

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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## THE ROSE-BREASTED GROSBEAK



WHEN I was just beginning the study of birds, and for the first time caught sight of the Rose-breasted Grosbeak, I felt that I had made a wonderful discovery. Certainly it must be a very rare bird; for I did not remember ever having seen it before in my life. But this was but another example of the fact that often we do not see what we might easily see if our eyes were open to discover. The Rose-breasted Grosbeak loves the shelter of trees and shrubbery, and for this reason I had more than once, I have no doubt, passed it by unnoticed.

The Grosbeak is a bird worth seeing. He is dressed in black, white, and rose-color, and in the early spring has a song that is worth hearing. In annotation it is much like that of the robin, but this similarity exists only in the form; for as Professor Chapman says, "there is no more resemblance in their voices than there is between the birds themselves." The song of the robin is often delicate and sweet, but too frequently exceedingly monotonous. Not so the song of the Grosbeak. I have listened, time and time again, for long periods to its pure, glad carols, thanking God for the melody of spring. Florence Merriam calls the jubilee of the Grosbeak a "rich, round pendulum-song." The figure is an apt one, as those who are acquainted with the song will testify. The bird has a great habit of getting well into the top of a tree, and often, perched in its dense green top, will sing its rapturous melody while the westering sun sinks slowly toward the horizon. If you do not identify the bird by its song, his call note is fully as characteristic, being a distinct but not loud sort of questioning note,—a steely *ick, eek, or peek!*

The black head, singularly large beak, and the rose-colored patch on the breast are enough to identify the male. The female is more difficult to determine; but her being in company with the male, her sparrow-like coloring, but in size too large for a sparrow, the white line over her eye, and her large or "gross" beak will enable you to be sure of her identity. It is the large beak which gives the bird its name. It is somewhat like that of the sparrows and finches in outline, but is an exaggeration, being built on a large scale. The bill is for crushing the potato-beetle and other insects which largely compose its diet. It also eats a few peas, but its value in destroying "potato-bugs" more than compensates for any damage it may do in this way.

Professor Beal tells of two Grosbeaks which had their nest hidden by a potato patch that was

so infested with potato-beetles that the vines were completely riddled. The Grosbeaks visited the fields every day; and when their young were old enough to travel, the whole family appeared on the scene. The young birds stood in an expectant row on the topmost rail of the fence, and their parents flew briskly back and forth, bringing them beetles. A few days later not a beetle was to be found, either old or young; the birds had swept them from the field, and saved the potatoes.

"One of the pleasantest nesting episodes I have ever known," writes Florence Merriam, "was that of a Grosbeak family. The pretty, pale-blue eggs were laid in a nest of twigs in a pear-tree, close beside a carriage drive, and the trustful birds seemed to realize that they were among friends. The father was most devoted, brooding the nest and feeding the young. All his thoughts seemed

but assists in brooding by relieving the mother; and at such times, it is said, often sings while sitting on the nest. L. A. REED.

## SWALLOWS

SWALLOWS are among the birds that are universally known. They constitute a family by themselves, and are so different from other birds (swifts alone excepted) in their appearance and manner of life that nobody, though he never has looked into a "bird book," need be in doubt what to call them. Once, to be sure, in the North Carolina mountains, I talked with a man who did not know what I meant by the word "swallow" as applied to a bird. He had never heard it, he said. But even in his case the ignorance was, no doubt, a mere matter of terms. If I had said "martin," he would have understood me well enough.



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to center about the pear-tree; the little home there was clearly the point around which everything in the world revolved. When he came to his nest, it was with a low, sweet greeting; when he left, it was with a soft farewell; if danger threatened, he was on the spot, and his anxious cries filled the air; when all was quiet again, and he had flown away, his cheering song came back to his mate in the nest, as if to assure her that he was near. The rich music that was always ringing about the home, the tender watchfulness and affection of the old birds, and the quiet happiness of the mother of the family on her nest under the green leaves, all seemed suited to the cheery orchard with its mellow sunshine and its ripening fruit."

The male Grosbeak is not only an ardent lover,

The family is, comparatively, a small one. Only about eighty kinds are known the whole world over. In eastern North America there are but six, and, happily, these are so different from one another in plumage and nesting habits that no one who cares to know them apart need have any great difficulty in so doing.

Of the six species, two nest commonly in boxes or houses which men put up for their accommodation; two in and about barns and other such buildings; and two in sand-banks, natural openings in limestone cliffs, and the like.

The two house-dwellers are the purple martin, called also the black martin, and the tree-swallow, or white-breasted martin.

Purple martins are the largest of North American swallows. Their color is not at all what is



ordinarily understood by the word "purple." To see the male in the air, you would call him black, while the female looks like a black bird with a white belly. They are more common in the South than in the North (every colored man's cabin has its pole and calabash for their accommodation,—they keep hawks away from his chickens), but are known to occur far up in British America. They make much cheerful noise, and in all respects are neighbors worth encouraging. In Jacksonville, Fla., some years ago, I noticed that they had taken possession of the big, flaring caps of the arc lights along the streets, and since then the same thing has been observed in Massachusetts. Swallows, of all birds, are quick to appreciate modern improvements. Indeed, all but one of our species (the sand-martin) have materially altered their nesting-habits since the country was settled by white men. Some of our swallows have probably made more improvement in house-building during the last three hundred years than some savage tribes have made in ten times that period.

The white-breasted swallow, or tree-swallow, is a most lovely creature, lustrous blue, or blue-green, above, and snow-white underneath. He also, as I have said, likes a bird-house, though in common with the purple martin he formerly lived in hollow trees (whence his second name), and will do so even yet if nothing more convenient offers itself. In summer—to a man who lives in Massachusetts, at all events—he seems to be almost a rarity; but if one goes to the seacoast at the right moment in autumn, one finds tree-swallows there by the million. They have assembled for their long southward journey.

The barn-swallow is to be known by his deeply forked, scissors-shaped tail, and by his chestnut-colored throat and breast. In these days he lives by preference in barns. All farmers' boys should be acquainted with him, and with his happy, twittering song. Some people say that he is the fastest flier of the family. Perhaps he is, but the slowest of them can fly fast enough to make a human being envious.

The cliff-swallow, known also as the eaves-swallow (one name referring to his old habit of nesting on the face of cliffs, the other to his modern practice of nesting under the eaves of barns and sheds), is a peculiarly social bird. Many pairs usually live together; and a busy and pleasing sight it is to see them (and hear them) at their work, whether gathering mud, plastering their nests under the eaves, or feeding their little ones. They may be told on the wing by their rufous or salmon-colored rumps, their whitish foreheads, and the square cut of their tails.

