

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

VOL. L.

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From Correspondence to the Mission Board

Facing the Orient

II

THE trip from Honolulu to Yokohama required about twelve days, including the fictitious day dropped at the "day-line," and was uneventful throughout. The second day out we became aware that our little son, Stanley, had chickenpox, and we were immediately quarantined. Our boat was scheduled to stop two days in Yokohama, and we had written to Brother F. W. Field at Tokyo, stating that we would spend that time with the workers there; but after an apparently grave consultation, the five Japanese doctors who met the ship at the quarantine station outside the harbor decided that we could not be allowed to land on Japanese soil. In fact, they seemed inclined to quarantine the vessel, and detained it four hours waiting the arrival of a higher official from the city. It was a real disappointment; but my sister, together with Dr. Rosa Palmborg, of the Seventh-day Baptist mission at Shanghai, China, went up to Tokyo; and before we left, all our American workers called to see us.

Yokohama, with a population approaching two hundred thousand, is the seaport of Tokyo, the capital of the empire, contains a population of one and one-half millions, and is one of the leading commercial centers of the East. The two cities are united by an interurban steam-car line. Merchant vessels and war-ships of all nations are always present in the harbor, and the bay literally swarms with smaller crafts.

The curious little sampans, propelled by a single oar from the rear of the boat, may be seen darting about in every direction, seeking to catch patronage in passengers or freights from the larger vessels. These boats often supply not only the means of livelihood to whole families, but afford homes as well; for with a piece of old sail, oilcloth, or other available material patched together to form a tent over the rear end of the boat, and a kettle of coals over which to thaw numb fingers and to boil their rations of rice and fish, the household is provided for.

Sabbath morning we left Yokohama, and Sunday afternoon arrived in Kobe, on the south of Nippon, the largest of the three thousand islands comprising the Japanese empire. Tuesday morning we arrived in Nagasaki, on the southwest of the island of Kiushiu. This was the pleasantest part of the voyage,—down the coast of Japan; out and in among the little islands, in full view of the graceful outlines of snow-capped Fuji Yama, rising twelve thousand three hundred feet above the sea-level; through the still waters and delightful scenery of the far-famed Inland Sea. These cities are among

the principal commercial cities of the empire, and were the only points in Japan at which our boat stopped.

Contrary to our fears, the quarantine was raised at Kobe, and we were allowed to land.

Kobe is finely situated on a good harbor at the gate of the Inland Sea. At a distance of about one mile rises a range of hills, some of which attain an altitude of twenty-five hundred feet, whose steep sides are partly covered with pines, and where irrigation is possible, with terraces for the cultivation of rice and vegetables. The city lies along this narrow strip of land between the hills and the sea. It is especially noted for its manufacture of, and trade in, fine porcelains. The shops are built like booths, opening full front onto the narrow walks bordering the comparatively narrower streets. Everywhere are exposed for sale beautifully wrought cloisonnes, charmingly decorated satsuma, and porcelains in endless variety. The city is apparently given up to catering to the caprice of the world in

that only with the coast towns, naturally most influenced by Western ideas, would scarcely warrant us in drawing definite conclusions of the Japanese people. What we did obtain might better be called impressions of them as clever in imitating, sharp at bargaining, energetic in business, patriotic and progressive, but fickle and unstable. The empire is in a state of transition, and the government welcomes anything that promises benefit to its people. There certainly can be no more favorable time for the message to work in Japan than the present, and scores of laborers should enter now.

MRS. J. N. ANDERSON.

The Chinese Portion of San Francisco

As the "gateway to the Orient," California naturally contains a larger number of Chinese than any other State. The strictly Chinese portion of San Francisco is known as Chinatown. It has a population of about twenty thousand. To



MATSUSHIMA — THE INLAND SEA

this art; and if one may judge of its life by the appearance of its streets, it is reaping accordingly. Groups of richly attired women, with stiffly oiled hair and highly vermilioned cheeks, crowd the busy streets, keeping time with their chatter to the clack of their wooden shoes on the cobblestone pavement.

Nagasaki is the only place in Japan where the manufacture of real tortoise-shell is carried on to any considerable extent. The factories are not large, but quite numerous. Usually the first floor of the shop is fitted up for a workroom, while the show-room occupies the second floor. The work is done largely by hand. The Japanese also are very skillful in carving ivory and wood. This city is coming to be quite a summer-resort for Europeans, and would afford an excellent location for a sanitarium.

Our slight acquaintance of only six days, and

one visiting this part of the city, it is not at all difficult to imagine that he is walking the streets of some densely populated Oriental city.

Their temple, or joss house, is resplendent with peculiar and costly decorations. Hideous-looking objects of worship are plentiful. It seems strange to meet such sights on the shores of this so-called Christianized America. Those denominations which have considerable difficulty in raising money to maintain their church expenses, could certainly learn a humiliating lesson by observing at what enormous expense the Chinese carry on their heathen devotions.

During the summer a large number of Chinese men go to Alaska or elsewhere to engage in fishing and various other occupations; but during the winter they flock back to San Francisco, and swarm around their lodging-houses in amazing numbers, by some device or other

succeeding in storing themselves away in these ramshackle dwellings. All the Chinese, however, are not by any means in a poverty-stricken condition. Many of them are wealthy merchants, engaged in extensive commercial business enterprises.

Typical Chinese opium-dens may be found in some of the lodging-houses. The sight of the drunkard should arouse a feeling of pity in our hearts, but it is difficult to conceive of anything more pathetic than a typical opium fiend. Few appreciate the startling inroads this terrible habit is making all over the country. Often physicians prescribe opium for the purpose of deadening some trifling pain; frequently the patient continues to take it on his own responsibility; and soon the unfortunate victim is fastened in the vise-like grip of the opium habit.

As a class the Chinese are industrious and economical to a fault. Consequently they become a serious competitive force to the American laborer, who must necessarily live more expensively.

One successful Chinese restaurant that I visited is owned by eight partners. They have a unique method of preventing any one of the partners from robbing the other members of the firm. The safe that contains their money has eight different locks, and each partner carries the only key for one lock, thus making it impossible for any one of them to open the safe unless all are present.

Chinatown has its own theaters, which are well patronized. Its daily newspaper is printed in the peculiar Chinese characters. Many of the Chinese have strong gambling instincts, and gambling-houses doing a flourishing business are abundant on every hand.

Although efforts are being made in a small way to invade this heathen portion of San Francisco with the gospel, yet they are altogether too meager to make their influence felt to any great extent. As I saw large numbers of Chinese children playing on the streets, growing up with no knowledge of the sweet and satisfying truths which we enjoy, or at any rate *may* enjoy, I felt more thankful than ever that I learned to pray when a mere child in just as familiar a way to my Heavenly Father as I address my earthly father.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.



The Knight of To-Day

BRAVE causes numberless has time afforded,
And braver wars on many a battle-field,
Where bravest men and heroes, unrecorded,
Have dared their lives to yield.

In every age the willing crowds have parted,
And strong their cry goes out to clear the way,
When giants, stout of limb and stouter-hearted,
Have won the victors' bay.

