

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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ALL'S WELL

WHAT'S the word to-day — all's well?
That's the news we're listening for
From the boy whose plans foretell
He's to be a conqueror
All day long, in thought and deed,
Where the bravest captains lead.

All is well, lad; that's the word
Everybody wants to hear;
And it is not *always* heard —
So one need not have a fear,
When he has good news to tell,
Just to say that all is well.

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

A BASKET SALE

OLD Mrs. Langley, with a happy light in her eyes, bent over her lapboard. It was covered with all sorts of gay little pictures, and a host of wee paper stars, conscientiously five-pointed, but of anomalous colors, — green, lavender, and scarlet. She was making one now of royal purple, and singing softly to herself. One who did not know her might have thought her at the stage of life when childish joys come into use again.

In the sunshine at her feet a blue-eyed kitten frisked and tumbled, and chased impartially the gay bits of waste paper and its own little pointed tail.

There was a light tap at the half-open door, and a cheery, "May I come in?" followed by the entrance of a sunshiny head. "O, how cozy you look! and what wonderful thing are you doing now?"

Mrs. Langley looked up from her fifth point, which she was making with much care and precision. "Come in, dear, come in. How good of you to come! Draw up that little rocker, and sit down."

But first, with the step of one accustomed there, Selma was placing a bunch of pansies in the tiny vase on the mantel. Then she brought it to the window. "There!" she said, "they look like a crowd of children jostling each other, don't they?" The old eyes looked from the girlish face to the little, puckered ones in the vase, and the lines made by long years of storm and sunshine deepened around the mouth and eyes. One with a keen eye for resemblances might have thought her not unlike the pansy-faces, — the same long crow's-feet, and a late, elderly bloom in the soft old cheeks like the velvet of the petals.

"Thank you, dear," she said; "you never forget me and my likings, do you? But you oughtn't to've done it."

"Now," said Selma, with a pat on the alpaca shoulder, "are you going to relieve my curiosity, and tell me what you are doing?"

"Why, yes, dear, of course I am. You see it's this way," and the old voice dropped; "and, first of all, I guess I don't need to say that John 'n' Marthy are as good and generous to me as heart could wish for — you must have seen that yourself many and many a time."

"Why, of course I have," said Selma, wonderingly, "and how could they help it, with such a treasure as you?"

"No, no, dear," deprecatingly, "I ain't that; but — well, it's this way. You see, John and Marthy don't have any too easy a time to get

"It's so much work for only ten cents," said the girl, her hand involuntarily pressing her well-rounded pocketbook, with a quick, helpless feeling that it was so powerless here. Mrs. Langley would be crushed to the earth if she presented herself as a purchaser. Well, it should be managed some way; she would have to think out a way.

"John 'n' Marthy didn't like the idea a mite at first. 'Why, mother,' said John, 'you don't need to tire yourself out so, and don't you ever call yourself a burden!' says he; and so it was with Marthy. 'A burden!' says she, 'mother a burden!' I will say, there never was better children than John 'n' Marthy." She had to take her glasses off now, and rub them carefully with her clean, black-bordered handkerchief. Selma stooped suddenly, and made a lunge at the blue-eyed kitten, which stared wildly in return.

Mrs. Langley took a lighter tone. "I just enjoy this work, dear; it ain't as if I didn't love to do it. You know I always keep something of this sort on hand anyway." Yes, Selma knew, so many queer little presents had found their way to her from time to time. She thought of them when she had said good-by, and gone soberly home.

A day or two later saw an array of finished baskets on Mrs. Langley's table. She gathered them one by one into her apron with fresh delight. "They're as neat as pinks," she said, "if I do say it myself." Her step was so buoyant as she went down the back stairs and into the shop that John looked up wonderingly. "Why, mother, you're getting as spry as a cricket. Well, well, I declare! Those *are* fine!" for she was spreading out her baskets in an empty space on one of the counters.

It was part of a deep-laid scheme — the placing of the baskets on this particular corner, for it was very near a certain homely rocker sheltered by a screen and known as "mother's chair." It was her delight to bring some bit of work to that corner, holding herself in readiness to call John or Martha, or, on rare occasions, to find it necessary to trot behind the counter herself and so help "the children." From this vantage-ground she could keep watch of her baskets. "In the sweet by and by," she was singing to herself, as she arranged them, singing out of the fullness of a happy heart.

John watched her silently. "They're fine" he said, trying hard to crush down a misgiving that others might be less appreciative. "If she's dis-



The heavens were gray and dull and low,
The earth was old and stained and sear,
When God outspread his spotless snow, —
A carpet for the coming year.

Above it, sunshine came again,
Beneath it, many a weary thing
From summer heat and autumn rain
Found rest and waited for the spring.
— Selected.

along. I know it, though, bless their hearts, they wouldn't for worlds do or say a thing to make me feel it, and it — it sort of hurts to be a burden on them."

"A burden!" indignantly. "You a burden! But, Mrs. Langley, when I said I was curious to know what you were doing, I — I didn't think — I didn't really mean it. So don't, please —"

"I want you should know all about it," the soft voice interrupted. "You know I always was real handy with such work, and it struck me the other day I'd make a lot of these little baskets; they're different from any I've made before, dear, more fancy; and I'd put them down in the store, and let John sell 'em. I think they ought to fetch — perhaps ten cents apiece, don't you?"

appointed," he said to himself, "dear old mother," and then, "Her a *burden!* Bless her heart. Such fool notions."

She made excuses to sit there most of the afternoon, it was "so pleasant by the area;" and Martha, with no visible sign of seeing deeper, patted her shoulder, with a "Yes, mother, and then you can be on hand to call John when he's needed. He's got to be in the kitchen a while fixing those shelves."

No one heeded her work all that afternoon, though John did his best to attract attention to it, more than once picking up an especially gay basket, and ostentatiously clearing it of invisible dust.

The next morning she was there again in her rocker. Hope had returned bright and strong with the cheer of the new day, and she was in a little flutter of expectation when two pretty girls sauntered toward her counter. John was busy at the other end of the store with an exacting customer. Mrs. Langley peered out eagerly. Yes, they were really looking at her baskets. The girl in the blue dimity was holding one in her hand, and turning it slowly for a complete inspection. Her face was turned away. Mrs. Langley could see only soft coils of brown hair surmounted by a white sailor hat. She looked anxiously toward John; then a sudden resolve seized her. She would step forward herself. But just then the girl in the blue dimity turned her head; Mrs. Langley could see her face for the first time, and something in its expression made her sink quickly back into her chair.

"Madge, *will* you look?" An intense silence back of the screen, then a girl's gay laugh from the other side. "What grotesque things! Look at those stars, green, and red, and O, here's a purple one. Did you ever see anything so outlandish?"

"Hush, Nell," a low-spoken warning from the girl in pink, for Mr. Langley was at last coming toward them. If they could only have seen that crouching figure back of the screen, the drawn face, and the old hands pressed tight together!

They passed out with their purchases, with a flutter of gay ribbons and crisp ruffles; and noiselessly a little, drooping figure stole from behind a screen and made its escape up the back stairs. She sunk trembling into the low rocker by the window. The two girls in the fluttering dimities were going, light-hearted and light-footed, down the linden-bordered streets; but she hardly saw them. Half an hour later she went to the glass, and mechanically arranged her soft, gray hair.

"I'll have to go down to supper," she said. "They'd be worried if I didn't, but I ain't hungry, not a mite." There was a pitiful, sinking sensation in her chest, so real that more than once she put up her hand to quiet it. "I guess I must have tired myself working over them so long," she told herself, and tried to believe it.

"Mother's chair" behind the screen was empty the next day. She was up in her room, wishing she could get her luckless handiwork out of sight, and yet fearing to make any move toward it for fear her pitiful little secret should be found out. She would let them stay there just a day or two longer, and then make some excuse to give them to the children, perhaps. They had some already, but none quite "so fancy." It was late in the afternoon when a young girl came into the store,—a pretty girl with a tender, oval face and soft eyes. She made one or two careless purchases; and while Mr. Langley's face was turned away, her eyes searched insistently for something. Then she made a quick step toward the table where the paper baskets were spread out.