The sand-martin, or bank-swallow, is smaller than his relatives, and inhabits sand-banks, into which he burrows. Naturally, he is not to be found in all places. His back is dull of color, and his lower parts are whitish, with a narrow, dark band across the breast. You may know him—the adult male, that is—by this mark, as well as by his peculiar rough—finely rough—voice. If you examine a bank full of his holes, you will perhaps find a much larger one among them. That will most likely be the door of a kingfisher's nest.

Much like the sand-martin in color, but a little larger, and lacking the dark breast-band, is the rough-winged swallow. He is less generally known than the others, partly because he is less widely and generally distributed. Very few New England people ever see him. He nests not only in sand-banks and limestone cliffs, as before said (in the walls of the Natural Bridge in Virginia, for example), but in the stone abutments of bridges. His name comes from a peculiarity of the feathers of his wings, which can not be made out except with the bird in the hand.

These six, as I have said, are all the swallows to be found in eastern North America. The "chimney-swallow," so called, is not a swallow, but a swift.—Bradford Torrey, in *S. S. Times*.



## CHAPTER V

### Our Earth before the Flood

§ 43. THE climatic conditions of our earth prior to the flood must have been vastly different than they are now. The simple statement that "the Lord God had not caused it to rain upon the earth; . . . but there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground" (Gen. 2: 5, 6) speaks volumes concerning man's abode before the flood. Before that event no clouds ever darkened the sunlit skies, and no storms ever beat upon the smiling face of the yet unbroken surface of the earth. The rolling thunders were not then heard, the lightnings did not leap from cloud to cloud, nor the pitiless hail destroy the vegetation as now; neither were the snow, the sleet, the storm, and the rain known.

§ 44. After the flood, when the face of nature was all changed and broken, the Lord said to Noah (Gen. 9: 13, 14): "I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth. And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud." This bow is the token of God's promised care for us; it is like the bow that spans the throne of God in heaven. The rainbow is caused by the sun's rays being prismatically divided in passing through the falling drops of water, and reflected to us from some dark cloud that forms the background. So in heaven the bright beams from the Sun of Righteousness shining forth through the showers of divine blessing are reflected to us from the dark cloud of confessed sins that God has cast behind his back. See Rev. 4: 3; Eze. 1: 28; Ps. 97: 2; and Isa. 38: 17.

§ 45. If there were no rainbow before the flood,—if "the Lord God had not caused it to rain; upon the earth,"—then there could have been no clouds to obstruct the perpetual sunshine. Had there been clouds, there would have been rain; had there been rain, there would, of necessity, have been a rainbow; but there was neither. No rain, no snow, no hail nor sleet to disturb the gayeties of that pleasure-seeking race; for these phenomena all depend upon an atmosphere heavily laden with moisture in the form of clouds, which becomes precipitated by being chilled with cooler strata of air. If there were no clouds and no rain, then there must have been no portions of atmosphere surcharged with electricity to be manifest in the form of lightning and thunder.

§ 46. The atmospheric pressure upon the earth's surface must then have been much lighter than now; for remove from our present atmosphere the millions of tons of water that, in the form of clouds, now float over our heads, and the present pressure of nearly fifteen pounds to the square inch at sea-level would be greatly reduced.

§ 47. After the flood, the Lord promised Noah that "while the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease," showing that these existed previously to the flood; but we can not refrain from asking the question, Did these extremes of heat and cold always exist? Before the curse of Adam's sin rested here,—before this earth became the seat of Satan's rebellion,—was our earth's equator like the torrid blast from a heated furnace? and were our poles buried beneath eternal ice and snow?—We most certainly think not.

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.

When Captain Nares of the British exploring expedition returned from his arctic trip, he reported the finding of large coal deposits and other evidences of a former existence of evergreen forests in Lat. 82° 44', which is far beyond the present line of vegetable growth of any considerable size. How much farther north these evidences extend we do not know; but we do know that the remains of the mammoth and other immense herbivorous mammalia, are found so far beyond the present line of possible existence of any such animals as to show conclusively that there must have been a time when our present snow-bound polar regions were the homes of luxuriant forest growths, through which roamed animals of proportions unknown to us now, save by their frozen and fossil remains.

§ 48. We firmly believe that before the fall the climatic conditions of our earth were even much more pleasant and agreeable than those which existed from the time of the fall to the flood. How long this earth was robed in Edenic beauty, and man was permitted to remain in his first home, we know not. From "Patriarchs and Prophets," pages 67 and 68, we quote the following:—

"In humility and unutterable sadness they [Adam and Eve] bade farewell to their beautiful home, and went forth to dwell upon the earth, where rested the curse of sin. The atmosphere, once so mild and uniform in temperature, was now subject to marked changes, and the Lord mercifully provided them with a garment of skins as a protection from the extremes of heat and cold. As they witnessed in drooping flower and falling leaf the first signs of decay, Adam and his companion mourned more deeply than men now mourn over their dead. The death of the frail, delicate flowers was indeed a cause of sorrow; but when the goodly trees cast off their leaves, the scene brought vividly to mind the stern fact that death is the portion of every living thing." If, then, our seasons, with their extremes of heat and cold, began at the time of the fall of man, if they are a part of the curse to which we were then subjected, we shall study with renewed interest the cause of our earth's seasons, as compared with the seasons upon our sister planets.

§ 49. When we look at our earth, and consider what is said in Isa. 45: 18,—that the Lord created it not in vain, but formed it to be inhabited,—and yet see, besides the desert wastes of the equator, and the frozen fields of our poles, that fully three fourths of its surface is covered with water, again we ask, "Was it always so?" The change in the climate at the time of the fall caused no change in the distribution of the water on its surface; but it is no doubt true that great changes were made at the time of the flood.

In 2 Esdras 6: 42, 44, we read: "Upon the third day thou didst command that the waters should be gathered in the seventh part of the earth: six parts hast thou dried up, and kept them to the intent that of these some being planted of God, and tilled, might serve thee. For immediately there were great and innumerable fruits, and many and diverse pleasures for the taste, and flowers of unchangeable color, and odors of wonderful smell, and this was done on the third day." As to the inspiration of the foregoing we of course can not say.

### QUESTIONS

How was this earth watered before the flood? Explain how the rainbow is produced. How do you know there was then no rain? clouds? snow? hail? thunder? Explain how there might have been dew, fog, frost, and ice. Give evidences that the atmosphere was not as dense as now. Of what is the bow an emblem? When did our seasons evidently begin? Give proofs that our poles were not always covered with ice and snow. For what purpose did the Lord make this earth? In what respects is it now fitted for man's abode?

DR. O. C. GODSMARK.





## A BUNCH OF WILD FLOWERS

'Tis strange what power in seeming trifles lies!  
A bunch of wild flowers to a sick girl brought,—  
A little thing it seemed; yet all day long  
They made a sort of glory in the room,  
And turned a weary soul to songs of praise.

