

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

VOL. L.

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## The Flycatchers

THE family of Flycatchers numbers among its members some very interesting birds. None of them are songsters, but they may be known by their calls. They have large heads and shoulders, and broad, flat, bristly bills. From high places on the tips of dead branches or tree-top perches, they watch for insects. As soon as they see their prey, they shoot out upon it, catch it with a snap of their hooked beaks, and instantly return to their perch to watch for still other unfortunate flies. Swallows, swifts, and night-hawks also feed upon insects, but in a different way; when feeding, they fly through the air, snapping up insects as they go. In the North, as you know, the insects disappear in the fall, and then the Flycatchers have to migrate farther South to get food. They leave the North early in the fall, and return late in the spring.

One of the best known of the Flycatchers is the Kingbird. I think most boys are acquainted with this interesting bird. He is not quite so large as the robin, brownish-black, with white

all the time by killing off the drones, and now he had killed them in return for their good service. The labor of these birds had not been appreciated.

For that matter, very few appreciate the work that any of the birds do for us. But when we come to the matter of appreciation, where shall we stop? The birds are doing but a small part of the work of their Creator. Through every avenue possible, God is working for the good of his creatures; and who appreciates it? Christ Jesus came to the world on a special mission of mercy and love, and how was he received? We need not multiply instances. The sun rises on the evil and the good, and the rain is sent on the just and the unjust alike. And who is thankful?

But to return to the Kingbird. An examination made by Professor Beal of two hundred and eighteen Kingbirds' stomachs is a further demonstration of the fact that the Kingbird is not given to the eating of honey-bees. Out of this number only fourteen contained remains of bees, nearly all of which were drones, while sixty per cent of the Kingbirds' food was found to consist of injurious insects.

The Kingbird is not such a tyrant, either, as some have made him out to be. He is a good fighter in a good cause, but he is not a rowdy. Some birds are afraid of him, that is true. I remember watching some birds that were feeding on the fruit of the mulberry one day in the latter part of June. Among them were a number of our familiar small birds. Suddenly, as if by a given signal, they flew swiftly away; and as I stood wondering at their sudden flight, a Kingbird appeared, and alighted in the top of the mulberry. He

made no show of fight, he did not chase any of the birds, but they always left when he came. This happened a number of times. The rose-breasted grosbeak, however, and the robin held him in no fear whatever. In fact, the robin seemed always to take pleasure in driving the Kingbird as far away as he could; the Kingbird is certainly not king of the robin.

The Kingbird is usually peaceable, and does not molest other birds unless they come about his nest; but he is very faithful to his young, and for their sakes will fight gallantly. But always and

ever the Kingbird is death on the crow. During the nesting season, no crow can venture near the home of the Kingbird without paying the penalty for his lack of discretion. From his high lookout, the Kingbird darts forth at his enemy, charging at him with a fervor and fearlessness impossible for the crow or any other bird to withstand. Though the crow is much the larger, the Kingbird is fighting for home and family, and as if he realized that right is on his side, and that right through might must win. The crow soon learns that it will not do to stay, nor even to attempt defense against the bill and wings of the Kingbird; and so, squawking, he flies away faster than he came. But the Kingbird cares nothing for his squawks; he is deaf

to his cries for mercy; he has had experience with crows, and knows their treachery. On and on, without mercy, he pursues and punishes the foolish crow until the creature has learned a lesson he will not soon forget. Then back to his post comes the triumphant Kingbird, and with crest erect, and wings quivering, sounds forth his notes of victory.

The Crested Flycatcher is generally not so common as the Kingbird, and therefore not so well known. You will find him in the woods, high up in the trees, and also in old orchards. The nest is usually built in a hollow limb, and almost always among the materials of which it is made may be found a bit of cast snake-skin.

The Phoebe places its somewhat large nest, made of moss and mud, on a beam in the barn, the shed, or the piazza.

The Least Flycatcher usually builds its nest in the crotch of a fruit-tree. It is made of plant-down, fibers, and rootlets.

But these birds look somewhat alike, and how shall we know them apart? Well, first of all,



Crested Flycatcher



Phoebe

breast, and white tips to his tail. If you watch him very closely, you may possibly see a small spot of orange color hidden among the dark feathers of his crest.

The Kingbird is also called the Bee-Martin because it eats some kinds of bees. Some bird students have written in quite a mournful strain regarding this seemingly bad trait, but it seems that their conclusions were somewhat mistaken. For instance, it is said that a certain bee-keeper in California saw a great many Kingbirds among his bees. Thinking the birds were eating his bees, he killed one hundred of the birds. After all this damage to the birds, he went a little further, and examined their stomachs to see if they had eaten honey-bees, when he made the astounding discovery that they had eaten only drones! The birds had been working for him



KINGBIRD

you probably already know the Kingbird; anyway, he may be easily recognized by the white band on the end of his tail. The Wood Pewee is strongly marked on the wings with bands of white. Its call is somewhat longer than the Phoebe's, as, *Pee-ah-we!* while the Phoebe calls more shortly, *Phoe-be!* The Least Flycatcher calls, *Che-beck! che-beck!* till you tire of hearing him; and the Crested Flycatcher whistles from the treetop in the woods, *Whuir, whuree, whit-whit!*

L. A. REED.



#### The Bible

... HAST thou ever heard  
Of such a book? the author, God himself;  
The subject, God and man, salvation, life  
And death—eternal life, eternal death—  
Dread words, whose meaning has no end, no  
bounds!

Most wondrous Book! bright candle of the Lord!  
Star of eternity! the only star  
By which the bark of man could navigate  
The sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss  
Securely; only star which rose on Time,  
And, on its dark and troubled billows, still,  
As generation, drifting swiftly by,  
Succeeded generation, threw a ray  
Of heaven's own light, and to the hills of God,  
The eternal hills, pointed the sinner's eye.

This Book, this holy Book, on every line  
Marked with the seal of high divinity,  
On every leaf bedewed with drops of love  
Divine, and with eternal heraldry  
And signature of God Almighty stamped  
From first to last,—this ray of sacred light,  
This lamp from off the everlasting throne,  
Mercy took down, and in the night of Time  
Stood, casting on the dark her gracious bow;  
And evermore beseeching men, with tears  
And earnest sighs, to read, believe, and live.

—Robert Pollock.

#### What Good?

How often we feel sorry for things we have said! How often we exclaim, "I'd just give anything, if I could unsay that!" There are little thoughtless, barbed arrows sticking all around in people's hearts, and in our own, too. Sometimes they work deeper and deeper, till even friendship is killed, or some one has suffered severely. And we who shoot them often spend hours lamenting over our untimely speech.

And this when just a little timely thought would have saved all the trouble. There was no real need of our saying what we did. Most of us are too much like the Irishman who thoughtlessly shot a hole through his hand with a revolver, and then thoughtfully exclaimed that he wouldn't do that if he had it to do again. Would it not be better for us to consider what kind of impression our words will make *before* we utter them? If we will make it a rule always to ask ourselves the question, *What good will it do?* and be guided by the answer, we shall save ourselves and others many a heartache.

