

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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Why Plants Improve with Culture

ON the hills of China, men once found a little flower, so unlovely and unnoticeable that no one would care for it as it was; but they took that plant, a mere weed, and watched over it, and studied it, and planted the seed, for generations giving it all the care a florist knows how to bestow. And what do you think?—The poor little weed has become a magnificent chrysanthemum! But why? This has long been a puzzle to the world.

Here is another instance: When the seeds of a wild grape are planted in a fertile soil, and warmed, and sheltered from injury, some of the vines growing from this seed will bear fruit of a better quality than the original, and of a different kind. Some of the results so obtained are surprising. A famous nurseryman says: "I planted the seed of a wild grape growing near my home. In five or six years the seedlings bore fruit; the seeds of these were planted again, and from these I obtained the Concord. And from the Concord in the third generation I have grapes of great variety. The original wild habit seems broken up. For from stock as black as night I have obtained grapes as white as the Chaselas, delicate in texture and flavor."

Almost all the fruits we have have been thus improved. The cherry, the apple, the peach, the pear, the plum, the melon, and many others, to say nothing of flowers, owe their present value to that peculiarity which plants have of surpassing themselves under right conditions.

And the reason? We see in the Bible that



A BEAUTIFUL CLUSTER

all the wild, worthless things are the result of the curse. God did not make them worthless in the beginning; for when his work was finished, he saw that it was "very good." Now no fountain can rise higher than its source; but if the conditions are favorable, it will rise very nearly as high: and the chrysanthemum, the delicious grape, and all the other fruits and flowers in their improved condition are simply the results of a force within themselves put there by the Creator at the beginning, when the "earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself, after his kind; and God saw that it was good." Still the seed strives to obey the command of God, and produce fruits and flowers after the kind that "was good." All life is now being held down and crushed under a load of broken laws and adverse conditions. It is trying to rise. As Paul says (Rom. 8:22): "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain." But when man in some little degree adjusts the wrong conditions, and gives the plant a chance to rise, it is a marvel to him that it should do so. Straightway he sets forth some wild theory to explain the mystery; but, after all, the mystery is in himself, that his dull ears can not hear the creatures which he has partly liberated from bondage, as they speak distinctly of God and Eden.



ALL A CHILD CAN GRASP

Under the Stones

IN any pasture or other uncultivated piece of ground, or by the roadside, you may find many pretty buried stones, of all sizes, from small pebbles up to great boulders.

No one who has not explored would guess how much life goes on under these stones. Here a multitude of little creatures—snakes, newts, snails, and many insects—live all the year round, or take refuge from their enemies or from the cold. Besides this, these rocks form doors which you can open, and then you can catch glimpses of the life of the underground world, which goes on everywhere beneath the surface of the soil.

If you turn over one of these stones quickly, you sometimes find nothing at all; often an ants' nest, occasionally a colony of snails, or sometimes a tiny snake coiled in a ball like a marble.

Once in a while you find a glossy red-brown creature about an inch long. This little fellow seems to be mostly legs, and he scampers and wriggles away so quickly that it is almost im-

possible to seize him before he disappears down some minute hole. He is often called an "earwig," but incorrectly; he is really a centipede, which, as young students of Latin already know, means "hundred-legs." But this little fellow is only a second cousin of the foot-long centipede of hot countries, whose bite is as painful and dangerous as that of a scorpion. This little centipede, however (*Lithobius*, the naturalists call him), is perfectly safe to handle, for though formidable enough to the creatures of his own size, he can not bite through the human skin. You see how quick he is, and can imagine how fierce and terrible he must seem to the sluggish worms and insect larvæ on which he feeds. In spite of his name, he doesn't really have a hundred legs, but only fifteen pairs, jointed like an insect; and, like all centipedes, he has only one pair to each segment, as the parts of the body between the joints are called. Besides his thirty legs he has a pair of big poison claws, which he carries folded forward, one on each side of his head. His prey he kills with these claws, their wound being instantly fatal to small animals.

Very unlike the fierce and active centipede is another creature about as long, but with a slender, round, dark body and very short legs. Some young folks call this a worm; but he is not a worm at all, but a milleped, or "thousand-legs," and is called *Julus* by naturalists. Actually he does not have a thousand legs, but only about a hundred; and, unlike the centipedes, he has two pairs of legs on every segment except the first three. Unlike the centipedes, too, he has no poison claws, and is not venomous; he is a timid, gentle creature that crawls about slowly, in spite of his numerous legs. He is, however, somewhat injurious to vegetation, because he bites off the roots of plants for food; but for the most part he feeds on decaying vegetation. If you frighten him, he will coil up quickly; but if you handle him gently, he will crawl over your hands, touching his short antennæ, first one and then the other, to the surface in front of him, like a blind man tapping the ground with his stick. As he crawls along, it is interesting to watch the curious wave which, starting behind, runs forward along the fence of legs on each side.

The lithobius is the only centipede which one is likely to find. There are, however, two or three other millepedes which, though not so common as *Julus*, are not infrequently encountered. Like all millepedes, they may be recognized by their general resemblance to *Julus*, and in particular by the two jointed legs to each segment.

EDISON DRIVER.

Far more common than either the millepedes or centipedes are the little animals called "woodlice." These are small, brownish, turtle-shaped creatures, from one eighth to one half an inch in length, and half as broad, with long antennæ, and seven pairs of rather short, jointed legs. Like the millepedes, they live upon vegetable matter, eating it even after it has begun to decay; thus they dispose of much which might become offensive or harmful to man. But they are very different from the millepedes and centipedes, though they live in the same kind of places. For while these other creatures breathe by taking the air into the body, very much as we do, the woodlice have gills like animals that live in the water. For this reason they are found only in damp places. All these creatures may be found late in the fall, and even in mild days in winter, not only under stones, but also under leaves and logs. They may be kept alive through the winter if they are placed in a box of moist earth in which grass is growing. But earthworms must be included for lithobius, and plenty of water for all. Some of the millepedes, when in captivity, will drink milk also.

All these little creatures are very interesting to find and to watch, but still I am sure that most boys and girls will care more for their old friends the crickets than for all the other queer little animals that live under the stones.—*Selected.*



All Things Are Yours

Go, weary one, burdened with sorrow and care,
Go carry thy burden to Jesus in prayer:
He knows all thy sorrow, he shares all thy grief,
And is lovingly waiting to give thee relief.
He is pleading, in accents so gentle and mild:
"Whatever you need—take it now, O my child!"

Is it strength to bear weakness or bodily pain?
Or courage o'er self some victory to gain?
Does something perplex thee, and trouble thee sore?

Go tell it to Jesus; 'twill vex thee no more.
He is pleading, in accents so gentle and mild:
"Whatever you need—take it now, O my child!"

Whatever you need! Is it cleansing from sin?
Or a sense of the dwelling of Jesus within?
Or faith just to trust that whatever befall,
His right hand upholds in the midst of it all?
Then still he is pleading, in accents so mild:
"Whatever you need—take it now, O my child!"

Whatever you need! Perchance 'tis a friend,
On whom you may lean, and in sorrow depend.
Go claim, then, the friendship Christ offers to you;

None other so constant, so tender, so true.
With thee he is pleading, in accents so mild:
"If this be thy need, take my friendship, my child!"