Ah, well she knew the bank from which they came,  
The velvet bank with play of sheen and shade  
Made by the sunbeams sifting through the trees.  
And as she looked at them, they spoke to her  
The sweet familiar language of the woods.  
She felt the cooling breezes fan her cheek,  
She heard the brooklet laughing on its way,  
The songs of birds among the tree-tops hid,  
And all the soft hand-clapping of the leaves.  
The fragrance of the blossoms brought to her  
The thousand indescribable sweet scents  
That linger in the dewy depths of woods.  
Their upward turned corollas seemed to her  
Like well-remembered faces that we love.

They cooled the fever in her leaping pulse,  
And calmed her with their messages of peace.  
They made a sort of glory in the room,  
And turned a weary soul to songs of praise.

VIOLA E. SMITH.

## A STORY FOR GIRLS

THERE is a picture stamped upon my memory, which it always gives me sorrow to look upon. Gladly would I erase it, but it is painted in unfading colors, which the passing years can not dim, nor time tarnish. Only an earnest wish that some girl or boy may be benefited, prompts the writing of this sad experience.

My parents moved to Michigan from a pleasant home in Ohio soon after I had passed my thirteenth birthday. In that early day, we met with many privations. Being the eldest of several children, my services were in constant demand, and were usually cheerfully given; for I dearly loved my feeble mother. At times I would weep when I thought of the probability of being motherless; but as girls, and boys too, of fourteen, are apt to be careless and thoughtless, I was often forgetful of her wishes, and sometimes failed to render cheerful obedience to her requests.

In those days the amusements and pleasures of the young were few and very simple, and the reader may fail to realize with what pleasure I had been looking forward to an all-day's visit with a young friend who lived a mile or more from my home. At last the day set for my visit arrived. I was up early. It had rained in the night, but the sun rose clear and bright. I was in my pleasantest mood until mother said, "Ettie, I can not spare you until this afternoon. We shall have to wash first, now we have some rain-water." The weather had been quite dry for several weeks, and our rain-trough was empty. We had no cistern, a big basswood log, scooped out, which stood at the back of the log house, serving as our rain-water reservoir. Being so small, it was, of course, often empty. My face was instantly tangled into a frown, and my lips pouted. Mother continued, "I am sorry to disappoint you, dear, but we shall finish by noon; then you may go, and have a pleasant visit."

Very sullenly I donned my old wash-dress. Soon the suds began to fly, in my eagerness to get through. We had none of the easy washing-machines now so common, and I worked with all my might until I supposed the washing was finished, when mother pleasantly asked me to wash a few extra pieces, so as to utilize every pail of water. Being in haste to get away, I sharply told her I would not,—if she wanted any more washing done, to do it herself. I have never forgotten the sad look she gave me as she said,

in a low, gentle voice, "My daughter may be sorry some day for her unkind words to her mother."

Oh, how her words went to my heart! I longed to put my arms around her neck, tell her then and there that I was sorry already, and ask her to forgive me; but my stubborn will held me back, and Satan whispered evil thoughts into my mind, telling me to wait,—that some other time would do as well. So, proud and defiant, I turned away, dressed, and went to spend the afternoon with my young friend. But somehow I did not enjoy my visit as I had expected. The pale, sad face of my mother would come before me, and her gentle words echoed in my ears, giving me mental pain.

In the evening I went home feeling dissatisfied, but I was too proud to go and tell her how sorry I was. I fully intended to do so, but kept putting it off until it was too late. Not long after this my mother was taken suddenly ill on a Sabbath evening. In a short time she became delirious, and the next Tuesday afternoon she fell asleep in Jesus.

O young people! as I bent over her cold form, my sorrow was increased tenfold. As her words came to my mind, my proud heart was crushed. I was ready now to cry, "Mother, forgive your naughty girl; she is sorry, oh, so sorry!" But it

lightening their daily burdens with prompt obedience, willing service, and tender, loving words.

MRS. M. C. DU BOIS.

## MY PHOSPHORESCENT CLOCK

WE have made a recent purchase in our house, and it is proving very useful. It is a phosphorescent clock. It looks like any ordinary clock, save that the figures on the face are perhaps unusually distinct; but when it is taken into a dark room, its face seems suddenly to have acquired transparency, as if there were a strong light inside, and on this glowing face the figures stand out plainly, so that no one need light the gas to learn the time of night.

How does it do it?—No one knows. There is a coating of phosphorus over the face of the clock, and in some mysterious way that wonderful substance "absorbs" the light during the daytime, and gives it out again during the darkness. "Phosphorus" comes from two Greek words that mean "light-bearer," and well does it deserve its name. Other substances are light-bearers also, but not so gloriously phosphorus.

Ingenious men of science have found a way to measure the light-carrying powers of different



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was too late. Her ears did not hear my pleading. What would I not have given, had I, since that dark afternoon, asked her forgiveness; but I did not, and the sad picture still hangs on memory's wall, to remain as long as the mind shall retain a thought of the past.

It ever gives me sorrow to hear young folks saying unkind words to their parents, because I know they are painting a picture that they will shudder to look upon in after-years. Dear boys and girls, be careful of father and mother, and do all you can to help them gently down the decline of life. They tenderly cared for you in your years of helplessness; now you should do all you can to cheer and comfort them. Age has trials the young know nothing of. Let no word, no act, of yours add aught to the weight of responsibility and care upon their shoulders. Be tender and thoughtful of your parents while you have them,

substances. The diamond, for instance, is strongly phosphorescent; other gems are less so. Wise men mount on a wheel the material to be examined. The wheel is set revolving in a dark room, and the investigator looks at it through a slit. Through another slit a certain space away from the investigator a ray of light is thrown upon the phosphorescent substance, and the wheel is revolved faster and faster till the substance becomes visible to the eye of the scientist waiting for it in the dark. When that moment arrives, the speed of the wheel is noted, and it is known for how long a time that particular substance will carry light. It may be a very small part of a second, or it may be several minutes; no matter, it can be measured.

Now, wouldn't it be well if we should set on foot some such experiment with ourselves? It isn't on the sunny days that we most need our



good cheer, our gratitude, and our trust, but it is when the sky lowers, when the darkness gathers, when the shadow of misfortune or of death draws nigh. If we will, we may be laying up for ourselves under smiling skies a reservoir of trust and happiness which we can carry over into the gloom. I know just such people, don't you? Good cheer has become a habit with them, as with my phosphorescent clock; and when you look at them in the dark, ah, how their faces shine!—*Christian Endeavor World*.

#### THINGS TO KEEP

"Keep your grip." A nerveless, uncertain hand, always ready to let go the helm, accomplishes nothing.

"Keep your head." Train your thoughts, as soldiers are trained, not to fly into a panic nor to scatter helplessly in the hour of peril and difficulty, but to be firm, collected, alert, ready to fight a way through.

