

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

Vol. L.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., MAY 15, 1902.

No. 20.



Some Characteristics of the Boers in Peace and War

On a journey from East London to Kimberly in 1896, the writer found himself with five others, three Englishmen and two Boers, in one of the small compartments of the ordinary English railway carriage. These compartments have two seats reaching from side to side and facing each other. The Storm Berg had been passed, and we should have arrived at the Dutch village of Steynsburg at dark, and at De Aar before day-break next morning. A long drought had denuded the veld of every vestige of life. Besides, it was autumn, when these up-country plains are brown and dry; so traveling was dull indeed.

April is not the season for rain, which generally falls in these districts during the summer, from November to March. But nature sometimes seems out of her course here, as in other lands, and a cold, steady rain came on that night. Our engine had gone wrong, darkness fell, and we were still below Steynsburg. While passengers slept, the disabled engine rested; and when approaching daylight enticed us out of the cold, leather-lined berths, we expected to see the familiar iron-roofed houses of De Aar. But only rain and flooded sandy plains extended, ocean like, before us. The roof of our compartment had sprung a leak, and with overcoats and blankets, the six of us tried to keep warm.

This was but four months after Dr. Jameson, once a resident physician of Kimberly, had attempted to conquer the Transvaal with three hundred men,—an episode not tending toward warm feelings between Dutch and English. Our Dutch companions had entered the train in the night; and though we knew they were there, the dim light of an African railway carriage gave but slight idea of their physique. I knew they smoked, as nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand men in this land do. Providentially being the one, I may innocently have given offense to my Boer friends by persistently keeping the window next to me open. Now, in the slowly increasing light of that rainy day, Boer eyed Briton, and Briton eyed Boer. All were cold

and somewhat wet, and the situation was altogether cool. My American manner and speech, being recognized by the Boers, soon relieved me of embarrassment, and gave me the place of an interested spectator. These two Boers were farmers, and fairly good types of their race. Both sturdy fellows of full six feet two, broad shouldered, with keen blue eyes and sunbrowned complexion, they looked equal to the endurance of a Spartan.

Farming in South Africa is altogether unlike what is usually understood by that term. The Boer farm has from three to five thousand acres, generally of treeless, rocky ground. If there be any attraction or value about it, it is because somewhere within its borders is found a spring or fountain, marked by the presence of two or three willow-trees. Near this fountain the farmer builds a one-story, flat-roofed house, made of sundried brick, and plastered over with a white mixture of cement and coarse gravel. All well-to-do

more is done from the back of an agile horse. Thus the Boer farmer is trained from early boyhood to skillful horsemanship.

While our train dragged wearily along that rainy morning, one of the party managed slightly to relieve the coolness of the situation by remarking that the train had lost its route, which appeared not altogether impossible under the circumstances. Not until nine o'clock, and long after the "down train" had passed, did we pull up at the well-known junction. If in the Roman empire all roads led to Rome, surely in South Africa all roads lead to De Aar; for through this place of possibly two dozen houses, amid an apparently limitless, barren, sandy plain, every traveler from the south must pass into Africa. Here some of our party were transferred into a mixed freight, proceeding to Kimberly; others took another direction, and we lost sight of our Boer companions.

The hundred miles from De Aar to the Modder

River is an almost unbroken plain, as level as a floor, relieved only by occasional small, flat-topped hills called "kopjes" by the Dutch. Between these little cone-shaped hills the railroad winds its way. The Orange River is crossed half-way between De Aar and the Modder. The British troops, landing at Cape Town for the relief of Kimberly, were carried by rail to Orange River. Except in the rainy season, the Orange at this place appears a great stream of sand, having only a rivulet of water somewhere within its wide bed. The Modder is a much narrower stream, yet just above the point where it is crossed by the railway, stretches



TRAVELING BY STAGE IN SOUTH AFRICA

farms are characterized by these white houses, which serve as landmarks for many miles around.

The farmer's occupation is the raising of sheep and cattle. He must have no fewer than thirty or forty good oxen, as it requires at least sixteen of these animals to haul one of his great transport wagons over the hills and sandy roads. From six to a dozen horses are needed for riding and driving. It is a disgrace, here, for a man to be seen walking any considerable distance; therefore horses are much in demand. All ordinary errands to the village, or "burg," which may be several miles distant (though the Boer never reckons by miles, but always by "hours," six miles on horseback being an hour); visits from farmhouse to farmhouse, of which the Boer is extremely fond; overseeing his flocks and herds, under the care of Kaffir servants,—all this and

a long island. This island and the river-banks are well covered with bushes and small trees. Here forty thousand British troops on November 18, 1900, met seven or eight thousand Boers in the first important battle between the two armies. On the day following a thousand English dead were counted by the keeper of the hotel which stood on the north side of the river.

After inflicting this loss upon the British, with but small loss to themselves, the Boers quietly withdrew, and made a more strongly defended position ten miles nearer Kimberly, at Magersfontein. Waiting nearly a month, the English moved forward only after receiving large reinforcements. Then came Magersfontein, where the famed "Black Watch" (a detachment of Scotch Highlanders) was all but annihilated. Here the picked men from the world army of the

British, in number at least four to one, were time after time from morning to night hurled against the entrenched lines of Boer farmers, only to retire broken and defeated. Then for eight long weeks, there lay an army of vastly superior numbers, and being constantly re-enforced, but not choosing again to face these men of the veld. It is believed that the battle of Magersfontein cost the British double the number of men killed and wounded that were lost at Modder River. One of the Black Watch, who, with his regiment, charged the Boer entrenchments at Magersfontein, says that the barbed wire stretched in front of the advancing line at the sides of the trenches effectually stopped their progress. They rushed upon this wire, became entangled, and even tried to pull it down with their hands. Some of their number, shot by the Boers, were left standing against the wire fences upon which they fell. Such are some of the horrors of modern warfare.

While the British army, after falling back, lay along the Modder for two months, Kimberly lay in state,—a state of siege. When endurance of all their ills seemed no longer possible,—at the very moment when the wretched inhabitants were being hurried down the shafts of the diamond mines, the only remaining place of safety from the increasing rain of shells,—the banners of the "Relief Column" under General French were seen fluttering far across the brown veld, and from the starving populace went up a wild shout of joy as their rescuers entered the city.

JOEL CYRUS ROGERS.



"He Knoweth Our Frame"

"He knoweth our frame," with its burden of frailty;

"He knoweth our frame," the soul's cottage of dust;

And how o'er the spirit the tempests that hover
Seem spears of our foemen, in deadliest thrust;

For we are frail, and wild winds wail,
And strength fails that we trust.

"He knoweth our frame!" O mourner in shadows!

He knoweth thy weakness, thy sorrow and care.

Look upward! His birds in their gladness are bathing

Their wings in his sunlight; their songs fill the air.