But heed ye well, O far-discerning sages!
That earnest youth in knightly, brave array,
Who, with the strength and purpose of the ages,
Goes forth to meet To-day.

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

Know What You Want, and Do It

THERE is nothing more important in the business of life than to know what you want, and then to go after it with all your might.

In the business world, what enthusiasm, what perseverance, what dogged determination, are shown by those who seek for earthly treasure. Early and late, and by every possible means, men and women strive to obtain the object of their ambition. No place on earth contains, in

proportion to its size, so much push and energy as Wall Street, New York City, where capitalists gather in a wild struggle for gold.

It need not be asked *why* they almost trample one another underfoot, to accomplish their purpose. They are men of wonderful ambition. They all have it fully settled that they must have and control the millions that the earth has produced. And so, knowing what they want, they stop at nothing which holds within it the least promise of success. Nothing is too hard, too irksome, too tedious. They serve the god of this world with all their heart, with all their soul, with all their strength, and with all their mind.

Why should God's people be any less faithful than the children of the world? It is only good sense that if one is going to do a thing, he should do it with all his might. And of course it is necessary that there should be first a choice,—a whole-hearted choosing of a life-work; for it is plain that he who lives without a life-purpose, who one day tries one thing, and another day another, will never succeed anywhere. He is double-minded, and unstable in all his ways. He never knows whether to put his time and strength into what he has in hand; for possibly it may be the other thing that should receive his most earnest attention. But whenever any one does *not* put all his love, all his soul, all his strength, all his heart, into what he does, he might better stop before he begins. A grand principle of prosperity is stated in the words, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

Choose To-day

What is *your* work? Have you made a choice? I do not mean that you must necessarily know whether you are to be a doctor, a mechanic, a preacher, and then work with all your might to be a doctor, a mechanic, or a preacher. However, if God has revealed the specific calling of your life, why, work with all your might in that. The things between which we are all to choose, and to choose now, and every day, with all the will we have and that God can give us, are the service of God and the service of Satan. It is as true now as in the days of Elijah, that "if the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him." But by all means get down off the divide; no longer halt "between two opinions." Make a choice! Let not another day pass before you settle the question as to who shall have your life service. No greater mistake can be made than to be everlastingly undecided, constantly losing both for time and for eternity.

Dear young friend, you profess to be a Christian. That is right. But *are* you a Christian? Have you fully decided that to be a Christian is your life-work? Perhaps you remember the words of Joshua, when, after telling the people to choose whom they would serve, he added: "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." O, choose Christ! And in your choice see to it that everything of value in your life is put into your work. The reason so many make a failure of their Christian experience is that they give to it only a part of their life. They reserve some of it for other pursuits. Thus one day they do well, the next day they fail, and eventually they come out openly and fully for the world.

A Secret of Success

It is said of Joseph that on the way to Egypt he was transformed in one day from a petted child to a noble man of God. And the reason was that in his own heart he formed the high resolve to be true to God under all circumstances. That resolution he carried out with all his might. In Potiphar's house he was loyal; in prison he was loyal; circumstances never mastered him. As the sturdy oak that takes the full force of the blast is made stronger by the ordeal, so Joseph developed in righteousness by the assaults of

the devil. Never did he allow that purpose to drop out of his reckoning or out of his practice. Thus it was with Daniel, and thus it must be with all who are successful in God's service.

From the very beginning of Christ's earthly career his choice was fully made. He knew and loved his Father's will. And knowing that God's will should be wrought out in and through him, he chose the will of God to be his own will. He knew what he wanted, and set his face "like a flint" to carry out his purpose. To right or left he never turned. With his eye fixed on the goal of his hopes, he pressed forward, and overthrew every obstacle. Nothing in line of duty or privilege was too small for him to take up, nothing too great for him to do. Personal likes and dislikes had no place in his life; his humanity was ever made to serve his divinity. Principle triumphed over every passion, and his intelligent zeal, like a burning fire shut up in his bones, urged him ever onward. And he succeeded. He could say, "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do."

How We May Succeed

And we may succeed as did he. Our Father's will is made plain, so that we may make it our own. The same word that wrought so wonderfully in the Saviour is still with men, the same blessed hope, the same glorious work, the same eternal results. It only remains for us to choose as Jesus chose. Will we set our faces like a flint? Will we so throw our lives into the work of our choice, into the thing we know we want, — will we be so diligent, so faithful, that we shall attain what we set out to win?

Ah, if we will but follow his example, we shall be "more than conquerors"! We shall pray with all our might, study our Bibles with all our might, work for others with all our might. With a supreme object to gain, we shall make supreme and untiring effort, complete and perfect sacrifice. We shall long for the baptism of trial, that the purpose of God,—and our own purpose, too,—may be realized.

O, let us now give ourselves entirely into the hands of God! Let us leave behind all half-hearted ways, and be wholly on the Lord's side. It is high time to awake out of lethargy and sloth, and go forth to the fight, to remain right at the front until the last enemy has been destroyed.

C. L. TAYLOR.

A Touch in Passing

"It's queer the way different people make you feel," the girl said, thoughtfully. "I don't mean people you know or love, but people that you just brush up against. The other day, for instance, when I went over to see Helen, Sadie Graves was there calling. She stayed an hour or more, and the whole time she talked about nothing but style. Now, usually, you know, the clothes question doesn't bother me a bit. I like to be well-dressed, of course; but I don't worry over it, for there are always so many better things to think about. But it was two whole days before I could shake off Sadie Graves, and then it was only because somebody else helped me. I just lived and breathed clothes, fretting over dresses that were made last year, and planning how I could fix them over, and longing for all sorts of new things; it seemed to me that I must be stylish; that I couldn't stand it not to be. Sadie made me feel as if it were the one thing in the world that a girl should live for.

"But the second evening Uncle James had a caller, and I happened to be in the parlor. After the first greetings, they didn't notice me at all, and I just curled up in my corner and listened. Uncle James had been reading Mr. Riis's 'Ten Years' War,' and he and father had talked it over a good deal. That had been intensely interesting, but this man had lived it and helped. O, if you could have heard the things he told!

All my little, selfish, contemptible thoughts about clothes, and what people thought of me, just shriveled up and blew away. I had got back to the real 'worth whiles,'—the being glad and grateful for all the rich things one has in one's life, and the trying to help wherever one can. It didn't seem as if I ever could be small again. And yet I suppose I should be,—if I were with Sadie Graves. I wish I might never meet her again, until I've grown big enough in my thoughts not to care!"

Was not the little experience a mighty argument upon the choice of companions and conversation?—*Well Spring.*

Master of His Craft

AMONG the immigrants awaiting examination at Ellis Island was a tall young fellow with a little black bag under his arm. He was a Pole, about twenty years old, and his admission was a pleasing and dramatic incident. The lesson it teaches is as good for native Americans as for immigrants.

When the young man's turn came to answer the inevitable question, "How much money have you?" he smiled, and answered, frankly, "None."

"But don't you know you can't come in here if you have no money, and no friend to speak for you? Where are you going?"