EDISON DRIVER.

#### "How Much Owest Thou?"

THIS question is broad and deep. We may try our best to compute by addition and multiplication the debt we owe to our Creator, but we shall fall far short of making a correct estimate of the favors and blessings he has bestowed upon us.

I have been trying to enumerate some of the blessings we receive from God. Two or three times a day we sit down to a table spread with food to supply us with strength. This food is the Lord's. Those who eat three times a day are indebted to the Lord for one thousand and ninety-five meals in one year. But how few remember, when they partake of food, that they are sitting

at the Lord's table! How few bring the poor to their homes to share their blessings! Many are afraid to share with the poor that which the Lord has given them. They think that thus they would be made poor, forgetting the words, "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."

Many who profess to be waiting for the coming of the Lord are absorbed in the things of this life. Many who are already wealthy think only of how they can obtain more wealth. They take little or no interest in the advancement of Christ's kingdom. Dollars and cents are more to them than the souls of men. These may have earthly treasure, but in the sight of God they are poorer than the poorest. They may have houses and land and money at their disposal, but every year their soul-poverty increases. The record in the courts above shows them to be bankrupt. They may be adding to their earthly gain, but each day they are adding to their eternal loss.

A professed Christian once said, "I have been a Christian for many years, and it has cost me only twenty-five cents." Think you that this man could expect to be a partaker in the glory of Him who gave his life for sinners? Could he look for a seat beside the One who counted not his life dear unto himself, that he might rescue the perishing? This professed Christian has been "rich in good works" to the value of twenty-five cents! Such was his estimate of the worth of redemption.

His testimony called forth from the minister the well-deserved reproof, "The Lord have mercy on you, poor, stingy soul!" And to this we say, Amen.

God tests all men. To some he intrusts riches. This he does to see if they will use earthly riches in such a way that he can bestow on them the heavenly riches. To others he sends poverty and affliction, to lead them to turn to him in trusting confidence.

Many who endure the test of poverty and sickness fail when prosperity comes to them. While they feel that they are dependent on their Heavenly Father for all they have, they preserve their purity and simplicity. But when prosperity comes to them, and they accumulate riches, they forget the Giver. They lose their trust in God. Self-confident and self-sufficient, they look upon their prosperity as the result of their own wisdom and perseverance. They forget that as their money increases, God desires them to use it in doing good.

The world says, It is of more consequence to be rich than good. And many in the church have adopted this standard, and are acting accordingly. Men who can make money are applauded. The love of money is lowering the standard of Christianity.

God's Son was sold for money. Filled with covetousness, Judas betrayed him to the priests for thirty pieces of silver. Thus is illustrated the power of covetousness over the human heart. To-day men sell truth and righteousness for worldly gain. Covetousness has taken its abode in the hearts of professing Christians. Those who have all for which heart can wish, live for self-gratification, while the poor lie at their gates, unnoticed and unhelped.

Money is a curse unless it is used in the Master's service. With our means and our influence we are to work for him. God forbid that we should live for self, devoting time and means to selfish interests. When Jesus comes in the clouds of heaven, he will then have no use for the money he has intrusted to us. It is now that we are to give it to him. He calls upon us to bring him our tithes and offerings now, and he promises, if we do this, to pour upon us such a blessing that there will not be room enough to receive it.

Shall we take him at his word? His claims

upon us transcend every other claim. The first and best of all that we have belongs to him.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

#### A Test of Courage

IN the "back blocks" of Australia, as the interior country is commonly called, lives a large family of grown-up sons with their parents. The parents became interested in the present truth, and began to observe the true Sabbath. They were able to carry most of their children with them. One young man of about twenty years still lived at home. He belonged to a company of military volunteers in the town twelve miles distant, and it was his custom to go each Sabbath to drill with his company, where he was held in high esteem. His mother said to him, "Now, my son, you understand that to-day is the Sabbath. How, then, can you go to your drill on the day God has sanctified? It is my wish and counsel that you withdraw from the company if you will be allowed to do so."

This was a hard proposition for the young man. He had only recently joined the militia; his uniform and gun were bright and new; his associates were agreeable; the music and show were attractive,—every earthly consideration urged him not to abandon his comrades. Besides, he was sure to be laughed at for taking a position that to others would seem utterly foolish. But his resolution was quickly formed. He could not ignore the wish of his mother, nor disregard her counsel. He appeared before the captain and lieutenant, and stated his request that he might be released from his connection with the company. The lieutenant questioned him. "What is your reason for taking such a step?" he asked. Then came the test of courage. "My reason is, sir, that my mother has begun to observe the seventh day, or Saturday, as the Sabbath; and it is her desire that I should not attend drill upon that day."

If one were to search the annals of the past, I doubt if he would find a more courageous and noble response to a question. The youth was no coward nor baby. He was a stalwart woodman, tall and manly. He had recently on two occasions plunged into deep water at the risk of his life, and saved others from drowning. He had faced hardship and danger in many ways. He was a true man. He was at an age when natural affection is frequently at a low ebb in the hearts of young men. He had reached a time when most youth have long since "cut their mother's apron-strings." But he stands in the presence of the men, and declares his loyalty to his mother.

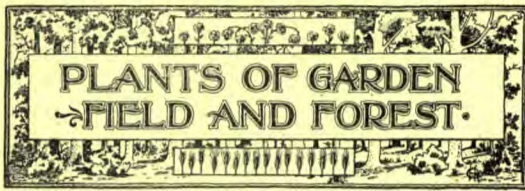
The lieutenant answered with a derisive laugh, and was about to set his outlandish folly aside by a flat refusal, when the superior officer intervened his authority. With warmth he applauded the noble courage of a man that dared declare his regard for his mother. He encouraged the young man in his noble stand, and expressed the wish that there were far more of such courage in the world. With regret he ordered his release from the company.

G. C. TENNEY.

#### They Shall Be Filled

God's truth is as beautiful as the flowers, and even hardened hearts will be touched by it. In every new truth that comes to us, we are only securing one more glimpse of God; and let us not forget that there are oceans of truth yet to open to us, in both physical and spiritual things. Every humble seeker for truth will be rewarded. God has no spiritual favorites; wherever, the world over, a face is turned toward heaven, God is looking into that face. For has he not declared, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled"? If we are in this attitude, God would send angels to teach us, if he could find no one else,

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.



**"By Their Fruits Ye Shall Know Them"**

WE may keep our plants in full control  
Throughout the summer of our soul;  
But how will it be when the fierce blasts blow?  
Will the winds of winter lay them low?  
Contentment, patience, long-suffering;  
Wisdom and knowledge that no doubt bring;  
Temperance, steadfastness, hope,—these three;  
Mercy, justice, and purity;  
Honor, which is but truth's own breath;  
Faith that is stronger than life or death;  
Meekness, gentleness, charity,  
The love that is to all joy the key;  
Godliness, reverence, trust, and peace,  
And the grace whose beauty never shall cease;—  
All these plants in our garden of life  
We must nurture through storm and strife,  
Nurture and watch with tenderest care,  
That heavenly fruit each one shall bear.