"Keep clean." Let no seeming obstacle persuade you that your path must diverge, even for a few steps into the mire. There is a clean way to everything really worth having.

"Keep going." There are no more cowardly words heard on any right road than those two little words, "give up."

"Keep faith." Above and beyond all else, keep faith,—faith in the fatherhood of God, in the loving, tender presence of Christ, in the overruling of the Almighty, and in the final triumph of right.—*Selected*.



#### OUR WEEKLY STUDY

At the Council following the General Conference last spring it was planned to have the topic for consideration in the Young People's meetings week by week the same as that of the weekly Reading Circle study when it should be taken up in the fall. For the interval between, the series of studies in "Steps to Christ" was provided. These have now been finished, and the regular winter's work was entered upon with the missionary study given last week, corresponding to the monthly Field study.

As an introduction to the Reading Circle studies on Health Principles, a series of Good Samaritan studies has been provided, and it has been advised that short lessons and supplementary helps on these subjects be given in this department to assist in conducting the regular meetings of the young people's companies. In this way the same subjects that are studied during the week in the home will receive further consideration at the meetings of the young people; and it is hoped that a deep and practical interest will thus be awakened in the hearts of old and young alike in these important truths.

Good Samaritan work must of necessity include a work for others—a work of ministry, either physical or spiritual, or both. As an introduction to the subject, the topics, Who Is My Neighbor? and, Thy Neighbor as Thyself, will be taken up. These will be followed, in order, by the following: Hospitality; The True Motive in Service; Acceptable Service Illustrated; Feeding the Hungry; God-given Opportunities; Bear Ye One Another's Burdens—How? and Rewards of Service. For the second Sabbath of each month, of course, the study will be on missionary subjects, to correspond with the regular Field study, which occupies the second week each month in the Reading Circle course.

We hope that our young people everywhere will make the most of these lessons, utilizing the matter that will be found from week to week in the *Review and Herald*. In this connection we would also urge that as far as they can do so, they supply themselves with our missionary journal, the *Missionary Magazine*, upon which one study each month will be based.

There are great opportunities before the young people. Oh, that all may walk in the counsel of the Lord, and improve every opportunity for ministry that comes to them!

#### ABRAHAM AND HIS SEED, MISSIONARIES

(October 6-12)

1. FROM what religious surroundings did the Lord call Abraham? Joshua 24:2; Gen. 31:30; note 1.
2. What did he require him to do? Gen. 12:1.
3. What promise did the Lord make to Abraham concerning his relation to the families of the earth? Gen. 12:3.
4. When given a family and new associations, how did Abraham become a blessing? Gen. 18:18, 19; note 2.
5. What is God trying to do for parents and children now, just before the great and dreadful day of the Lord? Mal. 4:5, 6.
6. Were the heathen blessed in their associations with Abraham and his family? Note 3.
7. How far was the blessing of Abraham and his seed to extend? Gal. 3:8.
8. What relation do Christians to-day sustain to this work of becoming a blessing to the heathen? Gal. 3:29; note 4.

#### NOTES

1. "Abraham had grown up in the midst of superstition and heathenism. Even his father's household, by whom the knowledge of God had been preserved, were yielding to the seductive influences surrounding them, and they 'served other gods' than Jehovah."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," page 125.

2. "In early times the father was the ruler and priest of his own family, and he exercised authority over his children, even after they had families of their own. His descendants were taught to look up to him as their head, in both religious and secular matters. This patriarchal system of government Abraham endeavored to perpetuate, as it tended to preserve the knowledge of God. It was necessary to bind the members of the household together, in order to build up a barrier against the idolatry that had become so widespread and so deep seated. . . . The greatest care was exercised to shut out every form of false religion, and to impress the mind with the majesty and glory of the living God as the true object of worship."—*Id.*, page 141.

3. "During their stay in Haran, both Abraham and Sarah had led others to the worship and service of the true God. These attached themselves to the Patriarch's household, and accompanied him to the land of promise." "Abraham's household comprised more than a thousand souls. Those who were led by his teachings to worship the one God, found a home in his encampment; and here, as in a school, they received such instruction as would prepare them to be representatives of the true faith. Thus a great responsibility rested upon him. He was training heads of families, and his methods of government would be carried out in the households over which they should preside."—*Id.*, pages 127, 141.

4. "Many are still tested as was Abraham. . . . God has a work for them to do; but a life of ease and the influence of friends and kindred would hinder the development of the very traits essential for its accomplishment. . . . Who is ready at the call of Providence to renounce cherished plans and familiar associations? Who will accept new duties and enter untrod fields, doing

God's work with firm and willing heart, for Christ's sake counting his losses gain? He who will do this has the faith of Abraham, and will share with him that 'far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory,' with which 'the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared.'"—*Id.*, pages 126, 127.

#### SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETING

OPENING EXERCISES. Ten minutes.

Bible Study—Abraham and His Seed, Missionaries. Twenty minutes.

Field Study—

The Jesuits in Paraguay; their work among the Paraguayans, and its influence upon this people to-day. Three minutes.

The early history of Fiji; their traditions and customs; evidences that they once believed in the true God. Three minutes.

The Maoris of New Zealand, noting especially the belief which they hold that makes Seventh-day Adventist missionaries welcome. Three minutes.

A summary of all the items of progress and interest mentioned in the October *Missionary Magazine*. Three minutes.

A summary of all the appeals for help, with suggestions as to how we may answer them, noting the article by J. L. Shaw on "Not Numbers, but Co-operation." Three minutes.

Season of prayer, remembering especially fields that have been studied to-day, and the appeals for help. Ten minutes.

NOTE.—Material for the field study will be found in the October number of the *Missionary Magazine*. It is based upon the Missionary Reading Circle study for the second week in October. Where possible, it would be well to have different individuals present the different topics suggested, urging that a large number take part in the short prayer season.

#### LET HIM LEAD

No human plans should enter into the work. No human policy should seek to direct. No scheming should be given standing-room. Scheming in Christian work?—Yes, it has been in the past, and only the grace of God can prevent it from coming in again. When it seems to you that everything is going wrong, pray, *pray!* When you raise your voice to give admonition, or to speak of that which you think should be corrected, be sure the Lord is directing what you say.

Do not try to have everything go your way. Let the Lord do the molding and shaping. Remember that the Lord is leading others as well as yourself. If you can not see how success can come through the efforts that are put forth, pray again. If you think a crisis is coming, and that God's work is going to ruin, "stand still, and see the salvation of God." But above all else, keep human inventions and selfish purposes out of the work.

LAURA L. FISK.

