

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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SUMMER BIRDS

RESPLENDENT in the summer choir,
The redbird folds its wings of fire,
And sings; and how the oriole's note
Translates his gold of breast and throat!

Deep in the holy woods the thrush
Breaks with ecstatic praise the hush;
And o'er wide meadows bathed in sun
The bluebird's dialogue is spun.

White-chaliced daisies lean to drink
The cascades of the bobolink,
And cheerful robin from the wall
Sings mellow matins for them all.

O God! how artless and sincere
Thy little feathered hymnists here!
So true the song, and feeling fit!
No bird was e'er a hypocrite.

Out of my heart, I pray, may rise
Tribute as earnest to the skies.
Unless my words be heart-true words,
I lack the faith of summer birds.

—James Buckham.

THE WRENS

THERE are a number of different wrens in the United States. The bird is so small, and the different species so nearly resemble one another, that some care is needed to distinguish individuals.

In the Northern States in summer, the House Wren is most common. But west of the Alleghanies, and south of the fortieth degree of latitude,—this line runs nearly through the middle of Illinois from west to east,—the Bewick Wren is quite common. Its appearance, song, nest, and habits are very much like those of the House Wren; but they may be distinguished by several definite markings. The House Wren has no white line over the eye, while Bewick's Wren has. As has been intimated, the location will also give one something of a clue. In Michigan, Wisconsin, etc., or on the Eastern coast, if the wren you have discovered lives about a home, or a farmyard, it is probably the House Wren; but in southern Illinois, and farther west and south, Bewick's Wren is more common than the other.

In the winter, another wren visits us, while the House Wren goes farther south. This little bird is the Winter Wren. His tail is much shorter than that of the House Wren, and is held up much higher over his back. Then there is the Long-billed Marsh Wren, which has a white line over the eye, a black patch on the back, a very long bill, and is found in marshes.

In the picture we have tried to represent a House Wren. This bird is a tame little creature, and an excellent singer, although Bewick's Wren can out rival him.

When a House Wren once selects a place for a nest, it becomes greatly attached to it, and will return to the same place year after year. The

birds will nest in a bird-box if the opening is not larger than a silver quarter. A larger opening will let in the English sparrow, which is apt to drive out the wrens.

At my old home in Wisconsin, a pair of wrens built a nest in the boxing of our picket fence. It was the post at the gate, and it seems strange that they would build so close to where persons were so often passing. They were never molested, however, and we grew very fond of them, and each summer looked for their return. I do not know how many years they nested in the old post, but it was for a number of seasons.

Here in Jacksonville, Ill., two wrens have a nest in a dead limb of an old apple-tree. They have either dug out enough of the rotten wood to make room for the nest, or else this was done for them by some other birds. They seem very happy, and one or the other is singing most of

have heard a wren, in response to a rival, sing at the rate of ten songs a minute for two hours at a time."

The House Wren sometimes uses about half a bushel of twigs in making a nest. In the center of this mass are placed dried grasses. The eggs number from six to eight, and are minutely speckled with pinkish-brown. The House Wren leaves us for the South about October; but before it leaves, the Winter Wren comes from the North. It remains with us until April; and at about the time the House Wren returns, the Winter Wren leaves us again for the North.

L. A. REED.

TWO LITTLE WRENS

VERY small birds inspire a peculiar kind of affection. Perhaps it is because they seem peculiarly helpless. A hawk can take care of himself.



THE HOUSE WREN

the time. To me their song sounds much like that of the canary, though more wild, and it is shorter.

One writer has said that the House Wren is given to perpetual motion. He surely is a lively little creature. You may as well expect to catch a weasel asleep as to find a wren at rest.

"He is ever hopping, flitting, bobbing, or bowing, pausing only long enough to give voice to his feelings in fidgety, scolding notes, or an effervescing, musical trill, with the force of which his small body trembles. It is a wonderful outburst of song, and the diminutive singer's enthusiasm and endurance are even more remarkable. The song occupies about three seconds, and I

We are glad to see him, we admire the strength and grace of his flight; but as for loving him, the idea never occurs to us.

For another thing, many small birds are very confiding, and, if a creature confides in you, you can hardly help feeling your heart warm toward him. A man said in my hearing, not long ago, "I like a dog that likes me." And I say now, as I have said before, that I am interested in all birds, but I love especially those that treat me as if I could be trusted.

Only this forenoon I offered a bird something to eat. She was sitting on her eggs (a friend had invited me to come to see her), and might reasonably enough have told me to mind my

own business. Well, I could not quite reach her from the place where I stood; but I held up my finger with a dead ant on it, putting it as near her bill as I could get it, and she stepped at once out of the nest to a twig a few inches below, and took the morsel from my finger as innocently and frankly as a child would have taken an orange. Perhaps I did not love that bird!—that vireo, whose mate was at that moment singing to her in the next apple-tree.

I am saying all this by way of introduction to a very brief talk about two kinds of small birds, one of which generally builds its nest in the immediate neighborhood of human beings, while the other quite as generally does exactly the opposite, setting up its abode in some very wild and out-of-the-way place. In short, although the two look most confusingly alike, one is habitually a door-yard bird, the other a bird of the unbroken forest.

Number one is the house wren,—a chubby, short-tailed, brown creature, with a slender, sharply pointed bill, very common and well known in many localities, but seldom or never seen in others that seem quite as well suited to its needs.

This season a pair have built a nest in the yard of one of my neighbors. I pass the spot almost daily, and four times out of five, even though I go directly past, I hear the male singing his short, hurried, gurgling tune from one of the trees directly before the door. One day a friend expressed a desire to hear the song, and we went to the place together. The fellow sang, and then—what was unusual—flew to the other side of the road. "I should like really to see him," said my friend, and we crossed the road in pursuit. We were standing motionless on the sidewalk, when suddenly the tiny thing hopped into sight from under the picket fence. In and out he went between the slats, every slat bringing him nearer, till all at once he found himself within a foot or two of my companion's boot. He stopped, looked at the strange shiny object, dodged back between the pickets, and we lost him. Thirty seconds passed, or possibly sixty, and, behold! he was singing again from his old perch.

The incident was characteristic, for both the wrens of which I am writing are a good deal like mice in their habit of dodging about in brush-heaps, stone walls, wood-piles, and other tangles, now visible for an instant, now lost to sight, and anon reappearing in some least expected quarter. Hide-and-seek is their game. For aught that I know, they may have been the inventors of it.

The house wren's nest is built in a bird-box, in the hollow of a tree or branch, or in any similar opening that happens to strike the builder's fancy. He is an excellent neighbor, worthy of all encouragement, especially in these days when the multitudinous English sparrow so often gets early possession of all such building-sites as the wren would naturally choose to settle in.

Our second bird is known as the winter wren. You may find him in summer in all the wilder parts of northern New England, but will be little likely to do so unless you are on the lookout for him, or have with you some better-informed companion to call your attention to his music. This is highly peculiar and highly pleasing,—a rapid, tinkling, fife-like tune, pretty well prolonged, in a very fine, thin voice, which, for all its thinness, is not wiry, in any bad sense of that word, but decidedly musical. Thousands of tourists hear it without minding it, and thousands more without suspecting the name of its author.