—Selected.

**Clematis Jackmanni**

THIS is perhaps the best known of the cultivated clematis, and is regarded by many as the most beautiful hardy climbing plant in cultivation. The blossoms are from four to six inches in diameter, of an intense violet-purple color, and remarkable for their rich, velvety appearance. They are produced in great profusion until the arrival of cold weather.

It is a hybrid between a cultivated species from China, which bears lavender-colored flowers from six to ten inches across, and the Vine Bower Clematis from Europe, with flowers from two to three inches across.

There are several different varieties of large-flowering clematis, the flowers being of various colors,—pure-white, creamy-white, sky-blue, purple, crimson, and red.

These vines are excellent for trellises and piazza pillars, and for covering rocks, mounds, stumps, stone walls, etc. They may be cultivated as low trailers, when this is desired, by fastening the branches to the ground.

The large, showy blossoms are often produced so abundantly that they almost completely hide the foliage during the blooming season.

A little time spent in planting some of these vines about the home premises will be well repaid by their beautiful flowers, neat foliage, and graceful habits.

**Clematis Paniculata**

This vine was brought from Japan, and is now becoming popular in this country. The plant derives its specific name from its mode of inflorescence; that is, the arrangement of its flowers, which are borne in large, compound clusters, something like those of oats and many of the grasses.



Flowers of  
*Clematis paniculata*

Compound flower clusters of this kind, in

which the branching is apparently irregular, are known as "panicles." As this mode of inflorescence is one of the most striking characteristics of the plant, it has been given the name "paniculata."

The flowers bear both stamens and pistils, and for this reason are said to be perfect, these two organs being always essential to form a perfect flower. This would perhaps be as good a place as any to state the difference between a complete flower and a perfect one. When we speak of a complete flower, we mean one that has all the parts present,—calyx, corolla, stamens, and pistils. But a flower is perfect if it has

stamens and pistils, even though both calyx and corolla are lacking.

The foliage is attractive and glossy. In August and September the vine is covered with a sheet of snow-white bloom, which gives off a delicious fragrance. The plant grows rapidly, and can be easily raised from the seed.

This vine, like the large-flowering varieties, is well worth planting about the home.

B. E. CRAWFORD.

**Our National Flower**

A WRITER in the March number of *Our Times* says that "the United States can not boast of a national flower." Many others have said the same thing, and have advocated, in turn, the hardy goldenrod, the graceful corn, or the delicate columbine.

They forget that we already "bear the olive-branch heraldically and by law." It was heraldry that selected the fleur-de-lis of France, the rose of England, the shamrock of Ireland, and the thistle of Scotland; and heraldry has done the same thing for us. The olive-branch is our national flower, because it has been impressed upon our coat of arms. In this matter the voice of heraldry is final. So says a man who is perhaps more deeply skilled in this subject than any other person in the United States.



*Clematis Jackmanni*

And is not the olive a fit symbol of our country? It is one of our native trees. The ash and the lilac, belonging to the same genus, grow everywhere; so we have the olive in some form, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Lakes to the Gulf. Through the olive, men of old honored God, its oil being used in consecrating the priest and in worship. The olive-leaf is the symbol of peace, and having this meaning, and connected as it has been with the people of God from the flood to the present time, could we have any more glorious national flower?

We are one of the great peoples to whom it has been given to carry the oracles of God to far-away lands. It is fitting that the flower of peace should go with the gospel of peace as a harbinger of the coming reign of the Man of peace. Let us choose the olive in preference to all other flowers.

S. ROXANA WINCE.

**A Garden Study**

**A Suggestion from a Barren Slope**

WE have a terraced garden at our home, and have been anxious to have the sloping banks covered with verdure. Upon one bank we have planted English ivy, and upon another ivy geraniums. These have done well, and have almost covered the slopes with their foliage.

Upon another bank, however, we have not done so well. A large olive-tree grows so near the slope that it draws nearly all the moisture from it, and the vines do not grow well there. Finally we thought of a vine that appears to

live partly upon air,—a sort of so-called dew-, or ice-, plant. It has beautiful little radiate pink blossoms, and blooms nearly the whole year through. So we obtained some cuttings, and put them in along the top of the bank as the most likely place for them to grow. Most of the cuttings thrived well, and soon the larger part of the slope was covered with the pretty pink flowers—for the bloom is so thick that they lie almost on top of one another.

But directly opposite the large olive-tree the vines have not grown well. We think of offering a prize to one of the boys if he will get the ground well covered with vines before summer; for we feel sure that if they get a good start, they will grow, and soon cover the slope.

God has also a barren slope that he is anxious to have covered with vines. It is, however, in a fruitful hill, and is "barren" only because no one has planted it with vines. In this hill God has planted a choice vine. He says to us: I have put you into my vineyard, to dress it and to keep it. Gather out the stones. Take of the cuttings of the vine, and plant them in every unoccupied space. Plant them carefully. Care tenderly for the young shoots. Water abundantly. Prune judiciously. Keep the branches clean, that they bear much fruit. When you have planted and covered the hill with vines, and the fruit is ripe, I will come again to receive the fruit. My reward is with me, which I will give to the faithful worker.

If I said to my boy, "I will give you two dollars if you will get the ground of that slope covered with vines before the close of summer," how faithfully he would work! How anxiously he would watch for every place where he could put in a cutting; how regularly he would water, how carefully protect from heat, and cover from frost, and fence from heedless foot or hoof, until he rejoiced in his completed work, and the reception of the promised reward!

Why, then, do we not go about God's work with the same earnestness and fidelity? The work is definite,— "This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world, for a witness unto all nations; then shall the end come." The reward is abundant and sure. Let us all take hold with earnestness to cover God's waste places with the goodly vine speedily.

E. L. PAULDING.

**Giving of Thanks**

WITHIN a mighty fane, where music rose  
In pealing praise from grateful lips and heart  
To bless the Giver at the harvest-close,  
One knelt beside a carven shaft, apart.

"Dear Lord," he said, "they come to worship thee  
For gifts of garnered corn and coffered gold.  
Another praise hast thou appointed me,  
To bless thee for the good thy hands withhold.

"They praise thee that their ships have sailed the seas,  
And come again with wealth for house and mart;  
I thank thee, O my Father!—not as these,—  
For loss and wreck that swept me to thy heart.

"They praise thee for their ease by night and day,  
The goodly heritage their eyes may see;  
I for the idols crushed and torn away,  
The death of hopes that held my heart from thee.

"Well may they praise thy name for peace and pelf,  
Thy plenteous answer given when they cried.  
But, thou whose hand has saved me from myself,  
I bless thee for the prayers thy love denied!"

—Mabel Earle.



### Look Up

ARE there thorns upon thy road?  
Such a way thy Saviour trod  
Long ago.  
Are there trials thou must bear?  
All thy sorrows and thy care  
He doth know.

