

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

Vol. L.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., APRIL 3, 1902.

No. 14.



A Swamp Bird

I AM a swamp bird, that is all,—
But O, the secrets that I know
Of little brook and waterfall,
Of hidden flowers that bloom and grow!
For me no field nor orchard wall:
I am a swamp bird, that is all.

None follow where I dare to go,
And where I hide my nest away.
The fiercest winds of all may blow,
The heartless spoiler seek his prey;
But through the swampland, dusk and low,
None follow where I dare to go.

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT

Birds of Early Spring

THERE are a number of birds you will not be likely to see after March and April; therefore you should be on the lookout now, to see them before they are gone for another year. Last spring I told you about them; but perhaps you have forgotten; so I will call your attention to them again.

First, there is the white-breasted Nuthatch. This bird has a peculiar note; and if you fail to see him, you ought surely to hear him. Only a few days ago I passed a tree where there were two Nuthatches, seeing neither of them. But just as I had passed, I heard them call to each other, *Yank, yank, yank!* and looking about, discovered

them on the trunk of a maple, walking, head downward, like flies on a wall.

The Red-breasted Nuthatch is a more northern bird than his white-breasted cousin. He is also smaller, and may be easily distinguished by the stripes on his head and the red on his breast. This bird is said to be quite common in the Adirondacks.

At the same time that I saw the two White-breasted Nuthatches of which I have just spoken, I saw on another tree only a few feet away, that other interesting winter bird, the Brown Creeper. It also walks on the side of tree trunks, in its search for insects and larvæ, but I have never seen it walk downward on the trunk, as the Nuthatch frequently does. True, it will now and then turn with its head downward toward the foot of the tree; but it quickly turns back again, and moves upward in its peculiar jerking way. When it has gone high enough, it flies to the foot of another tree trunk, and works its way up that; and so on continually as long as you choose to watch it.

Then there are the Kinglets. You have only a little time left in which to become acquainted with these charming birds. The kinglets are olive-green above, whitish beneath, and about four inches long. The Ruby-crowned

Kinglet has a scarlet patch on the top of the head, which can be seen only when the bird lifts its crest. The Orange-crowned Kinglet has a reddish-orange crown, bordered with black and yellow. In fall, winter, and spring these little birds travel in flocks.

Be on the lookot this month for the Kingfishers; they arrive the first week in April. And here is a list of other birds that will come North the latter part of March and in April. Surely you will be kept busy if you study them all. I name only a part of the host: Whippoorwills; Chimney-swifts; Humming-birds; King-birds; Least Flycatcher, or Chebec; Crows; Rusty Blackbirds; Purple Grackles; Vesper-sparrows; Grasshopper Sparrows; Tree-sparrows; Chipping Sparrows; Field-sparrows; Swamp- and Fox-sparrows; Chewinks, or Towhees; Martins and Swallows; many of the Vireos and Warblers; Catbirds; Brown Thrashers; House-wrens; Wood-thrushes; Veeries; Hermit-thrushes; Robins; Bluebirds. At this time, also, the Juncos, Northern Shrikes, and Winter Wrens leave us on their way North.

Of course a late, backward spring will keep the birds from arriving as early as when the season is more open. But during April the arrival of birds will be constant.

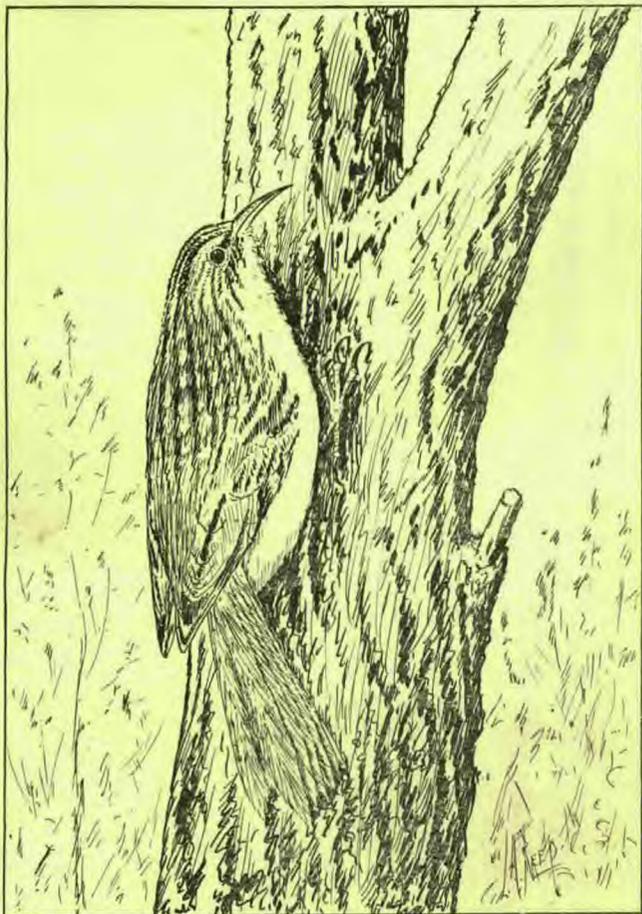
L. A. REED.

A Quick-Tempered Kinglet

BRAVERY and bigness do not always go together. Those who are familiar with our doorway birds know how effectually the house-wren



RUBY-CROWNED KINGLET; GOLDEN-CROWNED KINGLET



THE BROWN CREEPER

persecutes the prowling cat, and drives it away from the neighborhood of the bird's nest. King-birds drive off the crow, and even greatly annoy the fish-hawk; while even the diminutive humming-bird is absolutely fearless at times, and successfully defends its nest if its antagonist is but a single bird of another species.

These instances refer to birds in spring and summer, when the nest and eggs or the young are the immediate object of a bird's solicitude. In winter we do not expect to witness such instances of courage on the part of the smaller of our birds. In fact, sparrows flee when a sparrowhawk appears. But recently I saw a golden-crowned kinglet question the right of an Acadian owl to take his ease in an evergreen. Never was there a more inoffensive bird than this little owl at the time. It was cuddled up in a heap, and half asleep. But the kinglet found the bird, and immediately set up a shout, and darted into the tree, snapped its beak, and, I think, twitched the owl's feathers. At any rate, there was no more sleep for the bird in the tree. But it was not moved to vacate at the mere bluster of a little kinglet. It sat still, slowly opened its beak now and then, and moved its head to and fro. This was kept up until the sharp chirping of the kinglet attracted other birds, and a more serious attack was made. The owl then took

flight; and while the rejoicing was general, not one of the sparrows, nuthatches, and chickadees made more clatter, for a brief moment, than the kinglet.

There was a sequel to the incident. The little bird that started the affair did too much. It was overcome by excess of exertion, and was so limp and listless when I saw it last, that it seemed to me it was thinking whether it had not made a goose of itself. It is possible that some little birds, like some small children, never take time to consider if the gain derived is worth the effort it calls for.—*Charles C. Abbott, M. D., in St. Nicholas.*



"He Is Not Here"

He is not here! He is not here!
For the grave defeated lies,
And the death of death is the theme of songs
In the heights of the holy skies.

He is not here! Ah, blessed word!
Let angels' songs resound!
For a happier day in the far away
The ages have never found.

Sound the happy song in a voice so strong
That the echoes shall float away
To the farthest shore; for dismay no more
Shall close life's setting day.

He is not here in the grave so drear
Where the worm and corruption lie;
In immortal life he has closed the strife,
And mounted the beaming sky.

He is not here! let resound the cheer
Of the joy that never dies;
For with him above on the wings of love
We'll mount his eternal skies.

B. F. M. SOURS.

Little in His Own Eyes

"WHEN thou wast little in thine own sight, wast thou not made the head of the tribes of Israel, and the Lord anointed thee king over Israel?" So said Samuel to the proud-spirited, self-reliant Saul. We are not to suppose that the Lord was deceived in Saul; but his case serves a far greater purpose in illustrating the folly of the tendency of human nature than all he ever accomplished during his life.