"To Fall River first. I have a friend there. Then I shall see the whole country. You will hear of me."

The inspector proceeded, rather sharply: "How will you get to Fall River? Where will you eat and sleep to-night?"

"I shall be all right," replied the young fellow, confidently. "With this"—tapping the black bag—"I can go anywhere."

"What is it?"

The Pole laughed, and opening the bag, took out a cornet. It was a fine instrument, and gave evidence of loving care.

"Can you play it well?" asked the officer, more kindly.

In answer the young Pole stepped out into an open space, and lifting the horn to his lips, began the beautiful intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana." At the very first note every one in the great building stood still and listened. The long lines of immigrants became motionless. The forlorn waiters in the pit looked up, and their faces became tender. Even the meanest among them seemed to feel the charm of the pleading notes.

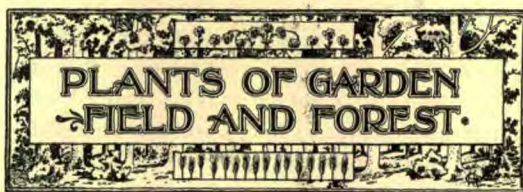
When the music ceased, there was a burst of applause. Shouts of "Bravo!" "Good boy!" "Give us some more!" came from every side. The physicians, who had a few moments before made their hurried and not over-gentle examination, joined in the applause. The officer who had questioned him so sharply slapped him on the back. The commissioner himself had come up from his office at the sound of the horn, and asked for the particulars.

When he had heard them, he turned to the agent of the Fall River boats, and said, "Give this fellow a passage, including meals, and charge it to me."

"I will charge it to myself," said the agent, and he took the young Pole by the arm and led him away.

The incident was a sermon on competence, a lesson on what it means to be a master. The trade may be music, or farming, or bricklaying—it does not matter. The man who has conquered it, who knows it root and branch, can point to it as confidently as the Pole pointed to his cornet, and say, as he did, "With this I can go anywhere."—*Scribner's Magazine.*

PAUL's chief ambition was expressed in these words: "That I might know him." Dare we aim at less?



Old and New

A CLOD of earth, from whose dark mold
A seed full rich, with perfumed power,
Breaks forth in mystic white and gold,—
And lo! we see a queenly flower.

A heart of earth, with base design,
Is touched by seed from heavenly fields;
There comes to light a purpose fine,—
A poor, base life all richness yields.

—Hunter Davidson, in *S. S. Times.*

Anemone Nemorosa

Wood-Anemone, or Windflower

THE word "anemone" comes from a Greek word meaning "wind," and was given to the different species of anemones, perhaps because they grow in windy places, or blossom during the windy season; possibly because the flowers were formerly supposed to open only when the wind was blowing. The anemones are often called "windflowers."

In the days of early spring, when the trees present to sun, dew, and rain their tender, half-grown, half-transparent leaves, and the shade cast by their foliage is thin and "spotty," the Wood-anemone may be found scattered here and there over the forest floor, or growing along the country roadside. In the mountains and in high



Anemone Nemorosa.
At the left is shown a fruit cluster and a single akene.

altitudes, where the season is unusually late, the plant of course does not appear as early as in lower altitudes.

The stem is slender, and from four to ten inches high. A short distance below the blossom are three leaves, which are attached in a circle around the stem. Leaves arranged in this way beneath a flower or cluster of flowers, constitute what is known as an "in'vo-lu'cre." An involucre may be formed of large leaves of the ordinary kind, as in the case of the Wood-anemone, or of small leaves resembling scales, and known as "bracts."

The leaves of the Wood-anemone are compound with three or five delicate, wedge-shaped leaflets, and are attached to the stem by rather long petioles, or leaf-stalks. In addition to the leaves forming the involucre, there is often a radical

leaf, which has the same form as the other leaves. A radical leaf is one which apparently comes from the root, but really from the base of the stem.

The corolla is absent, but the calyx is present, and closely resembles a corolla, consisting of four or more sepals, which are usually white or delicate crimson-pink, but sometimes of a purplish color. The flower is solitary, and borne on a short, upright peduncle, or flower-stalk.

The stem springs from a slender creeper growing just beneath the surface of the soil. This is quite well shown in the illustration. From its lower surface, roots are given off which fasten it to the soil. A stem of this kind, lying flat upon the ground and partly covered with the soil, or growing beneath its surface, is known as a rootstock, or rhizome. In most cases a rhizome resembles other stems in consisting of a succession of joints, and in bearing leaves and buds, though the leaves are small and scale-like. This resemblance is not so great in the Wood-anemone as we shall find it to be in some other plants.

Many plants spread rapidly by means of these underground stems, and at intervals send up branches into the air.

The rhizome is a sort of humble missionary. While it keeps out of sight itself, and makes no great parade of buds and leaves and blossoms, it is the channel through which nourishment is carried to the upright branches that spring from it. We may not all be preachers, or physicians, or teachers, or prominent leaders among men, but we may all be used as channels through which comfort, hope, and strength shall be ministered to those who are bearing heavy responsibilities.

The botanical terms used in this study, with which the reader should become familiar, are the following:—

Involucre: a circle of leaves below a flower or cluster of flowers.

Bract: a scale-like leaf.

Petiole: leaf-stalk by which the leaf is attached to the stem.

Radical: apparently springing from the root.

Peduncle: flower-stalk by which the flower is attached to the stem.

Rhizome, or Rootstock: a stem growing partially or entirely under the ground.

The terms corolla, calyx, petals, and sepals, have been used at different times in our past studies, and the reader should be well acquainted with them by this time. But if not, a dictionary should be consulted, so that when these terms are used again, there will be no difficulty in understanding what is meant.

B. E. CRAWFORD.

A Little Help

THERE'S help in seeming cheerful
When a body's feeling blue,
In looking calm and pleasant,
If there's nothing else to do,
If other folks are wearing,
And things are all awry,
Don't vex yourself with caring;
'Twill be better by and by.

There's help in keeping tally
Of our host of happy days.
There's never one that dawneth,
But it bringeth cause to praise
The Love that ever watcheth,
The Friend that's ever near.
So, though one tryst with sorrow,
One needs must dwell with cheer.

When troubles march to meet you,
Salute them at the door.
Extend both hands to greet them,
Their worst will soon be o'er.
Beat down their stormy bugles
With your own rejoicing drums,
And, mailed in lofty courage,
Accept whatever comes.

—Margaret E. Sangster.



A YOUNG People's Society of twelve members has been organized at Du Quoin, Illinois.

IN sending reports for this page, the better plan is to send them to the Secretary of the Sabbath-school Department, at the general office, 705 Northwestern Building, Minneapolis, Minn. The advantages of this plan are that by it delays are avoided, and the secretary is kept in closer touch with the work being carried on in the different societies. Where the plan has been followed, it has worked so well that all are advised to take it up.

WE would call attention again to the merging of the *Missionary Magazine* into the *Review*, and urge our readers to preserve, at least from month to month, their copies of that periodical, in order to have on hand the material upon which the monthly mission studies will be based. A part of this material will also hereafter be found in the *INSTRUCTOR*, so the copies of this paper should also be carefully kept for reference from month to month. In order to have the second Sabbath program result in a live, bright, interesting meeting, it will be necessary, among the first things, to have the material *on hand* with which to prepare the program. Therefore we say again, Save your papers!