His love is true 'neath skies of blue,
And flowing everywhere.

"He knoweth our frame!" Then O why be downhearted,

As if he, thy Saviour, thy grief had forgot?
Let faith with clear vision gaze evermore heavenward,

And behold how with mercy his judgments are fraught.

"He knoweth our frame!" O praise his name
Who has salvation wrought!

B. F. M. SOURS.

Ruth the Moabitess

THE sorrowful story of Naomi and her bereavement in a land of strangers has a beautiful sequel in the experience of Ruth, the Moabitish woman. Elimelech and Naomi were driven by famine to remove from Bethlehem, in Judah, to the land of Moab. Here their two sons were married to young women of the land. Here, Elimelech died, and later his sons died also. Nothing remained for the desolate mother but to return to her kindred in Bethlehem. The daughters-in-law accompanied her, out of respect, probably, to the

border of their town. Here a pause was made, and Naomi affectionately and thoughtfully dismissed her daughters, giving them her benediction. She would take no advantage of their devotion to lead them away to a land of strangers and strange customs, where, separated from their kindred, they would be likely to suffer from loneliness and want.

Orpah saw the difficulties, and felt a strong attachment to home. She therefore yielded to the suggestion to return. We hear no more of her. It is probable that when the influence of her godly mother-in-law was no longer felt, she soon lapsed into the ways of her heathen surroundings, and thus lost forever the opportunity she had had of becoming identified with the people of God.

But Ruth was of another spirit. She had partaken of the grace that sustained Naomi; she had become acquainted with her God; she had learned to love, trust, and obey him; and she could not bear to be separated from the one who had brought her such great light and happiness. Her reply to the words of Naomi bidding her to return are deserving of the high place they hold among the gems of thought and language that have been handed down to us from the past: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

There was no rejecting such a plea. The heart of Naomi was opened to receive a true daughter. Ruth became inseparably associated with God's people, through which association she became the great-grandmother of King David, and, according to the flesh, a direct progenitor of Jesus.

Orpah chose her future from the natural feelings of her heart, and from a worldly point of view. Ruth's choice was governed by the dictates of duty, and was made by faith. It is very likely that she realized what we all ought to know,—that the choice of the right course can eventually have no other than a good result. Often, when the one involved calmly trusts in God, the greatest good comes from what seems to be a hopeless situation.

The choice of Ruth stands in bright contrast with that of Lot, who chose for himself a good worldly prospect at the sacrifice of his association with the plan, the promises, and the people of God. How many young people there are to-day who stand at the parting of the way! Which way shall I take? The world, the heart, and friends often say, "Return from following Jesus." But duty and gratitude whisper to the heart to persevere. Eternal life, and the blessedness of the saved, urge you to go on. The way may look lonely and strange and difficult, but angels will attend you in it, Jesus is there, and it leads to immortal glory.

G. C. TENNEY.

Homely Duties

A WELL-KNOWN American writer, and a woman old and wise enough to understand the use and meaning of the past events of her life, recently told a friend of an incident of her youth which may interest and help others.

She resolved, on leaving school, to go on with the studies which she had begun. The day she divided systematically; so much time for Latin, so much for science, so much for the higher mathematics, music, painting, general literature. Besides these occupations she proposed to take exercise at stated and regular times.

But when she sat down to her Latin, dictionaries and note-books open, Will, her brother, was sure to rush in with a coat to mend, or a splinter to be taken out, or perhaps only wanted

to tell her a long story of the football match, or the game at recess. She always pushed the Latin aside while she listened or sewed.

When she was busy with logarithms and problems, she would catch sight of her mother stooping over a basket of unmended stockings, or nursing the heavy baby. Books and slate were put aside while she took the task on herself, and sent her tired mother to rest.

When she wished to go to the gymnasium, the parlor was to dust; when she was ready for an hour's pleasant reading, there was old Peggy in the kitchen spelling out a verse in the Bible with her dim eyes.

Often when night came, the day, as she looked back, appeared to be filled with nothing; a little sewing, a little housekeeping, a thousand little trifles done for her mother, for the boys, for the old servant.

She was irritable and rebellious. Her plans had been for a higher work and a higher life than this!

At the age of sixty, she said, looking back: "I have never found occasion for the use of the higher mathematics or Latin in my life. But the old negro in the kitchen died trusting in her Saviour, whom she had learned to know as I read to her every day.

"When my brother Will, at twenty, fell into bad habits and ran away from home, I was sent to bring him back. He had grown fond of me because I humored him, and he came. It was the turning-point of his life.

"I know now, too, that if I had not taken some of my mother's hourly burden of little duties upon myself, she would have sunk beneath them. As it was, she lived to a happy, helpful old age. God knew better than I what work was best for me in life."—*Our Church Record.*

Nature's Unlimited Forces

As the race deteriorates in physical strength and endurance, God is instructing men more and more how to utilize some of nature's enormous reserves of energy, which are daily going to waste. In certain departments of human industry one man now guides and controls with ease a machine doing the same amount of work that would have required hundreds of men a few years ago,—and doing it better than would have been possible then.

Niagara Falls could furnish sufficient power to run all the machinery in the world. A small part of the vast amount of water pouring over the falls has been diverted into huge tunnels, and the power so generated is utilized in lighting the streets and homes of a city of nearly half a million inhabitants, more than twenty miles away.

Recently a dam has been constructed, and the necessary machinery installed, at the head of the Missouri River, near Helena, Montana, for conserving energy for similar purposes. By means of some of this power, the city of Helena is lighted, and its electric cars are run. The same wonderful energy is conveyed over mountains and valleys to Butte, sixty miles away, and is there doing the same work.

When we see such tangible evidences of God's power lent so freely to the service of man, even while he is cherishing wickedness in his heart, why should we doubt that God will impart to us moral power, even while we are in an imperfect state?

In a few favored localities, nature actually furnishes water in a heated condition, thus saving men the trouble of warming it. Several miles from Helena, Montana, water gushes out of the earth at a temperature of one hundred and sixty degrees. A mile below is situated one of the largest nurseries in the Northwest. The water from these springs is drawn down the valley in wooden pipes, and then passes under the

flower-beds in metal pipes, thereby supplying all the artificial heat needed. This water is afterward conveyed to an immense swimming-pool, where it still retains so much of its natural heat that it is necessary to mix it with ordinary water in order to cool it to the proper temperature for bathing purposes. DAVID PAULSON, M. D.



A Summer Afternoon

THE hills are wound in silver-green and gray.
Before the noonday hour, his plea for rain
Imploringly the rain-crow piped aloud
Through olive shadows, and the sun was fain
To bathe his hot, red face in cooling cloud.
No bodeful wind molests the earing grain;
There are no scowling tempest signs to-day,
Only, along the hill peaks, far away,
A mystery of soft and silent rain.