Pressing on toward the mark,  
Leave behind the shadows dark,  
Look ahead.  
Past the shadows on the way  
Gleams the dawning of the day,  
Golden red.

Past the clouds, so dark and dun,  
Shines undimmed for aye the sun,  
Warm and kind.  
Keep thy face toward the light,  
Let the shadow and the blight  
Fall behind.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

SISTER CARRIE LANGDON, of St. John, New Brunswick, writes as follows concerning the INSTRUCTOR: "We greatly appreciate the weekly visits of the INSTRUCTOR. It should be a welcome visitor to the home of every Seventh-day Adventist, and to many other homes throughout the world where it would enter as a messenger of hope and cheer. I shall certainly do what I can to help in increasing its circulation."

### A Letter from India

THE following interesting letter has been received from one of the schools in India to which a small club of INSTRUCTORS is sent from week to week. We are sure our readers will be glad to learn how much the papers are appreciated:—

"ZENANA TRAINING HOME,  
"2 PHAYSE ROAD,

"POONA, Feb. 14, 1902.

"To the Editor of the Youth's Instructor:

"DEAR FRIEND: I do not know you, but I make bold myself to write to you a few lines. I thank you for the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR you so kindly send for my school. It is very interesting and instructive. The girls who know English read the papers. They like them very much.

"I have a home to train girls for Christian work. Most of them are famine girls. Praise the Lord, they are getting on nicely with their studies, and growing in grace. Except a few, all the girls are converted. They all take great interest in the Bible. Now I have about sixty girls, and the Lord supplies all our needs. I shall send the report of this home. From that you will learn about this work, and something about the women of India, and what they suffer.

"This is a new work, and very few people know anything about it. Please remember me and my work when you kneel before the throne of grace. The Lord is with me. Glory be to his name.

"Yours in Jesus,

"SOONDERBAI H. POWAR."

The little pamphlet mentioned sets forth the condition of the poor girls of India in a way to touch every heart. Much that they suffer can not be told; and when we think of them as a whole, it would seem almost an impossibility to bring happiness and sunshine and hope into their lives; but there are many earnest-hearted men and women working faithfully in that land to bring about these very results. And something is being accomplished. Much remains to be done; and those who can not go themselves into

this great harvest-field, may yet have a part in the work by helping with their money, with their influence, and with their prayers.

### Studies in the Message

(April 20-26)

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 what you give away.

God is love. No one can be truly acquainted with him, and not love him; for he is lovable. Because he is love, therefore his law can be only the law of love. It is the only road to true happiness. God's greatest desire is that every person should be happy. As happiness can come only through obedience to God's perfect law, he earnestly pleads with all to obey. Satan is the enemy of God and man. He desires to grieve God and bring misery to man. So he constantly plans how to lead men to disobey God. In order to succeed, he must lead men to doubt God's love and wisdom. Satan desires that men shall believe the lies that he tells about God, instead of the truth that God tells about himself.

1. God is love. 1 John 4:8.
2. His law is love. All the law is fulfilled in the one word, "Thou shalt love." Gal. 5:14. "He that loveth another [one other] hath fulfilled the law." Rom. 13:8. "Love is the fulfilling of the law." (Love fills the law full.) V. 10.
3. To know God is to love him. 1 John 4:7, 8.
4. To love God is to obey him. 1 John 5:3.
5. To know God is to obey him. 1 John 2:3.
6. Whosoever breaks God's law (sins), does not know him. 1 John 3:6.

### Young People's Society of Christian Workers

Is the name under which the young people of South Lancaster have conducted the work of their missionary society for the last year and a half. The membership includes young people of the sanitarium, the academy, and the church, and numbers about sixty. There has been a steady growth of activity in the work of our society ever since its beginning.

One of its aims is the mutual work of developing Christian character. This aim is continually exercised, and has already borne fruit in a company of active Christian workers, as their name implies. A society or individual who works *within*, soon works *without*. The outside missionary effort has therefore been constantly on the increase, till now it has become the larger phase of our work. We act on the idea that to become workers for Christ in any field, we must work where we are now; for it is only *now* and *where we are* that we can work, be it in any part of God's vineyard.

We are taking one hundred and thirty-five copies of the *Signs* and fifteen copies of the *Sentinel*. One hundred of the *Signs* are sent direct from the office of publication to persons whose names we furnish, and the remainder are distributed by the members to people in Clinton and vicinity, together with many other papers which are handed to us. We find the people more than willing to receive our papers.

A number of young men go out with papers Sabbath morning before the service; they visit the farmhouses, the stations, the mills, the factories in Clinton, and the jail. They have been allowed to distribute literature on the trains also. In about twenty minutes, the silent messengers are sent speeding along north, south, east, and west. At the jail they were glad to receive our

literature; they said they preferred it to any other, and promised to send it to the county jail at Worcester when it had been read in Clinton. The literature has consisted chiefly of the *Signs*, the *Sentinel*, and the *Life Boat*, collected by the young people and others in South Lancaster. We have been greatly encouraged by our success in this work.

As there is no school Friday, we devote the time chiefly to Christian Help work. The people are almost always glad to have us call, even if we can not help them. The children are generally our friends after the first shyness wears off. They are bright and interesting, loving and lovable. An incident will illustrate. We had been visiting a widow with two little girls, aged four and six. They are alone, or running wild from six in the morning until six at night, except for a few minutes when the mother runs down from the mill at noon. We had been helping her sew one afternoon, and half a dozen little ones had gathered round the basement window to watch the "ladies from Lancaster." If we looked at them, they disappeared like a flock of birds. When we were preparing to go, four-year-old Lora began to cry silently. She wanted to go home with us. We told her that we would come again, and suggested that she should go to the corner with us.

At one place we found a little boy who had run a stick into his face near his eye. The wound had not been properly cared for, and was in a very bad condition. Several of the young ladies gave it treatment, and it is now completely healed. This was something new. The people had heard of clothing being given away, but this idea of caring for their bodies and cleaning their houses was something new. One day I accompanied one of the young ladies who was giving treatment, and I can still hear the old sick grandmother's, "God bless ye, and speed ye!" as we left. It meant more to us than she thought.

Besides this, several of the students who have musical talent visit the poor farm and hospital. They are cordially welcomed by those in charge, and the inmates are delighted. Several of the singers possess portable instruments, and that adds to the enjoyment.

The people here have generously aided us by donations and sewing. Some of this has been solicited, while others brought their contributions to us. A sewing society at Lancaster has given its work, and a number of older people in our own church are ready to assist us in any way they can. Merchants of whom we purchase articles give us a large reduction when we tell them what they are for, and say that they want a part in the work too. In this way, its influence is made more and more far-reaching.

Our society holds its regular weekly meeting at the church on Sabbath afternoon. These meetings are bright occasions, in which we receive new inspiration for service. Any display of talent for talent's sake, or for the entertainment socially of those present, is discouraged. The praise of God, and the inspiration of Christian activity, are the chief features of the hour. Thoughts upon some Christian virtue or practice, or a description of some missionary field and its work, are presented, and the experiences of the week are told in the social part of the service. Prayer and song have their proper place, and we feel that these occasions are, what they should be, *recruiting seasons* for the great work we have to do.