"Why!" she said, "this is just exactly what I want; only I shall need more than you have here."

Mr. Langley's eyes opened wide; he was a large, heavy man, and it took his words a long time to come to the surface.

The girlish face was bending over the baskets, taking in all the pathetic details of their decoration. She was silent for a minute. Then she looked up with a straightforward, businesslike expression. "How much are they?" she asked. "Only ten cents apiece? I'll tell you just what I want; perhaps you can manage it for me. I want them for the children's hospital, to hold their pictures and paper dolls, and other little things, you know; but there are at least thirty children, and you have only nine baskets here."

Then Mr. Langley found speech. "That would be easy fixed," he said, and his face was beaming, "if you wasn't in a great hurry."

"Why, no," said the girl; "if I could have them by the first of the month, when I visit the hospital, I would not need them before that."

"I'll call mother," said Mr. Langley; "she makes 'em." And he disappeared to the back regions. The girl could hear his deep voice. "Mother! Moth-er!" and a gentle answer, "Yes, John."

"Come on down, mother; there's a customer wants to see you."

She came down the stairs in a little tremor of excitement. If it could be—but no, it couldn't; probably it was some old friend who wished to see her. But it was an unfamiliar face that confronted her, and an unfamiliar voice that spoke. "I hope you can help me out. I was just explaining to your son that I want thirty of these baskets. You see they're for the children's hospital," and the young eyes looked away for a moment, that gleam of incredulous joy in the old eyes was so hard to meet. "The little things have so many cards and paper dolls, and nothing to keep them in; and when I saw these baskets, I knew they were just exactly what we wanted. Those bright pictures alone would make them happy for days. Do you suppose—" the brisk business tone was a relief to the girl—"do you suppose you could make me—let's see, twenty-one more? That would be just thirty all together."

Mrs. Langley laughed, a chirpy, radiant little laugh. "Of course I could," she said, "and I'd love to do it."

"Well," said the girl, "if you can manage to let me have them by the first of the month—will that be hurrying you too much?"

"O, no, not a bit. I can make three a day easy."

"Then, that's all arranged. May I take these nine now? Ten cents apiece, aren't they?"

"O, no," very earnestly, "not when you take so many; 't wouldn't be right at all."

"Yes, it would," said the girl; "you really ought not to make them for any less. It is so much work. A friend and I buy them together. We've been wanting something of this kind for the hospital, and expected to pay at least as much as three dollars for them."

Three dollars! What a magnificent sum it seemed to her listener!

She told it all to Selma a few evenings later, when they sat on the little side porch together in the sweet summer dusk. Selma's eyes were very bright, and once she turned them quickly away, leaning her head against the wall up which the honeysuckle climbed, fondling her cheek with its little hands.

"A little pleasure limbers mother up wonderfully," John had once said. Selma thought of it now, as she listened to the pleased, excited voice.

"Did you ever hear of such good luck, dear?" she said at last; "but," with sudden gravity, "I don't believe there was much luck about it, either. I guess God's not so far away but he cares about such things as my baskets even, don't you?"

"Yes," said Selma, "I do." And neither spoke again for a minute. From the long row of lindens came the ceaseless murmur of crickets and tree-toads.

"I couldn't hardly wait to tell you about it,"

Mrs. Langley observed for the third time. "I knew you'd be mightily surprised; weren't you, dear?"

But Selma, leaning forward to kiss the soft old cheek, did not seem to hear the question. "I'm just happy over it," she said, "and so glad I came over to hear all about it."—*Bertha Gerneaux Woods, in Christian Endeavor World.*

MY THANKSGIVING

My Heavenly Father has been good to me
Through all the changes of another year;
Through all the days of darkness and of cheer
His love has fed and clothed me, and I see
The year pass onward to its destiny
Without a heart pang or a falling tear,
Without a worry or an anxious fear,
But in a happy psalm of jubilee;
For this is mine—my part—to offer praise,
To think whence all these stores of love are given,
To scatter sunshine for the stumbling feet,
To sing of love, through all the joyous days,—
My part, to cast reflected light of heaven,
And plant and reap love's fields of golden wheat.

B. F. M. SOURS.

WHAT MORAL COURAGE AND TRUE CONSCIENTIOUSNESS MAY ACCOMPLISH

If you have only a vague comprehension of what God can do through a single individual when he is willing to be a man of God's opportunity, read the experience of Jonathan and his armor-bearer at a time when the people of God were in a most distressing and critical condition. The Philistines with an overpowering army were crushing the very spirit and power of Israel, and they had to hide themselves "in caves, and in thickets, and in rocks, and in high places, and in pits." The Philistines had taken away from Israel all their implements of war, so when it came to the day of battle "there was neither sword nor spear found in the hand of any of the people that were with Saul and Jonathan."

There was nothing to anticipate but defeat. It was then that a great ambition was born in the heart of Jonathan,—just such an ambition as the Spirit of God is putting into the hearts of thousands of young people to-day, but they merely pass on and *smother* it, little realizing what wonderful experiences might be theirs if they would cultivate these divine instincts instead of crushing them before they have time even to take root.

Jonathan said to his armor-bearer, "Let us go over to the Philistines' garrison." Now the road they had to pass over had "a sharp rock on the one side, and a sharp rock on the other side." Just so to-day, the experiences that we must be willing to pass through to be used by God to make a master stroke in this world *have sharp rocks and difficulties on either side.* But Jonathan had come into possession of that great principle, "There is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few." Verse 6. The skilled workman can employ a very imperfect tool, and yet produce a masterpiece with it. So the Lord can take a very weak vessel, and pour through it marvelous possibilities from his great reservoir of power.

In order for Jonathan to reach the Philistines, it was necessary for him to climb "upon his hands and upon his feet." The man who becomes filled with an ambition to accomplish something for God will have to spend much time upon his knees, and while in this attitude, his soul is being filled with a divine illumination.

There is a tremendous power in *personal* effort. When these two men reached the camp of the Philistines, with unparalleled nerve and courage they fell upon the host, and the result was that "there was trembling in the host, in the field, and among all the people. The garrison, and the spoilers, they also trembled, and the earth quaked: so it was a very great trembling."

When our young people become as thoroughly imbued with the spirit of service for the Master, and are willing to begin to do *personal* work for their friends and associates, we shall see that God will raise up men and women who will *repeat* the experience of Jonathan and his armor-bearer. The hosts of the enemy will tremble and melt away, and what such valiant young people shall accomplish for the Master will *inspire* thousands of others to take up active warfare.

May God speed the day when such Christians as Joseph, Daniel, Jonathan, and John the Baptist shall not at all be a scarcity among us. Then the pulse-beat of Christian activity will be quickened, the gospel message will soon be carried to thousands who know it not, the earth will be lightened with the glory of the Master, and we shall soon be at home on that evergreen shore of which we have *sung* so often, but have done so little to win. DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

"AS A FATHER"

A GENTLEMAN of some wealth and high social position was taken ill. Being much troubled about the little love he found in his heart for God, he complained bitterly to one of his brethren. This is how he was answered:—

"When I leave you, I shall go to my home, and the first thing I expect to do is to call my baby. I expect to place her on my knee, and look down into her sweet eyes, and listen to her charming prattle; and, tired as I am, her presence will rest me, for I love that child with unutterable tenderness. But the fact is, she loves me little.

"If my heart were breaking, it would not disturb her sleep. If my body were racked with excruciating pain, it would not interrupt her play. If I were dead, she would be amused in watching my pale face and closed eyes. If any friends came to remove the corpse to the place of burial, she would probably clap her hands in glee, and in two or three days totally forget her father.

"Besides this, she has never brought me a penny, but has been a constant expense on my hands ever since she was born. Yet, though I am not rich, there is not money enough in the world to buy my baby. How is it? Does she love me, or do I love her? Do I withhold my love until I know she loves me? Am I waiting for her to do something worthy of my love before extending it to her?"

"O, I see it!" said the sick man, while the tears ran down his cheeks, "I see it clearly. It is not my love to God, but God's love to me I should be thinking about. And I do love him now as I never loved him before."