If you hear such a song,—anywhere in the White Mountains or the Adirondacks, for example,—you may need only a few bits of patience to discover the singer; but you will find him the more easily if you keep in mind that he is the merest midget of a plainly colored bird, with the shortest kind of a tipped-up tail, and is never far from the ground,—as well as never, or next to never, on a leafy branch,—but is to be caught sight of as he flits about the dead roots of an

overturned tree, the mazes of a brush-heap, or other such close piece of cover. If you see him, he will most likely have seen you first, and will be bowing to you in a comically nervous manner, while he utters at intervals a brief *tut-tut*, which sounds like anything but a compliment or an address of welcome. He is an oddity, but one of the very best of our wildwood songsters.—*Bradford Torrey, in S. S. Times.*



DIVISION I—CONCLUSION OF CHAPTER II The Week of Creation

§24. "AND God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness. . . . So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him." Gen. 1:26, 27. Nowhere do we read that man, the crowning work of all God's creation, was evolved from the lower forms of life. This theory of evolution was first promulgated in the year 1734 by Emanuel Swedenborg; and though taught in the name of religion, has become the foundation rock of all infidel science, and is to-day the stone upon which many an unsuspecting mind has stumbled in regard to the true science of God's creation.

§25. What if there are graduations and classifications plainly found in the field of animate creation? What if there is a gradually ascending scale from the simple cell of the protoplasm up to man, the most complex of earth's creatures? Could God possibly have created so vast a number of animate creatures, covering so wide and diversified a field as he did, without bringing the species so closely together as to make the above-mentioned classification possible?—Certainly not. From the minute amœba, large numbers of which move about with the greatest freedom in a tiny drop of stagnant water, to the mighty mammoth, there must of necessity be a wide field to fill with living creatures. One river alone, the Amazon, contains no fewer than two thousand separate species of fish, to say nothing of myriad other forms of life.

§26. Shall we cast aside as untrue the plain statement that God created the varied forms of life, and believe the man-made theory that all these different species, during the lapse of ages past, have developed from a single cell? Shall we believe that man evolved from the chimpanzee, the chimpanzee from the orang-utan, the orang-utan from the monkey, he from the dog, and so on back through the fishes to the mollusks, and finally to the single cell of protoplasmic life? This would, forsooth, put God a long way off, and so perhaps suit the feelings of many; but when it has been done, it might well be asked, Who, in those dim and distant ages, created that first cell, which, as we are so vividly told, lived upon a lone rock until it finally evolved itself into two cells, and has, since then, according to the "law of the survival of the fittest," evolved into unnumbered forms?—The reverent answer must ever be, "God."

§27. But why do we not, in this enlightened age, like to retain God, who is the only true source of light and knowledge, in our reckoning?—Simply because Satan is leading this present generation over exactly the same ground over which he anciently led the now heathen nations. "Because that, when they knew God, they glorified him not as God, neither were thankful; but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart

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.

was darkened. Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, . . . wherefore God gave them up to uncleanness through the lusts of their own hearts." Rom. 1:21-24.

§28. It is also argued that because all animals, fishes, and reptiles are composed of cells, therefore all must have evolved from one original cell; but this is not a necessary conclusion. That God saw fit to build his creatures out of one foundation material, is no argument that the higher orders had to pass through the different stages of progression. To illustrate: Here stands a house, yonder a stable, there a hen-house, and near it a dog-kennel, all built of brick; does this prove that before the house became a house, it had first to pass through all the stages of being a stable, a coop, and a kennel? Is the hen-house in the transitory stage between the kennel and the barn, simply because we find them all composed of the same foundation material?—Not at all. They may have all been built at the same time and designed by the same architect; but no rational mind offers the theory of evolution as a means of explaining the sameness of the material used in their construction.

§29. It is true that man has evolved, but in the downward direction. "Lo, this only have I found, that God made man upright [in the image of God], but they have sought out many inventions," or excuses, as one translation reads. Eccl. 7:29. By indulgence in sin, man has become so degraded and so like the beasts that, as an excuse for this debased condition, he accepts the revolting theory that he has actually descended from the monkey, in place of having been created in the image of God. This condition has come about because mankind "changed the truth of God into a lie, and worshiped and served the creature rather [margin] than the Creator. . . . And even as they did not like to retain ["acknowledge," margin] God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a mind void of judgment [margin], to do those things which are not convenient." Rom. 1:25, 28.

QUESTIONS

Do the fossil remains disprove the Bible record? How many different species of fish are found in one river alone? What phase of evolution is based upon there being so great a number of different species? Do we at present see animals changing from one species into another? What claims are made concerning the cell structure of all animate creation? Illustrate the fallacy of this theory. Explain the origin of the heathen nations, as told in Romans 1. In what year and by whom was the theory of evolution first taught? Is it an inspiring, uplifting thought to believe that man has developed from the monkey? In whose image and likeness was man made? DR. O. C. GODSMARK.

IN WAYS THAT COUNT

"I THINK through the nib of my pen," wrote the genial Dr. P. S. Henson.

"I will send my prayers in my wagon," answered a farmer who was asked to pray for a poor widow.

"It is time my sympathies oozed out through my finger tips," thought a young girl who had been feeling sorry for an overworked mother.

"I must spell my pity with my purse," decided a man whose heart had been touched at the need of the heathen.

"My sociability needs to be mounted on shoe leather," concluded a well-meaning but home-tied church-member, as she thought of her duties toward some newcomers.

"I will try to coax my heart into the palm of my hand," the usher whispered to himself, as he was about to reach out for a perfunctory handshake with a stranger.

"O Love, come sit on my lips while I speak to that careless one," invoked one whose good intentions had a fashion of hiding in the heart.—*The Christian Endeavor World.*



ALAS! for the trees that have only leaves
For the Master's piercing gaze,
Who have lived and flourished and bloomed in
vain

After these many days.
What if the Master should say to them,
"Never shall fruit be seen
On the trees that cumber the useful ground,
And have nothing to show but green?"
Patient Master, be patient still;
Smite not the trees to-day
With the blighting word or a stern rebuke,
Bringing the swift decay.
Let them linger a season yet,
If perchance there soon may be
Not leaves alone for thy searching glance,
But ripened fruit for thee.

—Marianne Farningham.

THE HEALING OF THE LEPERS

LEPROSY was one of the most distressing maladies of Bible times. Its subjects are none the less pitiful to-day. Then it was considered so great a calamity as to be worthy of special mention, apart from disease in general. For instance, when the Saviour commissioned the seventy to go forth and herald the advent of the kingdom of God, he said: "Heal the sick, *cleanse the lepers*," as if to be afflicted with leprosy was something different from being merely "sick."

There was good reason for this. Sickness in ordinary forms was curable after some manner of treatment; but leprosy, when once in the system, refused to be eliminated by any known process. Instead, when it first appeared, however mild its form, its victim gave up all hope of recovery, and yielded himself up to the inevitable. The next thing was to be separated from dearest friends, lest they, too, might become infected by the terrible malady. The leper was therefore doomed to drag out a miserable existence, in unfrequented places, until relieved from his ever-increasing suffering by the hand of death.

The story of Naaman and his leprosy doubtless comes to mind at this juncture. It will be remembered that through the intercession of a little girl, whose faith in the power of God was strong, this general of Syria's hosts was induced to seek recovery from his leprosy, at the hands of Elisha, a prophet of God. Having followed the simple prescription given him, he came forth a new man physically, his flesh having become as fresh and clear as that of a little child.