We all enjoy the work, with its mingling of the sad and the pleasant. We are glad that we have the privilege of working in Christ's vineyard now, and our experiences are growing brighter and deeper because of it. Pray that we may help these souls, not only physically and mentally, but spiritually. WM. B. WATSON.

# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## The Old-Fashioned "S"

"THIS book is very odd indeed," said Little Tom to me;  
 "I think the man who wrote it must have lisped a lot," said he.  
 (It was a leather-covered book of Seventeen-Naught-Three.)

"Wherever he should put an s, he puts an f instead;  
 Just listen to this nonsense;" and the learned Thomas read:  
 "He fauntered off in queft of fport.' It's all like that," he said.

"The fquire and parfon fat at eafe, and feafted undifmayed;  
 'The fage, though ufually fhrewd, a lack of fenfe difplayed;  
 'And eaft and weft they failed to find the ftefman who had ftrayed."

I took that leather-covered book of Seventeen-Naught-Three,

And said: "Those are long s's, not the f's they seem to be."

"We print books better nowadays," said Little Tom to me.

—St. Nicholas.

## Long-Ears, A Prairie Rabbit

In the lives of all the little wild creatures some chapters speak of God, and I have often wondered why those who write so many nature stories for us, do not speak more of the God they see in nature. So in this story, made up of things I have seen and heard in the lives of rabbits, I have tried to tell a very few of the strange incidents that again and again have led me to exclaim, "This is the hand of God."

To begin with, Long-Ears, a baby jack-rabbit, was dreadfully hungry. If he had been a little boy, he would have been crying, "Mama! mama!" and wondering and fretting because she did not come home. You can imagine how cold and lonesome, and hungry he must have been, when I tell you that his mother had been away two whole nights—cold nights, too,—and one long day. Somewhere away off on the wide prairie she lay dead, filled with shot from some cruel hunter's gun. Of course Long-Ears knew nothing about hunters or guns, so he sat patient and still, with bright-brown eyes looking pitifully toward the opening of the nest, waiting, waiting, waiting—and starving.

Soon the sun rose bright and clear, warming the hillside where he lived, and awakening the hill-folk, one and all, with his golden touch. Among them was a long, ugly creature, which uncurled lazily, and glided down the hillside through the weeds and grass, and, as it happened, right into Long-Ears' nest. O, what an awful visitor! On it came. Its quivering tongue touched his fur. Horror and fear shot through the little rabbit. He dashed over the snake; struck it with his feet as he passed. Then he stopped to listen, and a queer buzzing "whirr" came to his ears. What could it be?

Long-Ears sat still, trembling. He didn't know what to do; and if it had not been for the dreadful noise there, he would soon have gone back into the nest and starved. But just at that moment a meadow-lark lighted not far away, and sent forth his morning carol, while a squirrel on the hill-top expressed his thankfulness for the bright day in noisy chirrup. All these things interested Long-Ears; and for the first time in his life he looked about him on the big, wide world, till the whirr ceased, the lark turned his thoughts toward breakfast, and he himself forgot his fear and remembered his hunger.

As it happened, the hillside was covered with tender blades of wild oats. They were all around Long-Ears, and now he could eat, surely—if. And such a big if! He had never learned how to eat grass. He had never seen anything else eat grass. How was this poor little fellow to know that grass was fit to eat? How, indeed! First a blade brushed his nose. He sniffed at it; and as he did so, something like a memory awakened in him. It was the voice of God, that had said, when the first rabbits were created, "To every beast of the earth . . . I have given every green herb for meat." Now this Voice said to Long-Ears, "The grass is good to eat," and Long-Ears ate his breakfast, as his ancestors had eaten six thousand years before.

As the days lengthened, and summer came on, Long-Ears began to explore the country about the little hill that thus far had been his home. In the early mornings he would set off through the wheat-field around the hill, go for many miles during the day, and come back to his nest at nightfall. How did he find it? you ask. I can only answer that God made him so. If you want to try how this wonderful power works, some

the cow and the horse, till a boy and a dog came down the road. He sat up to look. He had never seen a human being before, except a great way off, and yet a thrill of terror shot through him now. What could it have been that frightened him so? As they approached, he ran,—O how he did run! The dog saw him, and the boy cried out, "Sick 'em, Shep!" The little rabbit seemed to know that in an open race the dog would catch him; so, seeing a brush heap, he ran under it, and was safe.

By and by he crept out, and hopped off down the road, but only to meet another horrid man—this time without a dog. What should Long-Ears do? Run?—No; not this time. He merely crouched beside the road, behind a dead weed, till the man had passed. Who told him to hide, instead of running?

In this section of the country Long-Ears lived till one day he was chased by hounds,—slow runners it is true, but he was miles and miles away before he could shake them off his trail, and in a new and more desolate section of the country, away up toward the foothills of the great Sierra Mountains. But the wheat-fields



IN TROUBLE

dark night put your pet cat in a bag, go a long way from home, and leave the animal to find its way back. No wisdom of man can tell how it is done, but in the morning you will find the cat curled up on the mat at the door. Long-Ears seemed to have a compass in his brain, and it always led him safely home.

Each day he went a little farther away; and one morning before the sun had fairly risen, he came to an alfalfa field, where a horse and a cow were breakfasting. Long-Ears sat up on his haunches, and watched them. Instinct told him they were harmless. Still he hesitated, but still the Voice repeated, "No danger there." It was the same Voice that had told him to fear the snake, to eat the grass, and to find his way home again. It is present with animals as conscience is present with us. It teaches them the right way in their simple lives, and survives as a fragment of the wisdom that was theirs when God created them.

Long-Ears ate his breakfast in company with

were green, and wild grass was tender, so Long-Ears lived there, and became a big, strong rabbit.

One day a mountain eagle saw him, and decided to have rabbit meat for her dinner. Long-Ears did not notice her till she was close upon him. Then he merely squatted down on the plain, folded his ears back straight, and waited. The eagle shot downward. Would Long-Ears tamely wait to be killed and eaten? I must say I had lost patience with him when I saw him act that way; for there was a little grove of cottonwoods a hundred yards or so off on the plain, and I thought he ought at least to try to reach it. The eagle had almost touched him, and her great claws were open to clutch his tender flesh, when Long-Ears bounded high in air, leaving the astonished bird to clutch the ground while he scurried away toward the trees. The eagle was soon after him again, and again he waited for her. This time she was prepared to catch him in the air as he jumped, but he knew better than to jump. He flattened himself out on the ground,

allowing the eagle to spend her force in the air, and then darted toward the trees again. The next time a sidewise leap discomfited the bird, and again she clutched the sand. So time after time, just at the right moment, the rabbit varied his tactics, and at last gained the shelter of the trees, while the eagle circled grandly out over the prairie.