We think of our littleness, when we should remember our Father's almightiness. We bewail our weak love, when we should be grateful for our Father's great love. "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us."—*Selected.*

THANKSGIVING DAY

BRING an offering to the Master!
What, beloved, shall it be
Worthy of his wondrous kindness,
Who has given all to thee?

Bring thy best, for he is kingly;
Bring thy offering full and free;
Thou canst never match his bounty,
For he gave his life for thee.

He has filled thy hands with blessings,
Which he bids thee scatter wide;
Calls thee friend, and not a servant,—
Friend to labor at his side.

O to give with glad thanksgiving!
Freely, freely we receive,
Counting this our crowning blessing,
That he gives us power to give.

—*Selected.*



DIVISION I—GEOLOGY

Chapter XI—The Sea

§108. THE surface of our earth is estimated at 196,800,000 square miles, of which only 51,500,000 square miles is land, leaving a total of 145,300,000 square miles of water; so that the proportion of land and water stands at the ratio of 1 to 2.84. The area of the five oceans is roughly estimated as follows: Arctic, 5,000,000 square miles; Antarctic, 10,000,000; Indian, 20,000,000; Atlantic, 40,000,000; and Pacific, 70,000,000. The average depth of the seas for sixty degrees north and sixty degrees south latitude is about three miles. All together, they are estimated as containing 300,000,000 cubic miles of water.

§109. Sea-water weighs 64.25 pounds for each cubic foot, or 1.75 pounds more than fresh water. The amount of salt in each cubic foot of sea-water accounts for the difference in weight. The pressure of the sea at a depth of 31.1 feet is 2,000 pounds to the square foot.

The decrease in marine temperature, as we descend, is decidedly marked. With a surface temperature of eighty-six degrees the mercury lowers to forty-five degrees upon being submerged to a depth of 2,144 feet. As stated before (Section 91), were it not for the extreme saltiness of the water, to which might be added its constant movement, the bottoms of our oceans would be one solid floor of ice.

§110. There are three general movements of sea waters; namely, waves, tides, and currents. The waves of the sea are merely local, surface affairs, caused by the friction of the winds. The measurements of Scoresby, which are regarded as very accurate, prove that during storms, waves in the Atlantic rarely exceed forty-three feet from hollow to crest, the distance between the crests being five hundred and sixty feet, and their speed being thirty-two and one-half miles an hour. The greatest height of waves on the British coast was of those observed at Wick Bay, so famous for its heavy seas, where they reached a height of from thirty-seven to forty feet. The statement that the waves "roll mountain high" is based more upon fear and excitement than upon actual measurement. In the heaviest storms the waters are disturbed but little below the actual hollow of the wave.

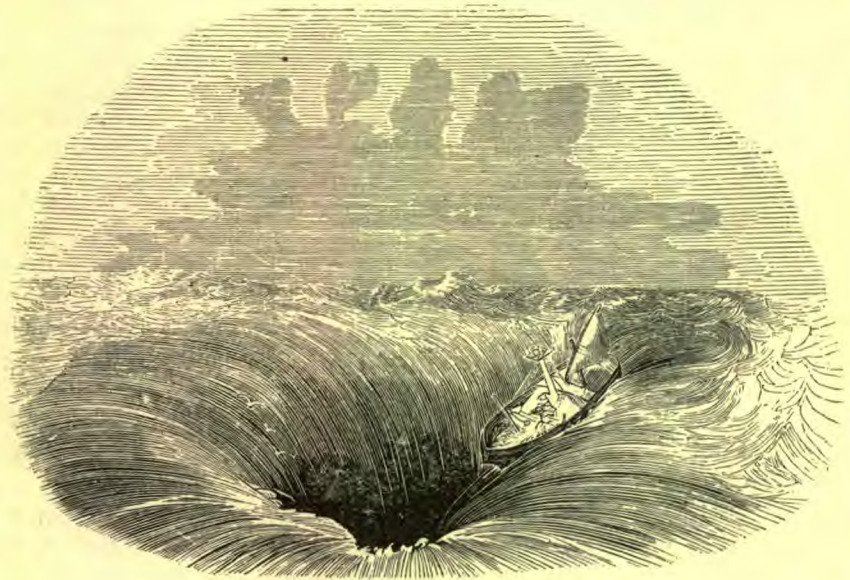
§111. The tides, however, are vastly different, every particle of water, to the very bottom of the deepest levels, being disturbed by the attracting force of both the sun and the moon; for the tides are but the manifestation of a most interesting force, which we shall enjoy studying, further on, under its proper heading. The alternate rising and falling of the waters, in the coming in and going out of the tide, follow each other with marked regularity at periods of about six hours each. The moon attracts the tides three times as much as does the sun, and raises the tidal wave correspondingly higher. The highest tides occur at new and full moon. When the sun and

the moon are at quadrature, or ninety degrees apart, each raises a tide of its own, thus correspondingly lowering the tide of the other.

§112. Tides vary in height according to the depths of the sea and the conformation of the coast. In the open sea the water seldom rises more than two or three feet; but when the channels converge where the tide rushes in, the height of the wave is greatly increased. At St. Malo it reaches its highest known point, a wave one hundred feet high rushes in upon the shore.

§113. As an explanation of some of the most noted tidal phenomenon with which all are more or less acquainted, we quote the following from Guyot's Physical Geography, page 64: "Differences in level, produced by high tides, cause currents which vary in force and direction with the condition of the tide, producing, in some cases, dangerous whirlpools. The famous Maelstrom, off the coast of Norway, is but a tidal current. Such is, also, the famous whirlpool of Charybdis, in the Strait of Messina, and many others of less note." There is no such thing as a great hole in the bottom of the sea, as is popularly believed, into which these maelstroms pour their waters. Terrible and disastrous as they are to ships that chance to be caught in their jaws, yet they are but the coming together of two different tidal currents, which flow with different rates of speed.

§114. There are two general oceanic movements that affect the whole body of salt water; namely, the polar and equatorial currents. The direct rays of the sun upon the equator so heat the earth's great body of water that, in expanding, it rises and flows off either way from the equator toward the poles. These currents do not flow directly north and south; but the warm, upper surface-water is drawn toward the east, and consequently hugs the western borders of our continents, crowd-



A MAELSTROM

ing the cold, lower currents to the westward as they creep along the ocean's bottom on their journey toward the equator. This being an important point in our future study, we quote from page 65 of the above-mentioned work: "The polar and return currents, were they acted upon by no external force, would move in the line of the meridians, taking the shortest course between the poles and the equator. Both are, however, deflected from this course by the unceasing action of the earth's rotation,—the polar currents, as they advance, tending more and more toward the west, and the return currents toward the east; and this direction is still further modified by the forms of the basins of the several oceans, and the influence of the prevailing winds in the different zones."

§115. Currents such as the Gulf Stream are nearly as marked in the waters of the ocean as are the streams of water coursing through our

lands. The Gulf Stream flows by Florida at the rate of from three to five miles an hour; then on to the northeast, past Sandy Hook at the rate of one and one-half miles an hour; thence past Newfoundland, on to the northeast toward the European shores; then the western portion bends to the southwest, and joins the return tropical current. The eastern portion continues on past the British Isles toward the pole. From the polar region it returns by eastern Greenland, Davis's Strait, and other passages pressing against the North American coast, throwing cold water into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and bringing icebergs to the banks of Newfoundland.

QUESTIONS

What proportion of the earth's surface is land? What proportion is water? Give the estimate of the area of the five oceans. What pressure would a water-tight box, one cubic foot in dimension, sustain if sunk to a depth of thirty-one feet? What effect does depth have upon oceanic temperature? By what three general movements is the sea affected? Tell what you can of the cause and height of waves. What cause the tides? Tell what you can of their height and movements. Explain the phenomenon of maelstroms. What are oceanic currents? Give the different causes of these. What effect does the Gulf Stream have upon the climate of Europe? Are the upper, warm waters from the equator drawn toward the eastward or to the westward as they move toward the poles?

DR. O. C. GODSMARK.