— Selected.

The Bush-Sparrow

IN the busy pastures,
Ere April days are done,
Or along the forest border,
Ere the chewink has begun,
Is Spizella trilling
In notes that circling run
Like wavelets in the water
That go rippling in the sun.

A gentle, timid rustic,
Who makes the dingle ring,
Or round about the orchard
Where bush and brier cling,



Yellow-billed Cuckoo

Most tuneful of the sparrows,
With little russet wing,—
A joy in early summer,
A thrill in early spring.

His coat has russet trimmings,
And russet is his crown;
Less bright and trim of feather
Than chippy near the town,—
A plainer country cousin,
With plainer country gown,
Who loves the warmth of summer,
But dreads the autumn's frown.

He hides in weedy vineyards
When August days are here,
And taps the purple clusters
For a little social cheer;
(The boys have caught him at it,
The proof is fairly clear!)
Still I bid him welcome,
The pilfering little dear!
He pays me off in music,
And pays me every year.

— John Burroughs, in Harper's.

The Cuckoos

THE Yellow-billed Cuckoo is familiarly known by the name of Rain-crow, from the supposition that its call betokens rain. There are many who have never seen the bird, and know it only from its peculiar notes. The Rain-crow keeps closely hidden; and whenever it does leave shelter, it flies so silently and swiftly as almost to escape detection. It will be worth your while to get ac-

quainted with this bird, even at the expense of patient study and endeavor.

You will need to be careful in watching the nest of the Cuckoo; for the birds are wary, and are apt to desert the nest when discovered. The nest is built with a platform of small sticks, with a few grasses or catkins, and it is a wonder that the little birds are able to stay in their flimsy cradles. In fact, they do sometimes tumble out, and fall to the ground; but, fortunately, the nest is usually not very high up, and they seldom get hurt.

Olive Thorne Miller once found a young Cuckoo tumbling about on the ground. He was trying to fly, but made sorry work of it, not getting more than a foot or so at a time. It was rather dark; so she caught the bird to get a good look at it, to see what it was, and then let it go again. The bird gave a shriek, and out from the thick bushes popped a Cuckoo, which alighted on a low branch near by, and gave such a cry of distress as showed that the little bird was her baby. The mother bird evidently thought that the little one was about to be carried off. Olive Thorne Miller loves the birds, and she could not think of distressing one; so she opened her hands and let the little thing go. Then, half scrambling, half flying, it went away.

The little Cuckoos do not look like other young birds. The feathers are wrapped in a sheath for a long time after they come out, and the young birds look as if white pins were stuck all over their little black bodies.

The call of the Yellow-billed Cuckoo is given as *tut-tut, tut-tut, cl-uck-cl-uck-cl-uck-cl-uck-cl-uck-cl-uck, cow, cow, cow, cow, cow, cow!* The notes of the Black-billed Cuckoo are quite similar, but somewhat softer.

The Cuckoos and the Belted Kingfisher belong to the same family. The Kingfisher lives on fish when he can get them, or on grasshoppers. He wears a crest; his back is bluish, under parts white, with blue belt; he is found near the water.

The Cuckoos have no crest; the upper parts are brownish, and the under parts plain white; and they are found in undergrowth and low bushes. You can distinguish the Yellow-bill from the Black-bill by remembering that the tail of the Yellow-bill is black, with clear-white thumb-marks on the under side, and the upper part of the bill is yellow; while the tail of the Black-bill is brown, with no thumb-marks, and the bill is black.

The Cuckoos are useful birds on account of the large number of caterpillars which they eat. They devour so many of these creatures that it is said their stomachs are lined with the hairs. Three hundred and twenty-eight caterpillars, besides fifteen grasshoppers and a number of spiders, were found in the stomachs of sixteen Black-bills. Two hundred and seventeen fall web-worms were found in the stomach of one Yellow-bill.

The Mourning-Dove

Doves look something like wild pigeons, but are much smaller, and their rapid flight is accompanied with a whistling sound. Wild pigeons have a bluish, slate-colored rump, while the dove's is olive grayish-brown. The dove also has a black mark below the ear.

"Sometimes," writes Florence Merriam, "we see the soft, fawn-colored creature looking out at us from the foliage of a tree, turning its head from side to side to inspect us, while its mate calls solicitously,

'Coo-o-o, ah-coo-o-o — coo-o-o — coo-o-o!' Again we see it walking along the ground, moving its head back and forth with the peculiar motion of the doves; then we hear a musical whir as it passes swiftly through the air beside us, and on looking up catch sight of the white circlet of its long vanishing tail; or perhaps watch it soar low over the bushes, with wings stiffly spread till it gets near the nest, when it alights with a wabbling motion of wings and tail."

In the dry parts of Arizona, the Mourning-dove has been known to nest so far from water that it could go to drink only twice each day. But the mountaineers, trained in the lore of the woods, know its habit, and follow it when in search of water. If the dove is once made sure of your protection, it will build its nest in your garden. In central Illinois I have found the bird very tame.

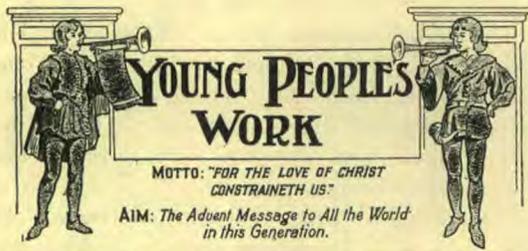
During the nesting season the doves will be found in pairs. After the nesting season, they gather in flocks, and frequent grain and corn fields. Major Bendire thinks the pairs remain mated throughout the year, as they are seen together summer and winter. Their conduct toward one another shows that the name Turtle-dove, which has become synonymous with tenderness and affection, is more appropriate than the name Mourning-dove. L. A. REED.



KINGFISHER



Mourning Dove



A Prayer of Gifts

GIVE us no other art
Than knowing to be kind;
Give us the thankful heart,
Light where we walk so blind.

Give us to think no ill—
Forgive as we're forgiven,
With earth and thy dear will
Sweet as a dream of heaven.

—Selected.

An Open Door of Usefulness for Our Young People's Societies

It is with a sense of profound gratitude that I receive the news from the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR that the Young People's Societies of Iowa have determined to raise a thousand dollars for the work in France. And why not? I believe in these determinations which look heavenward. I believe in the success of this movement, and why should not the Young People's Societies of other States and of our colleges take up a similar work, and press forward along missionary lines? Here is enough of opportunity. Here are Belgium and Italy, Portugal and Spain, Algeria, Tunis, and France with its teeming cities, almost unentered.

But these fields would not receive all the benefit. We can fervently hope that such a movement would result in our soon seeing in these countries some of the very young people who have labored in this line,—here to use the means they have won by prayer and loving labor.