NOTICE the excellent report from Atlanta this week. The writer says: "We have never had such a revival in the Atlanta church." And this good word follows a recital of work actually being done by the twenty members of the Society. God says, "Blessed are they that *do*;" and it is a real blessing always that follows real work for the Master. The pages of God's word record many examples of this truth—wherever his people have "had a mind to work," his blessing has crowned their efforts. Such reports as this make our hearts rejoice. Wherever a Young People's Society is organized, it should result not only in blessing to the individual members, and even to the community at large, but in revivifying, re-energizing, and truly *reviving* every member of the church. When this is so, there will come from every company those who are ready to work wherever the Master calls.

Service in the Young People's Societies

I RECENTLY attended a Sabbath afternoon meeting of a Young People's Society having an enrollment of about forty members. The theme of the program was an intensely interesting one, but an additional burden was imposed upon the leader because of the absence of several who had been depended upon to take part in the exercises, and who had failed to send in any excuse for their absence. The query arises, Why should the per cent of attendance be small at these important meetings? The fact that one has voluntarily enlisted in the movement to evangelize the world in this generation, implies earnest, consecrated service for God in the saving of humanity. And the purpose of the Young People's Society should be to awaken a deeper interest in the salvation of men, and to give to its members a more thorough preparation for the work.

These meetings are not for entertainment. They are for the training and educating of gospel workers. And why should not every member be enthusiastic in his desire to attend every

meeting, and to take an active part in the same? In arranging the program, much time may be given to thought and earnest prayer, that the spiritual benefits sought for may be realized. But what a disappointment to all present when those who have consented to assist are absent. The chief loss, however, is sustained by the one who fails to do his duty.

Perhaps the thought may suggest itself, "I can not do as well as some other one." If so, surely you should not fail to make the attempt. Do not rely upon self. Rely upon God, and he will help you to do every duty that comes to you, in a way that will be acceptable to him. "I can do all things through Christ."

My young friend, if you are not a Christian, listen to the Voice that calls you, and accept his invitation, which is yours to-day.

Young Christian, if you are not a member of the Young People's Society, become such at the first opportunity. If you are a member, let it be your aim to attend every meeting of the Society, and cheerfully to accept every duty that comes to you as an opportunity for improvement and to help others, and perform the same to the best of your ability.

God wants minute-men. And those who eagerly press into service now, making the most of every opportunity to become efficient workers, will be ready to respond, whenever God shall call, "Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth."

"It may not be on the mountain's height,
Or over the stormy sea;
It may not be at the battle's front
My Lord will have need of me.
But if by a still, small voice he calls,
To paths that I do not know,
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in thine,
'I'll go where you want me to go.'"

* * *

Battles between Truth and Falsehood

Lesson VI—Property Rights

(May 11-17)

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 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.

THE law of God is right. None of its rulings are arbitrary. They are founded upon the eternal principle of happiness. The religion of the Bible is the most reasonable thing in the world. Study the first prohibition given to man. God had given man all things that could make him happy. He had not withheld any good thing. To test man's love and loyalty he reserved one tree for himself. He told man to leave it alone. Property rights lie at the foundation of all human happiness. If these rights are disregarded,—if that which belongs to you can be taken at will by any one who has the power or the inclination,—you can not be happy. Knowing this, God would teach men this foundation principle. Satan succeeded in getting man to rob God. Man thus became the slave of Satan. His property went into the hands of this tyrant. Jesus bought back man and his possessions. Now, the earth is the Lord's. He rents it to men. He claims one tenth of all. He is anxiously watching to see who will learn to regard property rights as sacred. Would you leave God's tree alone, if you were placed in the garden? Then you will not rob him now. The earth will be given to those who have proved that they can be trusted.

Outline

1. The statutes of the Lord are right. Ps. 19:8.
2. God says, "Come now," be reasonable. Isa. 1:18.
3. God told man to leave his tree alone. Gen. 2:17; 3:3.
4. Man obeyed Satan, and robbed God. Gen. 3:26.

5. Man thus became Satan's slave. Rom. 6:16; John 8:34; 2 Peter 2:19.

6. Man's property was lost. Luke 4:6.

7. Jesus redeemed man. 1 Peter 1:18, 19; Isa. 52:3.

8. He bought back all that was lost. Eph. 1:14; Luke 19:10.

9. Now the earth is the Lord's,—the land, the money, all things. Ps. 24:1; 1 Cor. 10:26; Lev. 25:23; Haggai 2:8; Hosea 2:8, 9.

10. He claims the tithe as his. Lev. 27:30-34.

11. Whoever keeps any of the tithe robs God. Mal. 3:8-10.

12. The earth will be given back to the faithful stewards. Luke 16:1-12.

From Atlanta, Georgia

WE have been so greatly encouraged with the results of our Young People's Society that I felt constrained to send a report to the *INSTRUCTOR*, thinking perhaps some would be glad to know what we are doing in Georgia. Our Society was organized two months ago. The average attendance is about twenty.

A club of one hundred copies of the *Gospel Herald* is used each week, also many copies of the *Signs, Life Boat*, and other periodicals. The Soldier's Home is visited every Sabbath afternoon. The old Confederate veterans are indeed grateful for the papers. Their Bibles and other books were burned with their Home a few months ago. They often request our workers to pray with them. An effort is being made to supply them with Bibles.

Our older members visit the city stockade and jail every Sunday, where the papers are eagerly taken and read. The children sell papers, having regular readers each week. We have a large field before us in this city.

We have never had such a revival in the Atlanta church. This is not due to any great effort, as we have not had a minister with us in many weeks; but there is a quiet moving of the Spirit of God on the hearts of both old and young to work for the salvation of our fellow beings. It is our desire that not only may earnest, faithful workers be developed for the home field as a result of our thus banding together in the Master's service, but that workers may be fitted up to go to the regions beyond. MRS. C. F. CURTIS.

Religion in the Countenance

CARRY your religion in your heart first of all, and your face will take care of itself. Business may press, and worldlings may oppress, but the God of peace will as surely write his new name of love upon the face as upon the heart, and not a moment quicker in the one than the other.

Some one tells a story of a poor, little street girl who was taken sick one Christmas, and carried to a hospital. While there, she heard the story of Jesus' coming into the world to save us. It was all new to her, but very precious, and the knowledge made her very happy as she lay upon her little cot. One day the nurse came at the usual hour, and "Little Broomstick" (that was her street name) held her by the hand, and whispered:—

"I'm having real good times here—ever such good times! S'pose I shall have to go away from here just as soon as I get well: but I'll take the good time along—some of it, anyhow. Did you know 'bout Jesus bein' born?"

"Yes," replied the nurse, "I know. Sh-sh-sh! Don't talk any more."

"You did? I thought you looked as if you didn't, and I was goin' to tell you."

"Why, how did I look?" asked the nurse.