Saul was chosen king, as we believe, for two special reasons. One was his admirable bearing and impressive appearance. From his shoulders upward he stood above his fellows. The people all had to look up when they spoke to him. His words seemed to come from above them. He did not need to stand on a box or a chair to see. He could see when others were only being smothered in the crowd, and he could tell his less fortunate companions what was going on. We sometimes envy such giants.

But it generally hurts tall people to go under a barbed-wire fence. They can not stoop to trials. They have to bend low to see a child. Many tall people can do that easily enough, if, like the youthful Saul, they are little in their own estimation. It is a grand sight to see a great man who does not know he is great, but thinks, on the contrary, that he is very small.

Such was young Saul, and God chose him for this reason. When Samuel told the astonished youth that he was to be Israel's first king, it came like an earthquake shock to him. "Am not I a Benjamite, of the smallest of the tribes of Israel? and my family the least of all the families of the tribe of Benjamin? wherefore then speakest thou so to me?" No doubt he felt as if he were the smallest member of that smallest family of the smallest tribe of Israel. Surely such a one should not be king.

But as Saul went on, the evidences that a

great future was before him thickened. He was even anointed with the holy oil at the hand of the man of God. When he reached home, he did not so much as speak of what had occurred. But a public test was called. By lot the tribe was chosen, then the family, and finally the individual. Each step brought the choice to Saul. But when his name was reached—where was the man? The Lord only knew; for he alone had seen Saul hide himself "among the stuff." O, he could not bear the thought! The weight of it crushed his heart, and took the strength out of his very bones. He could not even face the people. But he was found. Pale and trembling, he was brought out of his hiding-place. How the people shouted over such a little big man! He was nearly eight feet tall; but he was the smallest man in that company. God loved him, and stilled his throbbing heart. I believe that the heavenly angels were at that moment looking upon the young man with admiration. He gathered some good men about him; and when the sons of Belial derided him, saying, "How shall this man save us? and . . . despised him, and brought him no presents," "he held his peace."

What a pity he did not remain thus humble and childlike! How much he might then have accomplished for God and man, none can tell. Prosperity and the blessing of God soon built him up in his own estimation. Rebellion, stubbornness, and apostasy followed. Then came rejection of God, trouble, defeat, and a terrible death. David, the innocent object of Saul's insane rage, lamented his death in these touching words: "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen! Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon; lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph. Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain, upon you, nor fields of offerings: for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil."

The path over which Saul passed to ruin is wide open to-day. It awaits every youth whom God chooses for his service. If you are not small in your own sight, he can not choose you. If he chooses you for a great work, as you value success and life, keep little in your own sight.

G. C. TENNEY.

She Always Made Friends

It was a blustering day in February—just the day to "sit by the fire and spin." In the midst of my enjoyment Christina tells me that I am wanted down-stairs. Who now? Not the umbrella-mender, the scissors-grinder, the Dutch-cheese man, "the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker"?—No; I found none of these when I entered the kitchen; but there, close to the range, was a wee bit of a woman, holding out to the heat two wrinkled hands that looked like gnarled and crooked twigs.

She at once displayed her wares,— "Holders; three cents apiece, or two for five cents!" As she bent over her basket, I noticed something wonderfully sweet in her old face, and her voice had in it a note that told of a contented heart.

"Isn't it rather a cold day to be journeying about on foot?" I asked.

"O, I don't mind it. See what a warm shawl I've got on, and it takes more of a wind than this to blow through this hood of mine. I used to go out by the day house-cleaning, but you see I've got the rheumatism in my hands now so I can't do that. But I can sit at home, and make these holders, and it's astonishing how many of them I sell. Why, I make enough selling these holders to pay my rent. I have one room, and that makes me a comfortable home."

"When will you come again?"

"Generally I go round once a month, but I sha'n't be here next month, because I'm going up to Phillipsville a-visiting. I went up there

last summer to see some old friends of mine; and before I was through visiting them, some new friends asked me to come and see them; and so between them they kept me there a whole month. Somehow I always make friends wherever I go."

By this time my purchase was made, and she had reached the door. She stepped out bravely into the fast-gathering snowdrifts; and as she turned to give me a parting word, her old face shone with a light that "the daughter of a thousand earls" might envy.

I returned to my sitting-room with these words running through my mind: "I always make friends wherever I go." Brave old heart! What wonder? She never asks folks to listen to her whining; instead, she goes about singing the song we are always glad to listen to; for—

"All the world doth love the song
That happy people sing."

—*Epworth Herald.*

Fighting the Avalanche

THE avalanche plays a terrible part in the annals of the Alps. Almost every mountain village has its traditions of tragic happenings from these mighty and fatal snowslides, which, like a sudden bursting flood, give no warning, and have no mercy upon anything in their track. Gathering strength with every foot of ground they pass, they descend upon house, hut, field, and valley, killing and burying their victims at one stroke. They are the terror of all; and, until lately, no way of averting them has proved possible, though such a way has long been sought.

Nowadays, however, the Austrian government has undertaken to govern the avalanche, and has actually succeeded in many places in doing so. Those who know the mountains know that there are some places more favorable to snowslides than others. At certain points, an avalanche may be expected almost every year, and the Austrian railway that runs from Innsbruck to Zurich found it necessary to run through some of these dangerous spots, and so had to fight the obstinate and terrible force of the snowslides year after year. Tracks were carried away, trains were in danger, stations were swept to destruction, and the railroad managers were at their wits' end. A signalman, his wife, and three children, at one of the danger-points, were sacrificed to the avalanche, and still no remedy appeared.

Finally, ten years ago, the Austrian government took up the fight in earnest, and sent its engineers into the Alps to spend all winter and spring, year by year, in the mountains, until some plan of campaign could be found that would be victorious against the silent might of the snow torrent.

At first, like anybody else, the engineers fought the avalanche as an avalanche. Wherever they thought it might come, they built great defenses for the railroad, of stone and wood. But the snow flood, as it rushed down, either carried these away, or, burying them deep, went on downward over them resistlessly. In vain the barriers were built higher; they were swept away, and their mass only added to the momentum of the avalanche. After several years the engineers, one and all, were obliged to confess that they found it absolutely impossible to stop a snowslide.

A New Thought

Then came a new thought. Once started, the avalanche was unconquerable. But suppose it were kept from starting, and conquered before it began. To work again went the engineers. Instead of one high barrier at the bottom of the hills and ravines, they put up low walls, rows of stout stakes, and mounds of earth, at short intervals from the top downward. Perhaps forty of these insignificant-looking affairs would be dotted here and there upon a mountain-side, none running all across it, but each guarding the slid-

ing of the snow from some small slope. All summer long these walls were worked upon; and when winter came, the engineers waited, eagerly, for the next avalanche to start. But it never started,—at least, on the points where the little fences and barriers had been built. You see, a few square feet of snow might move downward, but it would reach the nearest wall long before it was large enough to do any damage, and pile up in a little, helpless heap, and be stopped right there. It couldn't be an avalanche, for it wasn't let alone in its beginning. The battle was won in this simple, easy way; and now the railroad runs all winter, the signalmen are perfectly safe, and the passengers look up at the aimless-looking, insignificant little walls dotted far up the mountain-sides, and know that as long as they keep guard up there, travel is protected, no matter how long and hard the snow-storm may be.

It is a simple secret,—the secret of fighting the avalanche,—and it holds just as good in the moral world as in the Alps. All temptation is like an avalanche,—sudden, disastrous, sweeping away resistance. We can fight it, if we choose, as the engineers did the snowslide at first. We can determine that, no matter how tremendous the temptation becomes, we will resist it in the end; and we can build a strong barrier at the point where thought and desire pass into act. But we shall soon find that when thought and desire are overwhelmed in a mighty rush of temptation, the barrier goes down like matchwood. So true is this, and so well known, that some will say, "Such and such a temptation can not be resisted; it is impossible for a saint to resist."