Whatever I need! Dear Lord, I believe
In Jesus all fullness is mine to receive;
I'll trust thee in sickness, in sorrow, or death,
And praise thee as long as thou lendest me breath,

Till in glory I'll hear, in those accents so mild,
"Whate'er thy desire, it is yours, O my child!"

AGNES H. BROWN.

Shut out from Home

It was a very silly thing to do, but I did it, and I had to take the consequences. In the first place, I was all alone in the house. In the second place, I had on neither my coat nor my vest. In the third place, the postman rang the front-door bell; and after ten minutes or so, I went out on the porch to see what he had left in the box. And in the fourth place, I gave the front door a little swing, and it shut behind me with a bang.

I knew in a minute what I had done. The spring lock was down, my keys were all in my vest pocket, and I was locked out.

The mail instantly lost all its interest for me. The problem was, how could I get back into my own house? Every window was fast, as I well knew. But hold! There were the windows of the summer kitchen. I went around the house managed to open the blinds from the outside, propped up a settee against the side of the house, and climbed in. With the air of a conqueror I was about to enter my summarily abandoned castle when I discovered—what I might as well have remembered—that the door of the regular kitchen was locked, and I might as well be on the porch again.

Outdoors once more, I skirmished around till I found a heavy grape trellis, which I propped against the porch roof, knowing that the up-stairs windows were open. I climbed up the trellis, and looked longingly over the roof toward the open window; but the trellis was too short, and the roof was too slippery with last night's rain, to allow me safely to pull myself up on it.

Well, what next? I plodded through the wet grass to a neighbor's, and rang the front door-bell. When the lady of the house appeared, I asked her help in burglarizing my own house. Inwardly amused, I doubt not, but outwardly very sympathetic, she took me down cellar, and I hauled out a long step-ladder, which I carried off in huge delight. I found that, by standing on the top step, I could manage to pull myself up into one of the second-story windows.

How good it seemed to be home once more! How enjoyable was each familiar object! I had been gone half an hour; it seemed an age.

As I carried home the step-ladder, and as I put the grape trellis and settee back in their places, and as I removed from my trousers the evidences of their attacks on the porch roof, I had time to think of a few things. As, for instance, how easy it is to shut one's self out of one's home. As easy as that swing of the door. Just a cross word will do it. Just a mean suspicion will answer. Just one bit of injustice, or one act of selfishness. The door slams behind you. You rattle fiercely at it, but the latch is down. Sul- lenly, angrily, you try this way and that way to get in. It is your own house. You can peep through the windows and see all the dear household objects. There is the pleasant book you just laid down. There is the couch from which you arose only an hour ago. There are even the rest of your clothes. But all the delights and comforts of your home are shut away from you by that instant's wrong-doing as thoroughly as if you had flung yourself into another planet. Like a thief you are compelled to "climb up some other way." With soul-bruises and spirit-toil you slowly win back again what you have lost, and you are at home again.

But how much better it would have been not to have slammed that door!—*Christian Endeavor World.*

Young Harper's Way

THE Chicago *Record-Herald* tells a pleasant story of President Harper's son.

Young Harper wanted money for some charitable work, and he did not care to use some one else's money: he preferred to earn it himself. So he and his comrades put their heads together, secured shoe-blackening outfits, and set to work blacking the university students' shoes. They had plenty of custom, and soon the desired amount was in their hands, and the needs of their protégés were relieved.

It is an example worthy of being followed by other boys—and girls, too, for that matter.

The giving of that which we do not earn is no sacrifice. It counts nothing with the dear Heavenly Father. He wants something from us as individuals. He wants us to understand and

respect his rights as the great Husbandman, the renters of whose vineyard we are,—to remember him, our Creator, "in the days of our youth." Those are the fresh, bright, pure days when habits are formed that will endure through life, and lessons are learned that will never be forgotten.

"Here's my tithe, mother," said a bright boy-reporter, as he handed his mother a crisp five-dollar bill. "And all saved in the last month, too! How glad I am that you taught me to give! I am surprised to think how much I have been earning: the Lord is surely blessing me, as he has promised to bless those who obey him, in handling faithfully that which is another man's. Being honest with God helps me to be honest with everybody."

"Indeed it does, Chester," replied the wise mother. "Keep yourself right with God, and you will find it no trouble to walk in the land of uprightness when dealing with others."

Pay your tithe, young people. It is for your own good. It will keep you honest and reverent, make you large-hearted and loving, and bring great increase to your store.

S. ROXANA WINCE.

Success in Failure

"WHAT is failure?—Nothing but education; nothing but the first steps to something better." It is evil only when it turns us aside from duty; and even then the evil is found not in the mistake or failure, but in yielding to it.

A young art student, who had just finished a picture, declared, with tears in her eyes, that it was "another awful failure"! Just then the instructor, seeing what she had done, took a brush and palette, and put a few quick strokes of light here and there; and lo! the "failure" was a thing of beauty. The young woman learned to put the finishing touches to her own "failures," and they won prize after prize.

There are many failures which are but unfinished successes. Wherever you go, men will tell you that their greatest achievements are the golden crowns, built by perseverance, on pyramids of seeming failure. EDISON DRIVER.

A Miracle

THE winter had been a hard one. Long-continued financial depression had reduced the ability of people to give, and at the same time had increased the frequency of the calls for money. The minister was troubled. He feared lest people should dread to come to church on account of the constant appeals for aid; yet on the other hand there was the great and growing need. One morning he gave out the notices for the week, and then, after a pause, continued:—

"I have said to myself a dozen times of late that I would bring to you no special appeals, no matter how pressing; for our regular charities must be maintained, and many of you are already overburdened.

"I am not willing that you should think me unmindful of the burdens you are bearing, or needlessly insistent in pressing other claims upon your benevolence. But I have just received an appeal, signed by the secretary of our local board of charities, calling attention to the case of a poor boy in the village of Millburn. Two years ago he lost both feet by freezing. He has been abused all his life, and since his misfortune he has been treated with added inhumanity by his parents. At last he has been sent to the almshouse to protect him from those who should be his protectors. If he had artificial feet, he could become self-supporting; as it is, the only way in which he can move about is by creeping on his hands and knees.

"My brethren, I ask you to work a modern miracle. The gospel of Christ is given to men that they may be lifted up, and made to stand

erect. Let us put this young man on his feet. One day when Peter found a man at the temple gate, lame and unable to walk, he said to him, 'Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk!'

"This boy whom we have never seen sits at our temple door to-day. With us is the God-given power of helping him. Let us say to him, 'Silver and gold have we, one hundred dollars. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk!'"

Then came the sermon, and after that the closing hymn and benediction; and the morning was blessed to many a man because of his purpose to help in so good a work.

When the service was over, four women took positions at the doors; and as the congregation passed out, the hands of these volunteer collectors were heaped with silver. The pastor had made the request that no one should give more than fifty cents, but there were many bills in the generous offering that was brought to him when the last of his hearers had gone.

"I thought," said one man, "that I had given the last cent I could afford for charity, but the suggestion that by our little gifts we could work a miracle made me see it in another light. I am glad to think that we could do so great a thing so easily, and I am glad, too, that I could have my part in it."