Not only was he thus convinced of the power of God to heal leprosy, but he was ready, in his joyous frame of mind, to make a thank-offering in return. Elisha refused to take anything for the service he had rendered, so Naaman departed toward his own country. But Gehazi, Elisha's servant, seeing, from the circumstances, an opportunity to obtain something for himself, followed after, and secured a large sum of money from the grateful man. Returning to Elisha, and that prophet learning of his servant's course, there was pronounced upon him the curse which had been lifted from the Syrian soldier. These are the words of the prophet to Gehazi: "The leprosy of Naaman shall *cleave unto thee, and unto thy seed forever*. And he went out from his presence a leper as white as snow."

This was a terrible return for the servant's exhibition of covetousness. But while the Lord does not want men to accept, for their own benefit, the thank-offerings of those who have had special blessings from heaven, he does desire that all shall acknowledge heavenly benefits received by them. When Jesus was here in the flesh, he healed lepers as freely as those afflicted with

other forms of disease. One notable case is that shown in the accompanying picture.

In a certain out-of-the-way village the Saviour came suddenly upon ten of these unfortunates, in one company. Standing afar off in beseeching attitude, they cried out, as with one voice: "Jesus, Master, have mercy on us." The Saviour's great heart was touched at the sight, yet he could not well lay his hands on them then and there, because of certain circumstances. But that which he could do without detriment or hindrance to his work, he immediately did. His response to the united, earnest appeal of these unhappy men was: "Go show yourselves unto the priests."

They quickly started, but soon realized that the secret power of the Lord had freed them from their bondage of loathsome disease. They were doubtless all glad beyond measure for the change, and were anxious to make known to dear friends their cleansed condition. So all but one of them kept moving onward, probably in the direction of home and family. This one, however, returned, loudly praising God all the way, and upon meeting the Saviour, fell down before him in thankfulness, thus acknowledging his obligation to be the Lord's servant.

The strange part of this incident was that all those who failed to return and acknowledge the Lord's hand in their restoration, were those who formerly professed the worship of Jehovah, while the only one who did go back to thank the Lord for his mercy bestowed was, before that event, a stranger to God, being a partial heathen. There is danger, even to-day, of this figure being acted over in our own lives, unless we constantly cultivate thanksgiving for daily blessings.

J. O. CORLISS.

"GOD WILL PROVIDE HIMSELF A LAMB"

THE pathos of Abraham's great trial of faith makes a nearer approach to that of Heaven's great sacrifice for a lost world than any other circumstance in earthly history. Every feature of the narrative is deeply laden with spiritual meaning, and lies close to the experience of every one who comes into the family of faith.

Abraham was now an old man. Long he had waited for the child of promise, in whom the great purposes of God concerning himself were centered. At last Isaac was born, and his growth had been watched with eager joy.

Abraham now saw a clear way to the fulfillment of the promises. He could see the Christ, "the seed," and through him the family of the blessed without number, and he was content. He could now rest the remainder of his days in assurance and peace. How like a thunderclap from a clear sky came the awful command of God, "Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, . . . and offer him . . . for a burnt-offering." But the grand old hero, "staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief; but was strong in faith, giving glory to God." He did not reveal the fearful mission to any one; but on the morning following the order, he started out by faith.

As he and his boy walked up the mountain-side, the lad exclaimed, very naturally, "My father,

. . . behold the fire and the wood: but where is the lamb for a burnt-offering?" And Abraham said, "My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt-offering." And "so they went both of them together."

Very soon it flashed upon Isaac's consciousness that he was to be the lamb. God called for the sacrifice of himself. We can almost hear the father tremblingly unfolding the plan to his son, and encouraging him to have faith in God, and be willing to follow his word, even to an awful death. With a faith akin to that which Jesus exercised in his Father, Isaac yielded himself fully into the hands of God. He was bound and laid upon the altar. The knife was uplifted, but,—Hold! It is enough! Then appeared the sacrifice which God had prepared.

God calls upon us all to place all we have, even father, mother, son, or daughter, in his hands, fully and implicitly. Not that he means to deprive us of them, but he would have us feel that they are his own; and that no object should come between us and himself. Many youth to-day march willingly up to the place of sacrifice. "Here are the fire and the wood," they say; "but where is the sacrifice?" Some one else must furnish the lamb. They will give strength, talents, education, and all those things; but "where is the lamb?" O, God has provided the lamb: "My son, give me thine heart." "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it."



"JESUS, MASTER, HAVE MERCY ON US"

It must have been a dreadful moment to Isaac when he made the supreme sacrifice. But it was no sooner made than the substitute appeared. So with us. When we pass the critical moment, and accept the crucial test, we shall see standing there, with pierced hands and side, Jesus, the loving Saviour, our substitute upon the consuming altar.

How glad Abraham and Isaac must have been the rest of their days that they had withheld nothing from the Lord. The best thing that any youth can do is to give himself wholly to God. All our acquirements are like the wood and fire which Isaac carried: they do not make an acceptable sacrifice without the lamb. And before God will substitute his Son for us, we must give ourselves to him.

G. C. TENNEY.



DAILY PRAYER

As sure as comes my daily need,
And comes my daily care,
My humbled, willing soul must feed
In daily prayer.

It brings me light when all is dark,
When fierce temptations lie
Beneath the clouds, when not a spark
Is in the sky.

When conflicts rage with thrusting sword,
In battles terrible,
I kneel before my listening Lord,
And him I tell.

A Friend, a Helper, in my need —
'Tis that he is to me;
Daily upon his love I feed;
My Fortress, he.

Sure as the sun its glory spreads
When birds in carols call,
At daily prayer his love he sheds,
Illuming all.

B. F. M. SOURS.

FROM DENVER, COLORADO

THE young people's work in Denver, Colo., has been divided into departments, in what seems to be a very desirable way. The Mercy and Help Department engages in a very practical form of Christian work, as its name indicates. Another much-needed line of work in a city church has been assigned to a Reception Committee; namely, the reception of strangers or visitors at the church services or at the young people's meetings. The Department of Good Literature is devoted to the work of making the young people intelligent Christians, as well as saving them from the pernicious influence of bad literature. It also includes the arrangements for the Reading Circle studies and other special studies, all of which will connect in some way with the past history or present work of God in the earth. The Committee of Counsel, which has the general oversight of the whole, includes church and Sabbath-school officers and persons of experience.

We are glad to know that the work for the young people is receiving attention in this church. Doubtless the arrangements here spoken of will be suggestive to other churches similarly situated.

WHAT CAN OUR YOUNG PEOPLE DO?

THEY can heed the following most tender and earnest appeal, taken from "Testimonies for the Church," Vol. I, pages 511-513:—

"I saw that Satan is a vigilant foe, intent upon his purpose of leading the youth to a course of action entirely contrary to that which God would approve. He well knows that there is no other class that can do as much good as young men and young women who are consecrated to God. The youth, if right, could sway a mighty influence. Preachers, or laymen advanced in years, can not have one half the influence upon the young that the youth, devoted to God, can have upon their associates. They ought to feel that a responsibility rests upon them to do all they can to save their fellow mortals, even at a sacrifice of their pleasure and natural desires.

"The young should inquire, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? How can I honor and glorify thy name upon the earth?' Souls are perishing all around us, and yet what burden do the youth bear to win souls to Christ? Those who attend school could have an influence for the Saviour; but who name the name of Christ? and

who are seen pleading with tender earnestness with their companions to forsake the ways of sin, and choose the path of holiness?