The secret of resistance that the saint learns, and that we all can learn, is the secret of not letting the temptation get a good start. A little wall of self-denial, a little barrier of prayer, a little fence of firm resolve, in the very beginning of thought and desire,—and lo! the temptation will never reach the line of act at all, but die, harmless, before it has power to sway the slightest deed. The youngest lad can conquer the biggest of temptations in its beginning; yet the same temptation, allowed to take its course, will sweep the strongest soul away in utter and eternal ruin. That is the lesson of fighting the avalanche; and our only safety lies in knowing and practicing it. Let us build the barriers in youth, and build them wisely; then no sudden, overwhelming, deadly rush of evil can ever dash us down to anguish and destruction.—*Mary Whiting Adams, in S. S. Visitor.*

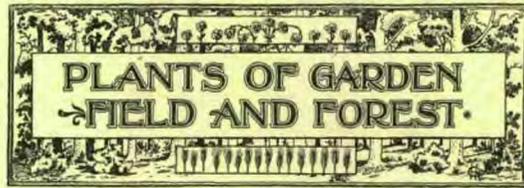
Guarding Our Capital

We start out in life with a definite amount of possible energy. We can spend it as we please; but even with the best intentions, many people use up a large part of their capital in worry, anxiety, or by fretting over non-essentials,—trifles which have nothing whatever to do with their success.

If we would only learn to control our thought-force, and to expend it where it is needed, instead of allowing it to ooze out, or leak away in dribbles, on unimportant matters, what marvels we would accomplish!

In an average lifetime, just think how much real energy, which might be turned into success-capital, has been wasted in useless expenditures and leakages! Some people spend half the power they generate in vain worry, anxiety, bickering, splitting hairs over irrelevancies.

Much of our possible success-energy is wasted through fear, which, in all its phases, is the greatest enemy of the human race,—fear of failure, fear that we shall come to want, fear of imaginary happenings which have no foundation in fact, dread of criticism, forebodings about the future, fear of misfortunes that may come to our friends, ourselves, or our business. How many promising lives have been wrecked by this gloomy phantom—fear!—*Success.*



The Glory of Grass

SPLENDID and fair as a vision that passes,
Folded in beauty so rare and strange,
Stately and grave, how the lithe young grasses
Shadow the glories that wither and change!

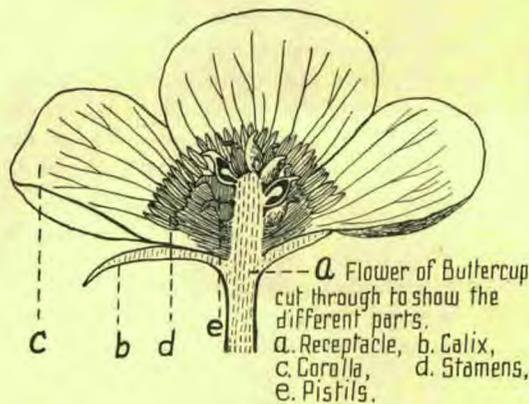
Orchard and timothy, swinging and swaying,
Heavy and bent with the bloom and dew,
Rifled by honey-bees humming and straying
Meadows of clover and daisies through.

Splendor of blades in the rich meadow masses,
Ripple of light where the green billows run,
Waving of plumes as the summer wind passes,
Only to fall in the harvest sun.

Graces of grasses so fair in your glory,
Fifty ye measure the shadows that pass,
Ages and ages repeating the story
Tangled and old in the glory of grass.
—*Benjamin F. Leggett.*

The Crowfoot Family

19. THIS is one of the largest and most important families of the vegetable kingdom. The scientific name, *Ranunculaceae* (ra-nun'ku-la-se-e), is derived from the Latin word *rana*, meaning a "frog," from the fact that many of these plants grow in the water. By most botanists the plants belonging to this family, or natural order,



— *a* Flower of Buttercup cut through to show the different parts.
a. Receptacle, *b.* Calyx, *c.* Corolla, *d.* Stamens, *e.* Pistils.

are regarded as the most highly developed of all plants.

20. There is no one characteristic by which it may be determined positively that certain plants belong to this group; but, as is usually the case with brothers and sisters, or others who are nearly related, there is a general family likeness by which they may, in most cases, be easily recognized.

21. They all agree in having colorless, acrid juice; but this of itself is no certain evidence that they belong to this family, for there are other plants that have juice of the same kind. If you break the stem of any one of these plants and taste its juice, you will find that it has a sharp, hot, or biting taste. In some species the juice is so strong that it will cause blisters if applied to the skin. This acidity is the prevailing characteristic of the family.

22. Doubtless you will say that it is a very unpleasant characteristic to possess, but let us learn a lesson from it. Often boys and girls, and men and women, manifest this same bitter, stinging property, by speaking unkind, and even cruel, words of others.

23. These plants do not show their disagreeable nature until they are broken or crushed. It is much the same with us. So long as no one crosses our path, or does anything to displease us, we can keep good-natured; but if something is done to irritate us, we very soon show our unpleasant dispositions. Would it not be much better, and make life sweeter and happier, if we

should meet the trials of life in the long-suffering spirit of the meek and lowly Jesus, and, like the rose when bruised and crushed, only shed forth the more fragrance?

24. If the plants of the Crowfoot family are dried, or subjected to a high temperature, this property disappears. We sometimes find those among the human family who are ever discontented and complaining about one thing or another, until the fires of affliction drive off their unpleasant qualities. When the blessings of life cease to fall as freely as before, and they are hard pressed by care, grief, and perplexity, or sickness lays them low upon beds of pain, then they learn patience and charity for others, and are divested of that irritating, stinging property which they previously carried about with them.

25. All the plants of this family have the parts of the flower separate, and inserted on the receptacle. The calyx is formed of from three to fifteen sepals, and the corolla of from three to fifteen petals, varying in the different species. The corolla is sometimes absent, in which case the calyx is colored like a corolla. The numerous stamens are also a help in recognizing this group.

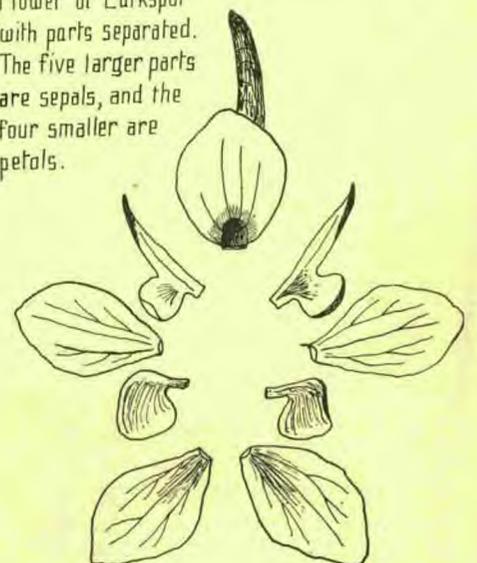
26. Among these plants are some that are narcotic and poisonous; and some are used in medicine, such as aconite and hellebore.

27. Most of the species are herbs, but a few are shrubs. In general they are natives of cold, damp climates. Some grow in the tropics, but almost exclusively upon the mountains. While the different members of the family are most abundant in Europe, one or more representatives occur in nearly all parts of the world.

28. To this group belong the clematis, or virgin's bower, the anemones, hepaticas, marsh-marigolds, columbines, larkspurs, and peonies. Among these are many of our cultivated ornamental plants. The different varieties of clematis, with their profusion of snowy flowers of various sizes and colors, are becoming the favorites of all climbing plants. The anemone, with its red, white, blue, or variegated flowers, is another favorite. The peony has luxuriant foliage and magnificent double flowers of enormous size and rich colorings, which make it a favorite to-day, as it has been for many years.