There is cause for the deepest encouragement in this step taken by the young people of Iowa. It shows the hand of God in the organization of our young people. It shows what mighty results will be obtained when these young people are directed toward a definite object. By it a wave will be produced whose motion will affect, I was about to say, Europe and Asia, but I must say, will affect lives for eternity.

Dear young people, you have been called to service; and into service place yourself. March forward in faith, remembering that what you do is not half; the other half, and more than the other half, is being done by him who has called you to his service. That you may be encouraged in the step you have taken, let me give you some facts.

I have just returned from a week's labor in France, in the departments of the Gard, Drôme, and Puy-de-Dôme. While the work in the first two departments advances encouragingly among both Protestants and Catholics, the Puy-de-Dôme is almost all Catholic; so of that I speak expressly.

I arrived at 7:30 p. m., at Thiers, a city of twenty-seven thousand inhabitants, and was met at the train by M. Blanzat, a brother who is a bookkeeper in a gas factory. Up the steep hills he conducted me to the home of a Catholic family. They had supper prepared, but not caring to eat, we proceeded to break the bread of life. At the table were two Catholic ladies, who had begun to keep the Sabbath only a month or two before. Two other families and a young man were present, all interested in the truth, and under conviction. We studied God's word till 10:30. Then across the city we went, to the home of a wealthy Catholic widow, who had offered me lodging for the night.

When I descended with Brother Blanzat to close the street door after him, our hostess stepped

out of the room to ask if anything further was needed. Then we were invited into her room. Here we found at the table another lady, who had just arrived on a visit from Clermont, the city of the first Crusade, a neighboring city of some seventy thousand population. We began to talk on the word immediately, and conversed till after midnight. When we arose to go, our hostess said, "Sir, you must be a prophet; we never hear these things in our church."

Next morning I was about to leave for another place to eat breakfast, when she called me in, saying she had prepared something for us. We declined breakfast, having already engaged it elsewhere. Then she said, "Sir, won't you pray with us, as you did the night before?" I prepared to do so, standing up according to the French custom, when she knelt. After I had finished, the visitor said, "We never hear prayers like that in our church." From after breakfast till in the afternoon, when I took the train to leave, I was busy visiting and praying with different families.

Time would fail me to relate more. I can only say that the doors are open for consecrated, qualified laborers, and there is much hope for France, Italy, and Algeria.

B. G. WILKINSON.

Battles between Truth and Falsehood

Lesson VII—Making the Sabbath

(May 18-24)

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.

Jesus was the active partner in the creation of the earth. To him the Father said: "You make all things." The great Creator chose to take six days in making the earth and all things in it. After working six days, he rested the seventh day. That made it the rest day of the Lord. Then he blessed the seventh day. Now it was God's blessed rest day. Last, he sanctified the seventh day, or made it holy. Therefore since then the seventh day is God's holy, blessed rest day. But, though it is God's rest day, he made it, not for himself, but for man. The rest, blessing, and sanctification are all for man. For six days the Lord had been preparing a perfect home for man. In the seventh day he placed his crowning gift.

Outline

1. Jesus created all things. Col. 1: 12-17.
2. The Father said the Son was Creator. Heb. 1: 5-10.
3. Jesus made all things in six days. Ex. 20: 11.
4. He rested on the seventh day. Ex. 20: 11; Gen. 2: 2.
5. Then he blessed the seventh day. Gen. 2: 3.
6. He also sanctified the seventh day. Gen. 2: 3.
7. Jesus made the Sabbath for man. Mark 2: 27.

From Austin, Minnesota

OUR Young People's Society was organized Dec. 27, 1898, and we have been holding meetings each Sabbath afternoon, with an average attendance of thirteen. Now we have a membership of sixteen. We have a president, vice-president, secretary, and an assistant secretary. The president conducts the opening exercises, and then turns the meeting over to some one who has been appointed, usually two weeks before, and who has the study or reading for the day. We elect our officers every three months, as this course affords more opportunity for the different members to gain experience in conducting meetings. This has been a real help to us. When we began our meetings, there were some who had not the courage to speak in public. Now they can conduct a meeting or give a Bible study very readily.

Most of the time we have held a Bible study or reading each week, but for about three months at one time we followed the plan of having two or three members write an essay upon the life and work of some Bible character to be read in the meeting, after which all were free to talk about the life of the person studied. Another three months we studied the book of Genesis in connection with "Patriarchs and Prophets," reading a chapter or two each week. When the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR took up the Young People's work with "Steps to Christ" and the missionary studies, we used it as a basis for study. A short time ago we began studying the Testimonies, but continue the missionary studies each month.

We held fourteen cottage meetings during the last quarter, and distributed a number of tracts and papers.

CALVIN D. KINSMAN.

From Pueblo, Colorado

THE Young People's meeting of Sabbath, April 12, was the best attended, and by many present pronounced the most edifying, ever held in Pueblo; and it is with the hope that many other societies may enjoy similar, and even greater benefit by trying this or some other plan, that this is written:—

Sabbath, April 5, a slip of paper on which one of the following queries was written, was handed to each young person among us, with the request that a brief Bible answer be prepared for reading at the next meeting. In distributing these slips the ability of each was considered, and it was thought that every one could, with study, give a correct Bible answer. Each question was given to two or more persons, in order to have a variety of answers. Just before preaching service on the morning of the date of the meeting, the questions were read as an announcement of the afternoon meeting. After the reading of each question and its answers, opportunity was given for a brief discussion.

So much interest was manifested in the exercise that we had been together two hours (one and one-half hours on this exercise) before any attempt was made to close, and even then we could not do so before a number had testified concerning the blessing received on this occasion.

Here are the questions used:—

1. To whom was God talking when he said, "Let us make man"?
2. Why do Seventh-day Adventists wash one another's feet?
3. After a person accepts the Sabbath, is it all right to keep Sunday, too?
4. Why do Seventh-day Adventists hold that the days begin at sunset?
5. Is it possible for one to know he is a Christian? How?
6. Does the Bible tell how we may know when Jesus comes? How?
7. Why did God say, "But the seventh day is the Sabbath"? Where is the passage?
8. Where is it written that man's whole duty consists in fearing God and keeping the commandments? What commandments are meant?
9. If fearing God and keeping the commandments is man's whole duty, why was the whole Bible written?
10. Where does God's word say, "The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men"? If this is so, why send missionaries all over the world?
11. Write one Bible verse or more showing that Jesus will come soon.
12. What does baptism signify?

J. L. HUMBERT.

THE spiritual life is not knowing, not hearing, but doing. We only know so far as we can do. We learn to do by doing. What we do truly, rightly, in the way of duty, that, and only that, we are.—Frederick W. Robertson.