"O, just like most folks—kind of glum. I shouldn't think you'd ever look gloomy if you knowed 'bout Jesus bein' born."

Dear reader, do you know "'bout Jesus bein' born?"—*Selected.*

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Mathematics

FOUR times two, or one plus one,
These are easy sums.
The first means all my fingers,
The second all my thumbs.

But ten times two! Now there's a sum
Not every person knows.
To find the answer, here's the rule:
Count fingers, thumbs, and toes.

—Thomas Tapper.

Ikie's Rocky Fords

ONE spring morning, when Ikie's mama was ready to drive to town, he climbed into the buggy, and whispered, coaxingly, "Get me a little hoe, please, mama, and a little rake. I need them so bad."

When she returned with the desired tools, he went out into his garden on the other side of the grape arbor, and worked diligently for some time. By and by he came hurrying in, saying, "Mama, my garden is all made, and I want some seeds to plant." So she placed in one chubby little hand some round, flat seeds, and in the other a number of slender, yellow seeds, telling him to plant them in different places, and in little hills, with four or five seeds in each hill.

Ikie had heard his father talking about Rocky Ford melons, and he was anxious to raise a fine crop of them to sell to passers-by.

When several days had passed, he called his mother out to see how nicely his Rocky Fords were growing. "Why, Ikie," she said, when she saw the large, spotted leaves, "those are not muskmelons: they are the sweet pumpkins that I gave you."

"No, mama," said Ikie, positively, "I know they are the Rocky Fords, 'cause I planted them *right here!*"

Mama only smiled, and said, "Well, we'll see when they get larger."

As the days passed, Ikie grew more and more enthusiastic over his Rocky Fords. He had one chum, a curly brown dog, whose name was "Sneezer." Sneezer would allow Ikie to put a harness on him, and hitch him to his red wagon. The little boy spent many happy hours in this way, hauling in the kindling-wood for mama, gathering up the wheat that the farmers spilled while unloading, shoveling it into the little wagon, driving around on the scales to have it weighed, and then receiving blank checks in payment from his father, who always had time to do business with this little man.

When the "Rocky Ford" vines were quite large, Ikie went with his mother for a long visit in Michigan; and when he returned, late in the summer, he hurried out to his melon patch the first thing. He opened his big blue eyes in surprise; for his "melon vines" had spread all over the garden, and here and there were large, golden pumpkins, which turned their fat cheeks smilingly to the sun.

"Oh," he said, disappointedly, "I won't have any melons to sell now."

"Never mind," said mama. "I'll buy the pumpkins from you."

So Ikie waited contentedly till they were ripe, and then hitched Sneezer to his cart to harvest his crop. He placed them in the cellar, and they

lasted till Thanksgiving. Sneezer had his share of the pies, and Ikie had a handful of pennies to take to Sabbath-school.

What he had done with the Rocky Ford seed, neither he nor mama ever knew; but he learned from his garden, that whatever a little boy sows, that shall he also reap.

EFFIE NORTHROP.

Johnny Burns Himself without any Fire

JOHNNY found a big brass button one day, and set to work to make it shine by rubbing it on a piece of cloth.

"Isn't it bright?" he said, admiringly, after working a while. "Just like gold."

Then he rubbed away again as hard as he could. Finally, to brush off some chalk dust that clung to the button,—for I had told him to chalk the cloth to make it brighten the button quicker,—he rubbed the button on the back of his hand.

"Ow!" he cried, dropping the button.

"What's the matter?" asked Fanny, who was looking on.

"It burnt me. It was hot."

"Hot!" echoed Fanny. "How could it be hot?"

"I don't know," said Johnny. "Anyhow, it burnt me."

"Nonsense! it's as cold as anything," said

rubbing the button on a great number of things, and finding that it always became warm.

"May be the heat comes out of our fingers," Johnny suggested, at last.

I thrust a stick through the eye of the button, so that it could be held without its touching the hand, rubbed it on the carpet, and soon it was hotter than ever.

"I can't understand it," said Fanny.

"I guess it's just the rubbing that heats it," said Johnny.

"A very good guess indeed!" said I; "that is precisely where the heat comes from."

"How?" Fanny asked.

"That is not so easy to explain to little people like you. Perhaps it will be enough for you to remember, just now, that rubbing causes heat. When you are older, I'll try to make it clear to you."

"So there are two ways to get heat," said Johnny, "fire and rubbing."

"And from the sun, too!" suggested Fanny.

"And that's all," observed Johnny, very positively.

"How do you keep warm in the night, and away from the fire, then?" I asked.

"The bedclothes keep me warm," said Johnny.

"Is the bed warm when you first get into it?" I asked.

"Bur-r-r!" cried Johnny, with a shiver. "Not in weather like this."

"Then you must warm the bed."

"That's so!" assented Johnny.

"But where does the heat come from? and how does it get into me?"

"That's another thing that you'll have to wait till you're older before you can understand. Your little body can get heat out of bread and butter just as well as the stove can out of burning coal; but how it does it I couldn't make clear to you if I tried."

"I thought heat always came from fire," said Fanny.

"Don't you remember the day when the workmen made mortar for the new house over the way? They poured water over quicklime, that hissed, and sent up great clouds of steam. Here is an oyster-shell which I burned in the stove for quick-lime to use in making some

cement. See, when I pour water on it, the lime drinks up the water, and grows hot."

"But who'd have thought of water setting anything on fire!" said Fanny.

"Very great heat comes from mixing things sometimes," I said. "Bring me a glass of water, and I'll show you one way."

While Fanny was gone for the water, I took from a cupboard a bottle of watery-looking stuff, poured a little into another bottle, and gave the bottle to Johnny to hold.

"Is it warm?" I asked.

"No; quite cold," was the reply.

"How does it feel when I pour in this water?"

"Warm — warmer — hot! Take it quick, somebody. I can't hold it."

Neither Fred nor Fanny would believe that adding ice-water to anything could heat it, until they tried; but they were soon satisfied that the mixture was hot,—too hot to allow them to hold it long in their hands.

"That's just magic," said Fred. "But what was in the bottle first?"



IKIE GATHERING HIS PUMPKINS

Fanny, picking up the button, and feeling it. "It may be cold now; but it *was* hot—very warm, any way."

"What a silly boy! You just imagined it. One day you thought the gate-latch was hot, and it was freezing cold."

Seeing that they were likely to do as a great many older people have done, dispute about what neither understood, I took the button, rubbed it smartly on my coat-sleeve, and then put it to Fanny's cheek.

"There!" exclaimed Johnny, as Fanny cried "Ow!" and put her hand to her cheek.

"I should not have thought your arm could make it so warm," she said.

I rubbed the button on the carpet, and placed it once more against her cheek, saying, "It couldn't have been my arm *that* time."

"Of course not," said Johnny.

"What *did* warm it?" Fanny asked, her interest fully aroused.

"That's a good puzzle for you to work at," I replied. And they did work at it a long time,

"Sulphuric acid. Run and ask Mary for a piece of ice," I added, "and I'll show you something more wonderful than that."