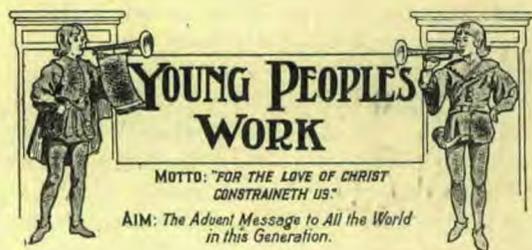
29. While it is true that plants of the Crowfoot family have a disagreeable acrid juice, many of

Flower of Larkspur with parts separated. The five larger parts are sepals, and the four smaller are petals.



them produce large and showy flowers of great beauty, which we delight to gather from the woods and fields, or to cultivate in our gardens.

B. E. CRAWFORD.



KANSAS reports six Societies, as follows: Topeka, twelve members; Ottawa, nineteen members; Atchison, twenty members; Thayer, twelve members; Galena, ten members.

A YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETY has been formed at Alameda, California. The membership is small, but the members are alive to the work to be done, and are taking it up with enthusiasm.

J. C. ANDERSON writes as follows concerning the work at Springdale, Arkansas: "We have a Young People's Society here of about twenty-five members. We endeavor to do something for the Master by scattering literature, visiting, etc. Twenty-two copies of the midwinter number of *Good Health* have been sold. We have three departments; namely, caretakers,—those who care for the aged, sick, needy, etc.; distributors,—those who give away or sell books, papers, tracts, etc.; and reserves, or those who are ready for any work."

MISS EDITH COWLES writes thus of the work at Bethel, Wisconsin: "Our young people's organization still continues, and seems to take on new life as the 'Christ's-Object-Lessons' campaign is being pushed. Several of our members have been out to adjoining cities, and spent several days in canvassing for our books. The experiences which they have had to relate encourage us all. I am convinced that our life as a Society finds its secret in prayer. We have appointed eleven o'clock on Thursdays as a special prayer hour for our Society. God has a wonderful work to perform through the young people of this denomination."

Another Suggestion

MISS A. HELEN WILCOX, the Iowa State Sabbath-school Secretary, in writing of the work in that State, gives an excellent testimony to the value that a regular missionary enterprise is to a Young People's Society. She says: "The reason some Young People's Societies have been so devoid of interest is because they have failed to realize the necessity for systematic, continuous missionary effort on the part of each individual member of the organization. Branch Sabbath-school work is an ideal work for young people. They may organize schools, with older ones to direct their efforts, and gain a wonderful experience for themselves, and lead children to Jesus."

"The branch Sabbath-school work has proved a panacea for the many perplexities of the Des Moines Young People's Society." A number of the members have been engaged in this work all winter, the largest school having a membership of between thirty and forty; and another school is about to be organized, that all who desire to do so may gain an experience in the work. The Consecration Meetings are no longer a dread to the young people, but the testimonies given inspire one with a desire to labor for souls."

Why should not our young people generally engage in this work? In nearly every locality there are children who could be gathered together for such a school. For further suggestions concerning this work, address your State Sabbath-school Secretary. If you have not her name and address, write to Mrs. L. Flora Plummer, 705 Northwestern Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

April Study of the Field

Suggestive Program for Young People's Meeting (April 6-12)

1. OPENING EXERCISES.—Scripture reading: Isa. 44: 1-22. Five minutes.
2. Talk by the Leader: The Inspiration of the Student Volunteer Movement to Seventh-day Adventist Young People. Ten minutes.
3. Field Study:—
 - (a) Continue Elder Conradi's trip to Palestine, noting facts that show that the Lord is preparing the way for his last message. Five minutes.
 - (b) A trip from Australia to the East Indies, mentioning especially unentered fields. Five minutes.
 - (c) A summary of the encouraging items which have appeared during the month. Five minutes.
 - (d) A summary of the appeals, pointing out upon the map the different fields from which these come. Five minutes.
 - (e) The letter from our African boy. Five minutes.
4. What We Can Do. Ten minutes:—
 - (a) Pray intelligently.
 - (b) Give systematically. (Ten-cent-a-week plan.)
 - (c) Prepare to go.
5. Closing Exercises, in which a few minutes may be spent in prayer that the young people may have a broader appreciation of the great work intrusted to this last generation, and a deeper, more compassionate passion for souls. Ten minutes.

Note

As usual, the material upon which the field study is based, will be found in the current number of the *Missionary Magazine*. Besides the article in the *Magazine* on the Student Volunteer Movement, suggestions may be gleaned from the reports which have recently appeared in the *Review*, and the *INSTRUCTOR* of March 20 and 27. Ten minutes might be profitably spent by the leader on the inspiration Seventh-day Adventist young people should derive from this movement for foreign missions among the young people of other denominations.

Under the fourth item, a stirring address or paper may be presented by some one whose heart is aglow with our great privileges in connection with this work.

To pray intelligently means to study the great field and its needs.

To give systematically means to keep this work in mind constantly.

To prepare to go means to lay our life plans with but one object in mind,—the giving of this gospel speedily to all the world. Every other plan will be made subservient to this. E. H.

Mission Arrows Gathered at the Toronto Convention

THE missionary is the man with a message. Where there is responsibility, there is opportunity.

God calls for a world-wide interest in his world-wide work.

The messenger largely affects, if he does not determine, the effect of his message.

The missionary is not effective because of what he knows, but because of what he is.

How can you expect to evangelize the heathen in China, if you are not evangelizing the heathen at home?

Africa is in the form of a great question-point that opens westward. She is asking why she is still in darkness.

The greatest gift that can be given to man is inspired enthusiasm. An enthusiastic man is a God-inspired man.

The more your heart goes out in love for souls, the less you will care for yourself, your position, your reputation.

The work of winning souls to Christ is incomparably the greatest work we have to do. It is the most enduring work.

Africa stands like a gigantic ear, waiting to listen to the only message that can transform her desert into the garden of love.

Mighty changes are taking place in the Eastern nations with marvelous rapidity. If we allow these opportunities to pass, we shall be the losers.

The gift of Christians last year to missions represents *one twelfth of a tithe* of what was saved out of their income after necessities and even luxuries had been provided.

The rescue of the world will be brought about when the young people arise with the energy of the Crusaders, and go forth to awaken and arouse an interest in this world-wide work.

The bank deposits of Great Britain, Germany, Spain, and the United States last year were equal to the missionary gifts of these four countries for eleven and one-half centuries.

If there is one thing in which we have failed in the past, it is the small place in public and private that we have given missions in our prayers. Our prayers ought to be more brief, more definite, involving some knowledge of all missions and all knowledge of some missions.

Whatever scholastic occupation you may give your minds to, above all things study the word. It is the armor in which you are clad, the food upon which your soul lives. Learn a portion of the Scriptures every day, and go over it again and again, that it may be fresh in your mind.

How We Get the "Life Boat" into the Prison Cell

WHILE you are reading this, some of our Chicago workers will probably be mailing fifty thousand copies of the April *Life Boat*. These will go to every State prison in the land. You may be interested to know how we manage to place these actually in the hands of the men behind the bars.

The first step was to write to the secretary of each State for the name and address of the prison wardens of each general prison in that State. Then a personal letter was written to each of these prison officials, more than a hundred in all, calling their attention to this issue, and asking how many copies of the *Life Boat* they could judiciously use, so that one might be placed into the hands of all who would care to read it.

We are glad to say that these men have been so generally pleased with the special Prisoners' Number of the *Life Boat* previously issued that nearly all have already written us favorable replies. As soon as this number is read, we shall begin to receive a host of grateful letters from the prisoners themselves, assuring us that our efforts in their behalf are not thrown away. Some will tell us of reading and rereading this issue until it is fairly worn out.

In our various penitentiaries there are plenty of men who possess tender hearts, and who deeply appreciate this effort on our part. It will cost several hundred dollars to send this number of the *Life Boat* to all these prisons, but it is worth many times that amount to reach so many of these men whom the Christian church have almost entirely overlooked in their missionary efforts.