CHILDREN'S PAGE

We'll Save Them All for Mother

We wandered through the woodland dells
 One beautiful spring morning;
 The birds were singing in the trees,
 The busy bees were humming.
 Our happy hearts o'erflowed with joy;
 Then spoke my thoughtful brother:
 "We'll gather up the fragrant flowers,
 And save them all for mother."

As on we rambled through the wood,
 There flashed upon our view
 A sight which to our childish eyes
 Too good seemed to be true,—
 Strawberries ripe, so red and sweet!
 Then quickly spoke my brother:
 "These, too, we'll gather up with care,
 And save them all for mother."

"To carry them our hats will do,
 Lined with fresh leaves of green,"—
 A tempting dish, as you'll confess,
 And fit for home's dear queen.
 And as we saw her look of joy,
 Each said unto the other:
 "O, aren't you glad now that we saved
 Both flowers and fruit for mother?"

PAULINA M. A. ANDERSON,

Waiting

DAINTY little Daisy
 Sits waiting for the sun;
 Says she's almost crazy
 To take a little run
 On the hill to show her frill,
 Or by the road to stray;
 But she's kept in-doors till
 Spring says she may.

Dandy little Buttercup,
 Waiting for June weather,
 In his earthy bed tucked up,
 Wakes, and wonders whether
 He will sprout and soon shine out
 In his gold array,
 Or in doubt be left to pout
 Till Spring says he may.

Pussy Willow, soon astir,
 Makes an early start,
 Thickens all her silver fur
 Just to look smart;
 Longs to break the spell, and take
 Her own sweet way
 Before the rest are wide awake;
 And Spring says she may.

—Mary N. Prescott, in *Harper's Young People*.

Papa's Wildcat

WHEN I was a little boy, I lived on a farm in the southern part of Wisconsin. Across the fields to the west of the house were large woods, which sheltered many a wild animal. Here were rabbits and squirrels in abundance. Here we often heard the drum of the partridge, and the whir of its wings as we started it from a thicket. Often at night, we could hear the cry of the wildcat, or lynx, as the books call it, and the prolonged howl of the wolf.

I had a brother, Leman, and a sister, Amy. We three spent many pleasant hours in the edge of these grand old woods, and so my story begins.

One fine morning in May, we had gone out to the edge of the woods to play, while father plowed for corn in the field near by. It so happened that in our play, we came near an old straw-stack just over the fence in the wood; and, as we came near the stack, I saw a hole in it that reminded me of a hen's nest. Thinking

perhaps a neighbor's hen had stolen her nest there, I ran to the stack, and looked into the hole. And what do you suppose jumped out, and ran off into the woods?—A large wildcat. I yelled and jumped back, and then we all scampered, as fast as our feet would carry us, to father.

"A big animal jumped out of the straw-stack, right at me, and then ran off into the woods!"

It had to jump at me, for that was the only way it could get out of the nest. Father told us that he thought it must be a wildcat, for of late

recovered; but the other lived to be much larger than any house-cat you ever saw, and very playful. He would follow the end of a whip-lash round and round for a long time, jumping high up to catch it when it was raised.

He would jump into mother's lap and purr and purr; then begin to play with her ball of yarn; then, quick as a flash, down he would jump with it, run out of the door, and up the burr-oak tree that stood near the front door. Here he would climb to the very top, when he would drop the ball, letting it unwind as it fell. Then he would



GOOD MORNING!

he had often heard their cry during the night.

He went with us and looked into the hole, and sure enough it was a wildcat's nest, and snug in their little bed lay three wee kittens, so young that they had not yet opened their eyes.

Two of the kittens were taken home, put into a warm bed of straw, and given some sweet milk. One of these dear little kittens fell into a jar of sour milk, and caught such a cold that it never

run down the tree and carry the ball up again, letting it unwind all the while, until the yarn was well strung through the tree.

One day he found a spool of thread in a bedroom, and this he strung through the chairs and around the bedposts and bureau legs until it was well-nigh impossible to untangle it.

The kitten was such a pest among the hens that for weeks he had to be shut up under the

house. He would grab a chicken by the neck; and before it would have time to give one squawk, his teeth would be through its neck. When he had been punished severely a few times for catching chickens, he would kill them on the sly, and carry them off to the woods to eat.

I have said that he was very playful, but he was not so when he had a piece of meat. Then he was as fierce as any real wild animal. I have had him at such times jump right up into my face with a savage growl. We learned to let him alone when he had meat. He never could see a mouse. A mouse was too small game for him.

And now my story is nearly done, for our pet ate a rat which had been poisoned, and in twenty-four hours was dead, and we children were very sorrowful.—*Sabbath Recorder*.

Abigail's Sampler

Roses rioting everywhere
On the yellowing canvas square;
Sweet forget-me-nots bright between
Sheltering leaves of tender green;
Pansy flower, and violet,
And many a blossom nameless yet
(Stranger blossom than ever grows
Safe in grandmother's garden rows),
Pink and purple and crimson red,—
Nearly a hundred years have fled;
Yet never a color deigns to fade
In the sampler Abigail made.

Framed in pillars of gold and blue,
Peaceful the scene that meets the view,—
A fair road leading an inch or more
Upward straight to a farmhouse door;
Patches of greensward smooth and wide,
Sentinel poplars either side
(Done in a style that warrants pride);
And in the foreground, woolly, white,
Twin lambs grazing with all their might,—
Lambs whose like was ne'er seen before,
Twice the size of the farm-house door!

Little demure-eyed Quaker witch,
Where did you learn that ancient stitch?
Far away in the cunning East,
Dark-browed girls with stitches like these
Wreath in sumptuous broideries
Robes that gleam at the sultan's feast.
But you sat in a straight-backed chair,
Skirt and bodice of sober gray,
A little wishing, perhaps,—who knows?—
For a kerchief bordered in green and rose!

Patiently toiled she, day by day,
In the dame-school over the way,
Till in the cross-stitch, primly set,
Slanted her three-told alphabet:
Large square letters, distinct and fine;
Tiny letters that twist and twine
In curious curves; then straight, to show
How use with beauty must ever go.
Read the verse that she put below:

**AS THUS MY HAND WITH ARTFUL AIM
CONFIRMS THE USEFUL NEEDLE'S FAME
SO MAY MY ACTIONS EVERY PART
BE AIM'D ALONE TO MEND MY HEART**

And lastly, for all the world to scan:
We read 'twas

WROUGHT BY ABIGAIL ANN.

The date then follows in figures fine:
1829

Throned in state on the entry wall,
Not a neighbor who chanced to call
But must linger a while to see
All the splendor of flower and tree.
Modestly then the household heard,
Checking each over-glowing word;
Not too lavish the praise must be,
Not too frequent, lest vanity
Lurk in the heart of Abigail P.