2005 Magazine St., Louisville, Ky.



AN INTERESTING REPORT

Of the Young People's work at College Place, Wash., during the past summer has been received, and will be given next week. Such reports are not only cheering to those who have this great work in charge, but they encourage other companies to faithful effort. We hope, as the winter's work is taken up, to receive many such reports.

GOD-GIVEN OPPORTUNITIES

(December 1-7)

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE STUDY

1. LET each try to find some truth that has been written on the subject of opportunities.
2. Let every member personally construct an outline of each of the Bible characters mentioned, and others that may occur to him as perhaps being more striking examples. This outline should embody—
 - (a) A brief statement of the early life of this Bible character.
 - (b) The circumstances that bring him prominently to our attention.
 - (c) His leading God-given opportunities.
 - (d) What we know of the last stage of his career.
 - (e) The similarity of *our* opportunities, even if on a much smaller scale.

SUGGESTIVE THOUGHTS

Our opportunities are exactly proportionate to our capacity to make use of them. "A man's gift maketh room for him," and the room is no greater than the gift. *If we desire greater opportunities, we must cultivate our gifts more diligently.*

In the parable, the least that any man received was one talent, and that was the gift of opportunities. So there is no one living who has not received this gift. But the man who received only one talent went and hid it in the earth. Every young person who fails to recognize his oppor-

unities is doing the same thing. Grain that is not reaped when it is ripe, falls off and is lost. So opportunities, when they are not eagerly grasped, speedily *vanish*, and neither prayers, tears, nor fasting can bring them back again. *There is an eternal loss for every wasted opportunity.*

QUESTIONS

The difference between a man who is recognized as standing head and shoulders over his fellow men and the one who is a mental and moral dwarf, is largely due to the fact that one has acquired the divine art of recognizing great opportunities in the very things that were a blank to the other. Such tremendous possibilities are wrapped up in even this short life, that we ought to ask God daily to give us at least a partial glimpse of them. This will help us to seize our opportunities unhesitatingly.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood,

Leads on to fortune; omitted, all the voyage of their life is bound in shallows and in miseries."

BIBLE CHARACTERS WHO RECOGNIZED THEIR OPPORTUNITIES

Joseph.—Try to determine in how many instances Joseph especially recognized his opportunities.

Gideon, Nehemiah, Daniel, John the Baptist.—These are all inspiring examples of men who recognized their opportunities. Suppose they had failed to do this, as so many of us have failed all these years,—how much of the Bible would have been left unwritten!

BIBLE CHARACTERS WHO FAILED TO RECOGNIZE THEIR OPPORTUNITIES

Sampson.—After slighting several grand opportunities, Sampson spent enough time to have preached the gospel to a whole nation in simply grinding corn for the Philistines. Are you overlooking similar opportunities *to-day*? Then remember that you may have to grind corn for the Philistines *to-morrow*.

Solomon.—The case of the Wise King is a good example of how easy it is for even those who have been wonderfully gifted to ignore their opportunities. Compare some of the sorrowful things found in the book of Ecclesiastes with the glorious triumphs of the book of Revelation.

Ananias and Sapphira.—These persons might have been pillars in the early church, and accomplished such mighty works for God that another book of the Bible would have been necessary to recount their deeds of spiritual valor; but instead they came to an untimely end, because they despised their God-given opportunities.

OUR OPPORTUNITIES

It would have been a great privilege to live at the time when Christ raised the dead; it would have been an inspiring and thrilling thing to hear Luther speak the words that shook the Vatican; but it is a far *greater* opportunity to live at this time, which is the culmination of all the ages. Priests and prophets have alike looked forward to the climax of all the lines of God's providences as they center in this generation; and yet hundreds of our young people have become so thoroughly blinded by the devil that they actually see no special opportunities in being permitted to live at this particular time. O that such would allow the Lord to anoint their eyes with the heavenly eyesalve! Then where was seen only a wilderness, waters would break forth; where was discerned only a desert, opportunities would blossom as the rose:—

1. *Educational Opportunities.*—We may now acquire more useful facts in one evening than it would have been possible for some of our forefathers to secure in half a lifetime; and yet many of our young people are filling their brains so full of chaffy literature that they actually get *less* useful information into their minds than did their forefathers, with only a thousandth part of the same opportunities.

2. *Opportunities for Physical Development.*—With only a trifling expense and a few hours' persevering study and practice, the necessary knowledge can be obtained to enable the average young man or woman in a year's time to increase the chest capacity fully ten per cent. That would mean in most cases at least so much added to the years of their life. The same could be said of almost every function of the body. Still our young people are indifferent to these things, willing to drift along miserable physical wrecks, and then drop into untimely graves. Then some one will perhaps talk of a "dispensation of Providence," when it was nothing but a failure to recognize God-given opportunities, and cultivate that which is within the reach of all; *i. e.*, physical development.

3. *Missionary Opportunities.*—The world's woes and sorrows constitute no small part of *our* opportunities. Have we learned to recognize that man's disappointments are God's appointments? If so, tell it to that discouraged soul who lives next door,—tell it with such convincing power that he will believe you. Is he sick? Think of what you can do to help him and improve his surroundings. If you can not think of anything, sit down, and try to figure out *why*.

4. *Social Opportunities.*—Satan always steals the livery of heaven to forward his purposes. That is why the visiting spirit is the open door through which so many souls pass to their eternal doom. But God's children should utilize social advantages to aid them in coming in contact with humanity. Try to think of how many different ways you may reach humanity socially without forwarding the work of evil.

5. *Poverty and Prisons.*—Every needy soul whom Providence brings to our notice is a God-given opportunity. How have you regarded such in the past? Can you imagine the agony that you would experience if you were compelled to spend even one night in a prison cell? Do you know that there are two hundred thousand men occupying such cells in this country to-day? Have you any concern for them? Do you know whether there is any way you can be of service to them? If not, if you will send a two-cent stamp to the *Life Boat*, 2-33d Place, Chicago, you will receive the November *Life Boat*, which will offer you some practical suggestions in this direction.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