JESUS calls to every wanderer, "My son, give me thine heart;" "Return, ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backslidings." The youth can not be happy without the love of Jesus. He is waiting with pitying tenderness to hear the confessions of the wayward, and to accept their penitence. He watches for some return of gratitude from us, as the mother watches for the smile of recognition from her beloved child. . . . He would have us understand how earnestly and tenderly his heart yearns over us, in all our trials and temptations. "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."—*Mrs. E. G. White*.





## THE STURDY SOLDIER

A BATTLE is on each day,—

A battle for honor and right, my boy;  
And who shall be captain, and who shall give way,  
Is seen at the close of the fight, my boy.

Don't give up the field too soon;

Don't hurry away from the foe, my boy.  
Be dauntless and fearless, night, morning, and noon,  
And keep in the conflict aglow, my boy.

The soldier who keeps his post,

With valor and courage to win, my boy,  
Not only may share the applause of a host,  
But peace and contentment within, my boy.

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

## NATURE'S FACE-WASHING

THE Earth had been so long at play  
She was all soiled with dust;  
Her nice green gown was sad and gray.  
Her tresses badly mussed.

Quoth Nature: "To be  
so defiled

Will bring us sore  
disgrace.  
I'll bring a big wet  
cloud, my child,  
And wash your dusty  
face."

It rained and rained, a  
night and day,  
And rinsed the hills  
and creeks;  
And yet it was but Na-  
ture's way  
To wash her daugh-  
ter's cheeks.

The Earth began to  
squirm, and tried,  
At first, to dodge the  
water;  
But Nature held her  
fast, and cried,  
"Now, don't be  
naughty, daugh-  
ter!"

So was the Earth made  
fresh and neat,  
The dust all washed  
away.

"I feel," she said, "so  
clean and sweet!  
May I go out and  
play?"

Her frock of green was  
new and clean,  
She romped with  
careless grace,  
And merry birds sang  
welcome words,—  
Because she washed  
her face!

—S. S. Times.

## SOLILOQUY OF A SLING

THERE! I do believe he has lost me, and I'm glad of it! I was so ashamed of living with that boy; but I couldn't get away from him, however hard I might try. But the grass is so deep here where he dropped me that I don't believe he will ever find me again.

I wouldn't have minded living with him if he had been the right sort of fellow, but —

He could shoot pretty straight with me, and I'd have been proud of it, if he had shot at the right kind of things. But he shot pretty little birds, and happy, innocent squirrels, and harmless old toads.

There was a boy once who shot a wicked giant with a stone from a sling like me. Now if the boy I belonged to had only done that way —

He had giants enough in his way, too, if he had only had a mind to fight them. And when he met them, I was always along, too. Giant Carelessness sometimes went with us; then we were very apt to break some one's windows, or make ugly scars on the painted walls of the houses. Often, when the boy was at work in the garden, or on his way to school, Giant Laziness would meet us, and coax us off into the woods and fields. There we would find Giant Cruelty, and spend the morning slinging stones at birds and squirrels. I was ashamed enough of that; but when he went home with Giants Cowardice and Deceit, and told his gentle mother that he had been at work, or at school,—why, then I was so ashamed that I hid deep down in his pocket.

But he dropped me here in the tall grass this morning, and I hope he may never find me again.

AUNT BETTY.

## WHEN GRANDMA WAS A SCHOOLGIRL

"No, going to school nowadays isn't what it was when I was a girl," Grandma Gaines remarked as she rolled up the golf stocking she was knitting for Fred, and glanced across the table, where Ethel sat with her books spread out

own age to associate with was during the six months of school, and that was like one long picnic to us."

"But didn't you have to study?" Fred asked, pricking up his ears at the suggestion of a six-months' picnic.

"Yes, but somehow we didn't seem to find it as hard as you do. It wasn't because we were any smarter, I'm sure, and the people who made our books did not take the trouble to explain and simplify things that they have with yours."

"What did you study? Tell us about it," Fred said, shoving back his books, and planting both elbows on the table in a comfortable, listening attitude.

"What did we study?" Grandma's eyes twinkled, and the wrinkles at the corners of her mouth deepened in a smile. "Well, mostly the blue-backed speller when we were your age."

"Oh, but not all the time?"

"Yes," nodding her head until the little white curls bobbed about her ears. "At least, most of the time, and I seem to have forgotten the other things, if there were any."

"Just as I'll forget the things in that old Number Book!" Fred said, giving it a poke with his elbow.

"We didn't go to school at nine o'clock in the morning, and get out at two, as you do," grandma continued, ignoring Fred's interruption. "It was



FAST FRIENDS

before her, and two little wrinkles of perplexity between her brows.

"School is school!" Ethel exclaimed, fretfully, "and I guess it's tiresome enough any way you take it."

"Well, it didn't seem so to us," grandma replied, tucking her glasses into the basket under the knitting.

Ethel made a mental note of this; for she was called on many times during the day to hunt grandma's glasses.

"You see, we didn't have so many other places to go, and so many other things to amuse us," grandma continued. "We lived in the country, where it was a long distance to the nearest neighbors, and the only time we had children of our

a mile from our house to the crossroads school, and many of the children lived even farther away. We took our dinners in buckets or home-made willow baskets, and the teacher called 'Books!' promptly at eight o'clock. Our schoolhouse was not furnished with comfortable desks and pretty pictures, like yours. There were blackboards set into the walls on both sides, and the only ornament was a map of the United States, which hung behind the teacher's desk. Only the big boys and girls had desks, and we youngsters sat in rows on benches."

"I should think you would have got tired of that!" Fred exclaimed.

"We did. I can remember very distinctly how heavy those books grew before the recess hour



arrived. The principal event of the day was the spelling class, when we were all called up in line, and 'toed the mark' while the teacher gave out the words. We had 'turning down' and head marks, and the proudest boy or girl in that school was the one who captured the prize at the last day for the most head marks. It seemed a long time from eight o'clock until twelve. We girls always took our baskets into the grove back of the schoolhouse, and I don't think I have ever tasted anything quite so good as those lunches—home-made cookies and bread and butter, with an apple or some other dainty to 'top off' with."

"And the boys?" Fred reminded her.

"O, the boys! Well, I'm sure they had their share out of the dinner-baskets, though when they ate it, I don't know. They never seemed to stop long enough, and they had a good time, if one may judge by the noise they made. The big girls spent the hour walking around with the teacher.

"The hardest part of the day was the time from one o'clock until four. There was very little for us youngsters to do, and the only break in the monotony was the study hour, when all the school studied the spelling lesson for the next day, and studied aloud."

"Studied aloud?" Ethel exclaimed, in surprise.