But, alas! "the deaths of all the wild creatures are tragedies." Sooner or later there comes a time in their lives when the wisdom that God gave them for peaceful Eden is not sufficient for this cruel world. We see them to-day, fleet, strong, intelligent, and happy; and perhaps tomorrow they lie by the roadside torn, and crushed, and mangled. But while he does live, the life of Long-Ears sounds ceaseless praise to his Maker.

EDISON J. DRIVER.

#### Giant and Dwarf

You open the door of your heart, my friend,  
To a very small vice or sin,  
And see! as the dwarf comes softly through,  
His shadow enters in;  
For who can forbid a shadow friend,  
Or shut it out with a prayer?  
Unheeded it grows, as shadows will,  
And lo! a giant is there.

—Ethel Hatton.

#### Teddie and Roderick Dhu

TEDDIE BLAIR'S Shetland pony, Roderick Dhu, had a stall in the basement of the stable that was at the back of the garden behind Mr. Blair's house, and had to go up four broad stone steps to reach the garden. He did not mind going up the steps; perhaps he thought them some queer kind of rocks, unlike any he had been used to scramble over in his native island; but when it came to going down the steps, he did not like that in the least, at first, but went very timidly, and often stopped and shook his shaggy little head, as if he doubted whether that was at all a safe thing for a pony to do.

But he soon became accustomed to the steps, and did not mind going down any more than going up, and Teddie often led him up into the garden, and rode him around, and played with him there for hours.

One day, Teddie and Roderick Dhu were playing in the garden, and Teddie led the pony by the bridle, running up and down the paths, and around and around the grass-plot until he was tired of running, and got up on his back to ride. There was no saddle on the pony's back, but that made no difference to Teddie; for he had learned to sit firmly, and he kept his place well while Roderick Dhu trotted around the garden. Mrs. Blair sat in the library window that overlooked the garden, watching her little boy, much pleased to see him having such a happy time. Teddie was enjoying his ride, and had not even begun to tire of it, when Roderick Dhu made up his mind that there had been quite enough of this play; he was tired, and wanted his dinner, and was going down into his stall to look for it.

When Mrs. Blair looked up from her work to take another glance at her little son, she was horrified to see the pony starting to go down the steps to the stable basement. As he took the first step down, his front feet were so much lower than his hind feet that Teddie, having no saddle nor stirrups to hold him on, slid off his smooth back, right over his head, and down on the stones of the lower steps.

Mrs. Blair flung down her sewing, and rushed into the garden and across to the stable, expecting to find Teddie terribly injured by his fall on the stones, and still more by the pony trampling him under his feet in getting down to the stable door. When she came near the place, she could hardly bear to look, so frightened was she at what she might see. But when she looked, there was nothing dreadful to be seen. There stood the pony, just as she had seen him from the window,

his hind feet on the upper step, one of his front feet on the second step, and the other held above the breast of his little master, who lay on his back on the lowest step, too frightened to move until some one should come to help him.

There was no way for the pony to get into the stable but by stepping on the boy, and that he would not do. So he had waited patiently there until some one should take the boy away.

Mrs. Blair could not reach Teddie herself, so she called Philip, the coachman, who came running to see what the trouble was; and all the while Roderick Dhu stood as still as a statue of a pony, with his foot held up over Teddie's breast.

Philip came out at the basement door, close to where Teddie lay, and lifted him up. The minute the way was clear, the pony set down the little foot that had been held up so long, followed it with the other three, and trotted into the stable to look for his oats. Philip carried Teddie into the house, and laid him on a sofa, and his mother bent his knees and his elbows, and worked his shoulders, and felt his back all over, and could not find a spot that hurt, except a small bruise on one shoulder.

Teddie recovered from his fright even more easily than from his bruise, and felt no more fear of Roderick Dhu than before the accident. Indeed, he became such a fearless rider that, when the family went to the country the next summer, Mr. Chalmers, the farmer, who saw Teddie ride past his house almost every day, said to Teddie's father:—

"Well, Mr. Blair, I guess that boy of yours could a'most ride that pony of his along the top of a picket fence."—*S. S. Times.*

#### Alfred's Prayer

"MAMA," said Alfred one night as he was going to bed, "I prayed that God would keep us children from quarreling; but he has not answered that yet, for Sister Daisy and I quarreled dreadfully to-day."

"Ah, dear boy, you will have to help the Lord answer your prayer."

"Help him, mama? Can't he do everything?"

"He won't make you good against your will. If you choose to be a naughty boy, God will be sorry for you; and when Satan tempts you to quarrel, if you turn right to God for strength to resist him, and fight like a good little soldier to keep down the naughty temper, then God will give you the victory. But he won't do the work for you."

"O, I didn't understand," said the little boy.

"Yes, dear," continued mama; "you have something to do yourself, when you pray such a prayer, to help God to answer it. You must watch as well as pray, and fight against temptation; and if you do this, you will be able, by and by, to tell me that God has answered all your prayers."—*Kind Words.*

#### "Not All There"

"I SHALL certainly have to let that boy go," said a business man; "he's bright and strong, and I'd like to keep him; but somehow he doesn't half do his work. He's *not all there*, that's why. When I set him weighing out sugar, he's thinking about baseball; I can't depend on him."

"Not all there," has lost more positions than anything else in the world. It is a regular botch, and a failure from start to finish.

On the other hand, successful people are all there. They throw their whole mind into whatever they do, though it be only to talk with a friend. If they are doing carpenter work, hoeing corn, making a speech, or writing a book, they center the strength of their brain upon that. Their concentration conquers; and what many people say is their great genius is often nothing more than a habit of being *all there*.

EDISON DRIVER.



## THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

### IV—The Firmament

(April 26)

"AND God said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters. And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament: and it was so. And God called the firmament Heaven. And the evening and the morning were the second day." Gen. 1:2-8.

"He stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in." Isa. 40:22.

"Dost thou know the balancings of the clouds, the wondrous works of him which is perfect in knowledge?" Job 37:16.

He maketh "the weight for the winds; and weigheth the waters by measure." Job 28:25.

"Who maketh the clouds his chariot: who walketh upon the wings of the wind." Ps. 104:3.

"Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it: Thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water." Ps. 65:9.

(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 word "firmament" means an expanse, or space: God said, Let there be a space between the waters. The waters above the firmament we call the clouds, and that which comes between, and divides the waters above from those below, is the air. When you look into the blue sky where there are no clouds, you are only looking into the depths of the air.

There can be nothing that does not come from God himself. The light which he made to shine over the world on the first day, was a gleam from the shining of his glory. And the air—the firmament which he made on the second day—is his own life-giving breath, which he breathed between the waters to divide them, and to make a place for us to live in.

Without the air we could not live a moment. So God has with his own breath spread out the firmament as a tent for us to dwell in. Truly "in him we live, and move, and have our being."

Away up in the air, far above our heads, are hanging and floating the waters that are above the firmament. Oceans of water held up in the air! What keeps it there?—It is the word of his power who said, Let there be a firmament, and let it divide the waters.