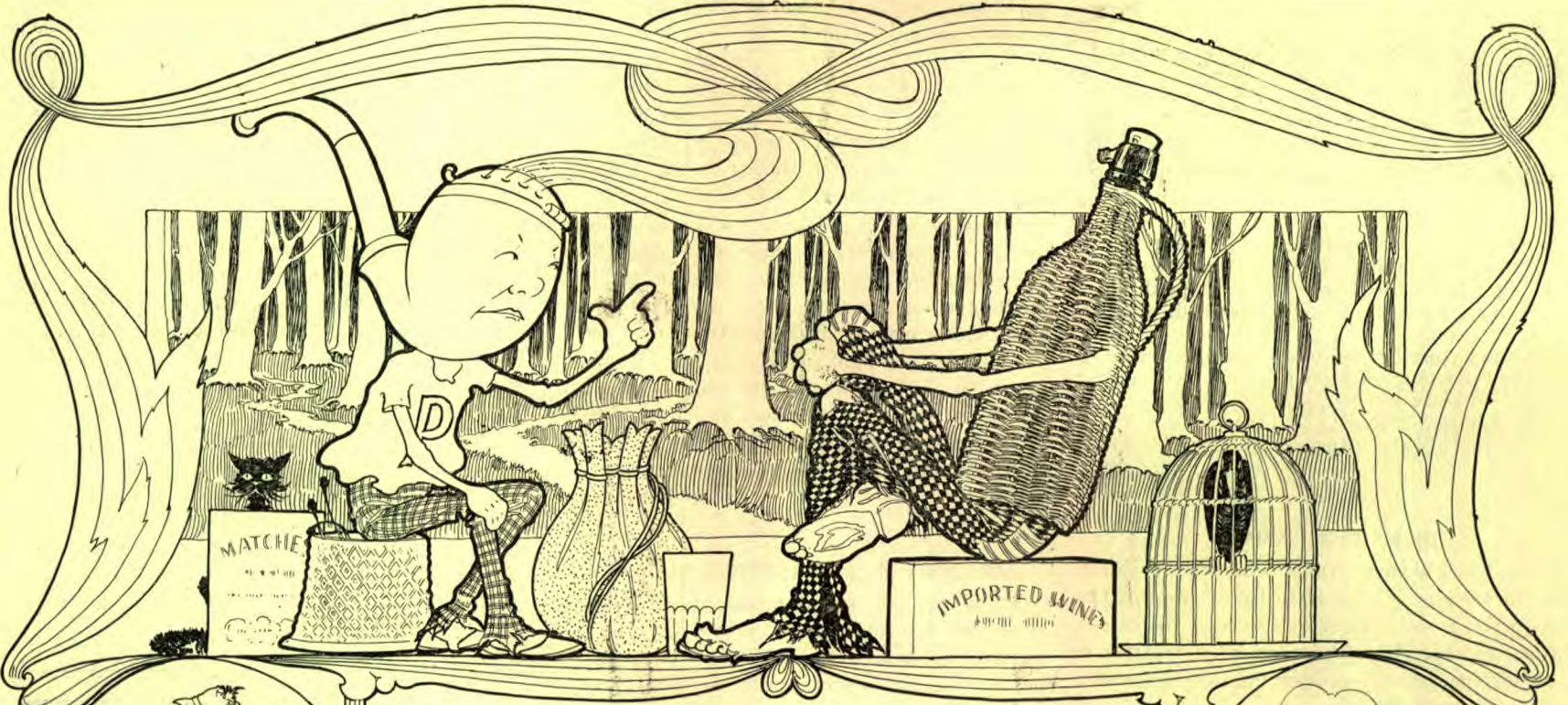
WAYSIDE WITNESSING

You may only be going to the grocery. Never mind. Along that way, if you look sharply, there will surely be some opportunity to acknowledge God. Bowing on the street to that poor woman may be made as much an acknowledgment of God as bowing in prayer at church. You can not go down-stairs without having a chance to acknowledge him. It may be by a snatch of cheery song. It may be by a merry hail or thoughtful inquiry, a word of sympathy or of praise. Keep your eyes open, Christian, as you walk along these ways of earth, and you will see chances of acknowledging God more numerous than the telephone poles, or the hitching-posts, or the signs above the shop-doors.

A reaping-machine proudly bears its maker's name, and so it acknowledges him not only on the harvest field, but on the way thither; yes, and when laid up for the winter. Whoever looks upon it, whether it is in rest or motion, and whether wheat is near it or not, knows the name of the maker that was its owner's choice.

And so whoever wears, definitely and frankly, the name of Christ, preaches a sermon as long as his daily walk, and sings through every conversation an anthem of praise. He can not pray, even, but it will be to the glory of God.

And of course, if thus we walk with God, we can not go astray; for God is not going astray. He directs our paths by directing his own.—*Nutshell Musings.*



"He pours his earnings down my throat."

Two boon companions sat them down
To have a little chat:
This one was named Tobacco Pipe,
And Demi John was that.

A friendly rivalry they had
Which served his master best;
The sacrifices he would make
For them, to be the best.

Said Pipe, "My master had a set
Of nerves like iron bands:
He gave them me for aching nerves,
And quivering, trembling hands.

"He gave me, for a weakened will,
One that would stand alone;
I gave him lack of purpose, for
An upright, stiff backbone.

"He had a clean and wholesome mouth,
And breath both sweet and pure;
I gave for them a fithiness
Clean folk can not endure."

Said Demi John, "Your list is good,
But mine is better still.
My owner 's tried for twenty years
My hungry maw to fill.

"And though his feet be bare and cold,
His back devoid of coat,
He leers in pleasure as he pours
His earnings down my throat.

"He had two laughing, bright, blue eyes,
A skin like June's wild rose;
He traded them for bloodshot orbs,
And swollen, purple nose.

"His heart was true, his head was clear,
And knew no ache nor pain;
He freely gave them both to me
For weakened heart and brain.

"He had a hundred-acre farm,
A house, a purse of gold;
I got them all; he got a hut
That will not turn the cold.

"He had a tidy, thrifty wife,
And children clean and sweet:
His wife's in rags; his children go
With bare, uncovered feet.

"He had long life before him spread,
A record good and brave;
I got them both; and he will get
A shameful drunkard's grave."

"Well, Demi John, it seems you've done
More mischief, it is true,
But then, this fact you must admit, -
I paved the way for you.

"So let us still work hand in hand,
In fair and stormy weather,
And over all this smiling land
We'll ply our trade together."

ELIZABETH ROSSER.



"He had a hundred-acre farm"



"I got them all; he got a hut."



"He had a tidy, thrifty wife."



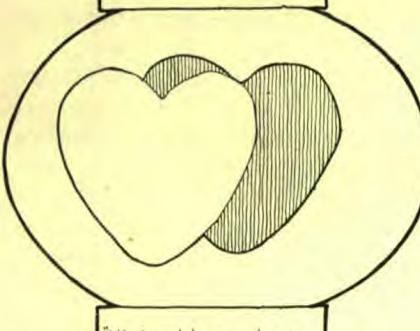
"His wife's in rags; his children go with bare feet."



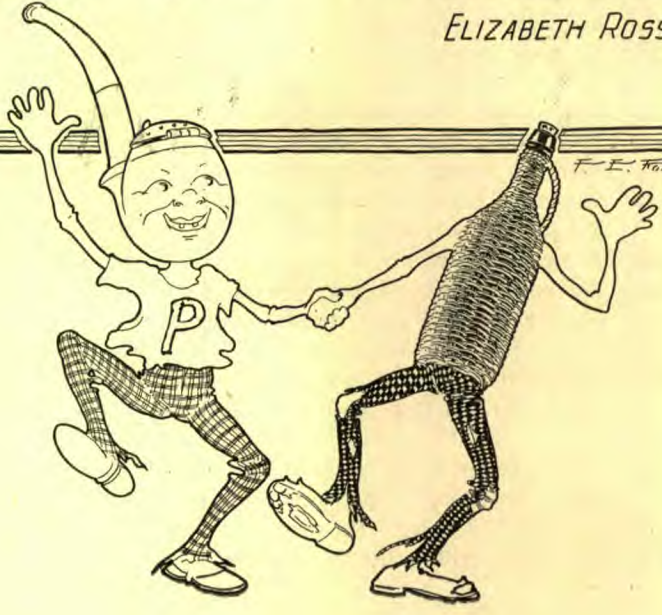
"He had two laughing, bright, blue eyes."



"He traded for bloodshot orbs, and swollen purple nose."



"His heart he gave to me for weakened heart."



F. E. ROBERT.



A DISCONTENTED SPARROW

A SONGLESS brown sparrow sat chirping to me,
Dismally chirping, for things went wrong:
"I might just as well be a mouse!" quoth he.
"What's the use of my wings, with never a
song?"
But he chanced to see pussy ready to spring,
And this songless brown sparrow flew quickly
away:
"Oh, I'm glad I can fly, if I can not sing!"
So ran his glad chirping the rest of the day.
— Selected.

DICK, THE CANARY

Yes, I had always wanted a canary. I wanted one to see how it desired to live. Finally Dick was given to me. He was about six weeks old, brown and homely, without one bright feather to help his appearance; perhaps that was the reason he was given to me.

I took him home, and put him in a cage,—yes, in a cage, but I left the door open. It was some time before he would venture to leave it. When he was about six months old, he spent most of his time flying about in the house. He picked crumbs off the floor in the kitchen, and bathed himself in the wash basin in preference to eating the seed provided him, and bathing in his own dish in the cage. After he had splashed in the wash basin till he was half drowned, and the floor and everything about him were drenched, he would perch on the window-sill in the warm sunshine to dry and plume his feathers. In early winter he picked the blossoms off my plants, wallowing in the dirt in the pots, tearing leaves to pieces, and variously making a nuisance of himself until I had to shut him up in his cage. Then he sang,—and this was the only time in his sweet little life that he ever did sing much.