"I was shown that this is the course which the believing young should take, but they do not; it is more congenial to their feelings to unite with the sinner in sport and pleasure. The young have a wide sphere of usefulness, but they see it not. O, that they would exert their powers of mind in seeking ways to approach perishing sinners, that they might make known to them the path of holiness, and by prayer and entreaty win even one soul to Christ! What a noble enterprise! One soul to praise God through eternity! One soul to enjoy happiness and everlasting life! One gem in their crown to shine as a star forever and ever! But even more than one can be brought to turn from error to truth, from sin to holiness. Says the Lord by the prophet, 'And they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever.' Then those who engage with Christ and angels in the work of saving perishing souls, are richly rewarded in the kingdom of heaven.

"I saw that many souls might be saved if the young were where they ought to be, devoted to God and to the truth; but they generally occupy a position where constant labor must be bestowed upon them, or they will become of the world themselves. They are a source of constant anxiety and heartache. Tears flow on their account, and agonizing prayers are wrung from the hearts of parents in their behalf. Yet they move on, reckless of the pain which their course of action causes. They plant thorns in the breasts of those who would die to save them, and have them become what God designed they should. . . .

"Young men and young women, I saw that God has a work for you to do; take up your cross and follow Christ, or you are unworthy of him. While you remain in listless indifference, how can you tell what is the will of God concerning you? and how do you expect to be saved, unless as faithful servants you do your Lord's will? Those who possess eternal life will have *done well*. The King of glory will exalt them to his right hand, while he says to them, 'Well done, good and faithful servants.' How can you tell how many souls you might save from ruin, if instead of studying your own pleasure, you were seeking what work you could do in the vineyard of your Master? How many souls have these gatherings for conversation and the practice of music been the means of saving? If you can not point to one soul thus saved, turn, oh! turn to a new course of action. Begin to pray for souls; come near to Christ, close to his bleeding side. Let a meek and quiet spirit adorn your lives, and let your earnest, broken, humble petitions ascend to him for wisdom that you may have success in saving not only your own soul, but the souls of others. *Pray more than you sing*. Do you not stand in greater need of prayer than of singing? Young men and women, God calls upon you to work, work for him. Make an entire change in your course of action. You can do a work that those who minister in word and doctrine can not do. You can reach a class whom the minister can not affect."

CHRISTIAN AXIOMS

1. THE best commentary on the Bible is the Bible itself.
2. The best teacher in things spiritual is the Holy Spirit.
3. Unless a man believes the Bible to be the word of God, containing the truth and nothing but the truth, he can not understand it in its parts. Unless he believes that Jesus Christ not only has come, but also will yet come again, he can not understand the Bible as a whole.
4. Unless a man loves the Lord Jesus as a living person, he alone being his hope, a man can not walk in the full light of Christ—*Selected*.

WHAT TO DO WITH DOUBT

Read "Steps to Christ," Pages 133-145

(September 15-21)

THE language of doubt. John 20: 25; Ps. 14: 1. Doubt results in—

1. Destruction to the individual. Matt. 14: 29-31; 2 Peter 3: 16.
2. Failure in God's work. Matt. 17: 19-21. A divine warning against doubt. Heb. 3: 12. The language of faith. 1 John 5: 14, 15; 2 Tim. 1: 12; Mark 9: 24, last part. God has given faith to all. Rom. 12: 3; Acts 17: 31, margin. Effect of faith. Rom. 15: 13; Acts 15: 9. Faith of the Christian grows. 2 Thess. 1: 3. Results in salvation. 1 Peter 1: 9.

SUGGESTIONS

1. Doubt casts its black shadow over the spiritual life of many a young Christian; and it may some day be your privilege to speak the words that shall lead such a one out into the bright sunlight of an "unfeigned faith." As you study this subject, therefore, note especially those thoughts that are helpful to *you*, finding answers, also, to such expressions as the following:—

- "How can I really know the right way?"
 - "I can believe nothing without evidence."
 - "There are so many things that I can not explain nor understand."
 - "There are discrepancies in the Scriptures."
 - "Anything can be proved from the Bible."
2. Notice also what is said about—
- The mysteries of the natural world.
 - The result if men could fully comprehend God and his works.
 - The exercise of the reasoning faculties.
 - The reading of the Bible.
 - The real cause of doubt.
 - The evidence offered to all.

IS THERE A REASONABLE BASIS FOR FAITH?

THERE is scarcely a word in the English language that has been so warped from its true meaning as the word "faith." Instead of being some peculiar tension or emotion of the mind, true faith is simply a recognition of things as they *actually are*. The individual who becomes best acquainted with God will necessarily manifest most faith in him. He will learn the consistent manner in which God deals with his children. This will preserve him from asking unreasonable things, which is presumption.

Much of the so-called faith of to-day is, in reality, nothing short of presumption; consequently, God can only ignore it.

God is the author of all the good sense there is in existence; and the highest and purest form of faith will be founded upon well-known principles, which are unfolded both in his word and in nature; for God himself invites us: "Come now, and let us reason together." Isa. 7: 18.

Although we find much that we are unable to understand, this is no proof that it is unreasonable, but is rather an evidence of the limited capacity of our reasoning ability. As our ability to understand God's ways increases, we shall see more and more reasonableness in all that he does; but even in the fullest human development, there will undoubtedly be much that will not seem *absolutely* clear to our minds until they are illuminated with the light that will by and by fall from the throne of God. We may rejoice that all that has perplexed us in the providences of God will then be made plain; things hard to be understood will then find an explanation; and where our finite minds discovered only confusion and broken purposes, we shall see the most perfect and beautiful harmony. "Now we see through a glass, darkly; but then, face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known."

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

COUNTRY JOYS

WHAT do the country children do
From New-years till December?
What tasks have they the whole year through?
What pleasures to remember?

They visit early maple woods
With pails of sap o'erflowing;
They gather pussy-willow boughs;
They see the green things growing.

The squirrels are their acrobats;
The bees and ants their teachers;
Their playmates, birds and butterflies
And gentle farmyard creatures.

The fields of clover blush and bloom,
While days grow hot and hotter;
The children to the mowers bring
Jugs brimming o'er with water.

They search the haymows' fragrant depths,
With little city cousins,
And, finding slyly hidden nests,
They gather eggs by dozens.

The berries and the grapes are theirs;
The apple-boughs low-bending;
The yellow pumpkins in the corn,
To crown the rich year's ending.

Who would not be a country lad
Or lass, for simple pleasure,
And gather up the country joys,
A lifelong store of treasure?
ELIZABETH ROSSER.

LESSONS FROM THE BEES

Now the bees are busy gathering
honey while the sun shines, and the
flowers bloom. God has spread a
rich feast for them in more beautiful
dishes and cups than were ever made
by the hands of the most skillful work-
men to adorn the king's table.

"God might have made the earth
bring forth,
Without a flower at all."

He might have fed the bees without
the lovely colors and scents which
give us so much pleasure, and which
must surely add sweetness to their
feast and their work. Like all the
rest of God's creatures,—

"That thou givest them, they gather;
Thou openest thine hand; they are
satisfied with good."

God does not put the honey in their
mouths or in their hives, but he
teaches them where to find it, how to
gather it from the flowers, and how
to make the perfect little six-sided
cells of the comb in which to store it for winter.