Side by side on my wall to-day
Many a spoil of work and play,
Many a trophy quaint or rare,
Drifted from lands beyond the sea,
Tells its story serenely there;
But, unshadowed by print or shelf,
Hangs the sampler, all by itself.

—*Elsie Hill, in St. Nicholas.*



THE YOUTH'S LESSON

VIII—God's Appointed Meeting-Place

(May 24)

MEMORY VERSE: "For ye are the temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them." 2 Cor. 6:16.

Synopsis

Wherever Abraham pitched his tent, close beside it was set up his altar, upon which were offered sacrifices and offerings pointing to Christ. Gen. 12:7, 8; 13:18; 26:25; 33:20. In all the services connected with this worship, the Lamb of God was the central figure (Isa. 53:7), but it was not until the offering of Isaac that Abraham fully understood this wonderful gift. See "Patriarchs and Prophets," page 155. Through this experience Abraham saw the wonderful gift of the Son of God, and he called the name of the place Jehovah-jireh,— "in the mount of the Lord it shall be seen." Gen. 22:14.

To Isaac also this must have been a wonderful revelation; and when afterward God repeated the promises to him (Gen. 26:1-4), he was able to grasp the faith of his father, and bless his children "concerning things to come." Heb. 11:20. God then renewed the covenant with Jacob, with all that was involved in the original promises (Gen. 28:13, 14); and when his sons became the nation Israel, the same truth which the patriarchs had learned from the simple services around the family altar was given in a more detailed form in the tabernacle and its services.

God said to Moses, "Let them make me a sanctuary; that I may dwell among them" (Ex. 25:8), and from the time that Israel was brought out of Egypt until David, God "walked in a tent and in a tabernacle." 2 Sam. 7:6. This was called the "tent of meeting" (Ex. 29:42, R. V.), a "tabernacle of witness" (Acts 7:44), thus showing the place where God was to meet with man.

But God does not dwell in a temple "made with hands" (Acts 7:48), but "in the sanctuary, O Lord, which thy hands have established" (Ex. 15:17); and therefore the first tabernacle was only a "witness," a "shadow" (Heb. 8:5), or a "figure" (Heb. 9:9) of that living temple which Abraham saw,—the temple of the body of Christ. John 2:21.

So when the "Word became flesh," the record is that "he tabernacled among us" (John 1:14, R. V.); and in this is our God different from all others,—in that his dwelling is *with* flesh, while theirs is *not*. Dan. 2:11. This is the plan through which we can also become the habitation of God (Eph. 2:22),—through Christ, the "appointed meeting-place between God and man." He is the "chief corner-stone" (Acts 4:11), and the only foundation. 1 Cor. 3:11. Upon him we are to build as living stones (1 Peter 2:5), "in whom all the building fitly framed together groweth into a holy temple in the Lord." Eph. 2:21. He is that greater and more perfect tabernacle (Heb. 9:11, 12), who was to build the temple of the Lord by becoming a Branch and growing up. Zech. 6:12, 13.

Thus only can Christ, the seed of the woman, bruise the head of that old serpent the devil, and save humanity. Heb. 2:14.

Questions

1. Wherever Abraham went, what form of worship did he set up?
2. Who was the central figure in this service?
3. By what experience did Abraham obtain a full understanding of the gift of Christ?
4. How did Abraham mark that place?

5. To whom else was this also a revelation?
6. With what words were the promises renewed to him?

7. What did his faith in these promises enable him to do?

8. To whom else were these promises then renewed?

9. In what way did God teach his nation the same truth which he had revealed to the patriarchs?

10. For what purpose did God say to Moses, "Let them make me a sanctuary"?

11. For how long did God dwell in this tabernacle?

12. What was the first tabernacle called?

13. What did it therefore show?

14. In what kind of temple does God dwell?

15. The first tabernacle, then, was a figure of what?

16. When the "Word became flesh," what is the record concerning him?

17. In what, therefore, is God different from all other gods?

18. What will this plan do for us?

19. What place in this temple is given to Christ?

20. Upon what foundation are we to build as living stones?

21. Into what will this building develop and grow?

22. By this plan who will be destroyed?

THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

VIII—Birds, Fishes, and Beasts

(May 24)

"AND God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven. And God created great whales, and every living creature that moveth, which the waters brought forth abundantly, after their kind, and every winged fowl after his kind: and God saw that it was good. And God blessed them, saying, Be fruitful, and multiply, and fill the waters in the seas, and let fowl multiply in the earth. And the evening and the morning were the fifth day. And God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind: and it was so." Gen. 1:20-24.

"O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches. So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts." Ps. 104:24.

"Ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee; and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee: or speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee: and the fishes of the sea shall declare unto thee. Who knoweth not in all these that the hand of the Lord hath wrought this?" Job 12:7-9.

"Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God?" Luke 12:6.

God's work on the first four days of creation had made the earth and heavens perfect and beautiful, but as yet it was a silent solitude.

But the earth that God had made so beautiful, he "created it not in vain, he formed it to be inhabited." And so he spoke again, and the Word that was the seed of all the plant life of the earth also gave birth to myriads of living creatures to enjoy it.

Birds of beautiful plumage flashed through the air, or sang among the branches of the trees. The great and wide sea swarmed with an innumerable multitude of small and great beasts, from the huge whale, down to the tiny atoms that cannot now be seen by human eyes. Read in the one hundred and fourth psalm what God says about the mighty leviathan that he has made to play in the waters. Then think of the creatures that can be seen through the microscope, so small

that one drop of water is to them as an ocean. Yet they are exquisitely formed, with —

"The shapely limb, and lubricated joint,
Within the small dimensions of a point;
Muscle and nerve miraculously spun,
His mighty work who speaks, and it is done."

"Who knoweth not in all these that the hand of the Lord hath wrought this?"

The birds and fishes were made on the fifth day. On the sixth day God brought forth from the earth the beasts, cattle, and creeping things. He did not put them into the earth, but all creatures in the earth and the waters were brought forth by his Spirit from the earth and the waters themselves.

And that Spirit that made all things and is their life, also gives understanding to beast, bird, fish, and insect. Each creature that has life has in itself the way of life,—the way that God intended it to live. This is what men call instinct.

It is the Spirit of life from God within it that teaches the bird its way through the air, and how to build its nest; that gives the bee wisdom to gather and store honey; that guides the fish through the waters, and teaches it how to find its food; that makes all the different animals do just what God means them to, as naturally as the flowers grow into just the form and color that he means them to have.

The Word which gives seeds to the trees and plants so that they multiply and continue to fill the earth was spoken also to all living things. God put his blessing upon all his creatures, that they might "be fruitful and multiply." That Word is still bringing forth living creatures to fill the waters, the air, and the earth.

