

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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BIRDS AND WORDS

THEY all go forth in the morning,
On light and active wing;
Their food from the fields they gather,
And drink from the wayside spring.
Thrush or robin or sparrow,
Vulture or kite or crow,
They sing in joy and gladness,
Or croak in tones of woe.
With notes of doleful warning,
Or trills of pure delight,
The birds go forth in the morning;
But they all come home at night.

So we send them forth in the morning,—
The words from our hearts that spring,—
Some of them croak and grumble;
Some of them lilt and sing.
Loving, cheery, and helpful,
Bitter, scornful, or sad,
They fly to the hearts about us,
And make them sorry or glad.
But at night we'll have to meet them,—
Those words so sad or bright,—
With joy or grief we'll greet them;
For they'll all come home at night.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

THE RED-WINGED BLACKBIRD

IN the marshes, among the reeds and rushes, along the fringes of the rivers, you will find the Red-winged Blackbird. When he sings his clear *kong-ker-a-kee*, it is a signal that all is well,—home life happy, and business prosperous. When a suspicious character draws near, he utters an inquiring *chut, chuck!* and if all is not as he likes, with a long, shrill alarm of *chee-e-e-e!* he circles out on fluttering wings, showing vividly his gorgeous crimson shoulder-strap.

The Redwing's nest is built of coarse grasses, weed-stalks, etc., lined with finer grasses and rootlets, and is attached to low bushes or reeds. The eggs usually number from three to five, and are pale-blue, peculiarly streaked, spotted, or scrawled with dark-purple or black, chiefly at the larger end.

The female bird has neither the black coat nor the red wings of her mate. The first time I saw a female Redwing, I supposed her to be some sort of thrush, or a new bird I had not yet identified. She is very plain, much streaked, and utters the same *chut, chuck!* of her husband, when one draws near. This note of itself ought to be enough to identify her. She is not so bold as Mr. Redwing, but perches low, in the bushes or reeds, always not far from her nest.

"In Minnesota there is a bounty on the Redwing; but its grain-eating habit is purely local, and, as Professor Beal has found, nearly seven eighths of its food is of injurious weeds and insects, whose destruction is a decided benefit to agriculture. This shows unmistakably that the bird should be protected, except perhaps in a few places where it may have become too abundant."

The Redwing eats some corn, but it has been said, on good authority, that even then he more than pays for the corn he eats, by destroying the worms that lurk under the husks of many ears. The rest of the year he subsists on grubworms, cutworms, grasshoppers, armyworms, caterpillars, etc.

Many of our readers know that beets are nowadays raised in large quantities for the manufacture of sugar. A number of years ago the beet fields in one section of the country were threatened with great injury from a certain caterpillar

STORIES OF SOME OF MY PETS

Joe, the Blue Jay

ONE of the most interesting ways of studying animals is by watching particular specimens that have become tame. Of all my pets, I have never kept one caged or imprisoned in any way. God placed the animals under man; and if we treat them rightly, they will love us, and enjoy being near us. I have always felt that if my pets should wish to leave me, it would be because they were not happy with me; and so I can not think of restraining them. If any of my readers



A DRINK FROM A WAYSIDE SPRING

that had nearly ruined all the beet tops. About this time large flocks of Redwings appeared, and after a week's visit, the caterpillars had all vanished.

The earth is cursed with many destructive pests; but when nature is not interfered with, there is always some plan by which man's work may be saved. In this we have a parable of the work of Christ. Man does much to injure and destroy himself and others, but Christ is forever at work to bless and to save.

L. A. REED.

Jacksonville, Ill.

should ever try to make pets of any animals, remember that you must win by love, not by the cage. God wins us by his love; and if we reject this, he never compels us to serve him. Let us deal in the same way with the animals, to whom we stand as gods.

The first pet I will tell you about is Joe, the blue jay. I took him as an orphan, before he had learned to fly, and kept him in a nest of straw in the house by day, and under my pet hen at night. I fed him mostly on Dutch cheese, fresh from the milk. Sometimes I gave him hard boiled egg or a few grasshoppers, but not

often. Dutch cheese, by the way, is the best food I have ever found for most young birds, owls and hawks included.

Joe soon learned to fly, and then he had full liberty; but by that time he had learned to love the whole family so much that he would not leave us. His home was on the top of the bell post, under a large dinner bell. The bell protected him from rain and wind, and he was so pleased with it that I think he slept there every night till the day of his death.

He was an inquisitive fellow, and dearly loved company. He would follow mother into the kitchen, the cellar, in fact, everywhere she went; and if she closed a door so he could not follow, he would chatter and scold and frisk about till he saw that she would not let him in. Then he would fly to the top of a tall tree, and sulk for hours. Sometimes, however, he would come to me in the field, perch on my hat, and jabber and talk, as if trying to tell me all his troubles. In fact, he jabbered most of the time when he was with me,—though he was never too busy to see and to seize every worm my plow would turn up.

Sometimes Joe and I would go hunting. Then he was in high glee. He would flutter about while I moved boxes and barrels, and would get so interested that I could hardly keep from piling them on him. There was a lively scramble when two or three cockroaches ran out at the same time, but he seldom failed to catch them all. He would catch every bug or worm he saw, killing those he did not care to eat. Sometimes, after coaxing me in vain to go with him, he would go alone to the meadow to hunt grasshoppers. If he caught an unusually large grasshopper or a brilliant butterfly, he would come, screaming at the top of his voice, to show it to me. Then he would flutter and hop about, bragging and boasting of it at a great rate, but always keeping just out of reach.

Jays have a habit of hiding food for future use, and Joe would cache acorns in every fence-post, behind the clock, under the carpet, in the pump,—wherever he could find a lodging place for a bit of food. His favorite place for hiding a titbit for a future meal was in my mother's hair. He would coax and caress her till he thought she wasn't looking, and then he would put a piece of something in her hair. When hungry, he always came for it. If it was there, he was highly pleased; but if it was gone, he would scold at a great rate. He took special delight in dropping a pebble or an acorn into an empty shoe, and then watching its owner put it on.

There was a barrel of rainwater always standing behind the house, and here he bathed at least once every day. If he were given a bit of bread that was too hard to suit him, he would fly straight to this barrel, and put the crust to soak, coming for it when it had had time to soften. He had a mania for gathering up trinkets, such as spools of thread, buttons, needles, and mother's scissors or thimble, etc., all of which he would drop into this barrel of water. If mother missed her scissors or thimble, she always looked first in the rain-barrel.

Joe was a great trader, and though he always intended to be strictly honest, his ideas of business often got him into trouble, and finally cost him his life. Our nearest neighbor had a canary, which he would sometimes hang out in a tree. Joe would visit this bird, and after chattering awhile, would banter Mr. Canary for a trade, which usually resulted in Joe's eating all the egg, seeds, and bread that were in the cage, and then working for hours filling it with cherry stones and pebbles.

The owner did not like this; and one day when Joe came to show him a large grasshopper (for the bird thought all men were to be trusted), he knocked him down with a fork, and killed him. I think I mourned for Joe more than for any other pet. His cunning tricks, a few of which I

have told, won him a warm place in my heart; and to-day, I think the blue jay the sauciest, smartest, and most talented, all-round, jolly good-fellow of our native birds.

FLOYD BRALLIAR.