"Yes, studied aloud." And grandma's eyes twinkled, and her curls bobbed again. "You can't think what fun it was. Everybody, big and little, boys and girls, opened their books at the same place, and began to spell together in a sing-song tone: 'B-a ba, k-e-r, baker; s-h-a sha, d-y dy, shady; l-a la, d-y.' My! I can hear it now!" And grandma clapped both her hands over her ears. "The voices grew louder and louder, the rows of feet swung regularly back and forth, and the shoulders swayed to and fro in time to the chant. There never has been anything like that spelling hour in the old school! The birds in the grove outside hushed their songs to listen, and the ground-squirrels scurrying along the rail fence thrust inquisitive heads from behind the rails, and waved their bushy tails in astonishment."

"Whee! but wouldn't I like to have been there!" Fred exclaimed.

"Yes, but it didn't last long. The teacher soon called, 'Order!' the spelling stopped, and the older girls went up to recite their history lesson. How the hours dragged through those long afternoons! All the sweet sounds of the fields and woodlands came droningly in through the windows, the spellers grew heavier and heavier, the board backs of the benches were just high enough to support tired little heads, the rough walls of the schoolhouse grew farther and farther away, the sounds without and the sounds within mingled in a soothing lullaby, and—well, when school was dismissed, it usually found some of us where Ethel is now."

"Catch 'em sleepin' in our school!" Fred exclaimed as he gathered up his books, and stooped to kiss grandma good-night.—*Selected.*

#### STEPS TO RUIN

ONE drink,—  
Just one,—  
He took  
"For fun."  
And then he took  
Drink number two,  
"Cause other boys  
And men all do."  
The third and fourth he took  
To gain a "manly" look,  
Five, six,—a thirst was born,  
Unquenched at night or morn.  
Seven, eight, nine,—each called for more,  
Till they were numbered by the score.  
Lost—honor, riches, home, and hearth,—  
All that he held most dear on earth.  
For lack of bread his little children cried,  
His wife, heart-broken, sickened soon, and died.  
He, once a man, but now a hopeless slave,  
Rum-sodden, dropped into a pauper's grave.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.



#### COME HOME

COME back! come home! why longer wait  
While Love, with bleeding heart,  
Pursues thy wanderings up and down;  
And grieves for what thou art?

Thy feet have wandered far away  
Upon the hills of sin;  
Thy heart is lone, thy heart is sad,  
Thou hast so weary been.

Deep in thy life's remotest depths  
Love's voice is calling still;  
In day's bright glow, in darkest night,  
Thou feelest the heavenly thrill.

Life can not yield to thee its best  
Until thy loyal heart  
Has made its hand-clasp with the skies,  
Choosing the better part.

B. F. M. SOURS.

#### THE TRUE SHEPHERD

"My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand. My Father, which gave them me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand."

Christ is the Good Shepherd. He leads the way, calling upon his sheep to follow him. Those who hear and obey his voice will follow his example in all things. Becoming acquainted with him, they will grow daily more and more like him. They will be meek and lowly, free from jealousy and envy.

Do we hear Christ's voice? Are we following him? It is of great importance that we know whether we are following the True Shepherd. In order to know this, we must search his word; for it is his voice speaking to us. "What saith the Scriptures?" is to be our watchword at every step. In God's word we may find an answer to every question. From it light shines upon our pathway, revealing the Good Shepherd as he goes before us.

Christ knew that man could not in his own strength overcome the enemy; so, laying aside his royal robe and kingly crown, he came to this earth to overcome in our behalf. He was tempted in all points like as we are, that he might know how to succor them that are tempted. He met and overcame Satan on every point. He has left us an example of perfect obedience. In his strength we can be more than conquerors. He is able to save to the uttermost all who come to God by him.

Christ is a conqueror, and those who follow him will be on the conquering side. There are precious victories before the Christian. He may be weak, but the Redeemer knows his need, and is able to strengthen him. Jesus knows that Satan is trying to get control of men and women, and he stands ready to help all who come to him for help. He is not willing that any should perish. He has made it possible for every tempted son and daughter of Adam, in every time of temptation, to gain a glorious victory. He has placed the power of heaven within the reach of his children.

God has done for us all that infinite love could suggest, and all he asks of us in return is obedience—conformity to his will. He has placed before us a standard of righteousness, which he desires us to reach. He calls upon us to return to our loyalty to him, that we may be admitted into the Eden-home from which Adam was banished by his disobedience. A young man came to Christ, asking him what he should do to inherit eternal life. The Saviour answered, "If thou wilt enter

into life, keep the commandments." This is his answer to his followers for all time. Our duty is outlined in the commandments; and if we obey them, we shall gain eternal life. If we desire heaven and its joy, we must cease from transgression; for the law of God is the rule by which character is measured.

Satan works zealously to prevent us from forming characters which will meet God's approval. But they that are with us are more than all they that are against us. God sends heavenly angels to the side of his children to keep them from evil. If we have placed ourselves in his care, we may rest securely; for he has promised that no man shall pluck us out of his hand.

In the past many have suffered for the truth's sake. To them truth was dearer than all else, and they willingly gave up this present life for the life eternal. We shall be called upon to sacrifice for the truth's sake. Those who share in Christ's glory must share also in his suffering. But let us remember that in the home which the Saviour is preparing for us, there is no sorrow nor suffering. Of those who overcome it is written: "Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple."

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

The royal command has gone forth, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, . . . and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters." What greater honor could be conferred on mortal man? When men are going to appear before an earthly monarch, how carefully they prepare to meet him! How carefully, then, should we prepare,—we who expect to meet the King of kings? If our preparation meets his approval, we shall dwell with him forever, clothed in the spotless robe of Christ's righteousness. Surely this is worth striving for. The free gift of eternal life is ours on one condition: "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city." May God help you to live so that you may enter the holy city, is my prayer.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

#### BALKY PEOPLE

STANDING one day near a railroad crossing, the signal sounded for an approaching train, and the gates began to descend. A wagon was midway the tracks when the alarm was given, and the gates began to fall. Just then, at the place of greatest peril, the horse hitched to the wagon nullified, and refused to go forward or backward. He had balked when he needed to make the best time. He refused to pull at all when he ought to have pulled his best.

I have thought that some people are like the old horse. They balk on the track of danger. They nullify when they need to strike the swiftest gait. They are weaklings in the hour that calls for strength, and cowards in the battle that needs braves.—*James I. Vance.*

DID you ever stop to ask what a yoke is really for? Is it to be a burden to the animal that wears it?—It is just the opposite. It is to make its burden light. Attached to the oxen in any other way than by a yoke, the plow would be intolerable. Worked by means of a yoke, it is light. A yoke is not an instrument of torture; it is an instrument of mercy. It is not a malicious contrivance for making hard work; it is a gentle device to make hard labor light. It is not meant to give pain, but to save pain. And yet men speak of the yoke of Christ as if it were a slavery, and look upon



those who wear it as objects of compassion. . . . Christ's yoke is simply his secret for the alleviation of human life, his prescription for the best and happiest method of living.—*Drummond.*



### CLEANSING THE LEPER

(Concluded)

*Put Forth His Hand and Touched Him.*—In answer to the leper's petition, Jesus put forth his hand, touched him, and said, "I will," thus indicating his supreme authority and unlimited power. His whole being was drawn out in sympathy toward this loathsome but believing leper; his heart was touched. He reached forth his hand and touched him. The great need that touched the Master's heart moved the mighty hand to touch the need. The same suffering that moved the Saviour's heart to compassion moved his hand to cleanse the leper.