It is by his blessing still upon them, and the divine Word working within them, that the little birds build their nests in the spring, lay their eggs, and rear their tiny broods of young ones. It is this that brings the flocks of little lambs in the fields, in the happy springtime, and that makes all the animals bring forth each after its kind.

Read Psalm 104 and Job 39 and 40, where God speaks of many of the land and water animals, and the birds. See what he says about them, and how he provides a home and food for every creature he has made. Not a sparrow falls without his notice. "Fear not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows."

"Not the smallest mouse
Lacks a roof or house,
Every tiny birdling has a nest;
Sparrows of the air
Share his tender care;
In his loving keeping we may rest."

Questions

1. What did God say the waters should bring forth?
2. What did he cause to fly in the heaven?
3. What did God create in the waters?
4. What did God do to the birds and the animals in the waters?
5. What did he say to them?
6. How do we know that God is still working?
7. On what day were the birds and fish and water animals created?
8. What did God say that the earth should bring forth on the sixth day?
9. What is it that keeps the earth full of living creatures?
10. What is the power that brings them all forth?
11. For what purpose did God make the earth?
12. Of what is the earth full?
13. How has he made all his manifold works?
14. Who are to be our teachers?
15. What is it that all the animals are to teach us?
16. Who cares for and feeds them all?
17. Of how much value are the sparrows?
18. Does God forget them because they are so small?
19. Of what, then, may we be sure?

Braiding and Weaving Horse Hair

The Watch-Guard

To make the watch-guard shown in Fig. 4, six square braids will be required. Four of these should be not less than ten and one-half inches in length; the other two should measure twelve and twenty-five inches respectively. It may not be possible to get hair of sufficient length to make the long braid without splicing. In that case you can make two braids of sufficient aggregate length, and join them when the guard is put together, or you can splice the strands while braiding. The latter plan is the most satisfactory, and, in the long run, the least trouble.

When it is evident that it will be necessary to splice some, or all, of the strands in a braid to bring it up to the required length, the strands should be so arranged that the ends will be at least an inch apart. To illustrate: if the longest strand in the braid is sixteen inches in length, the shortest should measure but nine inches, and the remaining six should measure ten, eleven, twelve inches, etc. This done, the braiding is begun in the manner already described, and continued until there is not more than an inch and a half or two inches of the shortest strand remaining. Then take a strand, and place it between the right and left (the odd and even numbers, as shown in the illustration last week), and braid around it. After the first strand has been braided around it, it will keep its place without further attention.

When about three fourths of an inch of the braid has been worked around this strand, it is ready to take the place of the short one. The change can be made at any time when the short strand occupies position five or six (see Fig. 2), but at no other time. All that is necessary is to pull the long strand out into the position of the short one, which will, as the braiding continues, be crowded into the middle of the braid. In this position it is permitted to remain till the braiding has been carried to a point about three fourths of an inch beyond where the change was made. Then whatever remains is cut off, so as to get it out of the way, and not make the braid unnecessarily large.

After the braid is finished, the ends of those strands that have been left projecting may be drawn out slightly, and then cut off. The severed ends of the hair will then sink back into the middle of the braid, where they can not be seen. In this way it is possible to make a braid of any required length without materially weakening its strength, and without showing where the strands have been applied.

Now to return to the watch-guard. Place one end of the long braid between the ends of two of the short ones, allowing the ends to overlap about three fourths of an inch, and wrap the overlapped portion tightly with stout thread. Then sew these ends through and through repeatedly, till there is no danger of their pulling apart; cut off the projecting ends of

all three of the braids; and proceed to fasten the two remaining short ones to the other end of the long braid in the same manner. Next take the remaining braid, the twelve-inch one, bring the ends together, and wrap them with thread. This will form a loop, which is to be fastened between the two pairs of short braids, allowing the ends to overlap about three fourths of an inch, as before. At this junction there will be six braids (the doubled one being counted as two), and they must be placed side by side. In other words, the connected part must be six braids wide, and only one braid thick. If they are arranged in any other manner, the guard will not hang as gracefully as it should.

At any place where the braids are joined in this manner, the junction must be well wrapped and thoroughly sewed to prevent the hair from unbraiding, and the braids from pulling apart. The method of covering these joined places will be described next week.

J. EDGAR ROSS.

When the Lilacs Are in Bloom

Snowy drifts are on the dogwood,
Buttercups adorn the green,
Pink and white the apple blossoms,
When May's happy face is seen;
Fresh and pure the fragrant breezes,
Golden rays the sky illumine;
Love within my heart is shining,
When the lilacs are in bloom.

For I know the springtime follows
Every wintry storm of grief,
To the child who trusts the Father,
Steadfast in the glad belief.
There's a little robin singing,
By the bright wistaria plume;
Love within my heart is smiling,
When the lilacs are in bloom.

Not a daisy in the dingle
But has something sweet to say;
There's a message from each tree-top,
There's a song from every spray.
Mighty arms, the world enfolding,
Graciously for me make room;
Love within my heart is smiling,
When the lilacs are in bloom.

— Selected.

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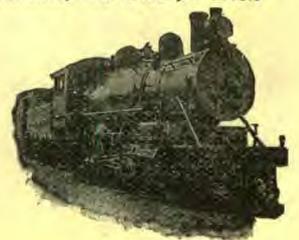


Fig. 4.



From Correspondence to the Mission Board

Sights and Scenes in Mexican Life

MUCH might be said upon this subject, and then the half would not be told. One who has never visited these Spanish countries can not imagine how things really are; for there is nothing in the States with which a comparison can be made.

In Mexico we find two extremes in both social and business life. The rich enjoy every comfort and convenience, while the poor,—well, how some of them exist is a mystery. One of the wealthy class may be dressed in the finest silk, and by her side may pass a poor being with scarcely rags enough to cover her, and probably carrying some heavy burden upon her head or back. It makes our hearts ache to see the little children of the poor carrying such loads that they stagger under them many times. Our sympathies are also drawn out toward the lame and the blind, who are stationed against the wall on every street, especially on the principal ones leading to the market-place. They will hold out their hats or their hands, and call upon the saints to bless you if you will have pity on them and give them a little.

The market is a large building filled with little stalls, where vendors go to sell their merchandise. The streets around the market are full of these merchantmen. They have everything to sell,—fruits, vegetables, groceries, dry-goods, boots, shoes, sombreros, pottery, meat (no part of the animal is missing), live turkeys and chickens, toys, and notions of all sorts. Sunday is the best day to do marketing. The servants usually attend to this; but if she wishes to practice economy, the lady of the house will do her own buying.

There are many pawn-shops in Mexico City and its suburbs. There is also a place called "The Thieves' Market," where articles that have been stolen are sold. These people seem not to consider it wrong to take anything if they can get it. One of our brethren had his clock taken out of his house, and later he found it in a pawn-shop.