DIVISION I—CONCLUSION OF CHAPTER I

Geology

§9. God might have destroyed Satan then and there; but if he had done so, the many queries already raised in the minds of the heavenly beings would have remained unanswered. Satan's theories and plans, so contrary to the established government and law of God, must have time to develop their baneful results.

The inhabitants of heaven loved the beautiful angel who had for years stood by the throne as one of its "covering cherubs" (Eze. 28:13-15), and his words of accusation against the government of God bore weight with those who had so long looked to him as a leader. God desires only loving, intelligent obedience on the part of his subjects. Now that his wisdom and goodness had been called into question, he saw fit to allow Lucifer, "and the angels which kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation" (Jude 6), to establish themselves on this earth, and work out, before the whole universe, the plans of their own devising. God has never caused any one to join the rebel's cause; but on the other hand he has never permitted a soul to be taken in the devices of Satan without first being sufficiently warned, so that all have acted upon their own free will and choice in the matter.

For six thousand years other worlds have witnessed the workings of the principles of sin. For one thousand two hundred and sixty years (Dan. 7:25) Satan was given almost absolute control over the bodies of men; and the horrors of the Inquisition have left their bloody traces upon the sad pages of human history.

§10. Concerning the trial of Abraham's faith, we read in "Patriarchs and Prophets," pages 154, 155, that "the sacrifice required of Abraham was not alone for his own good, nor solely for the benefit of succeeding generations; but it was also for the instruction of the sinless intelligences of heaven and of other worlds. The field of the controversy between Christ and Satan,—the field on which the plan of redemption is wrought out,—is the lesson-book of the universe. . . . All heaven beheld with wonder and admiration Abraham's unfaltering obedience. All heaven applauded his fidelity. Satan's accusations were shown to be false. . . . God's covenant, confirmed to Abraham by an oath—

§11. "Before the intelligences of other worlds, testified that obedience will be rewarded.

"It had been difficult even for the angels to grasp the mystery of redemption,—to comprehend that the Commander of heaven, the Son of God, must die for guilty man. When the command was given to Abraham to offer up his son, the interest of all heavenly beings was enlisted. With intense earnestness they watched each step in the fulfillment of this command. When to Isaac's question, 'Where is the lamb for a burnt offering?' Abraham made answer, 'God will provide himself a lamb;' and when the father's hand was stayed as he was about to slay his son,

NOTE.—These lessons, comprising a brief study of Geology, Philosophy, Meteorology, and Astronomy have been prepared in response to the many calls that have come for a simple treatise on these subjects, that shall be free from the many infidel theories and deductions that are unscriptural and untrue. They have been written with special reference to the fireside, and the home- and church-school. The author would be pleased to receive, by correspondence, any criticisms or suggestions that will help to make them better adapted to this field of usefulness.

and the ram which God had provided was offered in the place of Isaac,—then light was shed upon the mystery of redemption,—

§12. "And even the angels understood more clearly the wonderful provision that God had made for man's salvation."

From this we learn that the inhabitants of other worlds actually see and hear us as we move about and converse with one another. Under its proper heading, we shall learn how this is a scientific possibility. While our vision grasps many interesting things—

§13. Concerning the other worlds, yet we do not see their inhabitants, nor hear their conversations, as they do ours. We see only as through a glass darkly; but if faithful, we shall yet, like them, see face to face, and know as we are known.

As we go into the deep strata of this earth's composition, we find many facts that tell of the dealings of God with this physical world of ours.

§14. The strata of rock, the fossil remains, the extinct Mammalia, the carbonaceous deposits, the remains of prehistoric races,—all speak, bearing positive witness to the truth of the Biblical account of the formation of the earth, and the terrible experiences through which it has passed.

Again: in "Patriarchs and Prophets," pages 113-116, we read: "God has permitted a flood of light to be poured upon the world, in both science and art; but when professedly scientific men treat upon these subjects from a merely human point of view, they will surely come to wrong conclusions. It may be innocent to speculate beyond what God's word has revealed, if our theories do not contradict facts found in the Scriptures; but those who leave the word of God, and seek to account for his creation upon scientific principles, are drifting, without chart or compass, upon an unknown ocean. The greatest minds, if not guided by the word of God in their research, become bewildered in their attempts to trace the relation of science and revelation. . . .

§15. "Moses wrote under the guidance of the Spirit of God; and a correct theory of geology will never claim discoveries that can not be reconciled with his statements. All truth, whether in nature or in revelation, is consistent with itself in all its manifestations. . . . Those who take the written word as their counselor—

§16. "Will find in science an aid to understand God." For "the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead." Rom. 1:20.

QUESTIONS

Why did not God destroy Satan in the beginning of his rebellion? After watching this rebellion for six thousand years, how must the inhabitants of other worlds now feel concerning the matter? Point out the parallel between the offering of Jesus and that of Isaac. For whose instruction was the trial of Abraham required? How did the spirit of Abraham compare with that of Lucifer? How did this offering throw light upon the plan of salvation? Who besides the angels eagerly watched this test? Do the strata of rock, and fossil remains, necessarily prove the Mosaic record of creation untrue? Unless guided by the word of God in our study of science, what is likely to be our condition? Will the truths of science ever conflict with the truths of the Bible? What text shows that the study of science is an aid to our understanding of God?

DR. O. C. GODSMARK.

Louisville, Ky.

LEAVING the past behind, asking no praise, pay, or reward, submitting ourselves to the grand law of the world, turning the way of faith and hope, giving ourselves to the nearest present duty, asking ourselves only what does right or truth or love bid, we thus enter into the joyful life of the children of God.—Charles F. Dole.



AWAKE!

THE rosy morn awoke at dawn
To kiss each gem of dew,
And, ere each vanished at its work,
To deck with rainbow hue.

The zephyr gently stirred the leaves,
Caressing, ere the day
Should tax the patience of the trees
With scorching noontide ray.

The birds were warbling, thus to greet
The radiance of the morn,
And hopped from limb to limb to meet
The zephyr newly born.

But man alone had not yet stirred.
At length in haste he woke;
The breeze, the morning, and the bird
He scarce had time to note.

To us each day some cheer will come
From face of morn or friend,
If not intent to simply run
For prizes at the end.

And other songs than birds' may cheer,
More beauty than the morn appear;
Ope wide thine eyes, lend listening ear:
Life's music is half-heard.

WORTHIE HARRIS HOLDEN.

THE AURORA

THE aurora borealis, also called "polar lights" and "northern lights," is still a mystery to astronomers and scientists. No effort to write a connected history of the phenomena has ever been attempted. The ancients called them *chasmata bolides*, or *trabes*, according to their form and colors. In Shetland and Scotland, where they have been frequent, they have been called "the merry dancers."

The first record of an aurora was made in 688 A. D. This was followed by occasional mention of the phenomenon, until in September, 1621, it was observed all over France. Between 1621 and 1707, eighty-six years, astronomers make no mention of the occurrence of an aurora.

As it has sometimes been visible by daylight, the conclusion has been reached that a light so faint as is the aurora (a light so faint that it does not obscure the stars) could not be visible in sunlight unless it was developed in cloud or mist of some sort. D. Low asserts that all clouds are subject to magnetic influence; that when the lines converge toward the magnetic pole, fine weather follows; when they are at right angles to this position, wet and stormy; and that he has observed as fine auroral motions in the cirrus cloud as he ever beheld in a midnight sky. As clouds have sometimes been observed during the day to assume the forms of aurora, he, with others, is inclined to believe that the aurora is dependent upon the existence of certain clouds for its development.