With the first warm days of spring I hung his cage in a tree, and opened the door. He would fly about, perfectly delighted, until evening, when he would go into his cage, and I would carry him into the house. As it grew warmer, he went farther away. Then our little yellow lettuce-birds (a species of canary) came, and he went to the plum orchard daily, and sang by the hour to them. At last he ceased coming back to his cage; and as I heard his song no more, I fancied he was dead. One day I was surprised to hear a familiar "sweet!" in the willow tree over the door, and then Dick came and alighted on my finger, chirping as if very glad to see me.

Soon he flew a short distance toward the plum orchard, and alighting on a bush, he chirped until I came to him. Then he flew on a little farther, and kept repeating this loving call until he had led me to the orchard. What do you suppose I found there?—Why, he had the sweetest little wife; and in one of the plum-trees they had built the coziest nest imaginable, and he wanted to show it to me! Mrs. Dick did not seem to care to form my acquaintance, and complained loudly when I looked into the nest; but as I harmed nothing, and Dick told her that it was all right, she became reconciled to my visits.

They lived there all summer, and disappeared in the autumn. I had forgotten all about them until one day late the following spring, when I happened to go into the plum orchard, and was welcomed by a familiar voice. There was my canary, back from the Southland. He was as glad to see me as could be, and immediately showed me where he had set up housekeeping again.

And so it was every spring until I left the farm for good. I passed the old place only a few

weeks ago; and as I looked at the plum orchard, I wondered if Dick still lived, and made it his home; but I had no time to go and see. But I thought, "How much better it is to have a pet canary among the trees than to keep him shut up in a cage, eating his heart out with desire for freedom, yet trying to drown it all in sweet melody."

For canaries sing little except at certain seasons if they are free, or even in a large cage. To make them sing best, they must be put in a small cage, all alone, or, better still, with female birds within hearing distance. It is small credit to any one to delight in the wail of a breaking heart; or to listen to the love song of a yearning heart day after day, and not turn a hand to satisfy its longings, fearful lest it be too full of happiness to dare utter it in audible song.

FLOYD BRALLIAR.

MR. AND MRS. SPARROW'S BLUNDER

MANY persons suppose that the instinct of birds and animals is never wrong, but this is a mistake. I have often seen the wild geese fly north over the western prairies, only to come squawking back in a few days, to linger with us, if not going farther south, until the sun warmed up the Northland, and they dared another flight.

Once my brother witnessed a most amusing case of mistaken judgment among birds. He had opened a store in a northern town, and during the month of March was much discouraged by the continued cold weather.

"O, but spring's here!" exclaimed his partner, gleefully, one bleak day. "See those sparrows building a nest in our eaves? That's a sure sign!" From that on the two young men took great interest in the new home going up under, or rather over, their very eyes. Each new bit of rag or straw woven in was noted, and they even strewed cotton about in handy places for the birds.

But the weather did not improve, in spite of the sparrow's prophecy; instead of that, a sleet set in one night, and morning saw a most wintry-looking earth. When the young men went down to open up the store for business, they heard loud, really angry, chirping coming from the eaves. Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow were discussing something with energy; and when at last a decision was reached, they both swooped down upon their almost finished nest, and tore it all to pieces. Not one twig nor rag nor straw was left in place. When the destruction was complete, they gave a loud chirp of satisfaction and flew off together, never to return.

They had simply made a mistake in their calendar.—*Birds and Nature.*

IN THE HOLLOW OF HIS HAND

So tiny that a child's small palm can cover its whole body, inaudible at a few paces' distance, invisible till it rises at your very feet,—such is our yellow-winged sparrow. Yet he is a marvel; his plumage shows an exquisite mimicry of the earth tints, the upper parts mixed black, rufous-brown, ashy, and cream-buff, with a touch of yellowish olive-green for the herbage, and here and there an orange or yellow shade, and a dusky whiteness beneath, to give the effect of light. What could be more perfect? No wonder the wee householder, with a nest of fine-woven grasses, low upon the ground, sits unseen on her "clutch" of wee speckled eggs within reach of your fingers. She knows this well, and will not rise until you are almost upon her retreat. Nor will she fly far. A fence post, a low shrub, will serve as her watchtower until danger is over.

Our yellow-tinted sparrow has another name, the "Grasshopper Sparrow," from its insect-like tremulo and chirp. Its song is a chord or two and a long trill on the insect letter, Z. It is sung,

to the eye, with a hearty abandon of joy, the head thrown back and the mouth open, in a fine pose of ecstasy; yet, unless all around is still, and you listen with attention, not a sound will you hear, so small and fine are the vibrating tones. It is one of these faint, sweet voices of the earth, like the music that breathes from every clod or leaf when the old world lies dreaming and dozing in a bit of holiday after work is done on a warm, sunny afternoon in autumn,—a musical, tremulous, sweet piping everywhere.

Yet not one of these small creatures is forgotten before its Father. When the frost is in the air, and winter is near, the divine impulse stirs in its breast, and its little wings will bear it far, far away in the long, mysterious journey oversea to the warm islands of the Atlantic. There it will sing for joy with its fellows in the sun; but when April returns, look well. Is there not a stir in the short grass? And listen. The faint, dream-like thrill throbs again in the throat of the sparrow, and our ground-dweller has returned. It is a parable of God's care for his little ones.—*Ella F. Mosby.*



HEALING THE CENTURION'S SERVANT

(Concluded)

He Hath Built Us a Synagogue.—The Jews sought to commend the centurion to Jesus by the fact that he loved their nation, and had built them a synagogue; but that which commended the centurion most to Christ was his sense of need and of utter unworthiness, indicated by his sending word to the Master, "I am not worthy that thou shouldst enter under my roof." Man's need constitutes the most eloquent plea for divine help. Sometimes people will say to the minister or doctor, "I wish you would visit So-and-so, and see if you can't help him. He is very rich, and might help our cause;" thus intimating that he has already "built a synagogue," or perhaps might build one. What a motive!—when in reality the great motive for our labor of love should be our realization of humanity's vital need and utter helplessness. The Jews undoubtedly thought that several more synagogues might be forthcoming if Jesus would heal the centurion's favorite servant. They had little faith in Christ, but abundant love for the centurion's pocketbook.

I Am Not Worthy.—The readiness with which Christ granted the centurion's request for the healing of his servant is an illustration of the Master's willingness to listen to all requests for help, and an assurance that none will be passed by. The centurion, while he had low thoughts of himself, had high thoughts of Jesus. The lower our esteem of self, the higher will be our regard for the Lion of the Tribe of Judah. The soul that is humble, that has a small opinion of self, is one that has great regard for, and faith in, the word of God; and, like the centurion, although feeling unworthy to have the Master come into his presence, has implicit confidence in the power of his word and the healing of his grace.

In this connection we must not overlook the fact that Satan often endeavors to utilize this sense of unworthiness on the part of a humble soul. He seeks to make it the doorway of indifference and neglect, the gateway to deepest darkness and despair; but this he is unable to do as long as one's sense of unworthiness has mingled with it the loving faith and confidence of the centurion. Let not Satan use your sense of unworthiness to drive you away from the Father's love, or to doubt the promises of his word.

Say in a Word, and My Servant Shall Be Healed.—The faith of the centurion was most marked. He did not even think it necessary for Christ to go to his house. He drew lessons from his military experience and the obedience of his soldiers, to strengthen his faith in this respect. The centurion's faith is a great contrast to that of the nobleman, who insisted that Christ must come down from Cana to Capernaum in order to be able to heal his child. The faith of the Roman soldier asked only that the Master speak the word. The centurion not only believed in the power of Christ, as so many do to-day, but he also believed that Christ was able and willing to use this very power for the healing of the sorely stricken servant.

I Say unto One, Go, and He Goeth.—The centurion considered himself so unworthy that he deemed it presumptuous to expect the Master to enter his house, so he sent word beseeching Jesus to heal his servant by the power of his word, saying, "For I also am a man set under authority." He did not say, "I am a man of authority," as is often misquoted. He was under authority; that is, under the authority of Cæsar; and by virtue of being under authority to a greater, he himself was invested with power and authority to direct those who were under him; for he recognized in Christ one who was first under authority—this authority being the will of the Eternal Father; and second, he recognized him as one who could speak the word, and angels from above would do his bidding.