It was really a simple little matter—a few people contributing each a half-dollar, and the whole sum to be paid over in a matter-of-fact way to a dealer in artificial limbs; yet the minister had called it a miracle, and the man at the door was glad to have had a part in "so great a thing."

The minister and his hearer were right. It was not from their own point of view that they had spoken, but from that of the cripple. They had lifted him up, and made him walk erect. To him, at least, the deed was in very truth a miracle. And here is the thought for every giver in the name of Christ to keep in his heart—not "What does this gift mean to me?" but "What does it mean to the suffering brother to whom I give it?" It is a thought that will work other miracles.—*Companion.*

Why the Horse-Chestnut Was Named

MANY of us know how very interesting is the study of words. Sometimes a whole story can be found simply in a name. So we very often turn the pages of our dictionaries to find what the wise men have written there. One day I had been looking at a great horse-chestnut tree that grows near my door. I watched the great buds, which have a thick covering which is overlaid with some sticky substance that keeps it closed so tightly that not a single drop of the winter's rain can touch the tender buds. Now that May was near, I knew they would soon open.

But I was curious to know why it was called horse-chestnut, so I went to books for help. They told that the tree had been brought from Constantinople hundreds of years ago, and that long ago the nuts used to be ground and fed to horses, and so the tree was called horse-chestnut tree. That seemed so good a reason that I never doubted it until one day a student of the great outdoor world, which is the very best place to learn nature's secrets, showed me another and a better reason.

If any of you would like to know it, take a small branch from a horse-chestnut tree. You will see at short distances along it small ridges, and close beside them small dots raised in the bark. With a sharp penknife cut a twig from between two of these ridges, which mark a year's growth. Cut the wood carefully away from around this ridge, sloping it back diagonally. Now, if you hold this stick up, it will look very like a horse's leg. The bend for the knee-joint is there; the ridge forms the outline of

the hoof; the small dots are nine in number, and arranged like horsehoe nails; and inside is the small, dark spot, called the "frog," that is always to be found in the foot of a real horse. Then you, too, will think for once the dictionary-makers have been caught napping, and that we have a far better reason than theirs for naming this the horse-chestnut tree.—*The Epworth Herald.*



Bird Notes

Bit of sunshine taken wings,
Or a spray of goldenrod?
On thistle top he sways and swings,
Or flung high to the sun, he sings:
Perdita — Perdita — Perdita —
'Dita! Sweet! Sweet!

Good morning trolled, then all the day,
From thicket-hidden bramble bush,
This recluse croons his roundelay.
But startle him,—a flash of gray,
And, *Hush! Hush! Hush! Hush!*
Go 'way! Go 'way!

Wild cherry bough and hanging nest,
And calls amid the apple bloom,
No need to tell whose flaming breast
And fluting note lead all the rest,
Glory — Glory — Glory —
Glory! Come-O! Come-O!
—*Mary Hefferan.*

The Crow



HE Crow is a bird that every one knows by sight, I think, though few seem to know him for what he is. He has some bad traits,—there seems to be little question of that,—but, then, he has some excellent qualities as well.

Men employed by the government have made an exhaustive study of the Crow's life and habits. They tell us that he does pull up some corn. They also tell us that he devours thousands and even millions of grubs, insects, mice, and other small creatures, which, if they were allowed to live, would do far more damage to the crops than the little that the Crows do.

Dr. Merriam, after examining the stomachs of nine hundred crows, says that the amount of good done by these birds in destroying grasshoppers, cutworms, May-beetles, and other injurious insects, is greater than the loss occasioned by the destruction of the corn. But it is not difficult to prevent the crows from eating the corn after it is planted. If the corn be first soaked in water overnight, then placed in a vessel containing enough soft tar to coat each kernel, and afterward rolled in plaster of Paris or wood ashes, so that it may be more easily handled, Crows will touch neither the kernel nor the young sprout.

A good authority says that tarred corn scattered on the borders of the field is a sure protection against crows. A few quarts used this way will protect a field of eight to ten acres. It will cost but little to try the experiment.

Olive Thorne



Miller relates an incident which shows that farmers sometimes make a serious mistake in being too hard on the Crows. One year the farmers out West were startled to see so many Crows around their fields. They could not remember seeing so many there before. Thinking that the Crows had come to eat the corn, they began to kill off all the birds they could. After they had been killing the Crows for some time, they discovered that they had other visitors. A new grub, which they had never seen before, was eating their young corn. There were literally millions of these grubs; and when they had eaten all the corn, they began to eat the grass.

But still the farmers kept killing off the Crows, never noticing that the birds were eating the grubs. They did not seem to realize that if they would leave the Crows alone, they would soon finish the grubs. And this went



On Duty

on for several years, until somebody had eyes sufficiently sharp to see that the Crows were after the grubs. He at once told the farmers, and then they were sorry enough that they had been killing the Crows.

Suddenly it was discovered that the Crows were the farmers' best friends, and they began to coax them back. They even had Crows caught and brought to their fields. As soon as the Crows were given a chance, they made short work of the little corn-eating grubs. The farmers in that section of the country learned a lesson that they will not soon forget.

Crows mate in March, and early in April they build their nests. The nest is large and bulky, made mostly of sticks, and lined with strips of grape-vine bark, grasses, moss, etc. In the winter, Crows travel in flocks, and roost in large colonies. They select a certain place, and here thousands of them—sometimes as many as three hundred thousand—retire for the night. It is interesting to know how they do this. They come to the roosting-place in small flocks from all the surrounding country. One might think they would act on the principle so common among the boastedly intelligent and unselfish human race, "First come, first served," and that the first one



The Last Straggler.

to get to the spot would choose his place to sleep, and let the last one take what he could find.

But not so! Each flock, as it comes, alights in some place near the roost. Here all patiently wait until the last straggler has arrived. Then at a given signal, they rise on wing together, circle around for a while, and finally settle down for the night. They often use the same roosting-place year after year.

Crows are very intelligent. It is affirmed by

some that they talk to one another, and there is no question that they have an elaborate system of signals. It has been stated on good authority that each flock has a watcher, or sentinel, who gives the order to fly, and warns the troop at every approach of danger. If a man appears a long distance away, the birds act very much afraid, and fly off, only to settle down in another part of the field, until the sentinel gives the signal to move on again.

The tricks and pranks related of tame Crows are many and amusing. A writer in a late number of *Success* tells of a tame Crow that mimicked the hens. He would scratch about and find a worm, then he would call the hens by imitating the call of the rooster. The hens would come flying across the yard, only to see the Crow gobble up the food. This Crow imitated the notes of the chickadee, and even learned to say, "Hello." When the woman of the house hung out clothes, she carried the clothes-pins in a bright tin pail. The Crow would watch for an opportunity when she was not looking, hurry over to the pail, snatch a pin, and run off to hide it in the grass.

This story reminds us of another Crow we have read about. He liked to get out in the yard when the washed clothes hung on the line. He would walk along on the clothes-line, and pull out each one of the pins, letting the wet garments fall down in the dirt. He carried the pins, one by one, to the roof of the house, and laid them safely away. Of course he was always well scolded for his mischief. At this, he would fly up to the roof, pick up every pin, and throw it to the ground, as much as to say, "Well, if you are going to make so much fuss about it, just take your old pins."