Lilbermann asserts that auroræ are preceded by the same general phenomena as thunder-storms, in which the clouds, instead of bursting in thunder, are drawn into the upper part of the atmosphere, and their vapor crystallized in tiny prisms by the intense cold, the electricity becoming luminous as it flows over these tiny particles.

Early observers believed that the aurora was

an electric discharge in the rarefied upper atmosphere, but recent spectroscopic observations do not support this view. Any glowing gas, when analyzed by the prism, is found to consist of a series of colored lines and bands, called its spectrum. The light of the aurora gives a spectrum, "usually consisting of a single line, in greenish-yellow, which does not coincide with a principal line of any known substance,—a spectrum totally different from those of the gases of the atmosphere."

W. S. CHAPMAN.

TONS OF HONEY IN A GIGANTIC BEEHIVE

ONE of the most wonderful spots in the world, in its way, is the famous "Devil's Punch Bowl," as the natives have named it, in Valverde County, Texas, which borders on the Rio Grande. Its discoverers noticed, as they came within two miles of it, what appeared to be a cloud of smoke constantly rising from a spot in the valley below them, and when they came nearer, they heard a rushing sound, as of a great waterfall. It proved to be nothing more nor less than a gigantic beehive,—a hole in the ground forty feet in diameter, from which were rising, and into which were descending, innumerable swarms of bees. This, then, was the cause of the distant appearance of rising smoke, accompanied by the loud hum of countless insect wings.

Those who have ventured to visit this curious cave since its discovery, protecting themselves from the stings of the bees by mosquito netting or otherwise, as they look down into the yawning cavity, observe, clinging to its sides, great fes-

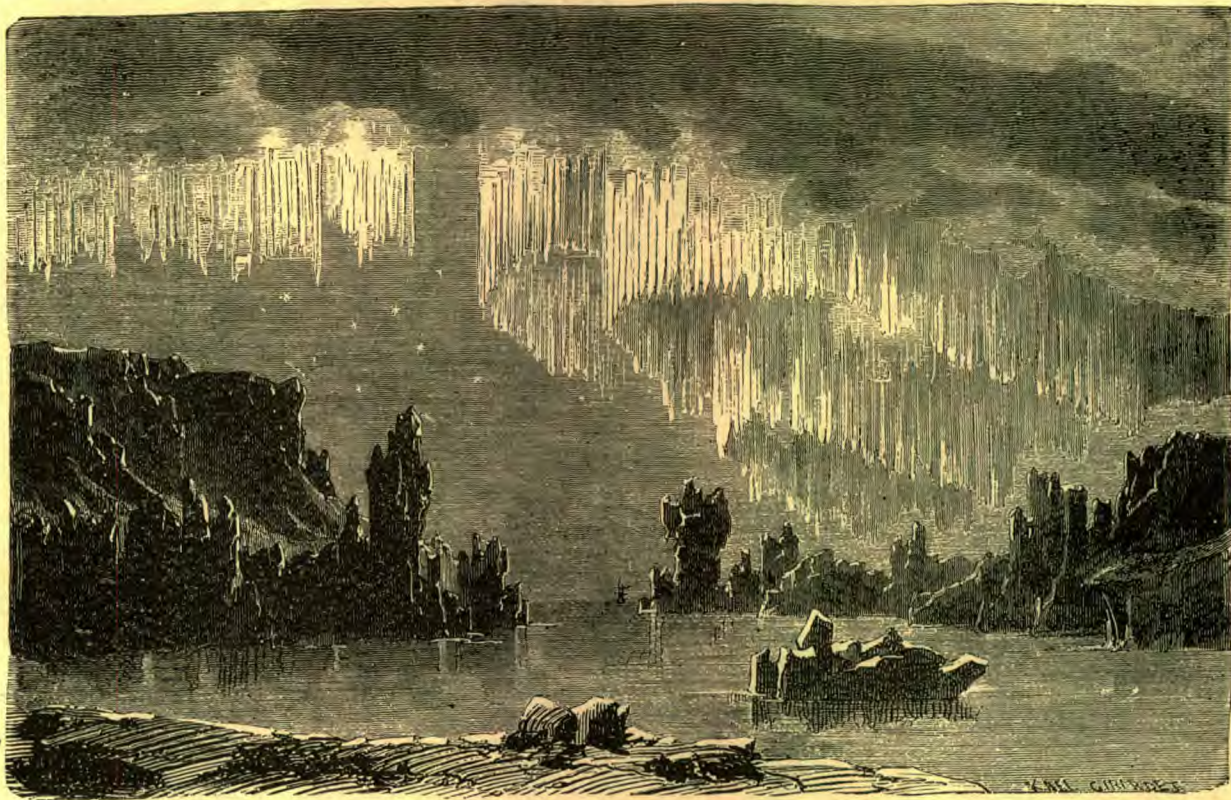
caves, some of which are easily accessible, while others can be reached only by means of ropes let down from heights above. The country is so rough that the hunter must leave his pack-pony or burro at a long distance, and must find his toilsome way on foot to the cave whence he hopes to obtain his honey. For this and other reasons, our bee-farmers will have little cause to fear competition from the wild honey of that wonderful region, at least for many years to come.

It might be supposed that these bees of the Rio Grande could cease from their toil, and feast themselves and their grubs on the stores collected in former years. But instinct prompts them to continue their labor as steadily as if they were entirely destitute.

How much in this respect they resemble men, who go on piling up wealth long after they have laid by enough to support themselves and their families in comfort! So, though no fable, our story ends with a moral.—*Selected.*

CUTTLE-BONE AND SEPIA

CUTTLE-BONE was once made use of as a medicine, but is now used by goldsmiths as a polish, and by bird fanciers as food for caged birds. This cuttle-bone, so called, is not bone at all, but a very wonderful structure consisting almost entirely of pure chalk, and having been, at one time, very loosely embedded in the substance of some departed cuttlefish. It is an oval bone, white and hard on the outside, but soft and friable within, and is inclosed by a membranous sac within the body of the cuttle.



AN AURORA *

toons of honeycomb. Opening into the large cavity can be seen many smaller ones, which, it is reasonable to suppose, contain additional stores of honey in their dark recesses; for bees love darkness. If a method could be devised to secure the contents of this great treasure-house of honey, several tons of the sweet product would be the probable outcome. But this cave, large and well-filled as it is, contains but a small part of the honeyed treasures with which those valleys abound.

In that far southern latitude the winters are so mild that the bees can gather honey through the whole year. In the summer they obtain it from the endless variety of flowers which bloom in those fertile valleys, and in the winter from sweet cactus-pears, and berries of many sorts. The bees store the honey thus gathered in hollow trees and small clefts of rock, but chiefly in

When the cuttle is living, this structure runs through the entire length of the abdomen, and occupies about one third of its breadth. In weight cuttle-bone is extremely light; and if it be cut across, and examined through a lens, the cause of the lightness will at once be apparent. It is not solid, but is formed of a succession of exceedingly thin floors of chalk, each connected with each by hundreds of the smallest imaginable chalky pillars.