If you feel impressed to send a small gift to assist in defraying the expenses of publishing this number, we feel sure you will never regret it. If you are not already a subscriber to the *Life Boat*, do not fail to send twenty-five cents for a year's subscription, to begin with this special Prisoners' Number. We are confident that if you do this, you will feel, at the end of the year, that you have received good returns for your investment, especially if you lend the *Life Boat* to your friends after you have read it.

Address the *Life Boat*, 28 Thirty-third Place, Chicago, Ill. DAVID PAULSON.



A Small Boy's Ambition

My brother Fred's the nicest man, so big an' straight an' tall.
Why, he can do all kinds of things that I can't do at all!
An' you always hear him whistlin' while he's a-workin' round.
Sometimes he doubles up his arm, an' says to me, "Now, pound!"
An' when I pound him (awful hard), he only laughs at me.
When I am big, that's just the kind of man I'm goin' to be.

Sometimes when I've been hammerin', and the nails won't go in straight,
My brother Fred, he comes along, an' says, "Why, that's first rate!"
An' then he takes my hammer, an' he taps just once or twice,
An' all those crooked, bent-up nails go in as straight an' nice!
An' then he laughs an' picks me up, till I am taller'n he.
An' when I'm big, that's just the kind of man I'm goin' to be.

Sometimes when I'm a-playin' round, I break things, an' feel bad;
But Fred, he comes whistlin' along, an' says, "Don't look so sad."
Then off he goes, an' pretty soon I hear him comin' back;
An' what I broke's all mended up so ma can't find the crack!
I don't cry then, but laugh, an' mama laughs, an' so does he.
An' when I'm big, that's just the kind of man I'm goin' to be.

Once I was sick a-visitin', I guess I was 'most dead.
But mama, she knew what to do—she sent for brother Fred.
An' Fred, he picked me right straight up, an' carried me off home
So easy in his big, strong arms. An' wa'n't I glad to come!
An' I was thinkin' all along, as he was bringin' me,
"When I am big, Fred's just the kind of man I'm goin' to be!"

—Emma F. Bailey, in *St. Nicholas*.

Black Brownie

The True Tale of a Rooster

WHEN he was young, he was just a little fluff of brown down; but his feathers came out nearly black, so the children, who named every creature on the ranch, called him Black Brownie. He wasn't pretty; he was from a late brood, and did not grow very well, so he was "small for his age," and if he had never learned any tricks, I think he would never have won any distinction.

But one summer morning he began to take lessons. Lizzie opened the little door of the chicken-house, and out poured Old Brigham, the Black Spanish rooster, and all his household. Last of all came Black Brownie; for he always acted on the principle that "discretion is the better part of valor," and kept as far as possible from Old Brigham.

Just as the little fellow came through the door, Lizzie caught him, and setting him on a bench, told him he could not go until he should crow. I suppose it must have been just his time to crow, and he could not help himself; for crow he did, and was at once released. Morning after morning the lesson was repeated, until he had learned the meaning of the word "crow," and would obey immediately. Then he was taken to the house and shown off, to the delight and astonishment of the family. He soon learned to crow for a crumb, just as a dog will "speak" for a piece of food; and after a little he would not pick up a morsel

from the floor without first crowing, whether he had been told or not.

Black Brownie was very tame, and willing to be picked up at any time. Indeed, he would much rather be carried than walk; if the family went walking, he always went, too,—only he wouldn't walk. He would get right before one of us, look up in our faces, and cackle until he was picked up. He wouldn't be ignored; did we turn aside, he hurried around in front again, and was right under our feet. Nothing could exceed his satisfaction on being taken up, and he showed an air of great sagacity, nodding his head at every step.

There was a picket fence about the house, which professed to keep the chickens out; but in the course of the day a large proportion of them found their way in, Black Brownie always among them. At evening all the others found their way out again; but he always paraded up and down

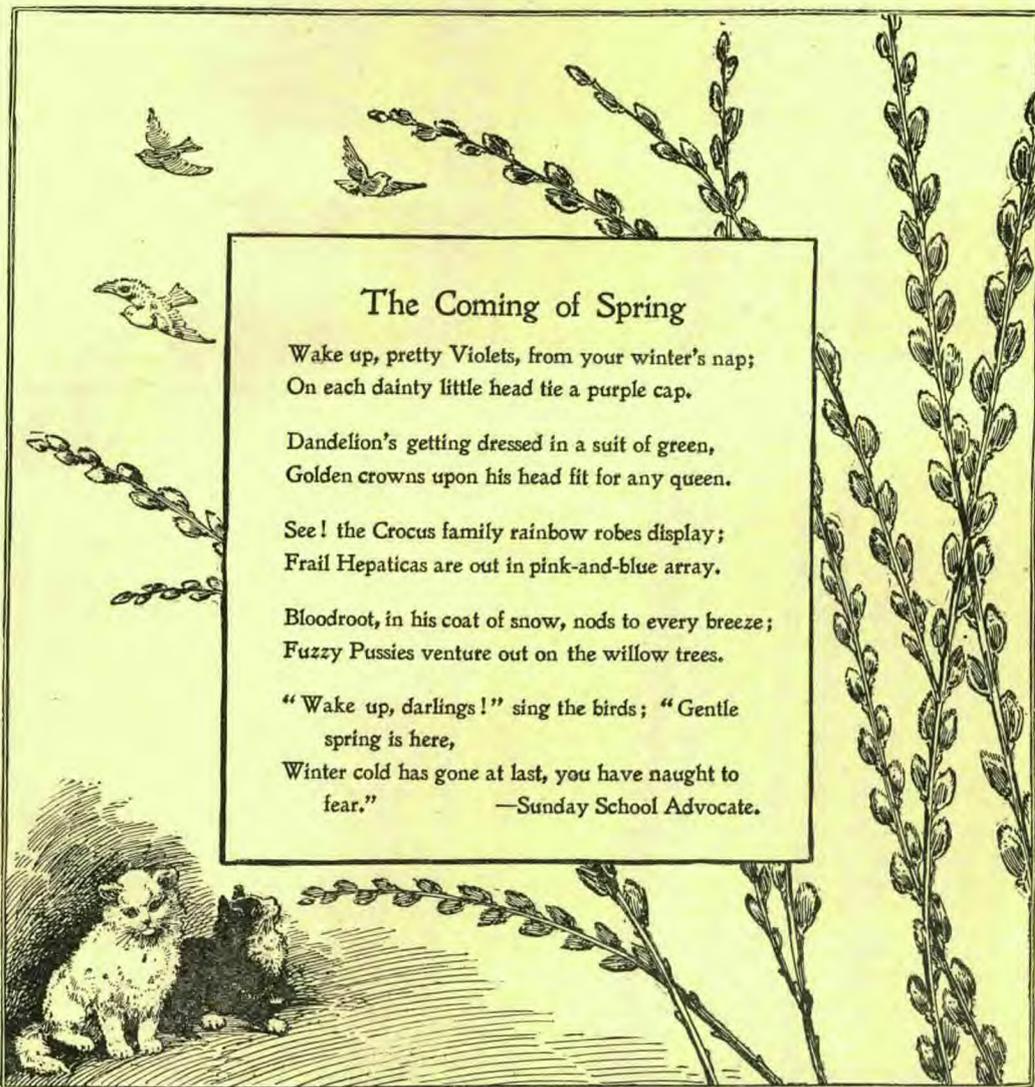
Window Pictures

DOLLY was cross because it rained, and she could not take a ride on her new tricycle. She pouted and scolded till mama had to tell her to sit down in her little rocking-chair, and not stir until the baby was hushed to sleep.

So Dolly sat there, watching the merry rain-drops roll down the window. Presently she became interested in them.