When Mary came with the ice, I took from my cabinet a tiny vial with a small bead of metal at the bottom covered with naphtha.

"Is it lead?" asked Johnny.

"It is potassium," I replied, "and I'm going to set the ice on fire with it. Stand back, all of you! there may be a small explosion."

"Wonderful! wonderful!" Mary cried.

"Splendid!" said Fanny.

"Why—how—?" asked Fred.

And Johnny said?—not a word for two minutes; then he turned to me, and remarked, admiringly, "You can do anything, can't you?"

"No, Johnny; there are very few things that I can do, as you will find out in course of time. But now that we are talking of heat, let me show you another way of warming things. Please fetch me a flat-iron, Mary, while Johnny brings me his little hammer. Thank you. Now watch me when I pound this piece of lead, and put your finger on it when I stop."

Johnny was quick with his finger, and as quick to take it away, and put it into his mouth.

"Awfully hot!" he said, as soon as he could speak.

"Did the hammering heat it?" Mary asked.

"Yes; I've seen a blacksmith pound a piece of cold iron, until it was hot enough to set wood on fire."

"I've read of savages making fire by rubbing sticks together," said Fred. "I tried it once, but couldn't do it at all."

"An Indian showed me how long ago. He took a stick of hard wood, and plowed it up and down in a groove in a piece of soft wood, this way," I said, rubbing the end of a penholder up and down a groove in a piece of soft pine. "I never could work it just right; but when he did it, the fine wood-dust at the bottom of the groove soon began to turn black, and to smoke, and finally took fire. I have done better with the fire-drill that other savages use. There is one that was brought from Australia, I believe. When I press the spindle against a piece of soft, dry wood, and make it spin rapidly,—so,—the spot first smokes, as you see, then takes fire. But that is too tiresome a way, when one can buy a dozen boxes of matches for a penny."

"I understand now," said Fred, "what it was that set a wagon-wheel on fire one day in the country. The driver said it got hot because it wasn't well greased. How could grease prevent fire?"

"Grease would have lessened the friction, and so kept the hub from heating."

"I didn't think of that," said Fred.

"We get fire, too, by rubbing, don't we, when we strike a match?" Mary asked.

"Certainly. The secret of friction matches is to have their points charged with something that takes fire easily, or at a low heat."

"What is on them?" Johnny asked.

"Phosphorus, mixed with something to keep it from lighting too easily. Here is some pure phosphorus in this bottle. You rub the button, Johnny, while I take some of it out on the point of my knife. See! the button is hot enough to set the phosphorus on fire. We might kindle our fires that way; but it is easier and safer to put the phosphorus on the end of bits of wood, mixed, of course, with what will prevent its taking fire when we do not want it to."

"I read a good story once about a traveler who was stopped somewhere in Asia by a barbarous people who knew nothing of matches. They would not let him go through their country, and set a guard to watch him, while the chiefs debated whether they should kill him or send him back."

"While waiting for their decision, he had occasion to light a match; and taking one from

his pocket, he struck it on the sole of his boot, and thought no more about it. To his surprise, the people who were watching him ran off in hot haste, and soon there was a great commotion in the village.

"He had not long to wait before the chief men came back to him, this time paying him the utmost reverence. Slaves brought him food and fresh horses, and the chiefs begged him most politely to pursue his journey in peace."

"What was the reason?"

"They had seen him, as they thought, draw fire from his foot with his finger, and they feared that such a great conjurer might burn them all up if they offended him."

"That was a lucky match for the traveler," said Fred.—*Eyes Right.*

Braiding and Weaving Horse Hair

The Square Braid

HORSEHAIR may be braided flat, round, or square; but the square braid is the most effective, and the one generally used. For a flat braid an odd number of strands, preferably five or seven, will be required. The braiding is similar to that done with three strands; and as it is so little used, no further explanation need be made here. A round braid may be made with four strands, but it will be too rough for our use. If eight, twelve, or sixteen strands are used, and braided around a cord as large as their aggregate size, the braid will be both round and smooth. But the braiding in this case will be exactly the same as for the square braid, and the result identical except in shape.

For the square braid eight strands will be required, though twelve or sixteen may be used. They may be all of one color, or half may be black and half white. Bind the necessary number together by tying a string around one end of the bunch. The knots on the ends of each strand, or thread, will keep it from slipping through the string, even though it is subjected to quite a pull. The ends of the string must be left long enough to form a loop by which the work may be held in some convenient manner while the braiding is being done.

By referring to Fig. 2, you will see braid just fairly begun, with the strands of the unbraided part widely separated, and numbered for the sake of more ready identification. The strands are numbered in just the order they are to be used, and when each has been used once, all will be back in the same position that they now occupy.

To proceed with the braiding, grasp the strands on the right—the even numbers—between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand; and with the left hand take number one, and pass it down under the others till it can be held between the middle and forefingers of the right hand. Now take the three strands remaining on the left, the odd numbers, between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, release numbers eight and six, and bring number one up between four and six, over six and eight, and back to its own side in front of seven. This will crowd seven back to the place that five occupies in the illustration; five will take the place of three; and three will occupy position number one. Next take number two, pass it under and up between five and seven (it would be between

three and five as the illustration now stands, but you will remember that one has been placed in front of seven), then across seven and one to position number eight. Numbers three, four, five, etc., are next used in their turn until the braid is finished. This may seem rather complicated when you read it, but once you get to work, it will be found quite simple.

If the strands get out of place, after a braid is started, it is often quite difficult to straighten them out again. For that reason a braid should not be left unfinished unless the right and left strands are tied in such a manner that there will be no danger of their becoming mixed. A

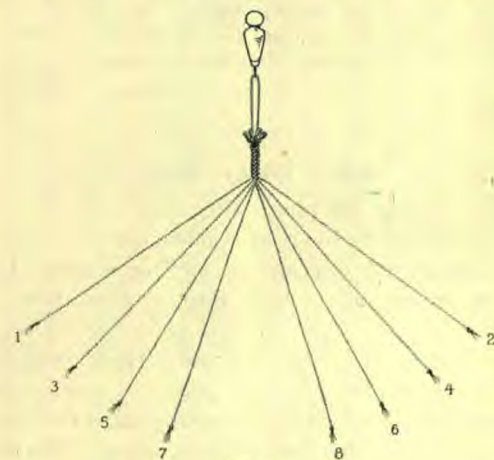
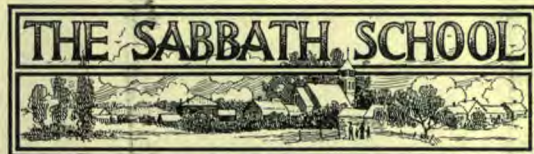


FIG. 3

simple and effective method of accomplishing this is shown in Fig. 3.

Where black and white strands are used in the braid, their arrangement may be varied to secure different effects. When the black and the white come alternately, or in pairs, the resultant braid will show their arrangement in a similar manner. But if white is placed on one side, and black on the other, the braid will show two white and two black stripes running lengthwise.