We can not tell how it is done; for no man knows the "balancings of the clouds." It is "the wondrous works of him which is perfect in knowledge." When he, by wisdom made the heavens, he weighed the air, and measured the waters. And he made the water to ascend in vapor that is lighter than air, so it would rise and float in the sky, as a cork floats in the water because it is lighter than the water.

God said of the firmament that he made, "Let it divide the waters." It is by means of the air itself that the waters are separated, and some are carried up into the heavens.

You have sometimes seen the pavement very wet after a heavy shower, but in a little while it has become quite dry. And you have seen a wet garment hung out in the air, quickly become dry. Where did the water go? We say it "evaporated," which means that it was carried off by the air in the form of vapor. When there is a strong wind; that is, when the air is moving quickly, things become dry very soon. This is because there is more air passing over the wet objects, and all the air carries off some of the moisture.

Now you see what takes place when the air passes over the face of the waters—the rivers, lakes, seas, and oceans. Some of the water is constantly rising into the air, and being carried up into the clouds. So to-day you can see with your own eyes the working of God's word; for by that living word the waters are still being divided and held up in the sky.

The clouds are God's water-carriers, by which the water is carried on "the wings of the wind," to just the places where God wants it to be poured out again upon the earth. The water, like the light and the air, comes from God himself; for he is "the fountain of living waters." He says that the clouds that carry the rain are his "chariots;" so you see that his own Spirit comes in the rain, to make the earth beautiful and fruitful.

God also "walketh upon the wings of the wind," or the air; for the wind is the air moving. So the air also is full of his life-giving Spirit, which comes into us with every breath.

All through the Bible, God's wondrous work of making and sending the rain is spoken of as proof that he is the only true God, with all power in heaven and earth. So wonderful and important is the work of the second day. The Holy Spirit of God, which "breathes in the air," and is poured out in the rain to make the earth blossom and bud and bring forth fruit, will, if you will open your heart to his sweet influence, make the flowers of grace and the fruits of righteousness grow in your heart and be seen in your life.

#### Questions

1. What did God say was to be in the midst of the waters?
2. What is the firmament for?
3. Of what is it made?
4. What took place as soon as God spoke?
5. On what day was this done?
6. What two things made the second day?
7. How are the clouds held up in the sky?
8. What are the clouds?
9. How does the water get up in the sky to form the clouds?
10. What comes from the clouds to the earth?
11. Who is it that waters the earth?
12. Where does God ride?
13. Since the clouds are God's chariots, what comes to us in the rain?
14. Where does all the water that enriches the earth come from?
15. Tell how we can still see the working of the word that God spoke on the second day.

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON

### IV—The Two Mysteries—Godliness and Wickedness

(April 26)

MEMORY VERSE: "And to make all men see what is the fellowship of the mystery, which from the beginning of the world hath been hid in God, who created all things by Jesus Christ." Eph. 3:9.

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Gen. 3:15; 12:1-3, 7; Gal. 3:16; Matt. 1:23; Gen. 50:25; Luke 1:68; 7:16; 1 Tim. 3:16; Rom. 16:25; 2 Thessalonians 2; 2 Cor. 6:16; Dan. 7:25-27.

#### Synopsis

To Adam was the first gospel message given. Gen. 3:15. This was repeated to Abraham (Gen. 12:1-3, 7), and Christ was the promised seed. Gal. 3:16. All through the ages the hope was cherished that the Father would reveal himself to the world.

Christ's name *Emmanuel* (Matt. 1:23) means "God with us,"—*el*, God, and *emmanu*, with us. When Joseph was about to die, he said, "God will surely visit you." Gen. 50:25. This promise was kept in mind until Christ did come, and

then it was said, "God hath visited his people." Luke 1:68; 7:16. This wonderful visit by the Father to a lost world in the person of his Son is a great mystery,—the mystery of godliness it is called. 1 Tim. 3:16. It is also the secret of the ages (Rom. 16:25),—the Father manifest in our own flesh.

Every time God does any work, Satan tries to make a counterfeit of it; and so, when One was found in whom God might put his goodness,—the Son of man,—Satan found one in whom he might put his wickedness,—the man of sin. In the second chapter of 2 Thessalonians this man of sin is described. He might well be called Satan in the flesh,—he "who so exalts himself above them [gods] that he seats himself in the temple of God, and displays himself as actually being God." 2 Thess. 2:4, a translation. We are God's temple (2 Cor. 6:16), and here the man of sin has taken his seat as God.

The prophet Daniel also saw this man of sin, only under another name,—the little horn. Dan. 7:8. He had a man's eyes, and a mouth speaking great things,—even "great words against the Most High." Verse 25. But the judgment shall sit, and his dominion shall be destroyed, and the greatness of his kingdom under the whole heaven shall be given to the saints of the Most High. Verses 26 and 27.

In the time of the judgment, then, we find a controversy between the beast and his image, and the Creator, and one between the little horn, or man of sin, and the Most High. These must be one and the same controversy, for they take place at the same time, between the same parties,—God and Satan,—and the point of controversy is the same,—the dominion and law of the most high God.

It thus appears that the controversy now is over the same question as at the beginning,—who is supreme, Christ or Satan. Then, "there was war in heaven;" now, the war is on earth. Christ, in man's flesh, has already met Satan and conquered him, and he is still to meet him and conquer him in ours. This is the mystery of godliness at war against the mystery of wickedness, and must be the principal theme of the message in Revelation 14.

#### Questions

1. To whom was the first gospel message given?
2. In what promise was it repeated to Abraham?
3. Who is this promised seed?
4. What does his name Emmanuel signify?
5. Of what promise did Joseph remind the people when he was about to die?
6. Who recognized the fulfillment of this when it came?
7. What is this revelation of God through his Son called?
8. What counterfeit of this revelation has Satan made?
9. Where is this described?
10. What is the one called in whom Satan has put his wickedness?
11. Where has he taken his seat as God?
12. Under what name has Daniel described this same representative of Satan?
13. Whose eyes had the "little horn"? Against whom did he speak?
14. What did he think to do concerning time and laws?
15. What finally becomes of his dominion and power?
16. At what time does this occur?
17. How, then, is the controversy between the "little horn" and the Most High identified with the one in Revelation 14?
18. What is the main point of this controversy?
19. With what did it begin?
20. Where is its warfare now taking place?
21. Who are engaged in this warfare?
22. What victory has already been gained?
23. What one is still before us?
24. What, then, is the theme of the message against the beast and his image?

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### How Heavy Is a Pound?

THE housekeeper says:—

"A pint's a pound  
The world around,"

and that will do very well for mixing toothsome cakes and biscuit; for your genuine cook depends far more upon her instinct in taking "a little pinch of this and a handful of that" for her savory magic than she does upon a stiff pair of scales. But it will not answer when the drug clerk is making up a prescription calling for arsenic or opium, nor when the people at the mint are getting out their silver and gold coins. A pint of water will weigh just about a pound, but a pint of sugar weighs two ounces less than a pound, and a pint of salt weighs two ounces more. A pint of ordinary bird-shot (No. 5) and a pint of roasted peanuts in the shell—well, let your friends guess. The shot will weigh six pounds thirteen ounces, and the peanuts a neat quarter of a pound.