The cuttlefish has an internal sac under the throat, near the liver, that contains a very dark natural ink. When pursued by enemies, the cuttle ejects this inky substance, and thereby forms a cloud of darkened water all about it, in which it hides until out of danger.

How wonderfully God has provided for even the smallest, most insignificant of his creatures! —*Selected.*



"GRANT my request, dear Lord, I pray,
That every mistake I make to-day
May serve, like an angel's touch, to show
How on the morrow I ought to go."

WHAT CAN YOUNG PEOPLE DO?

THERE is many a life that would be brightened and uplifted by a friendly visit. The world is full of loneliness. Heart-hunger and longing for sympathy are not the heritage of the poor alone, but of the rich and great, as well as of the common people. Comfort, good cheer, and helpful ministry are the needs of the world to-day. And the youth who sets about the work of supplying that need, intelligently, perseveringly, and faithfully, is following in the footsteps of the Master.

Have you never had the experience of coming in contact with persons who seemed by their very presence to extend to you sympathy and encouragement? This influence was not due to carefully chosen words, or a beautiful face, or a perfect manner; for doubtless none of these were displayed. An indefinable, inexpressible something caused your doubt, and gloom, and ill temper to give place to faith, courage, and peace. This was the genuine fruit of the Spirit of God abiding in the heart of one of his children.

Cultivate a sympathetic interest in others. Begin right in your own church. Seek out the aged, the lonely, the sick, any who are in trouble, and call upon them. You need say but little, but your visit is evidence of your kindly interest. If you are watchful, you may see opportunities for active service. Modestly, quietly, prayerfully follow up the opening providences. This work may be extended among your neighbors. We have this instruction: "This is the way light is to be communicated,—by private, personal effort. In the home circle, at your neighbor's fireside, at the bedside of the sick, in a quiet way you may read the Scriptures, and speak a word for Jesus and the truth. Precious seed may thus be sown, that will spring up and bring forth fruit after many days."

Quite likely there are those among our young people who feel that so far in these articles very small things are pointed out in answer to the question, "What can our young people do?" It will certainly seem so to all who are looking for a work that will bring to themselves the honor and praise of men. But are there not many who will gladly engage in this work in the manner dictated by the Spirit of God? "Do that which is the nearest you, right at your own doors, however humble and uncommended it may seem. Work only for the glory of God and the good of men. Let self sink out of sight, while with earnest purpose and solemn prayers of faith you work for Him who has died that you might live."

This simple work done in his name, is worthier the ambition of our Sabbath-keeping army of youth than all the deeds of worldly valor that have called forth a world's homage, or a world's remembrance.

MRS L. FLORA PLUMMER.

THE GREATER BIBLE

IN the Bible, God's great thoughts are crystallized into words. In nature his thoughts are manifested in matchless beauty and marvelous diversity and splendor. But as our ears have not always been accustomed to catching the notes of divine melody, which are being continually swept to us from God's great keyboard,—the nature-world about us,—therefore God has given the Bible to help us interpret correctly the beautiful

lessons that are stamped on everything which he has made.

In spite of the law of gravitation, the trees, by the law of growth, are enabled to carry barrels of water scores of feet above the surface of the earth; so the Christian, inspired by the divine power within him, is enabled, in spite of depressing influences, daily to elevate the thoughts and ambitions heavenward.

A shower, instead of merely suggesting the necessity of hunting up an umbrella, should convey to us the blessed assurance that every promise in God's word shall accomplish that which he wills, and prosper in the thing whereto he has sent it. The thick cloud may suggest that God has "blotted out as a thick cloud our transgressions." The gentle but unseen breeze that refreshes us should cause us to reflect upon the sweet influence of the Spirit of God.

Examples could be multiplied almost indefinitely. It is difficult to conceive of any Bible study which is more interesting, profitable, and helpful than can be secured by simply noting some particular thing in nature, and then looking up in a concordance the beautiful lesson that God has connected with it in his written word. None but those who have tried it have any appreciation of the spiritual strength which can be gained in this way. To such a student, the face of nature soon becomes an open mirror, reflecting at every point the glory, majesty, and love of an all-wise and all-beneficent Creator.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

A KNOWLEDGE OF GOD

Read "Steps to Christ," Pages 106-115

(September 1-7)

God reveals himself to men—

1. In his works. Ps. 19:1-3; Rom. 1:20.
2. In his word. Ex. 34:6, 7; Jer. 31:3.
3. By his providences. Ps. 107:43.
4. By his Spirit. John 14:26.

Jesus our Teacher. Matt. 11:29.

Our lesson book. Job 12:7, 8; Matt. 6:28.

The knowledge of God is obtained by—

1. Prayer. Eph. 1:17.
2. Study of the Scriptures. 2 Tim. 3:15; John 5:39.
3. Filling the heart with the words of God. John 6:53, 63.

What it costs. Phil. 3:7, 8.

Its great value. Job 28:12-28.

It increases. Col. 1:10; 2 Peter 3:18.

Makes its possessor rich. Rom. 11:33.

Brings peace. 2 Peter 1:2.

Is manifested in the life. 2 Cor. 2:14.

Inheritance of those who know God. 1 Cor.

2:9.

Final condition of the earth. Isa. 11:9.

SUGGESTIONS

1. This chapter in "Steps to Christ" contains some of the most beautiful and precious thoughts in the book, as its theme is one of the most exalted. It should be reread many times; indeed, if it is read once, it will be read again and again. Notice especially what is said about—

The constancy of God's care for us.

Four ways in which he speaks to the heart.

The simplicity of the saving gospel.

Four desirable characteristics that result from a study of God's word.

The conditions on which the knowledge of God is bestowed.

2. Find, in the study and the chapter, answers to the following excuses, often offered for neglecting a study of God's word and works:—

"I am too busy."

"I have no time nor place to study."

"There is no one to teach me."

"Other things seem of more importance."

"My brain gets tired, and I can not remember what I study."

"I can not understand the Bible."

CALLS FOR MISSIONARIES

THE reader is probably interested in mission work, and would like to know in what fields there are urgent calls for missionaries, and when and how these calls should be filled. First, let us see how God calls missionaries. You are a Christian—possibly you are being called without knowing or heeding the call. A brief study of the call of some of the missionaries whose experience is recorded in the Bible may help make the matter plain.

In Gal. 1:15, 16, Paul tells us how he was called to his great work of carrying the gospel to the Gentiles: "When it was the good pleasure of God, who separated me, even from my mother's womb, and called me through his grace, to reveal his Son in me, that I might preach him among the Gentiles, immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood, . . . but I went into Arabia." (The Revised Version, American Edition.)

Note the things that Paul tells us about himself:—

1. God wanted to reveal, or show, Christ in him.

2. He wanted to show Christ in Paul, so that Paul could show him to the heathen.

3. He called Paul to this work through his grace.

4. He separated, or appointed, Paul to this work at his birthday.

5. When Paul understood that he was called to this work, he at once went away into Arabia to prepare for it.

Paul evidently refers to his conversion as the time when Christ was revealed in him, yet he says plainly that he was separated and called from the time of his birth. After Paul had worked and studied for several years, God, through his prophets and teachers, asked the church to recognize Paul's separation and call to a definite work. Read Acts 13:1, 2.

This example teaches:—

1. That Paul was called, as all men are, to salvation by the grace of God. Read Titus 2:11.

2. That from his birth he was appointed by God to a definite work; but that the doing of this work depended upon his accepting his call to salvation; that is, believing in Christ.

