8, and will contain two Sabbath-school lessons and two Studies in the Christian life. No paper will be given out on the following Sabbath.

Further mention next week.

AUGUST, 1901

IF the yellow address-label on first page of this paper, or on the wrapper, bears this month and year (John Brown 1852), it indicates that the following blank should be filled out by you now, and mailed to the Review and Herald, Battle Creek, Mich., before the end of this month:—

Name,
 Post-office,
 Street,
 County,
 State,
 Inclosed find \$ (money-order, express order, registered letter, or bank draft), for which please send... copies of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR... months to above address.

P. S.—If you object to clipping this out of your paper, or wish to forward other subscriptions, please write names and full addresses on a separate sheet, stating amount inclosed for that purpose.