There are to-day in use among English-speaking people two very different pounds. The one is the ordinary grocer's pound, by which are bought sugar and tea, butter and coal, and by which we ascertain our personal gains when we step upon the penny-in-the-slot scales at the end of a summer vacation. This is known as the "avoirdupois pound," and, when right, equals seven thousand grains, or sixteen ounces of four hundred and thirty-seven and one-half grains each. Then there is the lighter pound, called "apothecaries'" when used for compounding medicines, and "troy" when used by jewelers



or at the mint. This is equal to five thousand, seven hundred and sixty grains, or twelve ounces of four hundred and eighty grains each.

Now you have seen all this in your arithmetics, and your fathers and mothers have, too,—and have probably forgotten all about it. But don't score them with forgetting, or they may turn on you with a few awkward questions. For example, they might ask you, "What does 'pound' mean? and why do we use lb. instead of pd. for its abbreviation?" Or, "What does 'ounce' mean? and how does its abbreviation come to be oz.?" "What do 'avoirdupois' and 'troy' mean? and what about those grains? what are they,—grains of sand or of sugar or of wheat?" Wouldn't they corner you? Let's get ready for such an attack.

Pound is from the Latin *pondus*, and that is from *pendere*, to hang, probably because heavy things are likely to hang down. But what about that lb.?—Lb. comes from the old Latin *libra*, a pound. Look at your Latin dictionaries, and see for yourselves how it is. The oz.?—That is one of the few things we owe to our Spanish friends. Their word for ounce is *onza*; and as they with their galleons used to gather and

spread a good many *onsas* of silver in those old filibustering days, their word became general, and their abbreviation set the fashion, and is still everywhere retained. As to "avoirdupois" and "troy," they are of French origin; but there seems to be some learned confusion in regard to their exact history. We will agree with the doctors who say that the first name is a form of an old French phrase, *aver-de-pois*, meaning "havings," or "goods of weight;" and that the second comes from Troyes, a town in France, where the bartering of goods at their great town fairs set the standard, and gave the name of the place to that kind of weighing.

What will you say about those "grains"?—They are, or were, grains of wheat. But people could make loads of difference by their choice of grains, so King Henry VII had to come in again, as he did in the case of the yardstick. He did not fix the number at seven thousand; but he did decree that the grains "should be all taken from the middle of the ear, and well dried." But various numbers of grains were still used in various places, and not only different nations but different articles had their differing pounds. The Viennese must have been a sweet-toothed people; for they had a chocolate pound eight per cent heavier than the ordinary grocer's weight. The medicine pound of Germany must have been somewhat afraid of the small boy with his wry face and sturdy kicks; for it was nearly two per cent lighter than usual. The folk of Valencia evidently thought it was better to deal with the butcher than with the doctor, since they had a meat pound more than two and a third times as heavy as the medicine pound. The Century Dictionary gives other varieties under this word, and we begin to see how the government official could say there were three hundred and ninety-one different kinds of pound in the world.

No wonder that efforts were made toward some sort of uniformity. The French system seemed to open a way, and so Uncle Sam and John Bull, the two biggest traders in the world, agreed, without putting their heads together, that a pound avoirdupois should equal seven thousand grains, and that the grain should be computed from the 15,432.36 kilogram; that is, that the grains shall be reckoned at 15,432.36 to a kilogram. It will take in round numbers, two and one-fifth pounds avoirdupois (exactly 2.20462 pounds) to equal one kilogram. A boy that weighs one hundred and twelve pounds will weigh fifty and eight-tenths kilograms.

What is a kilogram?—It is a thousand grams. Are we much wiser? We may guess that *kilo* means "a thousand," and that will be a good guess. *Kilo* is the Greek word for one thousand, and always has that value in the metric system. But the gram—what is that? Do you happen to have a nickel about you? We will not ask to borrow it, but you just "heft it," as the farmers say, on the palm of your hand. Not much "heft" about it, is there? but enough to make five grams. Put that down, that a nickel weighs five grams. But do not launch another "cart-before-the-horse" theory, and assume that we get the gram from our coin. It is the other way again. When Congress introduced the new five-cent piece in 1866, it was decreed that it should be just five grams in weight and two centimeters in diameter.

Then, what is a gram? Let us take to the water. Water?—Yes. These French sages, when they first undertook to get a uniform system of weights and measures, after settling upon the meter, said, "Now what can we do for weights? Everybody can get water, and everybody can distill, or boil, it. Let us take, then, a cubic centimeter of pure, or distilled, water—that is, the water that will exactly fill this little box,—and call that weight a gram." Now we have the modern starting-point of weights.

But while grams, and even thousandths of grams, are necessary in medical and other scientific matters, they are much too small for ordinary trade or business, and so one thousand grams, or the kilogram, was taken as the unit for common use, and a standard kilogram of platinum was made. That was way back in Tallyrand's day. The International Commission, appointed to revise the whole subject, was very particular in regard to the kilogram. A fine composition of platinum and iridium, after many heatings and hammerings, was finally rolled between two steel cylinders into a round bar two meters long and forty-four thousandths of a meter in diameter. Specimens of it were cut off, and analyzed, and found to have less than  $\frac{1}{3600}$  of impurity! That is, they were within one thirty-sixth of one per cent of being absolutely pure. We will grade it at 99 $\frac{3}{4}$  per cent.

Then this bar was cut into forty spools, or cylinders, and each one was placed in a collar, and squeezed a dozen times under a pressure of three hundred and sixty tons. Each poor little roll must have felt as if ten or a dozen big locomotives had sat upon it, all at one and the same time and on the same spot. Thus they were finally brought down to the shape and size of the illustration. Then, after more adjustments and polishings, they were compared upon balances so delicate that the operator could not stand too near, lest the warmth of the body or the moisture of the breath or some other personal attraction or distraction might affect the comparison. So mechanical devices were used by which he could stand a dozen feet away. This, then, is the kilogram, which regulates our pound; that is, our avoirdupois pound must now be nearly five-elevenths—more nearly  $\frac{45359}{100000}$  of a kilogram, and all our other weights—ounces, grains, troy pounds, etc.—are determined accordingly.—Albert B. Carner, in *Well Spring*.

### Praying Heroically

We may pray that God will remove our difficulties, or we may seek wisdom to meet them.

We may ask that God take away our pain, or we may ask for grace to bear it.

We may ask that the burden be lifted, or we may pray for strength to carry it.

We may ask God to disarm our enemy, or we may seek God's help to win him.

We may say, "Smooth out the way," or we may ask, "Lead me through it by thine own hand."

We may seek that life be made easy, or that we may be able to overcome its hardness.

How often we ask for that which is not best, and we get that which is! Many times we ask for a stone and receive bread. We ask God to remove something from our way, but he does better,—he gives to us of his own power to accomplish it ourselves.

Thus, and only thus, do we gain strength. Let us not be cowards in our praying.—Charles S. Macfarland.

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