3. When Paul did believe, and asked, "What wilt thou have me to do?" God showed him his appointment (Acts 9:6, 15), and he at once began to get ready for it.

From a study of the life and work of Moses, of Jeremiah, and more than all, of Christ, we learn that God calls others to his work as he called Paul.

Christ was called to his work from his birth. Isa. 49:1, 5, 6. When he was twelve years old, God began to reveal to him his calling. "For the first time the child Jesus looked upon the temple. . . . He witnessed the impressive rites of the paschal service. Day by day he saw their meaning more clearly. . . . Silent and absorbed, he seemed to be studying out a great problem. The mystery of his mission was opening to the Saviour."—"Desire of Ages," page 78. Then he said to his parents, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Observing his course through youth, and during his short ministry, we ever find him "filled with intense purpose," carrying out "the design of his life, that he himself should be the light of men."—Id., 92.

His way of learning how to carry out the design of his life was no different from the way that you and I must learn to carry out the design of our lives. He learned, by being "so utterly emptied of self that he made no plans for himself. He accepted God's plans for him, and day by day the Father unfolded his plans."

JOEL C. ROGERS.

(Concluded next week.)



THE CITADEL

Boys, the heart's a citadel,
Built for strength and beauty,
With a watchful sentinel
Doing ceaseless duty.
Garrison your fortress well:
Boys, the heart's a citadel.

There are enemies outside,
Enemies unnumbered,
Cunning-handed, evil-eyed,
Who have never slumbered.
Ready there, with shot and shell!
Boys, the heart's a citadel.

There are enemies within
(Have you never found them?)
Doing all they can to win
Other foes around them.
Rise, the traitors to dispel!
Boys, the heart's a citadel.

Keep the colors waving high,
Let no foe dispoil them.
Let none dare their worth decry,
No dishonor soil them.
Let the brave example tell —
Safely guard the citadel.

— Frank Walcott Hutt.

WHICH ARE YOU DOING?

HAVE you ever thought that everything you do is either an honor or a dishonor to your parents? You bear their name, and people will judge of them by what they see in you.

If you are naughty, rude, and disobedient, they will think your parents have neglected to train you properly, and that perhaps your bad behavior is a copy of what they are in their homes. Thus they will think much less of them, because you have dishonored them.

But if you are obedient, gentle, kind, and obliging, they will think you have a good father and mother, and your parents will be honored because of you.

When God puts his name upon us, he sows it in our hearts in seed from his own nature, that grows in his garden his own beautiful character. But sometimes people take his name when they are not like him in character. He says that his holy name is blasphemed because of these; for people who do not know him judge of him by what they see in them.

What a dreadful thing so to dishonor our Heavenly Father as to cause his glorious and fearful name to be blasphemed!

But in his fifth commandment he gives us a safeguard against this. His word of power speaks to us, bidding us honor him. Shall we not let this word sink as good seed into our heart garden, that the fragrant flower of perfect obedience to him in all things may bring forth its everlasting blossoms to his honor?

EDITH E. ADAMS.

A GUESS STORY

AUNT CARRIE was swinging back and forth in the hammock at the end of the piazza when Dicky came climbing up the steps.

"It's too warm to play," he announced, "so I'll sit here, and you can tell me a story," with which he perched on the side of the hammock, and folding his chubby hands, looked expectantly at his aunt.

Aunt Carrie looked dismayed at the thought of another story. "I will tell you one, but you must

help me. I will tell you all about somebody, and you must guess who it is."

"Is it a guess story?" asked Dicky, joyously.

"Yes. It's about a little friend of mine."

"A boy?"

"Oh, no, not a boy at all."

"A little girl?"

"No, indeed; not a girl nor a kitten nor a dog nor a horse. Perhaps you can't guess, and then you will never know; for I am not going to tell. Shall I go on, or don't you want it?"

"Oh, yes! Do hurry, auntie!"

So auntie began: "My little friend belongs to a very large family,—the brightest, happiest family you can imagine. My friend's name is very familiar, yet it is rather queer, when you think of

"It was on Elm Street that I came upon this dear little friend of mine for the first time this year. Oh, how glad I was to see him, and how his bright face cheered me at once! His hair was as yellow, yes, more yellow than yours, and —"

"Were his eyes blue like mine?" interrupted Dicky.

"His eyes? Well, to tell the truth, his whole face was such a sunbeam that I didn't look at his eyes. You may be sure I stopped a few minutes to see him, and Lucy Davis came along, and she stopped, too, and was just as glad as I to see this stranger. He seemed to be a great friend of hers, too.

"Then Willie Clark came running down the



DOG DAYS

it. I'm sure I don't know why it was given him, but I suppose, being a family name, he will always keep it.

"It is only a few weeks ago that I saw him for the first time this year. He doesn't like the winter; indeed, I think that spring is his favorite season, and long before the cold days come, he goes away.

"This spring, you know, we had ever so many chilly days, and it seemed as if the lovely warm weather we longed for would never come.

"At last there came a Monday which was so delightful that I couldn't stay in the house another minute; so I hurried out into the sunshine.

street, and we called him, and he was, oh, so delighted to see my friend!"

"O auntie! why didn't you come for me if Lucy saw him?" cried Dicky, sitting up straight.

"I shouldn't wonder," said Aunt Carrie, "if you saw him, too."

"I saw him? On Elm Street, with yellow hair like mine?"

"Wait till I tell the rest. The next day I saw ever so many brothers and sisters of my little friend, and they all had the same sunshiny faces, and all seemed glad to be with us again. But my friend did not grow to be very large, and he began to show signs of age very soon.

"One day I thought he looked sleepy, not quite as bright and wide-awake as when I first saw him; and he had pulled a little green hood up over his yellow head as if he wished to take a quiet nap. Then what do you suppose I saw next?"

"What?" very earnestly from Dicky.

"I was coming up Elm Street again, and there I met Lucy Davis, and there was my friend, but oh, how changed! He had grown tall, and dropped his green hood so that I could see his hair plainly; but all the yellow was gone. It was white, like grandpa's, and stood out very light and fluffy; and though it was pretty, it did not look at all as it had at first. I could see no likeness to the little friend I had met so short a time before. He had grown quite tall, and was somewhat bent. And then what do you suppose happened?"

"I can't guess at all, auntie." This with head on one side and forehead puckered in the attempt to think.

"No, you never would guess. Well, if you'll believe me, the first thing I knew, Lucy Davis seized my friend in her fat little hand, and puff—she blew off some of his white hair; and puff again—and off flew more silky locks; and again puff—and there he was without any hair at all; and that was the last of him, for with the third puff Lucy cried, 'My mother wants me!' and off she ran, tossing my friend to one side, and I never saw him again; but —"

"I know! I know!" shouted Dicky, slipping from the hammock, and dancing up and down on the piazza. "Dandelion! Your little friend's name is dandelion, auntie!" And that was the end of the guess story.—*Youth's Companion*.

THE LADDER OF SUCCESS

Will crown.
Your work
At last
Success
With fret and frown,
Though oft you'll meet
Walk in the light.
Keep honor bright.