Watch the bees at work, and notice the flowers
that they visit,—the sweet-scented and gay-col-
ored ones. Suppose that in a beautiful, sweet-
smelling flower, the bee should find no honey, but
poison instead. Then that flower would be bear-
ing "false witness,"—showing fair colors to lure
living creatures to their destruction.

There is a plant called the "pitcher plant,"
which does something very much like this. It
has a long, pitcher-shaped cup, which it fills with
a sweet, intoxicating fluid. This is a snare to the
insects, which crowd into it, and drink until they
are too dazed to escape. Then the plant closes
over them, and sucks their life blood.

That plant is a false witness. Its fair form,
and the attractive liquid within it, invite the in-
sects to come in and feast and get new life; but
they find death instead.

Sometimes people flatter others in the hope of
gaining something from them. Sometimes they
speak fair words, but mischief is in their heart.
These are false witnesses, seeking their own wel-
fare at the expense of others, instead of, like the
sweet flowers, attracting others by their loveli-
ness, so that they may feed them and do them
good.

There are some insects that feed on carrion—
decaying matter. These flies are attracted by the
most unpleasant smells, to the place where they
will find what they most like. For them some
pale flowers give forth sickly odors to draw them.

But these the bee passes by. It loves purity, and
sweetness, and the most pleasant odors attract it
to the place where these are to be found. Little
children should be like the bee, attracted to those
things that are pure and lovely, abstaining from
all appearance of evil.

What teaches the bee where to find honey, so
that it does not make a mistake and draw deadly
poison instead from some plants which contain



it?—It is the same thing that teaches the birds
to fly south in the winter, and brings them home
again in the spring; the same thing that teaches
the flowers to put forth their lovely petals, that
inspires their balmly odors, and fills them with
honey,—the Spirit of God, which is the life and
inspiration of all things that live and move. He
guides the bee to the flower, just as he directs the
bird in its flight over the pathless ocean.

It is the Spirit of God alone that can guide
you in the right way, keep you from evil, and lead
you into all truth. The Bible speaks of those who
"approve the things that are more excellent," be-
cause they are "instructed out of the law."

The life of God is the law of the bee and the
flower, and instructs each to grow and to go in
the way that he would have it. And this same
law will keep you also in his way, if you will
let him guide you.
EDITH E. ADAMS.

GARDENERS ALL

"BURDOCKS and stick-tights are pretty thick in
your clover meadow, aren't they, grandpa?" said
Jack, as he leaned on the pasture bars, and looked
over into the field where the red blossoms were
nodding in the breeze.

"Yes, and I shouldn't be at all surprised if a
boy about your size helped to plant them," replied
grandpa.

"I? Why, I wouldn't even think of doing such
a thing as spoiling that lovely meadow!"

"Aha!" said grandpa. "And it's just when
people aren't thinking, that they do a great many
things they do not intend to do. But I know you
can not tell how you planted such ugly weeds in
my meadow, and as you are not the only one who
did it, I'll have to explain.

"You see in the farther corner of the pasture,
and along the sides of the cow-path leading up
the hill, there are a lot of burdocks and stick-tights
growing. Well, how many times do you think
you have played on that path without getting
those little seeds fastened into your
stockings and clothes?"

"When the seeds are ripe, I would
be willing to say that you couldn't
pass them once without carrying some
of them along with you. Then, on
your way to the house, you often take
the short cut through the meadow,
and sometimes perhaps you have
stopped to pull them off because they
pricked you; and if you haven't done
that, the tall grass and clover have
pulled them off for you, as you went
through; and there have those seeds
been planted, as neatly as you please,
among the roots of the meadow-grass.

"Now you see how you have helped
to raise that good-for-nothing crop.
But Towser is just as good, or as bad,
a planter as you, and his shaggy hair
has carried many a seed to be brushed
off in my clover meadow.

"The cows, too, get their sides, legs,
and tails caught by the little hands
and fingers of those naughty seeds
that are not content to stay at home;
and when milking time comes, and
Bess, Blossom, and Betty come down
to the bars, and give a rub against
the rails to brush off the biting flies,
down fall the seeds through the
fence, and in the springtime up comes
a border of burdocks and stick-tights
on the meadow side as well as on the
pasture side of the fence."

"How strange, grandpa! I never thought seeds
were such travelers before. How came the thistles
here?"

"They flew," said grandpa. "I have often
heard you say you liked to see the thistles sailing
in the air, but you did not know that each one
was carrying a little brown seed to drop into
somebody's field, perhaps. The dandelions carry
their seeds in the same way, and so do the milk-
weeds and a few other weeds.

"There are some weeds whose seed-pods pop
when ripe, and scatter the seeds over a wide
space; then birds carry many seeds, and let
them fall while eating; and heavy winds blow
pretty large ones sometimes a long way. You see
there are many gardeners at work that we do not
always stop to think about."

"Well," said Jack, "I'm glad that you told me
about them, for I did not know there were so

many planters in the world. I can not keep the winds or the birds from bringing you those bad seeds, but I will not go through the meadow again with stick-tights or burdocks on my clothes; and in the morning, if you will let me take the corn-knife, I will cut down the big weeds that the cows and Towser and I didn't mean to plant." — *Selected.*



THE WEIRD OF THE MORROW

You'll be sorry to-morrow, sorry
For the harsh words said to-day.
You will wish you had waited a little,
Till the ill mood passed away.
You will grieve for the friend you wounded,
But you'll grieve till your heart is sore
For the strife and sin that entered in
When anger set wide the door.

You'll be sorry to-morrow, sorry
That an old face quivered and broke,
As if a blow had struck it,
At the hasty words you spoke.
You'll be low in your mind to-morrow,
That a little child with dread
At the glance of your eye went hurrying by,
With downcast, drooping head.

You'll be sorry to-morrow, sorry
That you played the cowardly part,
That you hid in a mask of silence
And the hypocrite's hateful art;
For silence is sometimes shameful,
And born of the mean degree,
And it creeps away at the end of the day,
To lurk where the mean things be.

Sorry to-morrow? Truly
'Twere better to be content,
And have no guilt to atone for,
No willful sins to repent.
The word, the look, the action,
By the help of God may wear
That light of heaven, forever given
In the hush of the answered prayer.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

CONQUERING TEMPTATION

"LET the peace of God rule in your hearts, . . . and be ye thankful. Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord."

This was Christ's practice. He was often assailed by temptation, but in place of yielding or being provoked, he sang God's praises. With spiritual songs he stopped the fluent speech of those whom Satan was using to create strife. He sang with fervency and melody.

When those who love God are tempted, let them sing the praises of their Creator rather than speak words of accusing or faultfinding. The Lord will bless those who thus try to make peace. Trust in God. Be careful not to give the enemy any advantage by your unguarded words. Keep looking to Jesus. He is your strength. By steadfastly beholding him, you will be changed into the same likeness.

When the enemy tempts you to become discouraged, remember that Christ has said, "Let him take hold of my strength, that he may make peace with me; and he shall make peace with me." Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you. Then when the enemy comes in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord will lift up for you a standard against him. Your part is to take hold of the strength that is as firm as the throne of God. Believe in God. Although you have trials, lose not your faith. Remember that Christ was tempted in all points like as you are. Remember that nothing in this world is so dear to God as his church. The Lord knows and loves those who are his.

"Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God."