L. A. REED.



A Definite Work

WHEN God spoke to Moses that day so long ago in the desert of Midian, he called him to a definite work. It was not sufficient for Moses to testify that he was a child of God, that he wished to serve him faithfully, that he hoped to be saved, or even that he was willing to be used by him. No; Moses was asked to do something — to go and deliver Israel. And he accepted the call. So with Gideon, threshing wheat by his father's wine-press; so with Esther in the palace of Shushan; so with the shepherd boy David, when he went out to meet the Philistine who defied Israel; so with the little captive girl in Syria; so with Daniel and his associates; so with the Twelve; so with Paul,— all were called to a definite work; and so, dear young friends, are we. As surely as we have named the name of Jesus, so surely have we been called to his service,— a service that is for each one just as definite as for any who have lived before us; for God has appointed "to every man his work."

The call does not come to all in the same way. To Moses, to Gideon, to Paul, God spoke with his own voice; Samuel, and John, the forerunner of Jesus, were set apart from earliest childhood to a distinctive work; Joseph and Daniel, torn from the homes they loved, yet conforming their lives to principle in the smallest particular, heard and accepted the call to service in the corrupt courts of Egypt and Babylon. The thing is not that the call must come in some specified way, but that we be able to recognize it when it does come.

To-day we are called, and our call is in our

opportunity. What is our answer? Is it that of the traitor son who said, "I go, sir," but went not? Do we assent when the call comes, the plea is made, and then turn away, with closed ears, hard hearts, and close-shut hands? Remember, then, that a call does not carry with it salvation. Many are called, indeed, but only those will be chosen who not only take the cup of salvation themselves, but rejoice to carry it to others.

In our work as young people, and in our Young People's Societies, let us not for a moment forget our responsibility as those who have been called to a definite, special service. Somewhere, unless we have already taken it up, our appointed work waits for us. If we really wish to know what it is, we may know, as truly as any servant of God whose experiences are set down in his Book for our comfort and encouragement. Therefore let us seek him, that he may show us the way; let us go to him for a message of comfort and life to the world; and then let us do our part faithfully, in the way he appoints, in carrying "the Advent Message to all the world in this generation."

The Family a Missionary Field

OUR work for Christ is to begin with the family, in the home. The education of the youth should be of a different order from that which has been given in the past. Their welfare demands far more labor than has been given them. There is no missionary field more important than this. By precept and example, parents are to teach their children to labor for the unconverted. The children should be so educated that they will sympathize with the aged and afflicted, and will seek to alleviate the sufferings of the poor and distressed. They should be taught to be diligent in missionary work; and from their earliest years, self-denial and sacrifice for the good of others and the advancement of Christ's cause should be inculcated, that they may be laborers together with God.

But if they ever learn to do genuine missionary work for others, they must first learn to labor for those at home, who have a natural right to their offices of love. Every child should be trained to bear his respective share of service in the home. He should never be ashamed to use his hands in lifting home burdens, or his feet in running errands. While thus engaged, he will not go into paths of negligence and sin. How many hours are wasted by children and youth which might be spent in taking upon their strong young shoulders, and assisting to lift, the family responsibilities which some one must bear, thus showing a loving interest in father and mother. They are also to be rooted in the true principles of health reform and the care of their own bodies. — Mrs. E. G. White.

Studies in the Message

Lesson III — The New Battle-Field

(April 13-19)

HOW TO STUDY THESE LESSONS.— (1) Read the lesson story; (2) try to recall or find scriptures in proof of each statement; (3) study the questions and texts; (4) see how many missing links you can supply; (5) give the lesson to some one else. You will keep only that which you give away.

What a pity that this chapter must be written! But, being written, God grant that it may not be written in vain. The prince of darkness succeeded in leading the chosen pair into the ranks of rebellion. The black banner of death was set up on the favored mountain of God. The music of heaven was hushed. In silence, unnumbered worlds waited to see the next move. The Son of God offered himself to the Father as a ransom. Words can never tell the story of the struggle in the heart of the Infinite One. But love for man triumphed. A council of peace resulted in a plan that would defeat the enemy, rescue man, and forever silence the voice of doubt and

disobedience. As a result of this plan, the out-cast prince was allowed to remain for a time as god of the world that he had taken by fraud. He must be permitted to carry out his scheme, and show to the watching universe the results of rebellion.

But the Prince of Life would also set up his standard in the rebellious district. This would give each person a chance to choose his leader. The battle-ground of the universe was thus transferred from heaven to earth. The two leaders were again to contend for the mastery. Truth and falsehood, light and darkness, love and hate, stand face to face. This world became the lesson-book of all created beings. God's law of love and Satan's law of self were here to be written in the lives of men.

For six thousand years the fight has gone on. The last, the decisive battle will soon be fought. The result is not doubtful. As in the first conflict, full and complete victory will remain with the Prince of Life and his followers. The traitor, with all his attendants, will go out into the blackness of darkness, as if he had never been. God's universe will stand redeemed. No seed of doubt, nor fear, nor suspicion will remain. God speed the day! Look up, and make sure which banner floats over you. Is it the black banner of the prince of murder and hate, or the blood-stained standard of King Immanuel?

Questions

1. How did Satan lead men to disobey? What did he lead them to question? Gen. 3:1.
2. What life did he set before them? V. 5.
3. Instead of greater liberty, what is the result of yielding to Satan? 2 Peter 2:19; John 8:34.
4. What did God's dear Son do in this crisis? Heb. 9:14.
5. Did God accept this offer? John 3:16.
6. What was promised to fallen man? Isa. 52:3.
7. What was the redemption price? 1 Peter 1:18, 19; Ps. 49:7, 8.
8. What must every child of Adam do? Joshua 24:15; Matt. 12:30.

From College Place, Washington

WE are glad to be able still to report a good interest in the young people's work at College Place. The weekly meetings are well attended, and occasionally special services are held for prayer and consecration, or for study with those who have but lately started to serve the Lord, and others who are interested. Our numbers are increasing each week, and a good spirit is manifested among the members.

Last Friday night, after the usual opening exercises, that part of the chapter in "Christ's Object Lessons" on speech as a talent was read, and then an interesting Bible study conducted along the same line. Excellent instruction was given, and it was forcibly impressed that "death and life are in the power of the tongue." If we could but realize this each day, how guarded we would be of our words!

Following a responsive song was the usual testimony meeting, at which many precious thoughts from the lesson were cited, and during which not a moment was allowed to waste. Truly it is a blessed privilege to see the young people consecrating their all to the service of God.

We are much interested in the reports given in the INSTRUCTOR of the work that is being done by other Societies, and trust that it may grow until every young person in our ranks is actively engaged in the Master's service.

CLAUDE CONARD.

How much time he gains who does not look to see what his neighbor says, or does, or thinks, but only at what he does himself, to make it just and holy! — Selected.



A Busy Town

IDLE THOUGHT had never been
To the Town of Usefulness;
But one day he wandered in
With a playmate called I Guess.
How it ever so befell,
Neither one could plainly tell.

When they hastened to retreat,
They discovered, to their cost,
That upon the crowded street
They were like two strangers lost;
They were in a maze, you see,
Why such busy life should be.