The day of little things.
Despise not, nor neglect
Is traveling with wings.
Remember that old Time

And love your work with all your heart.
Strive hard to do an honest part,
To do more perfect work you'll try;
And day by day, as time slips by,

To do with your might what your hands may find.
The very first step is to have a firm mind
If in this small ditty you'd find any sense.

At the foot of the ladder be pleased to commence,

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

THE JANET-LOUISE LETTERS

III

DEAR COUSIN LOUISE: Your letter was amusing—I had a good laugh over it. But of course we want to keep well. I feel ever so much better when I get up early in the morning, and take that time to study instead of after nine at night. I want to ask you how you get along about lunching. Do you eat between meals? Our teacher has been giving us some interesting talks lately on the subject of foods, good and bad, and especially about proper times for eating.

It does look reasonable that our stomachs need a time for rest; they should not be continually at work. If fresh food is mixed with that already partly digested, the whole ferments, a sour stomach is the result, and gases arise, causing disagreeable sensations. These are the first symptoms of dyspepsia, she tells us. Pain is also felt in the stomach, caused by overloading that organ, producing what she calls "distention." And dilation of the stomach is hard to cure, she says. Our physiology lessons are on this subject now, and Miss Kelley makes them still more interesting by little stories that come to her mind.

She thinks we had better stop the habit of munching between meals, and not wait until we are in such distress as some persons she has known. We girls have all talked it over, and concluded that we shall have only ourselves to blame if we injure our health in this way. We have eaten crackers, fruit, nuts, and candy, or whatever we could get that tasted good; but now we have decided to give more care, first, to the kind of food, and, second, to the time of eating it.

One of the girls says fruit won't hurt any one, because it never hurt her; but Miss Kelley made it very plain that to eat even fruit at wrong hours may cause a disturbance in the stomach. Cherries, berries, grapes, peaches, apples,—all good, ripe, sound fruits,—are excellent for a meal, but should never be nibbled between meals. Nothing but pure water should go down the throat from one meal to another. Miss Kelley says a habit of constantly chewing things grows, so that by and by a person may think he is hungry when in fact he is not in need of food at all.

She is going to tell us more about these subjects, and has asked us to study the matter, and find out if people ever do kill themselves, and yet not realize what they are doing.

Your loving cousin,

JANET.

IF I WERE A GIRL

IF I were a girl, but warned and guided by the knowledge of life that comes with maturer years, there are some things frequently done by well-intentioned girls, which I would try to leave undone, and certain other things frequently neglected by them, which I would try to do.

If I were a girl, I would determine to have, if possible, a sound, healthy, well-knit body. I would not ruin my digestion by eating caramels, nor my nerves by keeping late hours, nor my lungs by breathing bad air and wearing uncomfortable clothing. I would have regular hours for eating and sleeping, and my own ideas of what was sensible, economical, and appropriate in dress, and never be tempted from them on any occasion.

If I were a girl, I would learn as early as possible to do the homely duties which come, sooner or later, to the vast majority of women. I would learn to make and mend my own clothes; to sweep, and dust, and iron, and cook; and to do all these things so easily and well that the doing could never be drudgery.

If I were a girl, I would not make a confidential friend of a new acquaintance. I would know just as many pleasant people as it was possible for me to know; but I would try them for a long, long time before I began to share my innermost thoughts and feelings with them.

If I were a girl, I would try very hard to keep my lips clear of slang, hasty words, and stupid gossip. I would not seek a reputation for vivacity and "smartness" at the expense of candor and kindness. I would resolve, and resolve with all my might, to say what I meant, and mean what I said. It pays to be positive.

If I were a girl, I would be a Christian, and I would not be ashamed to own that I bore the name. If I could not be a wise, mature, and influential Christian, I would be content to be an honest Christian girl, and wait for time and training to do the rest. I would let my position regarding the dance, the card table, and the theater be so clearly defined that I need not go through the agony of decision every day I lived. I would try to have it understood which side I was on, and why I was there.

To put it briefly, if I were a girl, and if youth could look forward as later life can look backward, I would begin to be in girlhood what I shall wish in old age I had become.

For the achievement it is necessary but to speak, and live up to a resolute "I will!"—*Union Signal*.



HEALING THE MAN WITH AN UNCLEAN SPIRIT

(Continued)

Man with an Unclean Spirit.—Rotherham tells us that this demoniac healed in the synagogue had an "impure spirit." There are many to-day who are similarly afflicted. This man had become so dissipated, so evil, that he and the wicked spirit had almost become one. Some have so abandoned themselves to dissipation and vice that they become wholly possessed by the spirit of Satan. Their faculties are under his control. Perhaps this poor man when he first started out to have a gay time in life, to enjoy this world, to dabble in intemperance and vice, little dreamed that he would soon become a disgrace to his family and a reproach to his Maker. He did not intend such to be the result, but according to a man's sowing, so shall be his reaping.

Christ's life was one in which God dwelt in man, completely controlling him. Satan is a great counterfeiter; and, as in other matters, he seeks to counterfeit the incarnation. He does this by trying to enter into and completely control human beings who have placed themselves under his influence. Such individuals are said to be possessed of the devil. This man's thoughts, actions, and entire life were so wicked that he is represented as being possessed by an impure spirit. He was undoubtedly a type of the worst, most degraded, and most hopeless cases that Christ or his co-workers are ever called upon to deal with.

This man was possessed with an unclean devil. It would seem to be enough simply to be possessed of a devil, but he had an unclean devil. Satan sometimes comes as an angel of light; he sometimes seeks to possess men under the garb of respectability, culture, etc.; but this poor man was under the influence of an evil spirit that led him into sins of the deepest dye. It would seem that there was nothing left in his character with which Christ could begin, in order to better his condition. There was no basis for reformation; the work must be one of transformation. And so we meet with many to-day for whom reform will avail nothing; seeking to put new wine into old bottles will prove a dismal failure. They must be given new bodies, new minds, new hearts,—must be created anew in Christ Jesus.

And He Cried out, Saying, Let Us Alone.—Literally possessed by the spirit of Satan, this poor man did not offer a formal prayer. The words he spoke were as the utterances of an evil one; yet his need was the prayer that touched the Saviour's heart, and led him to speak the loving words that set the poor man's soul at liberty. When he recognized Christ, instead of seeking for help, apparently he sought to repulse the Saviour, saying, "Leave us alone." This shows how completely he was under the power of Satan,—realizing, perhaps, to some extent, his own need, and yet at the same time so controlled by evil as to ignore the One who alone could supply this need. In this he is a type of many to-day,—those who know their need, yet who stubbornly refuse to receive that which alone can help their condition. We often meet those who say, "Trouble us not with your teaching. We want nothing to do with your Christ. Let us hear no more of your strange doctrine," etc. Yet God can help even these; for it was such a one as this out of whom he drove the unclean spirit. "Let us alone; what have we to do with thee?"

were almost the first words spoken by this man to Jesus; and yet the Saviour, notwithstanding this rejection of his help by the demon that spoke through human lips, freed the man from the power that held him a prisoner.

W. S. SADLER.

(Concluded next week.)



RULE OF THE JUDGMENT

(September 7)

MEMORY VERSES.—Eccl. 12:13, 14.