We must put on every piece of the armor, and then stand firm. The Lord has honored us by choosing us as his soldiers. Let us fight bravely for him, maintaining the right in every transaction. Rectitude in all things is essential to the welfare of the soul. As you strive for the victory over your own inclinations, he will help you by his Holy Spirit to be circumspect in every action, that you may give no occasion for the enemy to speak evil of the truth. Put on as your breastplate that divinely protected righteousness which it is the privilege of all to wear. This will protect your spiritual life.

Be so considerate, so tender, so compassionate, that the atmosphere surrounding you will be fragrant with heaven's blessing. Do not discourage yourself and others by talking of defects of character. Talk of the light of which heaven is full. Look away from the imperfections of others to the perfection of Christ. Praise wherever you can. Love God and those around you. Forget yourself.

Improve is the word I have for all. Use to a purpose the capabilities God has given you. Let the love of Christ lead you to strive for victory. You can, if you will do his will, reach the ideal which he has set before you. Let joy and love and the grace of Christ perfect your character. Let a willingness to obey make your path bright. Believe, and receive to impart. Without a murmur or complaint lift the cross. In the act of lifting it, you will find that it lifts you. You will find it alive with mercy, compassion, and pitying love.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

A MOTHER OF EIGHT HUNDRED CHILDREN

THE children and teachers of Haskell Home were delighted to listen to Mrs. Steele, who has a large home for colored orphans in the South, one Sabbath not long ago.

Mrs. Steele looks very active in spite of her gray hair, and is a pleasant speaker. She does not stop to think what she shall say,—the words flow easily from her lips. She told the children that she is mother to a larger family than they have ever seen, as she has over eight hundred orphans to take care of.

Some of them are so sweet and affectionate that any one would love them; but others are restless, naughty, and disobedient, so that she has to go to the Lord many times a day, in order to learn from him how to love them. One boy especially was very bad. He would steal clothes, sell them, and then ride in the cars for miles. He was arrested once, and put in jail for thirty days; but Mrs. Steele took him again into her home. Before she took him in, her assistant asked, "Are you going to take him back again?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Are you really?"

"Yes, I am."

"I think it is a shame," said the assistant, "to have that boy here; he is like a specked apple,—he will spoil all the others. He ought to be in chains."

But Mrs. Steele, full of a mother's love, took him in, hoping he would be bound by the golden chains of love to his home. She gave him a five-dollar bill, telling him to use it in case he should run off again, and find himself in need. It was not very long before he did run off, this time going to Chicago. There he washed dishes in a hotel; and the first thing he did was to send Mrs. Steele her five dollars with two dollars besides, telling her he would come home soon.

Within two weeks Mrs. Steele received a note from a jailer in Chicago, saying that her boy was in jail, and that she could have him released by paying forty dollars. She paid the fine, and again brought him home. But as he was so in the habit of running away, Mrs. Steele asked him to let her know the next time he intended to leave. One day he came in, saying that he was going.

"Where are you going?" asked Mrs. Steele.

"Oh, I am just going off," he said.

"Why are you going off?"

"Oh, I have a traveling mind."

Then she took a sash from the wall, and tied one end of it to his arm, and the other end to her own, telling him that she was going with him. And taking her sunshade and hat, she said, "I am ready."

"I don't want to go with you," he said.

"Well, if you are going, I am going."

"If you are going, I am not going," he answered; and that was the last of his "traveling mind." Never again did he run away. Before he was twenty-four years old, he was a noble Christian, and a great help to Mrs. Steele.

M. H. MELIK VARTAN.



HEALING OF PETER'S WIFE'S MOTHER INTRODUCTORY

Preceding Events.—This miracle was performed during the afternoon immediately following the healing of the demoniac in the synagogue.

Main Reference.—Mark 1:29-31.

Other References.—Luke 4:38, 39; Matt. 8:14, 15.

The Bible Story of the Miracle.—"And he rose up out of the synagogue; and forthwith, when they were come out of the synagogue, they entered into the house of Simon and Andrew, with James and John. Now Simon's wife's mother was holden with a great fever, and lay sick, and straightway they tell him of her, and besought him for her, and he came and stood over her, and took her by the hand, and raised her up; and rebuked the fever; and the fever left her; and immediately she rose up and ministered unto them." (The foregoing is an interwoven story of the miracle, gathered from Mark 1:29-31, Luke 4:38, 39, and Matt. 8:14, 15, but told in the exact language of the Bible.)

Place.—Capernaum.

Circumstances.—This miracle was performed on Sabbath afternoon, sometime between the synagogue service during which Jesus cast the unclean spirit out of the demoniac, and the remarkable sunset scene mentioned in Mark 1:32. From the narrative we would rather suppose that Jesus went directly from the synagogue to the house of Simon and Andrew. James and John were with him, and on the way they undoubtedly told Jesus of the sick one at home. Upon coming to the house, without request and without word, Jesus took the hand of the fever-stricken patient, and instantly restored her to health.

Great Lesson.—The one great lesson to be learned from this remarkable miracle is that Christ is our harvest-sharer. He has taken our sicknesses upon himself; he has borne all our griefs and afflictions; he is the great healer of mind, soul, and body. Matt. 8:17. Every time a fever patient recovers, it is due to the fact that Jesus has worked a miracle. It requires the same power to raise up a fever patient in six weeks that it does to raise one up instantly. The element of time in no sense lessens the miracle. Peter's

mother-in-law, in her remarkable healing, passed through a great experience; but the ordinary process of recovery from fever may enable the patient to become familiar with great truths concerning diet, the use of water, and the care of the body in general, and so be to him a truly great experience.

STUDY OF THE MIRACLE

Entered into the House of Simon and Andrew.—Peter lived at Bethsaida. He was probably temporarily in Capernaum, owing to the fact that that city had become the headquarters of Christ. In this Peter gives us an example of arranging his residence with a view to enjoying religious privileges and accomplishing the greatest amount of good. Peter's residence was probably a humble cottage; for he was a poor man in this world's goods. Probably Andrew lived with him. Jesus graced this humble dwelling with his presence; and as the result of what he did while an honored guest in this household, the whole city was stirred. Ere the sun went down on this Sabbath day, multitudes had gathered about its doors, seeking for healing of soul and body; for it had gone forth that afternoon throughout the city that the Great Healer tarried at the home of Peter the fisherman. Dear reader, what a blessing if the Master could work with such power in your home that throughout the whole neighborhood, village, or city, your house might be known as a place where God had wrought, and there might be gathered around the hearthstone scores of earnest souls seeking light and truth, and deliverance from physical and spiritual bondage. By a faithful practice and study of health principles, your home might become extensively known as a center for obtaining healing truth for soul and body. Perhaps Peter's house was near the seashore; the land may have been low, and it may have been due to the breathing of the poisonous miasma there found that Peter's wife's mother was suffering with a fever. There is at least a spiritual lesson in this thought. We should seek to dwell on the moral uplands, to take up our residence as far as possible from the lowlands of sin, that the health of the soul be not imperiled by its miasma.

W. S. SADLER.

(Concluded next week.)

OUT IN THE FIELDS

The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday
Among the fields above the sea,
Among the winds at play,
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what might pass,—
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay,
Among the hushing of the corn,
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die, and good are born —
Out in the fields with God!

—Selected.