I Have Not Found So Great Faith.—Christ did not find faith aught to compare with the centurion's. There was no hypocrisy about his seeking for help, no formalism, no false humility. His being under authority, and having others under his authority, he utilized to strengthen his faith in the Master's ability to heal by his word, without his personal presence. Jesus marveled at the centurion's faith, and upon another occasion he marveled at the stubborn unbelief of his chosen people. These seem to be the only two cases which specially excited the wonder of Jesus while he was on earth,—the faith of a Roman, the unbelief of a Jew. It is remarkable that Jesus not only healed the centurion's servant without his personal presence, but also without speaking any direct word, so far as we have any record.

W. S. SADLER.



THE TWO WORSHIPERS

(December 7)

LESSON TEXT: Luke 18: 9-14.

LESSON HELP: "Christ's Object Lessons," pages 150-163.

1. About what time did Christ give the parable of the Pharisee and the publican?
2. What mission tour was the Saviour closing up at this time? See outline.
3. To what class was this parable spoken?
4. In the parable, what man represented this class of people? Where did he go?
5. Who else came up there at the same time?
6. For what purpose did they go?
7. Why did the Pharisee stand off by himself and pray? What prophet foretold the character of men like this? Isa. 65: 5.
8. In his prayer, with whom did the Pharisee compare himself? What does the Lord say of those who do this? 2 Cor. 10: 12.

9. The Pharisee thanked God that he was not an extortioner: what is an *extortioner*? What class of people in Christ's time practiced extortion? Luke 3: 12, 13. What did the Pharisees do? Matt. 23: 14.

10. For what other things did the Pharisee feel thankful?

11. What special acts of his own life did he mention? Therefore how did he regard them? How does the Lord look upon them? Matt. 23: 23.

12. While the Pharisee was thus praying, where was the publican?

13. What heartfelt prayer did he offer? In what manner did he pray?

14. What made the publican do this? Did the Pharisee see him? What effect did his presence have upon the Pharisee?

15. In his prayer the Pharisee felt thankful that he was not unjust; how did the Lord regard him? V. 14.

16. Whom *did* the Lord look upon as just?

17. Both these men were guilty of the same wickedness. What, then, made the publican just before God?

18. What made the Pharisee think that he was just?

19. What promise is there to those who do as the publican did? 1 John 1: 9.

20. What lesson does Christ draw from this parable?

The following outline describes Christ's last journey from Galilee to Jerusalem. This was a very long, roundabout journey, and it took the Saviour several months. On this mission tour, Christ administered his work in Perea, where his second series of parables were given. These are given in italics below. Notice what events led up to the parable of the Pharisee and the publican:—

CHRIST'S MINISTRY IN PEREA

John 7: 10-21 — Feast of Tabernacles. *The Good Shepherd.*

Luke 9: 51, 52 — Last journey from Galilee. Sends messengers into a village of Samaria. Repulsed.

Luke 9: 56 — Into another village, probably beyond Jordan, as mentioned in Matt. 19: 1 and Mark 10: 1.

Luke 10: 1-12 — Sending out the seventy.

Luke 10: 13-15 — Woes upon the cities of Galilee.

Luke 10: 17-24 — Return of the seventy.

Luke 10: 25-37 — *The Good Samaritan.*

Luke 10: 38-42 — First visit to Bethany.

Luke 11: 1-13 — *The Importunate Neighbor.*

John 10: 22-39 — Feast of Dedication.

John 10: 40-42 — Beyond Jordan again. Many resort unto him.

Luke 11: 14-36 — Dumb devil cast out. Warning instruction.

Luke 11: 37-54 — Christ dines with a Pharisee. Woes upon Pharisees and lawyers, who seek to ensnare him.

Luke 12: 1-59 — An innumerable company gathered together.

Luke 13: 1-5 — Pilate and the Galileans.

Luke 13: 6-9 — *The Fig Tree.*

Luke 13: 10-21 — In a synagogue on the Sabbath.

Luke 13: 22-30 — Through the cities, teaching and journeying toward Jerusalem.

Luke 13: 31-35 — Pharisees: "Get thee out, . . . for Herod will kill thee."

Luke 14: 1-35 — At the house of a chief Pharisee on the Sabbath. *Bidden to a wedding. A Great Supper.*

Luke 15: 1-32 — To the publicans and sinners: *The Lost Sheep; The Lost Drachma; The Prodigal Son.*

Luke 16: 1-13 — To the disciples: *The Unjust Steward.*

Luke 16: 14-31 — To the Pharisees: *Dives and Lazarus.*

Matt. 19: 3-12 — Tempting of the Pharisees concerning divorce.

John 11: 1-53 — Resurrection of Lazarus.

John 11: 54 — To Ephraim with his disciples.

Luke 17: 1-11 — Through Samaria and Galilee on the way to Jerusalem.

Luke 17: 12-37 — Healing of ten lepers. Instruction to disciples.

Luke 18: 1-14 — *The Unjust Judge. Pharisee and Publican.*

Luke 18: 15-17 — Blessing the children.

Luke 18: 18-30 — Rich young man. Instruction.

Luke 18: 31 — Christ took unto him the twelve, and said, "Behold, we go up to Jerusalem."

Luke 19: 24 — Crucifixion week.

PARAGRAPHS FROM THE LESSON HELP

1. In the whole satanic force there is not power to overcome one soul who in simple trust casts himself on Christ. "He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength."

2. The Pharisee and the publican represent two great classes into which those who come to worship God are divided. The first two representatives are found in the first two children that were born into the world. Cain thought himself righteous, and he came to God with a thank-offering only. He made no confession of sin, and acknowledged no need of mercy. But Abel came with the blood that pointed to the Lamb of God. He came as a sinner, confessing himself lost; his only hope was the unmerited love of God. . . . The sense of need, the recognition of our poverty and sin, is the very first condition of acceptance with God. "Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

3. Christ . . . neglects no one. He who could not see human beings exposed to eternal ruin without pouring out his soul unto death in their behalf, will look with pity and compassion upon every soul who realizes that he can not save himself. He will look upon no trembling suppliant without raising him up. . . . We may take our sins and sorrows to his feet; for he loves us. His every look and word invites our confidence. He will shape and mold our characters according to his own will.

"PLAIN FACTS FOR OLD AND YOUNG"

of both sexes, is the name of a beautiful book by Dr. J. H. Kellogg, containing about 800 pages, including the 350 handsome illustrations in rose-bronze ink. It treats the science of human life from infancy to old age. Beginning with a study of life and reproduction in plants, insects, and the lower animals, the subject is divested of all grossness, so that when the analysis of human life and reproduction is reached, it seems as pure a theme as God intended it to be.

It gives parents the right words to use when instructing their children. Not one boy or girl in a thousand can be brought up in *innocent* ignorance. While parents are praying for them instead of teaching them, they are learning evil. Angels are not sent from heaven to do the work of father and mother. It reveals the alarming prevalence of vice among children and youth, tells how to prevent, detect, and break up bad habits.

It contains chapters for girls, boys, young women, young men, wives, husbands, mothers, fathers, and old people, treating fully upon right and wrong practices in single and married life; effects being explained in 100 pages on special diseases of men and women, with 100 pages on general health topics, showing the true relation of dress, diet, exercise, etc.

About 300,000 copies of this book have been sold by subscription in its smaller form, without illustrations, which add greatly to its helpful, uplifting influence. It is present truth on this great question. Each illustrated book contains a certificate of membership in the Health Library Association, with premium privileges; also a large anatomical chart in three sections, nine colors.

Until January, 1902, Seventh-day Adventists may order this book at 40 per cent discount from the retail price, adding 30 cents for postage. It weighs four pounds. The retail subscription prices are \$3.75, \$4.25, \$4.75, \$5.25. The special price until January, 1902, so that all may obtain it, are, including postage, \$2.55, cloth; \$2.85, library; \$3.15, beautiful half K. Red Russia; \$5.45, elegant Full K. Red Russia, gilt edges. With either of the two best styles, a large luxotype picture will be mailed free, entitled "Loyal Helpmates," or "No Divorce," a model of cheerful union in an age of sourness and separation.