First one little shining fellow would hang on the upper ledge in some mysterious fashion, then he would tumble and roll down; another followed him swiftly; then two more would chase him, and a fifth bravely join the race. Sometimes a pair of drops would run together and meet, "just like two sisters hugging and kissing each other," Dolly thought.

Sometimes, too, there would be a whole row



The Coming of Spring

Wake up, pretty Violets, from your winter's nap;
On each dainty little head tie a purple cap.

Dandelion's getting dressed in a suit of green,
Golden crowns upon his head fit for any queen.

See! the Crocus family rainbow robes display;
Frail Hepaticas are out in pink-and-blue array.

Bloodroot, in his coat of snow, nods to every breeze;
Fuzzy Pussies venture out on the willow trees.

"Wake up, darlings!" sing the birds; "Gentle
spring is here,

Winter cold has gone at last, you have naught to
fear."
—Sunday School Advocate.

the path from the house to the gate, cackling loudly, until some one opened the gate for him.

Old Brigham was the terror of his life; and when he saw his enemy coming, Black Brownie fled swiftly toward any one who might be in sight. On being taken up, he would turn his head toward the big rooster and crow, over and over again.

Often have I seen him come into the house, followed by an anxious-looking hen, seeking a nest. Going behind the kitchen door, he would seat himself on the bare floor, assuring her in persuasive tones that a more desirable place for a nest could not be found. But in spite of him, the hens were never deceived into trying it, always walking out again with great dignity.

At the end of his second summer, Black Brownie's brief life ended; but short as it was, it shows what kindness may do even for a rooster.

AUNT BETTY.

strung out like shining beads on a silver thread.

After a while there was a puddle of them on the broad window-ledge. Suddenly there was a whirring of wings, and a sparrow flew down. He drank daintily, then took a little bath, splashing the water lustily.

Presently he caught sight of the reflection of himself in the pane, and began to ruffle up his feathers and strut pompously up and down. Then he gave an angry little peck at the glass.

Dolly laughed, and with a good-by chirp the bird flew away.

A leaf from the woodbine blew against the pane. It looked very pretty, just as if it were cut out of brown and purple satin. A red-and-black ladybug crawled over it, keeping on its outer edges away from the wet.

There was a spider-web in one corner. Its silken threads were broken down by the shower,

and the spider hurried back into his den, dragging a dead, slim-waisted, blue-black wasp.

From the window Dolly caught a glimpse of a bit of the road where Mrs. O'Brien's ducks were paddling about in the puddles. The grocer's boy rattled by in his red cart, and after him Dr. Pillsbury all muffled up in a mackintosh. Then little Billy Dodge trotted by, his face as red as a peony, his fat legs in new rubber boots, holding a big umbrella that wobbled in the wind. Now a western breeze came rushing along, plucking the yellow leaves from the hickory-tree—away they flew like a flock of canaries! The sun peeped out from behind a cloud, and the drops on the window-sill were changed into rainbow tints. The storm was over.

"What makes you so quiet, dearie?" said mama, gently.

Dolly drew a long breath, and turned a smiling face toward mama. "I have been having a good time," she said, "watching pictures in the window-frame!" — *Companion.*

Miracles

"An egg a chicken! don't tell me!
For didn't I break an egg to see?
There was nothing inside but a yellow ball,
With a bit of mucilage round it all—
Neither beak nor bill,
Nor toe nor quill,
Not even a feather
To hold it together;
Not a sign of life could any one see.
An egg a chicken? You can't fool me.

"An egg a chicken! Didn't I pick
Up the very shell that had held the chick
(So they said)? Didn't I work half a day
To pack him in where he couldn't stay?
Let me try as I please,
With squeeze upon squeeze,
There is scarce room to meet
His head and his feet.
No room for any of the rest of him; so
That egg never held that chicken, I know."

Mama heard the logic of her little man,
Felt his trouble, and helped him as mothers can.
Took an egg from the nest—it was smooth and round;

"Now, my boy, can you tell me what makes this sound?"

Faint and low, tap, tap;
Sharp and quick,
Like a prisoner's pick.

"Hear it peep, inside there!" cried Tom, with a shout.

"How did it get in? and how can it get out?"

Tom was eager to help—he could break the shell;

Mama smiled, and said, "All's well that ends well.

Be patient a while yet, my boy." Click, click!
And out popped the bill of a dear little chick.

No room had it lacked,
Though snug it was packed;
There it was, all complete,
From its head to its feet,

The softest of down, and the brightest of eyes,
And so big—why, the shell wasn't half of its size!

Tom gave a long whistle. "Mama, now I see
That egg is a chicken, though the *how* beats me;

An egg *isn't* a chicken, that I know and declare;
Yet an egg *is* a chicken—see the proof of it there.

Nobody can tell
How it came in that shell;
Once out, all in vain
Would I pack it again.

I think 'tis a miracle, dear mama mine."

Mama kissed her boy. "It may be that we try
Too much reasoning about things, sometimes,
you and I.

There are miracles wrought every day for our eyes

That we see without seeing or feeling surprise;
And often we must
Even take on trust
What we can not explain
Very well again.

From the flower to the seed, from the seed to the flower,

'Tis a world of miracles every hour."

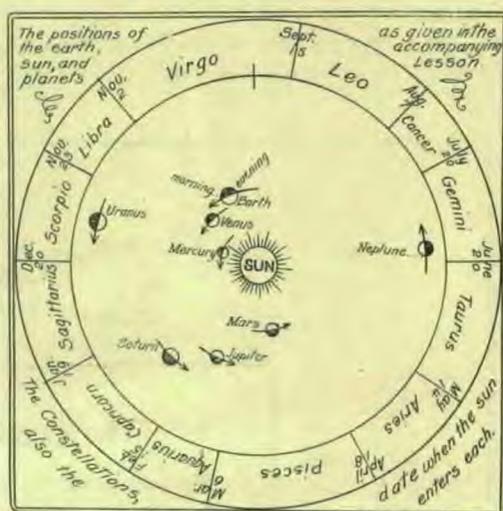
— *Selected.*



Star Study for April

IN our study for March, we learned that those planets lying nearer the sun than we, travel more rapidly than the earth; also that those lying farther from the sun travel more slowly. By comparing this diagram with the one in the INSTRUCTOR of February 27, this may be readily seen.

During March the earth made one twelfth of its yearly journey around the sun. Venus has out-run us, and is now nearly out from between us and the sun; while Mercury, the fleet, has outdone all the others, and completed about one fourth of his annual journey. Mars has made noticeable progress; but with the others so small a fraction of their yearly circle has been passed as to be



scarcely noticeable on so small a diagram. Jupiter, the most rapid of this class, has gone only one one-hundred-and-forty-fourth part of his journey around the sun. These planets, therefore, appear stationary.

How many of our readers were up the mornings of March 15, 16, and 17, on the sharp lookout for Mercury? Those who were had no trouble in locating Venus, which reached her brightest point as morning star about March 20. If you saw Mercury at all, you caught him much nearer the point of sun-rising than was Venus.

As far as our solar system is concerned, all our work during the coming spring and early summer will have to be done in the early morning; for six of our planets are now morning stars. Can you tell by the diagram which they are? Let me help you a little. In imagination place yourself on the dark part of the earth, marked "morning," just at the point where the earth is rotating out of darkness into the light of day; and then see how many planets are above your horizon.

Mercury and Mars will both be morning stars; but so nearly in line with the sun as to be invisible. Jupiter and Saturn may be seen; but will appear small, owing to their great distance from us, being nearly on the opposite side of the sun. Uranus, also, is so far distant that we shall not be able to detect him with the unaided eye; but Venus will be beautifully clear among the stars that deck our morning skies, though constantly growing dimmer as the season advances.

The three planets, Venus, Jupiter, and Saturn, may be easily distinguished from the other stars by their more ruddy color. They will be not far from the point of the sun-rising. Venus will be the brightest star of the east, and will be quite low; a little higher up will appear Jupiter; and the next higher will be Saturn. Fix these in mind, and then watch them during the coming season.