A Demoralizing Habit

One sad feature of Mexican life is the universal habit of smoking and drinking. This is not confined to men and boys, but the women also smoke. We have never seen women of the higher class smoke, but those of the lower class smoke side by side with the men. Every corner has its *pulque* shop, and nearly every grocery has its saloon. These shops are filled morning, noon, and evening, with men, women, and children drinking *pulque*, or having their bottles filled to carry home. The higher class drink it too, regarding it as very wholesome.

We, who are teachers, realize that our boys have had their drink at noon; for they are much more dull and sleepy in the afternoon. It is so sad to see these bright children in this condition. One day Mr. Kelley asked one of his boys, why he could not learn his lessons in the afternoon. He replied that he did not know. Mr. Kelley told him that it was because of the *pulque* he drank. He then tried to show him the evil effects of using it. The boy said he would not drink it again, and he did not for several days. He himself noticed that he could study much better; but before school closed for the vacation, he had begun to take his drink again.

In the City of Mexico and its suburbs there are

a number of parks. The largest and most beautiful is called the "Alameda." It is situated in the heart of the city, and is the oldest, dating its origin from the year 1592. In former times only the aristocracy were permitted to gather under the shade of the poplars, from which it receives its name, but now it is the public promenade of all classes. Every Sunday, from half-past ten till twelve o'clock, a military band discourses sweet music for the benefit of the promenaders. Flowers bloom in this park all the year. There are also numerous tropical birds in large, handsome cages, and many beautiful fountains play in the bright sunlight.

The "Zocolo" forms another attractive sight in Mexico City. This is a large square, with the Cathedral, the largest and principal church of the city, on one side, and the president's winter palace on another; the remaining sides are occupied with magnificent stores. In this plaza are a beautiful park and a flower-market. It is here that all the street-car lines meet. One can not get lost in Mexico City. If he finds that he does not know just where he is, all he needs to do is to take the first car that comes along, and remain on board until it reaches the "Zocolo," where he can make another attempt.

On great occasions all the buildings around this plaza, and the whole front of the Cathedral, with the Mexican coat of arms in the center, are brilliantly illuminated with incandescent lights. At precisely eleven o'clock on the night of September 16, the Mexicans' "Independence day," these lights are all turned on, and the president steps out on the balcony of his palace, and greets the people, who enthusiastically respond, "Long live President Diaz!"

A Beautiful Drive

One of the many beautiful drives in the city is called the "Paseo." This is a very wide, smooth road, made in a semicircle, extending from Mexico City to Chapultepec, a distance of about four miles. On each side of this drive there are tall trees, with the life-size statue of some noted Mexican soldier or citizen every few rods between them. This drive is illuminated all night with electric lights.

At Chapultepec there is another magnificent park, also the military academy, and the president's summer palace, which he occupies during the rainy season.

One of the most attractive suburban-places is Guadalupe. It has two other churches besides the church of Guadalupe. One is built on the top of a high mountain, and it is said that the worshipers used to make the ascent and descent on their hands and knees. There is also a cemetery by the side of this church. Many of the vaults or monuments are built with a small room, containing candles, flowers, and an image of the Virgin Guadalupe. The relatives come to this place to worship, and repeat prayers for their dead. The other church is at the foot of the mountain, and is noted for its magnificent altar, built of solid silver.

We have been told that Guadalupe is the Mexican "Virgin Mary." There is a legend something as follows: Many years ago, a pious old Indian started to the City of Mexico to worship. When he reached the place where the church of Guadalupe now stands, a virgin appeared to him, and told him to take this message to the bishop,—that they were to build a church for her at that place. The poor Indian was afraid to go to the bishop, so he told some of the priests about it. They did nothing, and when this Indian was coming to the city again, at this same place the virgin reappeared, and told him that he must go to the bishop; and to give him evidence, she left her picture painted on a blanket. On the spot where she spoke to the Indian, a spring burst forth, and is there to this day. This spring is now in the entrance to the church. It is surrounded and covered with an iron grating. Cups

fastened with chains are almost constantly lowered, and drawn up filled with water, as the legend is that whoever drinks of this spring will never leave Mexico to live anywhere else. The original "picture" on the blanket is also still preserved in this church.

The first and second days of November are called All Saints' and All Souls' days. At this time every one visits the cemeteries, placing flowers and candles on the graves or vaults, and saying prayers for the dead. The poor begin to lay up their pennies long before the day, in order to be able to buy candles for this occasion. One can usually judge of the wealth of the individual by the size and number of the candles. Some of the candles are three feet long, and from one and one-half to two inches in diameter.

The Cemetery

The cemetery of the City of Mexico is a very interesting but sad place to visit, especially that part of it set aside for the burial of the poor. Here they are "planted" and "replanted" every seven years. They are buried by the government.

One afternoon when we visited the place, they were opening up row after row of these graves, while in another part of the cemetery they were putting the dead into graves that had been previously opened. During our stay of about one-half hour, eighteen bodies were buried,—nine children and nine grown persons. The children are buried in one row, and the adults in another, as space can be better economized in this way. We were told by one of the sextons that an average of thirty are buried in this way every day. No elegant caskets were brought into this part of the cemetery, but plain boxes in most cases, with the covers tied on with a rope. They were not placed within another box, but lowered into the grave just as they were.

We next visited the part of the cemetery where the rich are laid away. Here we found beautiful vaults, monuments, and flowers. Our attention was particularly attracted to the life-size statue of a man sitting in his arm-chair, while on the four corners of the base of the monument were four life-size statues. All these figures had very lifelike eyes. Another interesting statue was made of bronze, and represented one of the leading Liberals in the civil war waged by the Conservatives, the church, and the Liberals. After the war was over, he was assassinated in his own home by a hired assassin. His niece, about twelve years of age, had erected to his memory this beautiful monument in bronze. It consists of a life-size figure of her uncle and herself. She holds a laurel wreath in her hand, which she is represented as offering to him, as a token of victory.

MRS. F. C. KELLEY.

THEN whatsoever wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so;
And blow it east, or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

—Caroline A. Mason.

The Youth's Instructor

PUBLISHED BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING COMPANY
BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

ADELAIDE BEE COOPER - - - EDITOR

Subscription Rates:

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION	- - - - -	\$.75
SIX MONTHS	- - - - -	.40
THREE MONTHS	- - - - -	.20
To Foreign Countries	- - - - -	1.25

CLUB RATES:

5 to 9 copies to one address, each	- - - - -	\$.55
10 to 100 " " " "	- - - - -	.50
100 or more " " " "	- - - - -	.45

The Advertising Rate

Is fifteen cents per agate line, one insertion. Reading notices, thirty cents per brevier line, one insertion. Further information upon application.

Entered at the post office at Battle Creek, Mich., as second-class matter