But the people, passing by,
Saw the idle ones astray,
And with action brisk and spry
Hurried both of them away—
Idle Thought and slow I Guess—
From the Town of Usefulness.

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

Humble Friends

EVERY lover of mercy should try to prevent guilty boys from stoning frogs and toads, and from using them for bait. They are perfectly harmless, and are capable of intense suffering under cruel usage.

What boy has not hailed summer's coming, when the frogs sang in the swamps? or waded knee deep to secure a handful of frog's eggs to hatch in a tumbler of water?

There is a toad in South America that lays eggs at a pool's brink, where the male collects them, and heaps them on the mother's back. When they hatch, the warts on her back open to receive them, and they grow there three months, when they come out complete little toads. This species lives in cellars and dark corners of houses.

The yellowish, slimy body of the loud-voiced Brazilian tree-frog glitters like a Jack-o'-lantern in the dark.

Those same South American swamps boast the giant toad, measuring a foot in length, with a powerful voice.

The flying frog is a native of the island of Borneo. Its toes are long and webbed to the very end, forming, when opened, a fan larger than the frog's body, about twelve square inches. They inhabit trees, and spring from one to another as easily as they can swim.

In the parched and sandy regions of the tropical belt hops a toad unlike any other,—inky black, with a vivid green underneath, where other toads and frogs are light or white. It can not swim, and the dew is its only moisture. None of its relatives of any country can endure dry weather. Like all its cousins, this toad is peaceable and harmless.

Let us be good neighbors to our little friends wherever we find them.—*Union Signal.*

"Mr. Ten Minutes"

A SHORT sermon to the children of a certain congregation was recently written out for the young readers of *Present Truth*. We are sure the children of the INSTRUCTOR family will be glad to read it, too:—

I am going to talk a little while on "nicknames." Do you know what nicknames are? I see one boy laughing, as if he knew very well,—perhaps he has a nickname of his own. When I was a boy, I had one, but I shall not tell you what it was. Sometimes nicknames hurt badly, and such names should not be used by kind-hearted boys and girls. Some nicknames only make one smile, and do no harm. Some are so

true that they may do much good. It is one of the true ones I am going to tell you about.

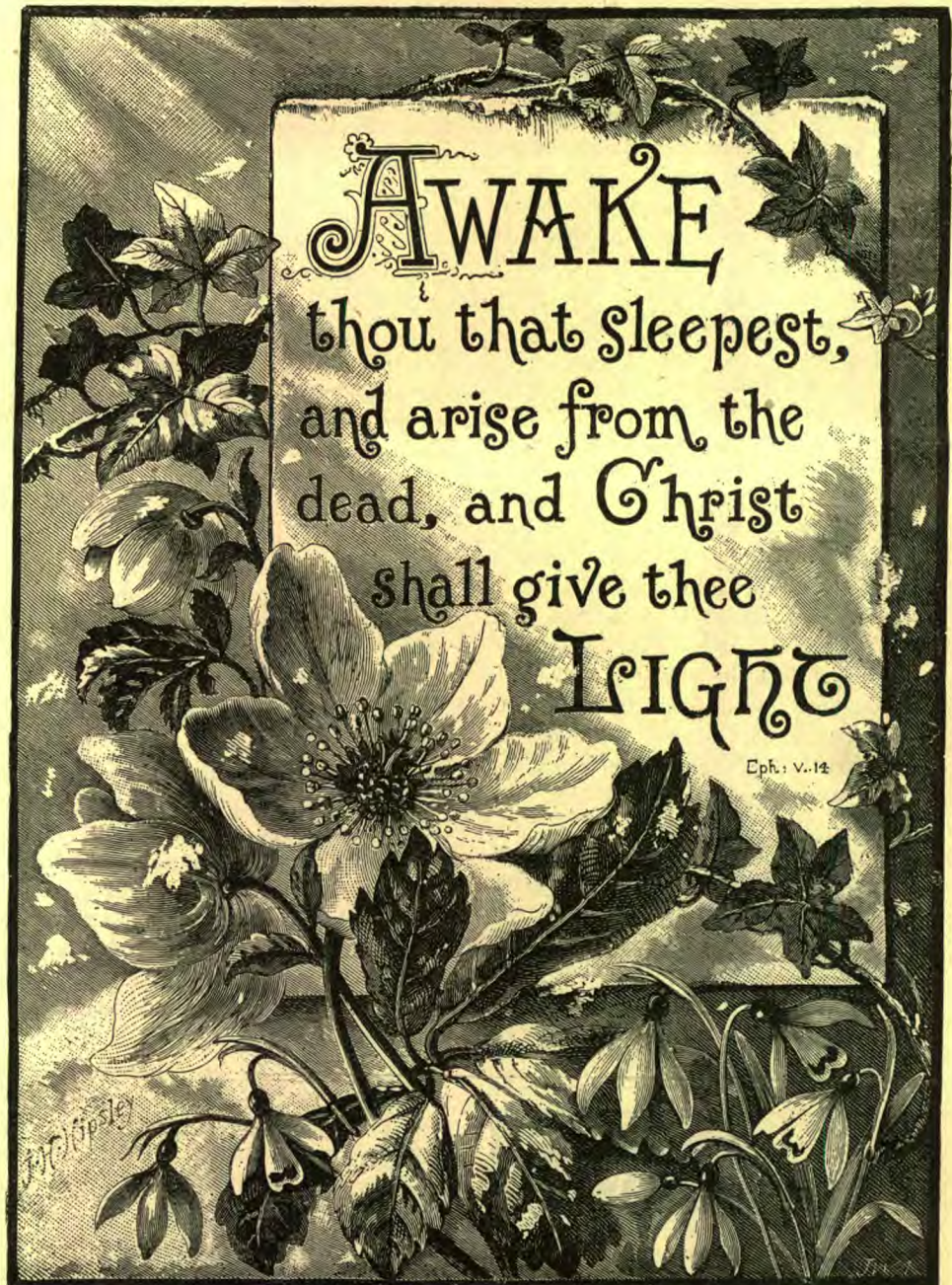
"Mr. Ten Minutes," was the nickname given to a boy who was not born in England, and is not alive now. If he were, he might hold a very high position; and if his nickname had not been so true, he most likely would have been alive and powerful to-day.

That "Mr. Ten Minutes" was born in a palace, and he had no brothers nor sisters. He was nursed with great care, and was taught all that teachers could teach him, in expectation that he would be a great man some day. But, as he grew bigger, he always wanted "ten minutes" more before he did anything he was told.

When he was told to go to bed, he always asked to stay up just "ten minutes more." When he was told to get up in the morning, he always

widowed empress and her only son lived in England still, and the boy went to school with English boys. The old habit which gave him the nickname of "Mr. Ten Minutes" stuck to him all the time, and he grew up with it. Perhaps if he had not been a prince, he would have been broken of it before it grew to be so strong, and to fit him so tightly, like his skin, that he could not drop it. Being a prince, and an only child, he was allowed to keep his habit of putting off everything he could just "ten minutes." It was a great pity for him!

There was a war in Zululand, and English soldiers were sent to Africa to fight the Zulus. The prince imperial wished to show the queen and the English people that he was grateful for all the kindness that had been shown him, also that he was a brave soldier; so he volunteered



wanted to stay in bed just "ten minutes longer." If he had to do his lessons, he never wanted to begin for "ten minutes." So his nurse gave him the name of "Mr. Ten Minutes."