DEVOTION is not all. Peter wished to stay on the mount of transfiguration, to go back no more to the cold, sin-stricken world below: but no; down at the mountain's base, human suffering and sorrow were waiting for the coming of the Healer, and the Master and his disciples must leave the rapture of heavenly communion, and hasten down to carry healing and comfort. It is always so. While we enjoy the blessedness of fellowship with God in the closet, there come in at our closed doors, and break upon our ears, the cries of human need and sorrow outside. The truest religious life is one whose devotion gives food and strength for service. The way to spiritual health lies in the paths of consecrated activity.—*Miller.*



THE COMING OF CHRIST—ITS RESULTS TO THE RIGHTEOUS AND THE WICKED

(September 21)

MEMORY VERSE.—Isa. 66: 5.

1. When the wicked of the earth are about to put God's people to death, what words will be heard from heaven? Rev. 16: 17.
2. When he thus speaks, what will take place? Joel 3: 16; Rev. 16: 18; note 1.
3. What will occur immediately after this wonderful shaking of the heavens? Matt. 24: 30; note 2.
4. What promise concerning his appearing has the Lord given to those who love his truth? Isa. 66: 5.
5. What will the righteous say as they see Jesus coming? Isa. 25: 9.
6. In their shame and confusion, what will the wicked exclaim? Rev. 6: 15-17.
7. For what purpose did Jesus say he would come again? John 14: 3.
8. In what way will he fulfill this promise at his appearing? 1 Thess. 4: 16, 17.
9. To what place are the people of God taken? Rev. 20: 4; note 3.
10. As Jesus invites them into the New Jerusalem, what blessed words will come from his lips? Matt. 25: 34.
11. While the righteous are thus blessed, what will come to the wicked at Jesus' appearing? Isa. 11: 4, last part; 2 Thess. 1: 7-10.
12. What will the Lord do to Satan at this time? Rev. 20: 1-3; note 4.
13. In what condition will the earth be while Satan is confined here? Jer. 4: 23-27.

NOTES

1. When the voice of God, like the sound of many waters, proclaims, "It is done," there is a mighty shaking of the heavens and the earth. He has told us of this in his word. He says, "Yet once more I shake not the earth only, but also heaven." Heb. 12: 25, 26. The great earthquake which takes place opens the graves of many who sleep in Jesus, and also many of the wicked. This will fulfill the words of Dan. 12: 2. All those who have kept the Sabbath since 1844 will come up out of their graves at this time, to hear God speak the words of blessing upon his waiting ones. There will also be raised some of the very wicked; for, when Jesus actually appears, not only the wicked living upon the earth, but they also which pierced him, will see him come. Rev. 1: 7.

2. "Soon there appears in the east a small black cloud, about half the size of a man's hand. It is the cloud which surrounds the Saviour, and which seems in the distance to be shrouded in darkness. The people of God know this to be the sign of the Son of man. In solemn silence they gaze upon it as it draws nearer the earth, becoming lighter and more glorious, until it is a great white cloud, its base a glory like consuming fire, and above it the rainbow of the covenant. Jesus rides forth as a mighty conqueror."—"Great Controversy," pages 640, 641.

3. The people of God live and reign with Christ a thousand years. Their home during this time is in heaven, in the New Jerusalem. At the close of the one thousand years they will be brought to earth, where they will dwell in peace forever.

4. Satan and his angels will be bound for a thousand years in the "bottomless pit." The expression "bottomless pit" refers to the earth as it will be when broken down by the wrath of

God. Here Satan and his evil angels will be confined. They will not be permitted to go to other worlds, to tempt and annoy those who have been true to God, and on the earth there are none left alive. They have none but themselves to trouble. In this way they are bound till the thousand years are ended. This binding of Satan is the antitype, or real experience, of leading the scapegoat away into the wilderness. Satan, while bound, will bear the sins of all God's people; for they will be placed upon him when Jesus leaves the sanctuary; and he will bear them until he is miserably destroyed in the lake of fire.

THE LAST SIGN

That Jesus gave in the long line of prophecies in Matthew 24, by which we are to know that the end is near, "even at the door," is the sign of the falling stars, fulfilled Nov. 13, 1833.

A beautiful art luxotype picture, 22 x 29 inches, has been made, representing this last sign, as seen at Niagara Falls, where history states the display was grand beyond all description. The most wonderful thing that the Lord placed on earth is here united with the most marvelous thing he ever put in the heavens, and it is done so artistically that *the world must stop and look*, if the picture is hung up in our homes and in the waiting-rooms all over the land; and, looking, they will become as familiar with the last sign of Christ's coming as they are with the sight of the great Falls of Niagara.

To show conclusively the place of this sign in the chain of fulfilled prophecies of Matthew 24, a sixteen-page booklet is also being prepared, containing over thirty half-tone engravings, and on the face of each the very words of our Saviour predicting what the picture shows fulfilled. This booklet, in a rack beside the picture, in the public waiting-rooms of the world, and in our homes, will convince thousands of the truth for this time on this point.

The price was advertised in the REVIEW at sixty-five cents, postpaid, in strong mailing-tube, with ten copies of the illustrated booklet; but the orders are coming in so that the price has been dropped to *only thirty-nine cents*, including the *ten booklets*. This is done in order to encourage the widest possible circulation. Those who have sent sixty-five cents will receive a second picture, mailed free.

Address the designer and publisher, F. E. Belden, Battle Creek, Mich.

"THE test of our religious life is not our highest hours, but our every-day minutes."

A Baby's First Wardrobe

Is the most trying proposition a young mother can meet. Often everything she makes is wrong. For **30 cents** in stamps you can get twenty-two guaranteed patterns drawn on anatomical and hygienic lines, with full instructions for making. Also an illustrated booklet on care of the body—**free**. All in plain envelope. Everything essential to know. For information on garments for other ages, send stamp.

MRS. F. M. KELLOGG,
207 Hubbard St., - - Battle Creek, Mich.

GRAND TRUNK R.Y. SYSTEM.

Taking Effect June 2, 1901.

Trains leave Battle Creek.

WEST-BOUND.

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

EAST-BOUND.

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

W. C. CUNLIFFE, Agent,
BATTLE CREEK.



IN A DIVER'S HELMET

IN "Careers of Danger and Daring," now appearing in *St. Nicholas*, Cleveland Moffet describes at length the sensations experienced by a novice diver in a test trip in fifteen feet of water. At greater depths the diver works in almost total darkness, and under an enormous pressure. For instance, the pressure of the water at thirty-two feet equals forty tons; at sixty-four feet, eighty tons; and so on. Very few, even of expert divers, care to go as deep as one hundred feet, though the "Atkinson" referred to once assisted in raising a tug-boat sunk one hundred and fifty feet in the Hudson—the deepest dive on record. Mr. Moffet says:—

"One day I asked Atkinson, as master diver of the wrecking company, if he would let me go down in his diving-suit; and he said, Yes, very promptly, with an odd little smile, and immediately began telling of people, who, on various other occasions, had teased to go down, and then had backed out at the critical moment. It was a bit disconcerting to me; for Atkinson seemed to imply that I, of course, would be different from such people, and go down like a veteran, whereas I was as yet only *thinking* of going down!

"'There's a wreck on the Hackensack,' said he; 'it's a coal-barge sunk in fifteen feet of water. We'll be pumping her out to-morrow. Come down about noon, and I'll put the suit on you.' Then he told me how to find the place, and spoke as if the thing were all settled.