J. EDGAR ROSS.



THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

VII—Sun, Moon, and Stars

(May 17)

"AND God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and years: and let them be for lights in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth: and it was so. And God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night: he made the stars also. . . . And the evening and the morning were the fourth day." Gen. 1:4-19.

"The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard." Ps. 19:1-3.

"He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names." Ps. 147:4.

"I am the light of the world." John 8:12.

"Ye are the light of the world. . . . Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." Matt. 5:14, 16.

(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 had made the darkness and the light to give day and night to the earth. He had spread out the clear firmament as a tent. He had gathered the waters together, and made the dry land



FIG. 2

bring forth grass, herbs, and trees for beauty and fruitfulness. This was the work of the first three days.

And now on the fourth day he glorified the firmament of heaven with lights, which were to rule the day and the night, and make the earth bring forth its bounties at regular seasons.

God made the sun to be the glorious king of day, whose rising and setting should mark the morning and the evening, and divide the light from the darkness.

And when the sun's shining face should no longer shed its bright light over the earth, God made the silvery moon, to walk in brightness through the heavens, still reflecting the sun's light upon the world. For the moon and the planets have no light of their own, any more than our earth; they only reflect the sun's glory.

But the sun has really no light of its own, any more than the moon. All the light that it sheds upon the world comes from the Father of lights. For the heavens declare the glory of God. To "declare" is to show forth. So all that the sun, moon, and stars can do is to show forth the glory of the Lord.

So the light, the warmth, the beauty, and the fruitfulness, that the earth receives through the sun,—we owe them all to God, the light of whose face shines upon us in the glad sunshine. "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun."

Lift up your eyes on high on a clear night, and behold the host of stars shining in the clear firmament. Some of these are suns many times larger than our sun, which is more than a million times larger than the earth. And round these suns are other worlds revolving, as our earth revolves about the sun that lightens it.

But the stars that we see are only a little portion of God's great flock, which "can not be numbered for multitude." Yet he tells their number, calls each by its name, and guides it in its path through space. Not one can escape from his keeping, nor fall from his mighty hand.

Yet he who is so great in might and strong in power that he gives light and life to unnumbered suns and worlds, at the same time numbers the hairs of our heads, and watches over the little sparrow. He gathers the lambs with his arm, and carries them in his bosom.

Jesus is the great Light of lights, and the sun, moon, and stars are his light-bearers. He is the Sun of righteousness, the Light of the world, and he wants us to be his light-bearers,—to shine as lights in the world with the glory that he sets on us. His own perfect life of righteousness lights the world with its glory; and by his Holy Spirit he fills all those who will let him with his own holy life, that men may see their good works, and glorify their Father in heaven.

Questions

1. What did God say at the beginning of the fourth day?
2. What did he place in the firmament of heaven?
3. What did he call these lights?
4. What did he say they were to do?
5. What special work did God give to the sun?
6. What did he say the moon should do?
7. What do the heavens, with all their hosts, declare?
8. Then whose glory is it that we see in the sun, moon, and stars?
9. Can any one tell how many stars there are?
10. What does God know about each one?
11. What keeps them all in their places?
12. Who is the true Light, the Father of all lights?
13. What is he able to make us?
14. Where are we to let our light shine?
15. What are men to see?
16. What will they do when they see our good works?
17. Have we any light of our own to let shine?

18. Then can the good works come from us?
19. Who must work in us, if we are to be the light of the world?
20. What was made on the first day? the second? the third?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

VII — The Coming Deliverer

(May 17)

MEMORY VERSE: "There shall come out of Zion the Deliverer, and shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob." Rom. 11:26.

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Same as inserted in Synopsis.

LESSON HELP: "Patriarchs and Prophets," page 137.

Synopsis

The first announcement of the gospel (Gen. 3:15) brought hope to our first parents,—the hope of a coming Deliverer. Rom. 11:26. He was to be the seed of the woman, which should bruise the serpent's head. Eve comprehended this promise, and upon the birth of her first son, she evidently thought that the Deliverer had come, for she said, "I have gotten a man from the Lord," or as it reads literally, "I have gotten a man, the Lord." Gen. 4:1.

But Cain was not the promised seed; a long, long time was to pass before the second Adam should appear. The first Adam was human; Christ, the last Adam, was both human and divine. 1 Cor. 15:45. Of his divine nature we are to be partakers according to God's exceeding great and precious promises. 2 Peter 1:4. As we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. 1 Cor. 15:49.

The sacrifices given to Adam and his family pointed to just such a Saviour; Abel saw it, and faith in this Saviour made his offering more excellent than Cain's. Heb. 11:4. This same faith translated Enoch (verse 5), and brought to Noah the experience of righteousness. Verse 7. On the other hand, it was the rejection of this hope that led to the corruption of the sons of God and the daughters of men, so that the image of God was defaced in the human race, and the divine nature was lost. Gen. 6:1, 2.

To Abraham this same gospel was preached. Gal. 3:8. He was living among idolaters (Joshua 24:2) in a far-off land, but the promised blessings led him out of his country to look for that city whose builder and maker is God. Heb. 11:10. To him God made a promise which involved the coming of Christ, the seed. Gal. 3:16. By faith Abraham saw Christ's day (John 8:56),—it was when he offered Isaac, and he said, "God will provide himself a lamb." And truly, the Lamb of God is God himself,—God manifest in the flesh.

God's promise to Abraham also involved the restoration of the earth to man for an everlasting possession. Rom. 4:13. Abraham said to the Lord, "Whereby shall I know that I shall inherit it?" and the Lord condescended to enter into a covenant with his servant, employing such forms as were customary among men for the ratification of a solemn engagement. See Gen. 15:9-12, and "Patriarchs and Prophets," page 137. "About sunset he sank into a deep sleep; and, 'lo, an horror of great darkness fell upon him.' The voice of God was heard bidding him not to expect immediate possession of the promised land, and pointing forward to the sufferings of his posterity before their establishment in Canaan. The plan of redemption was here opened to him, in the death of Christ, the great sacrifice, and his coming in glory. Abraham also saw the earth restored to its Eden beauty, to be given him for an everlasting possession, as the final and complete fulfillment of the promise."

In this experience it was distinctly stated that

the promises would not be fulfilled during the natural lifetime of Abraham (Gen. 15:15), and they, therefore, included the resurrection of the dead. This was the "hope of the promise" spoken of by Paul (Acts 26:6-8), and included the coming of the Lord and the new earth. 2 Peter 3:9-13.

Questions

1. What hope was the central thought in the first promise of the gospel?
2. At first who was thought to be the Deliverer?
3. What name shows the relation of the promised One to humanity?
4. What is the nature of this last Adam?
5. How can we share this nature?
6. What did Adam and his family learn from the sacrifices?
7. What made Abel's offering so excellent?
8. What did this same faith do for Enoch and Noah?
9. What was the condition of the world just previously to the flood? What was the cause of this?
10. Where was Abraham when he received the first gospel call?
11. With what object in view did he leave his country?
12. What assurance did God's promise give him concerning Christ?
13. What experience led Abraham to see this promise "afar off"?
14. What did this promise involve concerning the earth?
15. What question did Abraham ask concerning the promised inheritance?
16. How did the Lord confirm Abraham?
17. What did the Lord reveal to him during that "horror of darkness"?
18. What did the Lord say would come to Abraham before the promise would be fulfilled?
19. What, therefore, did the fulfillment of the promises include?
20. How did Paul speak of this to Agrippa?
21. What other events are inseparably connected with the fulfillment of the promises to Abraham?