"Plain Facts" gives the first place to the Great Physician, who said, "As it was in the days of Noah and Lot, so shall it be in the days of the coming of the Son of man." Elder A. T. Jones says of the book, "It will do good, and only good."

A 24-page pamphlet, giving a complete description of it, will be mailed on receipt of a two-cent stamp. Address Health and Purity Library Association, F. E. BELDEN, manager, Battle Creek, Mich. 112 Manchester St.

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 THE MEADOW

A BUTTERFLY with spangles gay,
Met a bumblebee one day
Where the sunshine warmly lay
Turning clover into hay.

"Hark!" said lovely Shining Wings,
"Hear how loud that blackbird sings!
Don't you think the summer brings
Just the brightest, sweetest things?"

"See the color of the sky;
See the clouds that sail so high;
See the milkweed floating by,"
Said the dainty butterfly.

"Smell the clover blossoms there,
Scenting all the summer air;
Nothing half so sweet or fair
As this meadow, anywhere!"

Bumble jerked his little head;
Then he rather crossly said:
"Well, I like the clover red,
Not for perfume, but for bread!"

"All the world knows that a bee
Much too busy is to see
Beauty merely. All that he
Cares for is utility."

Shining Wings then made reply:
"Though I'm but a butterfly,
Beauty's faithful lover I,
And without it fain to die.

"Life itself is naught, poor bee,
If 'tis but utility;
Sure am I 'twas meant that we
Should the beauty, also, see;

"Else there were no summer sky,
Nor the clouds to sail on high;
Else no milkweed floating by,
Nor spangles for the butterfly."

Angry Bumble flew away,
Leaving Shining Wings to stay
Where the sunshine warmly lay,
Turning clover into hay.

— Sarah E. Sprague.

MACKEREL

THE mackerel is what is termed a pelagic fish; that is, one whose home is on the surface of the deep ocean, and which frequents the shores only at stated periods for food or for spawning. There are only a few distinct species of mackerel, yet the fish is widely diffused, and most prolific and abundant in the tropical and temperate oceans. The true mackerel, genus *Scomber*, are elegantly shaped, well-proportioned, and beautifully colored. The design throughout seems to be an adaptation for rapid movement through the water. The muscles of the back are extremely large, making the body rigid and tense to a remarkable degree, so that the fish swim straight forward, seldom deviating sidewise, and rarely turning on the same spot. They are constantly on the move, showing wonderful endurance. The flesh is very firm, and abundantly supplied with blood-vessels and nerves, giving it the characteristic red color, and because of their energy, the temperature of their bodies is higher than is usual with fish.

Mackerel are strictly carnivorous, and they are in constant pursuit of their prey, consisting mainly of other fish and crustaceans, or such hard-shelled creatures, like crabs, as frequent the surface of the ocean. They also seek the "fry," or young, of the herring, which swim in schools, and are pursued until the little ones reach shallow water, where the mackerel dare not follow.

Mackerel frequent nearly every temperate and

tropical sea, except the Atlantic along the South American shores. The Spanish mackerel is found in the seas of southern Europe, though occasionally caught on the shores of Great Britain and the United States. The common mackerel is found in the North Atlantic, and from the region of the Mediterranean and Black Sea to the coasts of Norway and the United States.

In the spring, large schools approach the coast. These are mainly composed of one- and two-year-old fish, which seek the shore for food, being more abundant at that season near the coast than in deep water. The young mackerel are the more venturesome, and take the lead, being followed later by the older fish. The mackerel does not seek shallow water to spawn. It is not necessary, as the spawn floats, and is developed on the surface of the water. After the spawning season, the schools break up into smaller companies, and become widely scattered. They are then caught, principally with hook and line.

W. S. CHAPMAN.

TREES NEAR BOUNDARY LINES

TREES are real property, and belong to the owner of the ground upon which the trunks stand. If the trunks stand wholly within one man's boundaries, the whole of the trees belong to him, even though the branches may overhang, and the roots feed upon the soil of another. But a land owner need not suffer the nuisance of overhanging branches; he may abate it by cutting them off.

In planting his orchard, a farmer placed one row of trees close to the fence which divided his land from his neighbor's. While the trees were small, they caused no trouble; but, when they grew large, the branches extended out over the neighbor's land, and became a source of annoyance to him. One fall, when the trees were loaded with fine fruit, the neighbor's boys began to take apples from the overhanging branches; and the wife of the owner of the orchard, being a hasty woman, scolded the boys, and said some mean things about the neighbor's family. This started a very bitter quarrel.

A few days after scolding the boys, the woman crossed the division fence for a basket of apples; and was ordered out. Upon learning this, her husband went to an attorney, and was told that, although the apples belonged to him, by crossing the fence to get them, he made himself a trespasser; so the fine fruit fell off, and rotted on the ground.

The next spring, the neighbor, while ploughing under the overhanging branches of the apple-trees, scratched one of his horses badly. This made him angry, and he sawed off all the offending branches, straight above the fence. Then the owner of the trees again sought advice, but learned that he had no remedy. The trees looked very unsymmetrical, with the branches on one side all gone, but the neighbor had only exercised a legal right. When you plant trees, plant them far enough within your own boundaries so that the branches will have room to spread without overhanging the lands of your neighbors. For, in the eyes of the law, "when a man owns the soil, he owns it from the center of the earth to the highest point in the heavens." — C. H. Whittaker, in *Christian Endeavor World*.

THE BLIGHTING EFFECTS OF TOBACCO

It is a well-known fact that the tobacco habit is sapping the life and vitality of thousands upon thousands of young men. Yet in the face of all this, some physicians and dentists are found who encourage the use of the "filthy weed" as beneficial to the bones and teeth. Probably very few readers of the INSTRUCTOR have any temptations from this source; yet all should know the certain results of this evil, and place their God-given power and influence on the right side. It will,

therefore, be profitable to read what a few noted authorities say on the subject.

An English physician gives the following testimony: "A boy who early smokes is rarely known to make a man of much energy or character, and he generally lacks physical and muscular, as well as mental, energy. I would particularly warn boys who want to rise in the world to shun tobacco as a deadly poison."

Seaver, writing on "The Effects of Nicotin," says: "A tabulation of the records of the students who entered Yale in nine years, when all of the young men were examined and measured, shows that the smokers averaged fifteen months older than the nonsmokers; but that their size — except in weight, which was one and four-tenths kilograms more — was inferior in height to the extent of seven millimeters, and in lung capacity to the extent of eighty cubic centimeters."

M. R. Keeley, M. D., analyst and microscopist says: "Aside from the tendency to inebriety, cigarette smoking by the immature causes a partial arrest of growth, both physical and mental, so that a bright child will develop into a weakling, exhibiting little or none of the bodily or intellectual perfection promised during the pre-cigarette period."

ROY F. COTTRELL.

STARTING A LIBRARY

You are perhaps twelve, thirteen, fourteen, or fifteen years old, and yet have no library started. You may have a few school-books, dog-eared probably with age and use, but no books for general reading.

The writer of this notice was young not so very long ago, and well remembers his start toward a library, and how carefully each new book was read. As he now takes from their shelves those early purchased volumes, he finds in them marked passages with voices all their own. These voices speak of other days, other experiences, other associations. Money would not buy them now; they have become part of his life.

The *Signs of the Times* has a plan which will enable you to start a library of this kind, at very little expense. Address them as follows: *Signs of the Times, Oakland, Cal.*, and ask for a copy of "Little Talks to Gift Makers," which will be sent free. It contains the details of the plan.

ATLAS OF WESTERN CANADA

A NEW forty-page atlas of Western Canada, showing maps of the provinces of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Manitoba, British Columbia, and districts of Assiniboia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, New Ontario, Great Britain and Ireland, the world, and the Dominion of Canada, has been received. In addition to these accurate maps it is profusely illustrated, and contains considerable information, especially concerning western Canada. It will be sent free and prepaid to all readers of the INSTRUCTOR sending name and address to James Grieve, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

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