"I thought it over that evening, and decided not to go down. It was not worth while to take such a risk; it was a foolish idea. Then I changed my mind: I would go down. I must not miss such a chance; it would give me a better understanding of this strange business; and there was no particular danger in it, only a little discomfort. Then I wavered again, and thought of accidents to divers, and tragedies of diving. What if something went wrong! What if the hose burst, or the air-valve stuck! Or suppose I should injure my hearing, in spite of Atkinson's assurance? Nevertheless, I kept to my purpose: I would go down.

"It was rising tide the next afternoon, an hour before slack water (slack water is the diver's harvest-time), when the crew of the steam-pump 'Dunderberg' gathered on deck to witness my descent and assist in dressing me; for no diver can dress himself. Putting on a diving-suit is like squeezing into an enormous pair of rubber boots reaching up to the chin, and provided with sleeves that clutch the wrists tight with clinging bands, to keep out the water. Thus incased, you feel as helpless and oppressed as a tightly stuffed sawdust doll, and you stand anxiously while the men put the gasket (a rubber joint) over your shoulders, and make it fast with thumb-screws, under a heavy copper collar. Next you step into a pair of thirty-pound iron shoes, that are strapped over your rubber feet. And now they lead you to an iron ladder that reaches down from rail to water. You lift your feet somehow over the side, right foot, left foot, and feel around for the ladder-rungs. Then you bend forward on the deck, face down, as a man would lay his neck on the block. This is to let the helpers make fast around your waist the belt that is to sink you presently with its hundred pounds of lead. Under this belt you feel the life-line noose hugging below your arms, a stout rope trailing along the deck, that will follow you to the bottom, and haul you back again safely, let us hope. Beside it trails the precious hose that brings you air.

"Now Atkinson himself lifts the copper helmet with its three goggle-eyes, and prepares to screw it on. The men watch your face sharply; they have seen novices weaken here.

"I admit, in my own case, that at this moment I felt a very real emotion. I watched two lads at the air-pump wheels as if they were executioners, though both had kind faces. I thought how good it was to stay in the sunshine, and not go down under a muddy river in a diving-suit.

"'Wait a minute!' I cried out, and went over the signals again,—three slow jerks on the life-line to come up, and so on.

"Now the helmet settles down over my head, and jars against the collar. I see a man's hands through the round glasses crisscrossed over with protecting wires; he is screwing the helmet down tight. Now he holds the face-glass before my last little open window. 'Go ahead wid de pump,' calls a queer voice, and forthwith a sweetish, warmish breath enters the helmet, and I hear the wheeze and groan of the cylinders.

"'If you get too much air, pull once on the hose,' somebody calls; 'if you don't get enough, pull twice.' I wonder how I am to know whether I am getting too much or not enough, but there is no time to find out. I have just a moment for one deep breath from the outside, when there is no more 'outside' for me; the face-glass has shut it off, and now grimy fingers are turning this glass in its threads, turning it hard, and hands are fussing with hose and life-line, making them fast to lugs on the helmet-face, one on each side, so that the hose drops away under my left arm, and the life-line under my right. Then I hear a sharp tap on my big copper crown,—the signal that I must start down.

"I pause a moment to see if I can breathe, and find I can. One step downward, and I feel a tug at my trousers as the air-feed plumps them out. Step by step I enter the water; foot by foot the water level ascends, to my waist, to my shoulders—to my head. With a roar in my ears, and a flash of silver bubbles, I sink beneath the surface; I reach the ladder's end, loose my hold on it, and sink, sink, through an amber-colored region, slowly, easily, and land safely (thanks to Atkinson's careful handling) on the barge's deck just outside her combings, and can reach one heavy foot over the depth of her hold, where tons of coal await rescue. A jerk comes on the life-line, and I answer that all is well; indeed, I am pleasantly disappointed, thus far, in my sensations. It is true there is a pressure in my ears, but nothing of consequence (no doubt deeper it would have been different), and I feel rather a sense of exhilaration from my air-supply than any inconvenience. At every breath the whole suit heaves and settles with the lift and fall of my lungs. I carry my armor easily. It seems as if I have no weight at all, yet the scales would give me close to four hundred pounds.

"The fact is, though I did not know it, my friends up above in the daylight were pumping me down too much air (this in their eager desire to give enough), and I was in danger of becoming more buoyant than is good for a diver; in fact, if the clay-pipe gentleman had turned his wheel just a shade faster, I should have traveled up in a rush,—four hundred pounds and all. I learned afterward that Atkinson had an experience like this one day, when a green tender mixed the signals, and kept sending down more air every time he got a jerk for less. Atkinson was under a vessel's keel, patching a hole, and he hung on there as long as he could, while the suit swelled and swelled. Then he let go, and came to the surface so fast that he shot three feet out of the water, and startled the poor tender into dropping his line and taking to his heels.

"Needless to say, that sort of thing is quite the reverse of amusing to a diver, who must be raised and lowered slowly (say at the speed of a lazy freight elevator) to escape bad head-pains from changing air-pressure.

"I sat down on the deck, and took note of things. The color of the water was due to the sunshine through it and the mud in it,—a fine

effect from a mean cause. For two or three feet I could see distinctly enough.

"I noticed how red my hands were from the squeeze of rubber wrist-bands. I felt the diving-suit over, and found the legs pressed hard against my body with the weight of water. I searched for the hammer and nail they had tied to me, and proceeded to drive the latter into the deck. I knew that divers use tools under water—the hammer, the saw, the crowbar, etc.—almost entirely by the sense of feeling, and I wanted to see if I could do so. The thing proved easier than I had expected. I hit the nail on the head nearly every time. Nor did the water resistance matter much; my nail went home, and I was duly pleased.

"I stood up again, and shuffled to the edge of the wreck. Strange to think that if I stepped off, I should fall to the bottom (unless the life-line held me) just as surely as a man might fall to the ground from a housetop. I would not rise as a swimmer does. And then I felt the diver's utter helplessness: he can not lift himself; he can not speak; he can not save himself, except as those lines save him. Let them part, let one of them choke, and he dies instantly.

"And now the steady braying of the air-pump beat sounded like cries of distress, and the noise in my ears grew like the roar of a train. All divers below hear this roaring, and it keeps them from any talking one with another; when two are down together, they communicate by taps and jerks, as they do with the tenders above. I bent my head back, and could see a stream of bubbles, large ones, rising, rising from the escape-valve like a ladder of glistening pearls. And clinging to my little windows were myriad tiny bubbles that rose slowly. The old Hackensack was boiling all about me, and I saw how there may well be reason in the belief of some that this ceaseless ebullition from the helmet (often accompanied by a phosphorescent light in the bubbles) is the diver's safeguard against sharks and creatures of the deep.

"Well, I had had my experience, all had gone well—a delightful experience, a thing distinctly worth doing. It was time to feel for the life-line and give the three slow pulls. Where was the ladder now? I was a little uncertain, and understood how easily a diver (even old-timers have this trouble) may lose his bearings. There! one, two, three. And the answer comes straightway down the line—one, two, three. That means I must stand ready; they are about to lift me. Now the rope tightens under my arms, and easily, slowly, I rise, rise, and the golden water pales to silver, the bubbles boil faster, and I come to the surface by the ladder's side and grope again for its rungs. How heavy I have suddenly become without the river to buoy me! This climbing the ladder is the hardest task of all; it is like carrying two men on one's back. Again I bend over the deck, and see hands moving at my windows. A twist, a tug, and off comes the face-glass, with a suck of air. The test is over."

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