Christ touched the leper. This teaches us that we must reach people where they are. We must be in touch with them, upon a level with them, showing sympathy, not pity, for the erring. We must touch God with one hand, and humanity with the other. He cleanses us by giving us new life. He does not put new wine into old bottles. He gives us new wine and a new character in which to hold it. He creates a new man, a new disposition, a new heart.

*Say Nothing to Any Man; Show Thyself to the Priest.*—This is another instance where the Saviour straitly charged the one upon whom he performed the miracle to say nothing to any one; only, in this case, he added, "Go thy way, show thyself to the priest." See Lev. 14:1-7. Here is another instance showing that Christ came not to destroy even the law of Moses, much less the law of God; but rather to fulfill, thus bringing the former to an end at his death, and by the same act forever establishing the latter. Christ instructed the cleansed leper to show himself to the priest. Moses had enjoined upon the priests the work of looking after lepers, attending to the quarantine, etc. Christ does not set the example at this time of ignoring what he had instructed Moses to enjoin upon the people hundreds of years before. He told the leper to offer the customary sacrifice for his cleansing. Had not Christ cleansed him from his leprosy? Was he not every whit whole?—Yes; but this did not relieve him from attending to those things which divine law had prescribed, any more than being miraculously healed would exempt us from the necessity of taking a bath, or partaking of physical nourishment. Our working and praying must co-operate. Both must have for their object the removal of the cause of disease, and be followed by conscientious compliance with every divine requirement.

*Could No More Openly Enter the City.*—The leper "began to publish it much, and to blaze abroad the matter." In this he disobeyed Christ's instructions, and so seriously interfered with the Master's work that he could enter no more openly into the cities, but taught the people in desert places, and yet they came to him from every quarter. This miracle teaches us that obedience is better than zeal. The cleansed leper failed to obey. It is not always best to encourage young converts to tell, at first, all the story of what the Lord has done for them; a difference must be made. This is indicated by the fact that Christ sometimes told those who had been healed to

tell of the miracles which had been performed in their experience, and at other times he forbade them, undoubtedly in each case owing to the safety or danger to the spiritual experience of the individual, as well as the effect of such publicity upon his work.

W. S. SADLER.

### ILLUSTRATIVE

WHILE walking down the street one day, I passed a store where the proprietor was washing the large plate-glass window. There was one soiled spot which defied all efforts to remove it. After rubbing hard at it, using much soap and water, and failing to remove it, he found out the trouble. "It's on the inside," he called out to some one in the store.

Many are striving to cleanse the soul from its stains. They wash it with the tears of sorrow; they scrub it with the soap of good resolves; they rub it with the chamomile of morality; but still the consciousness of it is not removed. The trouble is that "it's on the inside." It is the heart that is bad. If the fountain is bitter, the stream will not be sweet.

Nothing but the blood of Jesus applied by the mighty hand of the Holy Spirit can cleanse the inside, nothing but God's Spirit alone can reach the inside.—*Epworth Herald.*



### THE SOWER AND HIS SEED

(October 12)

MEMORY VERSE.—Matt. 13:37.

REFERENCES.—Matt. 13:1-3; Mark 4:1-3; Luke 8:1-5; "Christ's Object Lessons," pages 33-43.

1. Just previously to the giving of the parable of the sower, where had Jesus been? See outline in last week's lesson.
2. What had he been preaching?
3. As a result of this mission tour how many gathered together to hear Christ?
4. Whence had they come?
5. Because there were so many, what place did Jesus find to teach in? Did he stand or sit?
6. Where were the people? Did they stand or sit?
7. Can you now picture the scene of this parable? Find on the map the sea where it was given.
8. What expectation, then, was in the minds of the people as they assembled on the seashore? Note 1.
9. How did Jesus answer this?
10. In the parable of the sower, therefore, what was Christ teaching concerning himself?
11. What verse in Matthew 13 shows that Jesus is a sower?
12. What kind of seed does he sow?
13. Whose seed does he sow? Luke 8.
14. What is the seed? Luke 8.
15. Can we be sowers too? How shall we get good seed to sow? 2 Cor. 9:10.
16. What will this seed do for us? 1 Peter 1:23; note 2.
17. In the parable what did the sower do in order to sow? Will you do the same?

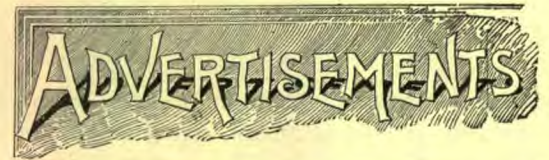
### NOTES

1. Jesus had just been preaching in every city glad tidings of the kingdom of God. At the beginning of his ministry his message had been, "The kingdom of God is at hand," and it was ever in the minds of the people "when the kingdom of God should come." They were looking, however, for an earthly king, one who would

free them from the power of the Romans; and soon after this they really tried to make Jesus their king. See if you can find in what Gospel this is recorded.

2. "The sower sowed his seed;" we sow ours. But the good seed is ours to sow only when we receive what is being ministered. This seed is God's incorruptible word which abides forever. By it we are born again, and our whole life is renewed. Then it will be seen that we sow our seed as the Master Sower sows his. This same thought is set forth in Isa. 53:10: "When thou shalt make his [Christ's] soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed."

No good deed, no genuine sacrifice, is ever wasted. If there be good in it, God will use it for his own holy purposes; and whatever of ignorance, or weakness, or mistake was mingled with it will drop away, as the withered sepals drop away when the full flower has blown.—*Frederic W. Farrar.*



### A Baby's First Wardrobe

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### 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.



## NOTES AND COMMENTS

*A Silent Alarm-Clock.*—People who depend on alarm-clocks to waken them in the morning may be glad to know of a suggestion recently made for a silent alarm. This is to be given by an electric light so focused that at the desired time the current will be turned on, and the light flashed upon the head of the sleeper. It is claimed that the flash of light will always rouse one who is asleep.

*Where Gardening Is Taught.*—Gardening as a science is taught in the public schools of Sweden as well as in the teachers' normal schools. Every country schoolhouse has its garden spot, where the children receive practical lessons in the raising of fruit, vegetables, flowers, the care of house plants, hotbeds, etc. Every year the children receive a tree or shrub or plant for their own home yard.