That boy was the prince imperial of France. When he was a big boy, his father lost his crown, and had to leave his country. He came to England to live. The good Queen Victoria was very kind to him, and to his wife and young son; and England was a safe and happy land for them to live in.

After some time the emperor died. The

to go with the English regiment to Zululand, and he was allowed to go. He could ride well, and use soldiers' weapons; but his bad habit of putting off obedience to any order for "ten minutes" stuck to him all the while.

One day Lieutenant Carey led a company of his soldiers to look round and try to see where the Zulus were, and what they were doing. "Mr. Ten Minutes" was in the company, very pleased to go. When the officer had looked about as long as he thought wise, he ordered his men to remount their horses, and go back to the English

camp. All soldiers are trained to do *at once* just the thing they are told to do,—and if only the prince imperial had learned that first lesson of a soldier, he would most likely be alive to-day. What he did do was *not* to obey the command to get on his horse quick, and ride back to the camp with the Englishmen, but to wait just "ten minutes" longer after Lieutenant Carey and nearly all the soldiers had gone.

He paid very dearly for *that* "ten minutes." Some of the Zulus had been watching the Englishmen all the time, keeping out of sight themselves. When they saw the officer and most of the men ride away, and just a few horsemen left behind, they ran out quickly from their hiding-place; and before the prince could get on his horse,—he slipped in trying to mount,—those Zulus had thrown their spears at him. When he was found, he had ten of the Zulu weapons, called "assagais," through his body, and "Mr. Ten Minutes" was *dead*. The news was a terrible grief to his mother and to Queen Victoria; but he died through not doing at once as he was told.

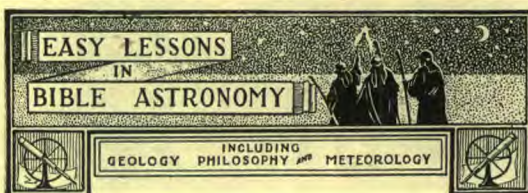
Now, boys and girls, I want you to learn something from that boy. When your mothers and fathers, or teachers, tell you to do anything, be sure you do it when you are told, and do not try to put it off for ten minutes, or one minute. More than this, there comes to all of you a voice which nobody else can hear, and which you have all heard many times; but some of you put off obeying more than ten minutes, and very many times over.

Whose voice is this? Let me tell you about myself. When I was a boy, I used to hear that voice, and say to myself, "Yes, I hear; I will do as you say on my next birthday;" or when the birthday was past, I would say, "Yes, I will next new-year's day."

So the years passed, and I am very sorry now. That voice was God's voice, saying, "My son, give me thine heart." I knew I ought to do it. You have heard that voice many times. You know he gave his only Son to be your Saviour. You know you ought to love God, and let him save you from all bad ways. So did I, when I was a boy. There came a time when I heard that voice again, and feared I should not hear it any more. Then I said, "Yes, Lord, take my heart now, and make me thy boy, and teach me how to love thee, and thy Son Jesus Christ." And the Lord heard what I said, and took my heart, and I have been so sorry ever since for keeping him waiting so long, and letting him ask me so many times.

I want you children to listen for God's voice, and to save yourselves from sorrow by saying quickly, "Yes, Lord, here I am; take me, and make me thy child." Do not put off ten minutes, or you may easily learn to put off and put off, till you will not hear the voice, and so will be left out when God shuts the door.

E. H. BRADLEY.



Division III—Astronomy

Conclusion of Chapter XXIII

§236. THIS by no means comprehends the vastness of celestial space; for there are myriads upon myriads of suns glimmering away in the fathomless depths, far beyond Arcturus. Every raising of the power of the telescope to pierce the distance beyond, every increase in the delicacy of the camera's sensitive plate to gather up the straggling rays of light, too feeble to be seen by human eye, only brings to view numberless additions to our store of knowledge concerning the vastness of God's created universe. And yet

we are told that with faithful Abraham we are heirs of all these things.

Colored Suns

§237. There are about six thousand systems of double stars now recorded; that is, stars that revolve about each other, the same as if we had two suns revolving about a given center; or even three or more suns of different sizes and colors revolving about a certain gravitational point in the heavens, each bathing our earth with its special kind of light. These binary, triple, and quadruple systems are of all possible combinations, though certain definite colors seem to prevail.

§238. We copy from Professor Dick's *Astronomy*, pages 116, 118, the following beautiful extracts. Though written so long ago, they show a refreshing belief in the Author and Creator of all these things, seldom found in the writings of the scientists of to-day. He says: "There is an interesting view that may be taken of these binary systems, and that is the contrast of colors which some of the stars composing these systems exhibit. 'Many of the double stars,' says John Herschel, 'exhibit the beautiful and curious phenomena of contrasted, or complementary, colors. In such instances the larger star is usually of a ruddy, or orange, hue; while the smaller one appears blue or green.'

"What variety of illumination two suns, a red and a green, or a yellow and a blue, must afford a planet circulating about either; and what charming contrasts and grateful vicissitudes—a red and a green day, for instance, alternating with a white one and with darkness—might arise from the presence or absence of one or the other, or both, above the horizon.

"The fact of colored suns, of suns belonging to the same system, diffusing light of opposite, or contrasted, colors, presents a novel and interesting idea. One hemisphere of a planet may be illuminated with a yellow sun, while the other is at the same time enlightened with a green, and both suns may occasionally shine in the same hemisphere, producing such a blending of hues, such a contrast of coloring over the whole landscape, as to render the aspect of the scene completely different at one time from that of another.

"In different parts of the planets' courses around their primary suns, these effects will be variously modified, so as to produce an almost perpetual variety of scenery in such worlds. A sun of a brilliant white color may perhaps be seen rising, while a sun of a ruby hue is descending below the horizon; and when both suns are absent, the starry firmament will appear in all its splendor, and every object around will present a contrast to its previous appearance.

§239. "Insulated stars of a red color, almost as deep as that of blood, occur in many parts of the heavens, but no green nor blue star (of any decided hue) has, we believe, ever been noticed unassociated with a companion brighter than itself.

§240. "With a magnifying power of two hundred times, the double star Epsilon Bootis, or Mirach, situated about ten degrees northeast of Arcturus, may be plainly seen. This is reckoned a very beautiful double star, on account of the different colors of the stars of which it is composed. Its appearance is somewhat similar to a planet and its satellite, both shining with innate but differently colored lights. The smaller star is of a bluish color, and its apparent size is one third that of the other. The large star has a reddish tinge.

"The period in which the small blue sun revolves about the larger red one is estimated to be not less than sixteen hundred years. An inhabitant of that system would be considered by us an old residenter were he to survive the period of a year, or single revolution. But in such systems it is not likely that the lapse of duration is marked by so short periods as in our sublunary abode, nor is it probable that disease and death

cut short the existence of its inhabitants, as in the world in which we dwell."

§241. In the Southern Cross there are more than one hundred different colored suns, showing all shades of red, blue, and green, thickly set, like a diadem, while all around are scattered crimson ones. And so the Lord has adorned and bedecked the vaulted heavens, and invited us, his children, to study our future inheritance, and so be drawn nearer to his great heart of love, that we may the better worship and adore our Creator and Redeemer. "All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made. . . . He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not. He came unto his own, and his own received him not; but as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name." John 1:3-12.