In view of what we have already learned in these studies, how many can tell why Venus will

constantly grow less brilliant, while Jupiter and Saturn will continually grow brighter, during the coming months? Why is it so difficult to see Mercury? Will Mars continue to be a morning star? or will he shift to the evening sky?

DR. O. C. GODSMARK.

Beecher and His Teacher

HENRY WARD BEECHER certainly owed a debt of gratitude to his teacher in mathematics, says an exchange, not only for the knowledge acquired through his tuition, but for lessons tending to produce strength of character. He tells this story to illustrate the teacher's method:—

"I was sent to the blackboard, and went, uncertain, soft, full of whimpering.

"That lesson must be learned," said the teacher in a very quiet tone, but with terrible intensity. All explanations and excuses he trod underfoot with utter scornfulness. 'I want that problem; I don't want any reasons why I don't get it,' he would say.

"I did study it two hours."

"That's nothing to me. I want the lesson. You need not study it at all, or you may study it ten hours; suit yourself. I want the lesson."

"It was tough for a green boy," says Beecher, "but it seasoned me. In less than a month I had the most intense sense of intellectual independence and courage to defend my recitations. His cold and calm voice would fall upon me in the midst of a demonstration, 'No!'"

"I hesitated, and then went back to the beginning, and on reaching the same spot again, 'No!' uttered with a tone of conviction, barred my progress.

"The next,' and I sat down in red confusion. "He, too, was stopped with 'No!' but went right on, finished, and sat down, and was rewarded with, 'Very well.'

"Why,' whimpered I, 'I recited just as well as he did, and you said, 'No!'"

"Why don't you say, 'Yes!' and stick to it? It is not enough to know your lesson. You must know that you know it. You have learned nothing till you are sure. If all the world says, "No!" your business is to say, "Yes," and prove it."



THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

II—The Spirit

(April 12)

"AND the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." Gen. 1:2.

"Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me." Ps. 139:7-10.

"The Spirit of God hath made me." Job 33:4.
"In him we live, and move, and have our being." Acts 17:28.

(The Scripture texts are the lesson to be studied. Go over these carefully every day, until you know just what each one teaches. Then the following notes will help to a fuller understanding of the lesson. Read them carefully several times. Lastly go over all the questions, and be sure you can answer each one in the words of Scripture.)

The Holy Spirit, which in the beginning moved upon the face of the waters, is the life and presence of God himself. By his Spirit, Jesus Christ fills heaven and earth, and does what he wants done in all his universe.

It is not possible for us to get away from God's Spirit, and out of his presence; for he is every-

where. There is no place where God is not; in the depths of the earth, in the depths of the sea, in the highest heaven,—he is there.

The Spirit knows all that is in the mind of God, and does what is his will, making everything just as he would have it.

The earth was without form, and void. "And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." The word "moved" here means the waving, fluttering movement of the wings of a bird when it hovers over its nest. The Lord uses this beautiful figure to teach us of the creative work of his Holy Spirit, which moved over the lifeless, formless earth, and filled it with the life and power of God. You will remember that it was in the form of a dove that the same Spirit afterward rested upon the Saviour at his baptism.

It was the moving of the Spirit upon the earth, which gave shape and life to all things. The earth produces nothing of itself, but everything is brought forth by the power of the Spirit. This is what made the earth in the beginning bring forth grass, trees, animals, and man; and that life-giving Spirit of power has never left the world. It was the moving of the Spirit of God that formed you, and everything that you see in the earth to-day, and it is this that holds you in shape, and fills you with life.

If God should take away his Spirit from the earth, all things would turn again to the dust from which they were formed, and it would again be without form, and empty and dark, as it was in the beginning.

The Spirit of God is the cause of all movement. Nothing has ever moved except by his power. "The Spirit is life," and alone can give life; and there can be no movement without life. It is in him that "we live, and move, and have our being." It is the Spirit of God that gives you the power to move. Will you not let him move you always in just the way that he wants you to go?

"Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love.
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee."

Questions

1. What was the condition of the earth in the beginning?
2. With what was it covered?
3. How was it brought into order?
4. Where is the Spirit of God?
5. Where can we go to get away from the Spirit?
6. Could we be alone if we were in the heart of the earth?
7. If we were far off upon the sea, what would God still be doing for us?
8. What is it that has made us?
9. What is he still doing for us?
10. Where do our life and breath come from?
11. What would take place if God should withdraw his Spirit from the earth?
12. How do we live?
13. What power is it that enables us to move?
14. What is he able to do for us if we will let him?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

11—Who Shall Be Worshipped?

(April 12)

MEMORY VERSE: "If the Lord be God, follow him: but if Baal, then follow him." 1 Kings 18:21.

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Revelation 13.

LESSON HELP: "Patriarchs and Prophets," Chapter I.

Synopsis

In Revelation 14 is given a threefold message to all the world just before the coming of Christ. Matthew 24 calls this message the "gospel of the

kingdom," and very appropriately so; for its work is to restore the kingdom of God in the heart, in direct opposition to the worship of the beast and his image by the whole earth. This beast gets its power from Satan, and therefore the real question to be settled is, Who shall be worshiped, God or Satan?

Long ago, even before the earth was made, Lucifer raised this question in heaven; and he fell because of his effort to take God's throne. He then influenced our first parents to try the same thing,— "Ye shall be as God" (R. V.), said Satan, and they believed him. They did indeed become as God in knowing good and evil (note 1), but in so doing they lost the likeness of God in their hearts. To Adam and Eve the gospel of the kingdom was first preached in the promise given in Gen. 3:15. Every time the gospel message wins a single soul, or makes its way to a single heart, Satan's head is bruised, and God's throne is set up in that heart. Thus the image of God is restored, and we become like him.

Now is the time for this question to be settled; and when each one shall have settled it for himself, Christ will come, and with gladness "it shall be said in that day, Lo, this is our God; we have waited for him, and he will save us."

Questions

1. Where do we find the full text of the gospel message which shall prepare the people for the coming of the Lord?
2. At this time concerning whom does the question of worship come to its climax?
3. What shows that this beast is the same as that mentioned in Rev. 13:14, 15? Note 2.
4. How is this beast spoken of in verse 14; that is, what beast is it?
5. To whom is the beast with the wound indebted for all his power? V. 2.
6. Who is the dragon? Rev. 12:9.
7. What, then, would the worship of the beast really be?
8. Who join in worshiping this representative of Satan? V. 8.
9. What do they say of him? V. 4.
10. What is likewise said of God, our Creator? Ex. 15:11; Jer. 10:7.
11. Therefore what is the real question to be settled?
12. When did this controversy first arise?
13. What caused Lucifer's fall? Isa. 14:12, 13.
14. Whom did he tempt into the same experience?
15. In getting knowledge that belongs to God alone, what did Adam and Eve lose?
16. How was the gospel first preached to them?
17. What change will this work in all who accept it? 1 John 3:2.
18. When this question of worship is settled, what event will take place?
19. What can the people of God then say?

Notes

1. God can know evil, and be no partaker of it. Christ bears our sins, and yet he did no sin. With us it is not so; what we know, we are. "As he [a man] thinketh," even, "so is he." Therefore, God desires to keep us from knowing evil; for we can not know it except we be it. But Satan set it forth to Adam and Eve as a great advantage to know good and evil. "Ye shall be as God," he said, "knowing good and evil." They failed to recognize that they were already in the image of God; and in striving to get knowledge that God only can bear with impunity, they lost their godlike nature, and in knowing evil, they became evil. "Behold, the man is become as one of us," God said, "to know good and evil." What a lesson in this for us! Why not, therefore, seek to know only good, and leave error in God's hands?