1. What does the Lord say is the one great duty of man? Eccl. 12:13.
2. Why is the keeping of the law of God so important? V. 14.
3. What did Jesus say to one who asked him the way to everlasting life? Matt. 19:17, last part.
4. To what commandments did Jesus refer? Vs. 18, 19.
5. Of what law are these commandments a part? Ex. 20:3-17.
6. If one can enter into life only by obedience to God's holy law, what should we ever strive to do? James 2:12.
7. What law is the "law of liberty"? Vs. 8-11; note 1.
8. Why is every one to be judged by the law of God? Heb. 4:12, 13; note 2.
9. In the judgment, therefore, what requirement will be made of all? Matt. 7:21; Rev. 22:14.
10. How does the Lord judge men by his law, and determine whether they have kept it? Isa. 28:17; note 3.
11. Will there be any who will be found perfect and straight, and in harmony with the law-plummet? Rev. 14:12.
12. What is said of the 144,000 who are redeemed from the earth? V. 5.

NOTES

1. To the young man who wished to know what he must do in order to have eternal life, Jesus pointed out the ten commandments. And through his servant James he speaks of those same commandments as the law by which we are to be judged. In both places we are sure that the Lord refers to the ten-commandment law; for he takes particular pains to quote from it. There is no law which says, "Thou shalt not kill," "Thou shalt not commit adultery," "Thou shalt not steal," "Thou shalt not bear false witness," etc., except the law of God, which was given on Mount Sinai. And that we may not misunderstand, God tells us that this law, the *whole* of it, must be obeyed. The whole law, from the first commandment to the tenth, will be used to judge us at the last day.

2. Some forget that God's holy law includes everything that comes into man's life. The Lord tells us that it is "quick [living], and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, of the joints and marrow, and is a *discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.*" There is no good thing, however great, that it does not include, and no sin, however small, that it does not notice. All the goodness and purity and blessing in Jesus Christ were only the keeping of the commandments. And let us remember that Jesus came into the world, and lived and died, just to make it possible for us to keep the law. Read Ps. 40:7, 8; Rom. 8:3, 4. He has accomplished what he came to do, and now he requires

us to follow his example. 1 Peter 2:21; John 15:10; 1 John 2:6. Every one who does not follow Jesus in the keeping of the Father's law will be found guilty in the judgment; for it will then be seen whether men's lives are in harmony with the life of Jesus.

3. A plummet is that which is used to determine whether anything is perfectly true and upright. A plumb-line, hung down the side of a wall, will show the workman whether the wall leans, and whether or not there are crooked places. It points out the defects, because it itself is perfectly straight. But it must be hung down the wall before it can point out the faults, or prove, on the other hand, that the work is all right. Just so with God's plummet, his holy law. In the judgment he hangs it by the side of every one's life. He puts it into the midst of his people (Amos 7:8), and thus finds out whether their lives are pure and holy, or unholy and defiled.

"A good book," says Anna Warner, "whatever its nature may be, is one that leaves you farther on than when you took it up. If, when you drop it, it drops you down in the same old spot, with no finer outlook, no clearer vision, no stimulated desire for that which is better and higher, it is in no sense a good book." This is a good test,—that it shall be known by its fruits in our thinking and living, by what it does for us and in us.



FOR several weeks we have not been able to give space to Our Sharp-Eyed Boys' and Girls' column; but this week we select from the large number now on hand, two letters from friends over seas, sure that you will all enjoy what they have to say. We hope to print others soon. Meanwhile, keep on writing of the things that interest you, and that others will be glad to know about:—

Along Gopo

PADANG, SUMATRA.

DEAR YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR: I will tell you something about the animals we see in this far-off land. There is one curious creature called Along Gopo. It has a very thin skin, covered with fine, soft hair, mixed yellow and brown. The body is about fifteen inches long. It hangs with its four feet together on a limb to sleep. It flies from tree to tree, though it has no wings. The body is small, but the skin is large and loose like the skin of a flying squirrel. Its head is pointed like a dog's, with bright eyes and small ears.

I have found the ant-lion in the sand under our house. All cats here have short tails, like rabbits; or else a crooked joint near the end. There is an artesian well near our house, and the water is warm—ninety degrees Fahrenheit. The water in our own well is eighty-three degrees.

I am ten years old, and can speak Malay. We always have hot weather here, because we are near the equator.

ALBERT MUNSON.

This is an interesting letter, Albert; we hope you will write again.

The Mohammedan Roza, or Fast

CALCUTTA, INDIA.

DEAR YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR: Last year we lived opposite a mosque, and from the window of my father's room, one could look right into it. The Mohammedans have their Roza, or fast, about the same time that the Church of England celebrates Lent. For a whole month the faithful are not supposed to put even water in their mouths during the day, but they can eat as much as they like at night. So they simply turn night into day.

About six o'clock in the evening all the Mohammedans in the vicinity of the mosque gather together to pray and break their fast. Only the men are allowed to enter the mosque, while the women and children stand about the doors. Long before they come, offerings of fruit and grains are sent to the mosque in large trays by wealthy

Mohammedans. These are served out to the men in small plates made of mud, and the women and children get about a handful of soaked grain each. The men are also served with sugar and water in small wooden cups. After this, there is a call to prayers; that is, the keeper of the mosque goes to one side, puts his fingers in his ears, and screams out a lot of words which I do not understand. Then the men all go inside a room, and a preaching service is held. After this they come out, hold their hands before them like a book, clap them to their ears, fold them on their breast, bow, kneel, stand, and prostrate themselves on the ground alternately.

When they disperse, the sick are brought to the doors of the mosque, and those who have been inside are expected to blow on them as they pass out. The relatives of those who are too ill to come, bring glasses of water, on which they ask the men from the mosque to blow, the water being afterward given to the sick to drink. They even go so far as to rub the mud from the steps of the mosque, as well as from the road in front, on their foreheads.

MARION H. BELCHAMBERS (aged 15).

We shall surely look for another letter from you, Marion. How thankful we should be for the knowledge of the gospel, and how earnest in sending its life-giving message to others.

LADY AGENTS wanted for my fast-selling Health Garments. I have some new articles that are big sellers. I pay charges. My Victoria recommended by every lady. Catalogue free. Address W. S. Dann, 1916 Cuming St., Omaha, Neb.

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MRS. F. M. KELLOGG,

207 Hubbard St., - - Battle Creek, Mich.

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ST. MATTHEW, 13.

42 The queen of the south shall rise up in the judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it: for she came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and, behold, a greater than Solomon is here.
43 When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places, seeking rest, and findeth none.
44 Then he saith, I will return into my house from whence I came out; and when he is come, he findeth it empty, swept, and garnished.
45 Then goeth he, and tak-

eth the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother.

CHAPTER 13.

3 The parable of the sower and the seed: 18 the exposition. 24 The parable of the tares, 31 of the mustard seed, 33 of the leaven, 44 of the hidden treasure, 45 of the pearl, 47 of the draught-net. 53 Christ is contented of his own countrymen.

THE same day went Jesus out of the house, and sat by the sea side.

2 And great multitudes were gathered together unto him, so that he went into a ship, and sat; and the whole multitude stood on the shore.

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SEVEN THOUGHTS ON GENTLENESS

SUNDAY:

"Like the alabaster lamp of the ancients, gentleness not only gives forth light and warmth, but fills the room of life with subtle perfume."

MONDAY:

"For gentle minds by gentle deeds are known, And man by nothing is so well betrayed As by his manners."