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CHRIST "took upon him the form of a servant." Can his followers do less? Is it not "enough for the disciple that he be as his Master"?

THE "way of the cross" lies before every follower of Christ. But none need travel it alone. He who climbed its sorrowful heights before you, will now climb them with you.

THE face is an open book, wherein are written the soul's most secret thoughts. High aims, pure desires, worthy ambitions, are, unconsciously to their possessor, recorded in the face, beautifying and ennobling it, just as their opposites will write their evil story there. Youth always longs for beauty—and the truest loveliness is within the grasp of all who will take to themselves, as a rule to *live by*, the admonition laid down in Phil. 4:8: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

The Twelve-Year-Old

TAKE it the wide world over, you will not find very much in print concerning twelve-year-old boys and girls. But the Bible is one great exception to this rule. In biographies of men of God, the boy of twelve is often mentioned.

What has been done by boys of twelve? Moses was about this age when he left his mother's home, and entered the Egyptian court to receive a training that would prepare him to sit on the throne of the greatest kingdom of the world.

Samuel was a twelve-year-old boy, so the Jewish legends say, when he entered the temple service under the direction of Eli. What twelve-year-old boy living to-day would not be pleased to serve in the presence of God, and to hear the voice of God calling him by name?

A boy is not obliged to wait until he is a

man grown, in order to be a follower of Christ. It would seem that the first vivid ideas of life-work, the first opportunity to choose a career for the future,—in a word, the first unfolding of the spiritual nature,—come at about this age.

The boy David, at the age of twelve, was feeding the sheep on the hills of Bethlehem. It was a child heart that awoke to the promptings of the Holy Spirit, and led God, who looked upon that heart, to choose and anoint him as the future king, and to make him the father of Christ.

We can go even further; for the Bible gives us a glimpse of the child life of Christ himself, bringing him at the age of twelve into bold relief, and then casting a veil over his history for almost a score of years.

It was at the age of twelve that Jesus made his first visit to Jerusalem. He stood as any other boy of his age might have stood, watching the work of the white-robed priests. A lamb was slain and placed on the altar; the smoke ascended toward the sky; and into the heart of that little boy came the thought: "Thou, Jesus, art my beloved son." He had often heard the story of his birth and mission as told by his mother; he had listened often to her readings from the Old Testament Scriptures; but never until that moment had he sensed so fully that God had brought him into the world for a purpose, and that he could not be like other boys. He stole away that he might be alone.

Jesus prayed, and told his Heavenly Father that he would do whatever work he had for him to do. The next view we have of him he is in the synagogue school, listening to the doctors as they taught other Jewish boys. He questioned these teachers, and answered questions put to him, in a way that showed his connection with heaven. And yet he was only a boy—a boy of twelve years.

If Jesus, and David, and Moses had a work to do when only twelve, what does God expect of children to-day? Can they excuse themselves with the thought that they are only twelve?

When each of these boys I have mentioned was twelve, there were other boys of their age who did not do a work for God; but that did not keep Jesus from his work, it did not make David careless or neglectful of his duties.

In the sale of "Christ's Object Lessons" there is a work which can be done by the children. Every child should have an opportunity to work, and in the sale of this book every child is invited to do something. Some children have done nothing, but others have worked with marked success. One of the churches in Wisconsin reports that two little girls, five and nine years of age, are canvassing, and both are determined to sell their share. They have already sold four books. Other children are doing a similar work; what have you done?

The INSTRUCTOR would be pleased to receive letters from all its children readers who have had an experience in working for "Christ's Object Lessons." Tell us how you worked, and the results. These will be published.

M. BESSIE DE GRAW.

A SUBSCRIBER writes, in renewing her subscription to the INSTRUCTOR, that she "does not want to miss a single number." Very many of its readers have expressed the same thought. We feel that any who miss not one number only, but often several, through neglect to renew promptly, are losing much that would be of value to them.

Another, who has read the paper seven years, expresses her gratitude for the opportunity she has enjoyed each week during this time of reading its pages; and closes with the words: "May the INSTRUCTOR's mission ever be as uplifting to others as it has always been to me."



THE COLOR OF WATER.—Recent investigations of natural color in water show that it is due to two distinct causes, vegetable stain and suspended matter. When the latter is present in appreciable quantity, it causes turbidity, and is not a real pigment. The true color, or vegetable stain, is greenish-yellow to reddish-brown, and is due to decayed plant-growth; the suspended matter is generally mineral, and often contains iron. The color acquired by water at the bottom of a deep pond is largely due to this cause.—*Success*.

THE DRYING UP OF GREAT SALT LAKE.—It is the opinion of geologists that within fifty years Great Salt Lake will have ceased to exist. The reason for its drying up is simple,—the water-supply is being lessened by diverting the contributing streams into reservoirs, whence their waters are distributed for irrigating purposes in the dry season. The lake is seventy-five miles long, about half that width in its widest part, and not over one hundred feet deep in the deepest places. It has no outlet save by evaporation; this accounts for the saltiness of the water.

THE OXFORD SCHOLARSHIPS.—The will of the late Cecil Rhodes provides for the establishment of a number of free scholarships, each of which represents \$1,500 a year for three years. These are for students from every English-speaking colony, five for German students, and two for every State and Territory of the United States. "The will explains that it was Mr. Rhodes's purpose to encourage in the students from the United States who will benefit by these scholarships an attachment to the land from which they have sprung, but without withdrawing them or their sympathies from the land of their adoption or birth."

THE OFFICIAL CROWN OF ENGLAND.—In an article on "English Regalia" in the April *Era*, are given the following paragraphs on the crown of St. Edwards, which is the one that will be used in the coronation ceremony:—

"The actual official crown of England is that of St. Edward's, and, while all late sovereigns have their state crowns of more recent date and workmanship, the official crown is always present, and placed on the head at the coronation.

"This crown was made in 1602 by Sir Robert Vyner. It is a massive affair, and one that no monarch would care to wear for any length of time. A heavy golden rim forms the base of the crown, studded heavily with large pearls, diamonds, and other precious stones. Four fleur-de-lis and four crosses and pattés rise alternately from this rim, richly studded with gems and diamonds, and from the top of each cross rises an arch of gold, dipping gradually toward the center.

"The center of the crown, where the arches meet, is an orb of gold filled with jewels, diamonds, pearls, and colored stones. A cross patté set with diamonds rises above this orb, surmounted by a magnificent spherical pearl. Small arms or brackets hang dependent from this pearl, holding drop-shaped pearls. A cap of crimson velvet goes with this crown, and completes it.

"There are more expensive crowns than this of St. Edward's in the royal regalia, and others to which attach greater historical interest; but as the official crown of England since the restoration, it is naturally held in great esteem."