*An Ancient Bell.*—In the tower of a schoolhouse in East Haddam, Conn., hangs a bell that has an interesting history. It was cast in Santiago, Spain, in the year 815, and is consequently more than a thousand years old. It was taken to Mexico, where, during the Mexican War, it was captured by United States soldiers, and brought to East Haddam. Here it was hung in a church tower, where it did service till last year, when it was removed to its present position.

*New Use for Rattlesnakes.*—A physician of Brazil has brought forward the curious claim that rattlesnake poison is a specific for leprosy. The natives' belief that a survivor of rattlesnake bite is proof against the disease, led to experiments by the doctor, with results that encourage him to claim genuine cures for the perfected remedy. A German pharmacist, commenting on this, reminds the public that rattlesnake poison in quantities will kill lepers as soon as other persons.

*A Thirty-Ton Bomb.*—In May of 1900, during an explosion in Mt. Vesuvius, the largest bomb ever observed was thrown up to a distance of a third of a mile, and fell back upon the mountain. Its height exceeds that of a man, and its weight is estimated to be more than thirty tons. To give an idea of the immense force exerted to raise this mass to this elevation,—and as easily, apparently, as a child would toss a rubber ball into the air,—one who has made a careful study of the subject declares that "the explosion of steam must have equaled about six hundred thousand horse-power." These bombs are formed of partially cooled lava.

*Broom-Corn Millet as Food.*—It is announced that the Department of Agriculture contemplates the introduction of a new cereal food into this country—not a manufactured food, but a natural product. This is the broom-corn millet, so called because of its resemblance, when growing, to broom-corn. It is also known as "proco," by the peasants of Russia, who use it largely for food, about seventy million bushels being produced yearly for that purpose. A special study has recently been made of the plant by a representative sent by Secretary Wilson to study the agriculture of Russia, and he declares that it could easily be raised on the plains of the Northwest,—Minnesota, the Dakotas, and Nebraska. As under favorable conditions, it yields an abundant crop, it is hoped that its culture may become a source of profit to the farmer.

*An Imitation Imitated.*—Celluloid has long been used as an imitation for tortoise-shell and other high-priced bone, and now an imitation celluloid is produced. The new material is prepared of glacial acetic acid, nitrocellulose, gelatine, and alcohol, and is said to be valuable as a backing for photographic films, as it will not curl up in water.

*Foiling the White Ants.*—In South Africa the white ants do their destructive work on every particle of wood that is not living. It was in an attempt to resist their ravages that the company now constructing a telegraph line from Cairo to the Cape hit upon the plan of using living trees for telegraph poles. These are set out in lines, their branches trimmed off, and the wires fastened to them by means of tarred hempen cords. These trees, however, are only a temporary arrangement, as they require continual attention. Iron poles have been substituted for a part of the distance, and will eventually be used altogether.

*Platform of Submerged Land.*—On the coast of Africa, opposite the mouth of the River Congo, says the *Youth's Companion*, and continuous with the course of that river, lies a submerged valley, the existence and shape of which have been ascertained by means of soundings made by the British Admiralty. This valley, through which the Congo probably flowed at a time when the western coast of Africa was more elevated than it is at present, is one hundred and twenty-two miles in length, extending to the edge of the platform of submerged land which borders the continent. Its sides are steep, precipitous, and well-defined, indicating that they are formed of solid rocks. Other submerged river valleys are found on the western coast of Europe, and similar phenomena exist in various parts of the world where the edges of continents have sunk.

*Where Defects Are of Value.*—An expert in precious stones declares that the best test for rubies and emeralds is an examination by microscope, a magnifying power of one hundred diameters being sufficient to show the defects. All emeralds and many rubies have many characteristic defects, which can not be imitated in artificial stones. For diamonds the best test yet discovered is their hardness. A genuine diamond can not be scratched with either a file or quartz. A ruby will also stand this test, but an emerald cracks easily, being little harder than quartz. Speaking of diamonds, there is now on exhibition at the Pan-American Exposition what is claimed to be the largest diamond ever brought to this country. It is "canary yellow in color, about as large as a bantam's egg, absolutely flawless, and of a brilliant luster." This precious gem was found in the famous Kimberley mines in South Africa, and taken to Amsterdam, where it was cut into the form of a brilliant of sixty-four facets. Its commercial value has not been made public.

*The Flying-Fox Nuisance.*—To fruit-growers on the Pacific Coast the flying-fox, or "fruit-eating fox," as it is often called, has proved so great a pest that the United States government has declared war upon it. For some time the owners of fruit farms have been doing their best to exterminate the animals, but without much success, as they are so quick in movement that it is difficult to catch them, and they soon learn to avoid traps. When they enter an orchard, they make short work of it, spoiling all the fruit they do not eat. Peaches, figs, plums, and other soft fruits are their favorites. This species of flying-fox, which measures nearly six feet from tip to tip of the wings, was first brought to this country in a fruit-steamer from Australia, where, in some sections, it has become a serious menace to the

fruit industry. It was at first regarded as a curiosity; and when its destructive character was learned, the people of California found they could not get rid of the pest. A systematic search is now carried forward in all steamers entering San Francisco harbor, to make sure that no more of these unwelcome visitors are allowed to land.

### FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

#### SUNDAY:

Only in proportion as our own will is surrendered are we able to discern the splendor of God's will.—*Havergal*.

#### MONDAY:

"We must not only pray God to save particular persons, but we ourselves must use means to reach those same persons, and then pray God to bless the means."

#### TUESDAY:

Nothing ever happens but once in this world. What I do now I do once and forever. It is over—it is gone, with all its eternity of solemn meaning.—*Carlyle*.

#### WEDNESDAY:

The closet and the study, these are the two corners of Eden still left to the world,—the two radiant points from which the light of heaven most streams out over all the earth.—*Dwight*.

#### THURSDAY:

Only for Jesus! Lord, keep it forever  
Sealed on the heart and engraved on the life!  
Pulse of all gladness and nerve of endeavor,  
Secret of rest, and the strength of our strife.  
—*F. R. Havergal*.

#### FRIDAY:

The shaping of our own life is our own work. It is a thing of beauty, it is a thing of shame, as we ourselves make it. We lay the corner and add joint to joint; we give the proportion, we set the finish. It may be a thing of beauty, and of joy forever. God forgive us if we pervert our life from putting on its appointed glory!—*Ware*.

#### SABBATH:

"The Lord is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly."  
Ps. 84: 11.

### NOTICE!

THE next number of the INSTRUCTOR will be a Harvest Ingathering number. It has been prepared with great care, and will, we are sure, be an attractive means of setting forth this attractive service. It has been suggested that the State secretaries send a copy of this issue to each school in their respective States, in order that those who wish may have a copy of the new program for this service, prepared especially for this number. We hope that those who plan to use the paper in this way will send in their orders early, that none may be disappointed.

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