DR. O. C. GODSMARK.



THE YOUTH'S LESSON

III—The Great Controversy between Christ and Satan

(April 19)

MEMORY VERSE: "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, . . . but against spiritual wickedness ["wicked spirits," margin] in high places." Eph. 6:12.

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Rev. 12:7-9; Isa. 14:13, 14; John 1:3, 4; John 14:30; Luke 19:10; Matt. 1:21; John 8:12; Heb. 2:14.

Synopsis

The controversy between Christ and Satan began in heaven. Rev. 12:7. Satan was not content with his position as Lucifer, but he indulged in the ambition to be "like the Most High." Isa. 14:14. He was not content to be "light-bearer," but wished to become the source of light,—even light itself. He said that he would exalt his throne above the stars. Isa. 14:13.

Now God's light is our life (John 1:4); and therefore, in reality, Lucifer was demanding to be a source of life,—he was really trying to get life-giving power, that power which can create. This creative power God had given to his only begotten Son (John 1:3), and it made Satan jealous. "He wished to be consulted concerning the formation of man; and because he was not, he was filled with envy, jealousy, and hatred."—"Early Writings."

Then there was war in heaven,—not a war of words, but a face-to-face combat. Christ and his angels fought against Satan, and Satan fought and his angels, but prevailed not; and they were cast out into the earth. Rev. 12:7-9. Here Satan determined to make his kingdom. When he tempted and overcame Adam and Eve, he thought that he had gained possession; they had chosen him as ruler, and therefore he was prince of this world. John 14:30. He claimed God could not forgive a sinner, and so the world was his.

But Christ undertook to redeem man and rescue the lost world from Satan's grasp. Luke 19:10. The great controversy begun in heaven was to be decided in the very world, on the very same field, that Satan claimed as his. In heaven it was the question of God's rightful place as honored by his Son; here, it is the question of God's rightful place as honored by man. As Son of God in heaven, Christ first conquered Satan; and then, in behalf of man, he conquered him as Son of man on earth. This is the gospel of the kingdom,—the gospel message in Revelation 14. It means a Saviour in our

flesh to save us from sin (Matt. 1:21), to be the source of light and life (John 8:12), to destroy the devil (Heb. 2:14), and give to God his rightful place. 1 Cor. 15:28.

Questions

1. Where did the controversy between Christ and Satan begin?
2. What position did Satan then hold?
3. What ambitious desire came into his heart?
4. Above what did he intend to exalt his throne?
5. What is light? From whom does it come?
6. Then what was Lucifer demanding when he wished to become the source of light?
7. To whom only has God given life-giving power?
8. Why could not Satan have this power? See note.
9. How did Satan accept the refusal to his demand?
10. What finally happened to him and his angels?
11. Into what place were they cast?
12. How did Satan become the "prince of this world"?
13. For what purpose did Christ come?
14. What does his name mean? Matt. 1:21.
15. Who is the source of light and life?
16. What will our Saviour finally do to the devil?
17. In the final restoration of all things, what position will God have?
18. What, then, is the gospel of the kingdom? What part in it can each one have?

Note

Satan is only a *creature*. He was created by God. Therefore, he could not himself create other things. This power belongs to God and his Son. Those who trust in Christ, are trusting in the source of all power. This should be an encouragement to us when we are tempted by the creature, Satan.

THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

III—Day and Night

(April 19)

"AND God said, Let there be light: and there was light. And God saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness. And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day." Gen. 1:3-5.

"God is light, and in him is no darkness at all." 1 John 1:5.

"Then spake Jesus again unto them, saying, I am the Light of the world." John 8:12.

"In him was life; and the life was the light of men." John 1:4.

"Thou makest darkness, and it is night." Ps. 104:20.

"If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee." Ps. 139:11, 12.

"The entrance of thy words giveth light." Ps. 119:130.

"God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." 2 Cor. 4:6.

(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.)

God himself is light. There is no light but that which comes from him, and it is all the shining forth of his own glorious life. So when the Spirit of God moved in the darkness upon the face of the waters, the darkness was filled with invisible light. The light was there, though it could not be seen.

Then God commanded the light to shine out of the darkness. When he said, "Let there be light!" his moving Spirit divided the light from the darkness, and made the light shine forth. "And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night."

This wondrous work of dividing the light from the darkness, thus making day and night, the Spirit of God has been doing ever since. The word of God "liveth and abideth forever." When he speaks, his word never dies, but goes on working out his will forever. If his word should die, or lose its power, the light would all fade away, and day and night would cease.

But ever living, ever fresh, new every morning, the command of God, "Let there be light," divides the light from the darkness; and by the power of his Holy Spirit, light is shed over the world, making bright day. The beautiful light of each new day speaks to us of the presence of God; it shows that his Spirit is ever with us.

But not alone the light; the darkness also whispers to us that God is near; for he maketh "darkness, and it is night." Remember always that God is with us in the darkness, and therefore the night is really light about us, though the darkness veils the light from our eyes. God is light; so wherever he is, there is light, even though we can not see it.

It is only of late years that men have discovered what they call "invisible light," and have found out that there is light even where it is not possible for human eyes to see any. There is always light round about us, even in the thickest darkness, because God is with us, the one great Source of all light. So we can say, "When I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me." Then we shall never fear, but remember that "the night shineth as the day" to God, who is our keeper.

The Spirit of God, who moved in the darkness, and brought forth the light, moves upon the heart of every one in this dark world of sin. He brings the light of life from God. And to each one the voice of God is saying, "Let there be light." If we will only let that word into our hearts, it will make the light shine out.

Will you not let Jesus, the Light of the world, dwell in your heart, not only to give you light, but to make you a light to lighten others in this dark world?

"Thou art, O God! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine."

Questions

1. When darkness was on the face of the deep, what did God say?
2. What was there as soon as he spoke?
3. What did God do to the light and the darkness?
4. What did he call the light?
5. What did he call the darkness?
6. What did the evening darkness and the morning light make?
7. What is it that divides the light from the darkness?
8. What is it that is still making day and night?
9. Then what do the light and the darkness tell us?
10. What does 1 John 1:5 tell us that God is?
11. What can not be found in him?
12. Where does all the light that we see come from?
13. Who is the Light of the world?
14. What is it in Jesus Christ that is the light of men?
15. What difference is there between the light and the darkness to God?
16. Does the darkness shut us away from his sight?
17. How does God give us light?

18. From what does his word make the light shine forth?

19. What, then, does he do in us?

Note to the Teacher

AN X-ray photograph, showing how light penetrates seemingly opaque substances, may help the children to see the truth stated in the word,—that there is light where human eyes can not see any, and that there can be no darkness to God. All things are naked and open to the eyes of him who is the Source of every ray of light in the universe.

The following illustration may help to impress and elucidate the truth that "the light shineth in darkness," and that God "commanded the light to shine out of darkness." Take some black substance, and show that its darkness is caused by absorbing—swallowing up—all the rays of light that fall upon it. The light is there, but it is not reflected. Then take something white, and show that it is white because it gives back, or reflects, all the light that shines upon it. The light shone in the primeval darkness, but was swallowed up by it, until God commanded it to shine forth.