TUESDAY:

"Gentleness determines the tone in which the truthful word shall be spoken; it fixes the bearing that a courageous heart shall carry, and demands that the vigor of honesty be tempered with sympathy and tact."

WEDNESDAY:

"Gentleness is the personal pressure that a good man's life should exert against the life of every other man,—the velvet touch of a strong, pure soul, felt in all that is said and done."

THURSDAY:

"Gentleness is the sign of completeness and soundness. No piece of machinery will run smoothly unless every part is in place, and doing its work. Irregular and noisy action instantly alarms an engineer, and tells him that something is wrong."

FRIDAY:

"Gentleness may be known by the company she keeps. Cowards and weaklings are never in her presence, and the knightly and the noble never leave her side. But, while she is strong, her strength is never loud nor vain, but always under careful curb and rein."

SABBATH:

"Thy gentleness hath made me great." Ps. 18:35.

CONDITIONAL service—the service that counts the cost, that gratifies self, that refuses to work at all unless it can have all the honors—is at best a doubtful factor in the upbuilding of any cause. "Unconditional surrender"—of self and of everything that ministers to self-pleasing—is the very foundation of real usefulness and success in any department of Christian service.

OBSTACLES are only incentives to the dauntless soul. If the work is his, and needs to be done, the courageous person will always find a way to accomplish it. Bunyan's great book and Sir Walter Raleigh's "History of the World" were both written in prison; Luther translated the Bible while confined in the castle of Wartburg; Pope suffered all his life with a deformed back; Homer was old and blind when he wrote the Odyssey; and Milton's greatest work was done when he was blind, poor, and feeble. All these

examples, and countless others, show that obstacles are only stepping-stones to the invincible spirit.

MENTAL LAZINESS

"Too lazy even to think," people sometimes say, when wishing to express the thought that the very bounds of laziness have been reached. But the fact is that mental laziness is an even more wide-spread and far-reaching evil than bodily laziness, though that is common enough.

It is mental laziness that makes the boy willing to be "helped" with the hard problems in his arithmetic lesson, so he may have an extra hour for play; that causes his sister to "read up" for her composition, thus using another's eyes and thoughts instead of her own. It leads a great many people to neglect a study of God's word, and especially of the Sabbath-school lesson, furnishing, too, the always new excuse of "no time;" it chooses the "easy" book instead of the one whose every paragraph will require intelligent attention in order to be understood, and whose reading will exercise, and so strengthen, the powers of the mind.

Mental laziness is very insidious in its methods of working; it takes its victim unaware, doing its work so gradually that often it is not observed until too late to effect anything like a permanent cure—and no amount of grieving or reformation can restore again the precious time thus wasted.

The person who is physically lazy is always despised; the mental sluggard, though he may flatter himself to the contrary, no less so. But this should not be the highest reason for resisting the first approaches of this malady: the mind, no less than the body, is God's gift; and all its powers should be so used and so improved that he will be glorified.

CLIMBING TRINITY STEEPLE

STEEPLE-CLIMBING is not a profession that appeals strongly to the popular fancy—except as some one else does the work; yet there are men who devote their lives to the repairing, gilding, and inspecting that must be done hundreds of feet in the air, where a single wrong move, an instant's inattention, would result in a certain and dreadful death. In *St. Nicholas* one of the oldest steeple-climbers in the business (he is still a young man: the steeple-climber is not long-lived), known as Mr. Robert Merrill when at home, but as "Steeple Bob" to the profession, relates to Cleveland Moffett his experience in climbing the Trinity church spire,—a distance of three hundred feet:—

"Merrill laughed about the climb up old Trinity,—the first climb, when he carried up the hauling rope, and worked his way clear to the cross, with nothing to help him but the hands and feet he was born with, and did it coolly, while men on the street below turned away sick with fear for him.

"I'm telling you the truth," said Steeple Bob, 'when I say it was an easy climb; any fairly active man could do it if he'd forget the height. I'm not talking about all steeples. Some are hard and dangerous; but the one on Trinity, in spite of its three hundred-odd feet, has knobs of stone for ornament all the way up (they call them corbels), and all you have to do is to step from one to another.'

"How much of a step?"

"Oh, when I stood on one, the next one came to my breast, and then I could just touch the one above that."

"He called this easy climbing!"

"The only ticklish bit was just at the top, where two great stones, weighing about a ton apiece, swell out like an apple on a stick, and I had to crawl around and over that apple, which was four feet or so across. If it hadn't been for grooves and scroll-work in the stone, I couldn't

have done it; and even as it was, I had two or three minutes of hard wriggling after I kicked off with my feet, and began pulling myself up.'

"You mean you hung by your hands from this big ball of stone?"

"I hung mostly by my fingers; the scrolls weren't deep enough for my hands to go in."

"And you drew yourself slowly up and round and over that ball?"

"Certainly; that was the only way."

"And it was at the very top?"

"Yes, just under the cross. It wasn't much, though; you could do it yourself."

"I really think Merrill believed this. He honestly saw no particular danger in that climb, nor could I discover that he ever saw any particular danger in anything he had done. He always made the point that if he had really thought the thing dangerous, he wouldn't have done it. And I conclude from this that being a steeple-climber depends quite as much upon how a man thinks as upon what he can do.

"A funny thing happened," he added. 'After I got over this hard place, I slid into a V-shaped space between the bulging stone and the steeple shaft, and I lay there on my back for a minute or so, resting. But when I started to raise myself, I found my weight had worked me into the crotch, and jammed me fast, and it was quite a bit of time before I could get free.'

"How much time? a minute?"

"Yes, five minutes; and it seemed longer."

"Five minutes struggling in a sort of stone trap,—five minutes stretched out helpless at the very top of a steeple where one false move would mean destruction,—that is what Merrill spoke of as a funny thing!"

"You would be surprised," he went on, 'to feel the movement of a steeple. It trembles all the time, and answers every jar on the street below. I guess old Trinity's steeple sways eighteen inches every time an elevated train passes; and St. Paul's is even worse. Why, she rocks like a beautifully balanced cradle; it would make some people seasick. Perhaps you don't know it, but the better a steeple is built, the more she sways. You want to look out for the ones that stand rigid; there's something wrong with them—most likely they're out of plumb.'

AN EXAMPLE OF THE BELIEVERS

At —, Ind., there is a company of Sabbath-keepers. They have no organization, but they have a Sabbath-school, with "about eighteen" members. This Sabbath-school recently renewed its club of *fifteen* INSTRUCTORS. The secretary says: "There are six women who pay the church rent of four dollars a month, and furnish the Sabbath-school supplies. We are not in debt any."

We doubt if this record could be surpassed,—eighteen members, fifteen INSTRUCTORS, the expenses all borne by a few faithful women—and "not in debt any." We might add that the letter containing the draft for the renewal of the club also brought a generous gift for the relief of the Publishing House at Christiania.

May the blessing of Heaven rest upon this faithful company.

"MUST THE CHILD OF THE DRUNKARD ACCEPT ITS LEGACY"

Is the title of an eight-page leaflet in the *Health and Heredity Series*, published by the Women's Temperance Publishing Association, Chicago. It is written by Dr. David Paulson, being prepared first as one of a series of articles he is writing for the *Union Signal*, and afterward put into this form for wider circulation. Price, for five copies or any number under five, two cents each; one dollar a hundred. This little leaflet touches questions that are vital in many lives; it should be circulated everywhere.