2. In Revelation 13, two beasts are described: one comes up out of the sea, and the other out of the earth. The one coming out of the sea is first known by its wound (see verses 3, 12, and 14); but after an image is made to it, it is always associated with its image, and thus known. So we find it spoken of in chapters 14 and 15 as the "beast and his image."

(Concluded from page 8)

rumshop, tenement, and dives. With Christian charity instead, what might they not have been?"

When you are tempted to ignore, or perhaps despise, some poor wreck of humanity, stop and consider what the difference might have been if he had enjoyed your opportunities, and you had been compelled to grow up groaning under the burden of his heredity and his surroundings. After you have carefully thought over this matter for a few minutes, if you will breathe a prayer to God, you will be likely to experience such a feeling of thankfulness for your lot, and at the same time such a feeling of pity for your unfortunate brother, that you will long at least to hold out an encouraging hand to him.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

MEMORY is an essential that can be cultivated. There is no acceptable apology possible for a poor memory, and it is one thing a public will not forgive. A great deal of time is not required to cultivate memory, since, when on a train, in the street, or anywhere else, in fact, one may be memorizing; and every line or bar intelligently committed to memory is an advance.—*Success*.

FINISH every day, and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities no doubt crept in; forget them as soon as you can. To-morrow is a new day; begin it well and serenely, and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense. This day is all that is good and fair. It is too dear, with its hopes and invitations, to waste a moment on the yesterdays.—*Emerson*.

Boy's Watch, Free

To introduce E-Z Washing Tablets, we will give to every boy who will sell 32 bars at 10 cents a bar a guaranteed nickel-plated watch and chain; value, \$1.50. Send your name and address, and we will send the Tablets prepaid; and when you have sold them, send us the \$3.20, and you shall receive the watch and chain by return mail. E-Z Washing Tablets wash clothes without rubbing. Ladies, send for circular. Three samples, 10 cents. Write to-day to Mallett Novelty Co., 710 East 171st Street, New York City.

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"New York's Most Useful Citizen"

It has been well said that "some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." But there is one great man in this nation, born in a lowly home in far-away Denmark, of whom it certainly can not be said that he had greatness thrust upon him. I refer to Jacob Riis, the author of that well-known book, "How the Other Half Lives," and also of a more recent book, which is an account of his interesting life, under the title, "The Making of an American," published by the Macmillan Company.

Mr. Riis accomplished so much for the betterment of the wretched tenement district of New York City that President Roosevelt has termed him "New York's most useful citizen." Mr. Riis devoutly recognizes divine guidance throughout his eventful career.

We may never have an opportunity to institute reforms which will add as much to the happiness of thousands of people as Mr. Riis has brought to pass; but each one of us may add sunshine to the lives of our immediate associates, making them brighter and more cheerful because we have lived. If we have done no more than this, although our fellow men may not inscribe our names high on the roll of fame, yet at the bar of God our Master will pronounce upon us a blessed benediction; for, as he himself declares, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Mr. Riis did not enjoy very elaborate educational opportunities in his early life. Disappointments at home, and a desire to see something more of the great, wide world than there was for him to observe in his little island home, led young Jacob to embark for America.

His first glimpse of New York City was in the very portion where he afterward accomplished such epoch-making reforms. How meager and incomplete was his notion of America can be imagined when he states that he expected to see buffaloes and red Indians charging up and down Broadway.

His money was soon gone, and he began to cast about for something to do. His first employment was in building huts for miners. In his book he relates a number of his experiences in mining, which are evidently more amusing to read about than they must have been to experience.

In course of time, he drifted back to New York City, but being unable to obtain a position, the pangs of hunger drove him again into the country. Having had no experience in farming, he could secure only "odd jobs," thereby earning a meal or two at a time; then wander on, vainly attempting to find something else to do. Thus, almost unconsciously and certainly unwillingly, he was fast drifting into a tramp's career. Possibly the Lord's hand was in it all; for some of the rebuffs and cruel things he had to meet during those dark days made such an impression upon his mind that they no doubt had much to do in inspiring him in later years to strike such telling blows in behalf of the poor and down-trodden that thinking people all over the nation were aroused to action.

One cold, dismal night he found himself again in New York City, without money, food, or a place to sleep. He sat down on a North River

pier; and such a feeling of despair swept over him that he contemplated throwing himself into the water, when his forlorn little black-and-tan dog, which had shared his troubles, crept up and licked his face. Even so slight an exhibition of affection was sufficient to save him in that awful hour.

At midnight he arrived at the police station, and begged for lodging. The hard-hearted officer refused him admittance unless he left his dog behind; and rather than perish on the street, he left his small companion on the outer doorstep. During the night he was robbed of a small gold trinket, which he carried with him as a memento of home. He reported his loss to an officer, who, instead of helping the lad, accused him of lying, intimating that if he had had such a trinket, he had probably stolen it. Young Jacob resented the accusation, and was promptly thrown out of the door, one of the men following after to kick him down the steps. At that moment his faithful dog fastened his teeth deep in the officer's leg, upon which he seized the poor brute by the hind legs, and beat its brains out against the stone step. Mr. Riis, already goaded to des-



By courtesy of the Macmillan Company

MR. JACOB RIIS

peration, became furious at this cruel treatment of his only friend, and laying hold of paving-stones, would probably have cleared out the entire police station had he not been overpowered. I mention this incident because it had such an influence in determining his future work. Quoting his own words: "The outrage of that night became, in the providence of God, the means of putting an end to one of the foulest abuses that ever disgraced a Christian city, and a mainspring in the battle with the slum as far as my share in it is concerned. My dog did not die unavenged."

In order to show that the death of this dog had to do with the doing away of the police-lodging evil, we will pass over twenty years of Mr. Riis's experience. He had been for years one of New York's most successful reporters. With his flash-light camera, in the dark hours of night, knowing no fear, he had silently gone in and out of the most wretched portions of New York City; and, often at the risk of his own life, succeeded in obtaining those startling pictures which told their own story in the book

that afterward made his name known all over the nation. He had endeavored in vain to correct some of the terrible conditions that were in existence in that city, one of them being the huddling together of unfortunate men in an inhuman manner in the police stations.

In 1896 the tide had begun to set in for reform. Theodore Roosevelt had been appointed president of the police board, and Mr. Riis had been conducting him around, showing him something of the lodging-house evils, when, at two o'clock in the morning, they arrived at the very police station where Mr. Riis's dog had been cruelly killed twenty years before. The incident is best told in his own words: "It was raining outside. The light flickered, cold and cheerless, in the green lamps as we went up the stone steps. Involuntarily I looked in the corner for my little dog; but it was not there, nor any one who remembered it. The sergeant glanced over his blotter grimly; I had almost to pinch myself to make sure I was not shivering in a linen duster, wet to the skin. Down the cellar steps to the men's lodging-room I led the president of the police board. It was unchanged — just as it was the day I slept there. Three men lay stretched at full length on the dirty planks, two of them young lads from the country. Standing there, I told Mr. Roosevelt my own story. He turned alternately red and white with anger as he heard it.

"'Did they do that to you?' he asked, when I had ended. For an answer I pointed to the young lads then asleep before him.

"'I was like this one,' I said. 'He struck his clenched fists together. 'I will smash them to-morrow.'

"He was as good as his word. The very next day the police board took the matter up. Provision was made for the homeless on a barge in the East River until plans could be perfected for sifting the tramps from the unfortunate; and within a week, on recommendation of the chief of police, orders were issued to close the doors of the police lodging-rooms on Feb. 15, 1896, never again to be unbarred.

"The battle was won. The murder of my dog was avenged and forgiven, after twenty-five years."

Mr. Riis believes that every successful worker for humanity must conceive the fact that no matter how unfortunate the circumstances under which a man may be placed, human nature is not wholly lost; that "there is still the spark of His image, however overlaid by the slum. . . . Only tramps! It had

been dinned into my ears until I said it myself, God forgive me! Aye, that was what we had made of them with our infernal machinery of

(Concluded on page 7)

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