A very important practical lesson should here be impressed: Jesus Christ, the true Light, "lighteth every man that cometh into the world." His light shines in every individual; but in many it is swallowed up, veiled in darkness, and not allowed to shine forth. If we will hear and receive his word, he will shine out from us, "to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

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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"
(Concluded)

SHORTLY after the pathetic experience that Mr. Riis had at the police station, he found the right thread. It was an opportunity to secure a position as a reporter. He had been for two days without a morsel of food when, in a providential way, this opening came to him. He thus describes it: "For the second time I saw a hand held out to save me from the wreck just when it seemed inevitable; and I knew it for His hand, to whose will I was at last beginning to bow in humility that had been a stranger to me before. It had ever been my own will, my own way, upon which I insisted. In the shadow of Grace church I bowed my head against the granite wall of the gray tower, and prayed for strength to do the work which I had so long and arduously sought, and which had now come to me."

Shortly after this he was converted in a Methodist revival, and decided to take up evangelistic work, but the evangelist said, "No, no, Jacob, . . . not that. We have preachers enough. What the world needs is consecrated pens."

"Then and there," says Mr. Riis, "I consecrated mine. I wish I could honestly say that it has always come up to the high ideal set it then. I can say, though, that it has ever striven toward it, and that scarcely a day has passed since, that I have not thought of the charge then laid upon it and upon me."

One of the factors that counted so much toward the making of Mr. Riis's wonderful career was his determination to gather up all the information which every opportunity afforded him. Many of our young people slip through life with their eyes almost shut, and then mourn because Providence does not seem to assign them any great position or place. In reference to this Mr. Riis says in his book: "I should rather say that no effort to in any way add to one's stock of knowledge is likely to come amiss in this world of changes and emergencies, and that Providence has a way of ranging itself on the side of the man with the strongest battalions of resources when the emergency does come."

Some of our young people who do not feel the necessity of daily seeking for divine guidance may perhaps learn a lesson from this man, whom illustrious men have been glad to recognize as one of our most useful citizens. He says that before undertaking any difficult work, he always commended his work and himself to the "God of battles, who gives victory,—and took hold."

"My supplications," he says, "ordinarily take the form of putting the case plainly to Him who is the source of all right and all justice, and leaving it so. If I were to find that I could not do that, I should decline to go into the fight; or, if I had to, should feel that I were to be justly beaten. In all the years of my reporting I have never omitted this when anything big was on foot, whether a fire, a murder, a robbery, or whatever might come in the way of duty; and I have never heard that my reports were any the worse for it. I know they were better."

One day Mr. Riis attended a meeting called in Chickering Hall by ministers of all denominations to discuss means of reaching the masses. After several days of theorizing, Dr. Parkhurst, who was then practically unknown, gave expres-

sion to the following significant words: "What if when the poor leper came to the Lord to be healed, he had said to Peter, or some other understrapper, 'Here, Peter, you go touch that fellow, and I'll pay you for it'? Or what if the Lord, when he came on earth, had come a day at a time, and brought his lunch with him, and had gone home to heaven overnight? Would the world ever have come to call him 'brother'? We must give, not our old clothes, not our prayers. Those are cheap. You can kneel down on a carpet, and pray, where it is warm and comfortable. Not our soup—that is sometimes very cheap. Not our money—a stingy man will give money when he refuses to give himself. Just as soon as a man feels that you sit down alongside of him, in loving sympathy with him, notwithstanding his poverty, notwithstanding his sick and debased estate, just so soon you begin to worm your way into the very warmest spot in his life."

Mr. Riis worked away year after year, trying to arouse the consciences of two millions of people. Others attempted the same thing, but soon grew weary at the hopelessness of accomplishing the work. One thing that served to inspire him to continue in his efforts he relates in his book: "It takes a lot of telling to make a city know when it is doing wrong. However, that was what I was there for. When it didn't seem to help, I would go and look at a stone-cutter hammering away at his rock perhaps a hundred times without so much as a crack showing



MR. RIIS VISITING HIS OLD HOME IN NORWAY

in it. Yet at the hundred and first blow it would split in two, and I knew it was not that blow that did it, but all that had gone before together. When my fellow workers smiled, I used to remind them of the Israelites, who marched seven times around Jericho, and blew their horns, before the walls fell.

"'Well, you go ahead and blow yours,' they said; 'you have the faith.'

"And I did, and the walls did fall, though it took nearly twice seven years. But they came down, as the walls of ignorance and indifference must come every time, if you blow hard enough and long enough, with faith in your cause and in your fellow man. It is just a question of endurance. If you keep up, they can't."

By and by Mr. Riis began to publish, in *Scribner's Magazine*, the pictures that he had taken, describing with his pen the terrible situation in which thousands were living. The public became aroused, and the city began to tear down block after block of pestilential tenement houses, transforming the places where they stood into beautiful small parks. To-day the children of the poor are playing in the bright sunlight, with green grass under their feet and beautiful flowers all around them, where, from a human point of view, it would seem that, had it not been for Mr. Riis, they would now be crowded together like beasts, perishing in filth and foul air.

Think of tenement-house block after tenement-house block containing five hundred babies in addition to the grown people, and with not a single bath-tub in the whole, and you will not be surprised that God should raise up a man who was determined that these evils should be at least lessened, if they could not be entirely wiped out.

It was Mr. Riis who suggested to the people in the vicinity of New York that, as they could not bring the fields to the city children, they could at least bring the flowers; and then the flowers began to come by wagon-loads, brightening the lives of thousands of children who were starving for a glimpse of God.

After receiving the gold cross from the king of Denmark, Mr. Riis wrote that, although he could not wield lance or sword, yet he could wield the pen. "It may be that in the providence of God the shedding of ink in the cause of right shall set the world further ahead in our day than the blood-letting of all the ages past."

More than half the kindergarten children in an Eastern city never saw a dandelion in bloom, or a robin, and Mr. Riis declares: "Christianity without the robin and the dandelion is never going to reach down into the slum; American citizenship without them would leave the slum there, to dig the grave of it and of the republic."

Looking back over his interesting though stormy life, Mr. Riis says: "I am still a young man, not far past fifty, and I have much I would do yet. But what if it were ordered otherwise? I have been very happy. No man ever had so good a time. Should I not be content?"

Our large cities need missionaries who possess practical ideas, and who can do something more for their fellow men than to talk to them. How many of the INSTRUCTOR readers are willing to consecrate their lives so fully to the Master, for service in his vineyard, that he can make their lives of the highest and noblest usefulness?

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

ALL highly seasoned dishes are not directly indigestible, and the fact that they sometimes give no trouble to the eater is cited in support of their merits. But the condiments they contain have, upon the overtaxed stomach, the effect of spurs upon a jaded horse. That

food does not at once disagree with one, in the crass sense of the word, does not mean that it has done no harm. The stomach may have had sufficient strength to respond to the demand upon it, but there has been too heavy a draft made on its reserve,—a draft that means a future deficit. Many a fine digestion has been wrecked by youthful imprudence, and a man who, as a child, could eat anything, is likely, at thirty, to be able to eat nothing without discomfort.—*Success*.

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