

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH



Some Common Birds



IN your strolls, did you ever find the nest of the Meadow-lark? If you did, you have good eyes, and are to be congratulated. It is a difficult thing to discover. It is made on the ground, and is a very cozy, snug little home. It is not an open, cup-like nest, that one can easily glance down into. Instead, it has an arched roof, and a covered walk, so to speak, leading into it. The roof is made by drawing the stems of grasses over, and weaving them together. In this way the nest is well covered from rain and prying eyes; and being hidden in the deep, tall grass, is not easy to discover. If any of you find one this spring, I wish you would write to me or to the editor of the INSTRUCTOR, and tell all about it. But don't molest the eggs or young, nor scare the old birds.

The Meadow-lark is not a lark at all, but a relative of the blackbird and the crow. The bird lives in meadows and pastures, and walks about on the ground; when he feels especially jubilant, he gets up on the fence or upon a stone or a hummock of earth, and sings for a long time. Some think his notes sound like, "Spring o' the year! spring o' the year!"

The Red-winged Blackbird

When I first hear the *conker-a-kee* of the Red-winged Blackbird, I feel certain that spring is here; and when along with it there comes to my ears the peeping of the frogs, and I catch sight of the first spring wild flower, all fears of winter weather vanish; for all these are unmistakable signs. The nest of the Red-wing is a rude affair, as is shown by the picture. It is composed of coarse grasses, weed-stalks, and the like, lined with finer grasses and rootlets, and attached to low bushes or reeds.



Olive Thorne Miller tells some interesting things about a young Red-wing: "The young Red-winged Blackbird is a droll fellow, and has de-

ecided notions of his own. Mr. Keyser tells a story of one he picked up. He was put in with some other young birds,—meadow-larks and cat-birds. They were all babies together, and all used to being fed. So when the little Red-wing got something to eat, they would open their mouths, and beg for it, in the pretty bird-baby way. At first he fed them, though he wasn't much more than a baby himself; but they liked it so well that they coaxed everything away from him. He soon got tired of that, and at last refused to feed them at all.

"This little bird liked to play jokes on the sober young Meadow-larks. His way was to seize one by the wing or tail, and dance around the floor, dragging his victim after him. The young larks scolded and held back, and at last they learned to stop his pranks. They did it by throwing themselves over on their backs, and holding up their claws ready to fight.

"In spite of this naughty fun, the young blackbird was really fond of them. The larks slept on the ground, and at night, when the little fellows settled down on the floor, the Red-wing would often leave his perch, and cuddle down by them. This must have been for company only; for it was his way to sleep on a perch."



Meadowlark.

The Kingfisher

I suppose you have already met the Kingfisher. He has been fishing along the streams and lakes since about the first week in April. I think you will agree with me that he is rather large and chunky. You have doubtless many times seen him splash into the water after fish. Then he goes back to his perch, and

beats the fish to death before he swallows it. He does not stop to chew it,—not he! Perhaps he can't. Anyway, he swallows the fish whole and head first. He is wise to take it head first; for if he swallowed it tail first, the fins would surely stick in his throat. This bird can take a large fish. A Kingfisher was once shot, and it was seen that the bird had swallowed a fish so large that the tail stuck out of his mouth, and he could not get it down.

Do not confuse the Blue Jay and the Kingfisher. I have known people to do this. Both birds are blue, and both have crests. But the Kingfisher lives by the water, and catches fish, and makes a queer kind of rattle when he flies. The Blue Jay is here and there through the trees, and is shrieking wherever he goes.

L. A. REED.

The Loafing Song-Sparrow

I SAT on the porch one afternoon, lazily and dreamily watching the busy world of little things in the grass in front of the house. There were plenty of grasshoppers, and the chickens and turkeys, which had been turned out from their yard for a feast, were making havoc with them. After a while the chickens scattered farther off into the meadow, and several little wild birds from the woods came in for their turn at this particular grasshopper patch.

But all my attention was presently taken up with two song-sparrows. I soon found out that the relationship between them was that of father and son. There was no way of telling it at first glance, for

they were both full-grown cock-sparrows; but as soon as they settled down to the grasshoppers, the young fellow, instead of going to work and hunting for himself, began to trail around after his daddy, and to beg for grasshoppers. He was fully as large as his father, and could fly just as well, and had the same kind of tools for catching grasshoppers; but the big loafer was too lazy to work, and so he chirped and begged, and every little while the father would take mercy on him, and give him a grasshopper.

In the course of the half-hour or more that I watched them, the father sparrow fed that youngster seventeen grasshoppers by actual count, and the lazy youth did not kill one for himself. The insects were very thick, and he would almost step on them sometimes; but he never saw them, because his eyes were all the time on his father, and his thoughts were taken up with getting a meal through some one else's work.

As I watched the little drama, I thought to myself that there is a great deal of



BLUE JAY.



Nest of Redwing

human nature in a song-sparrow. I have seen boys and girls of just that stripe— young people with health and a good education, able to do fair work at many things, and yet hanging around, loafing on their parents or grandfather, or some uncle or aunt, wanting somebody else to catch the grasshoppers for them.

As I watched that loafing sparrow, I did wish that the father would stop feeding him, and let the young rascal get good and hungry once, so that he would learn to hunt for himself. I have often seen parents who were spoiling their children by not teaching them to rely on themselves. Boys and girls, no matter how good-looking, or how well-educated, or nice-mannered, are, after all, only respectable loafers if they depend on somebody else to do everything for them, and are not ready and willing to do their own work in life.

The old knights, in the days of chivalry, used to send their bright young boys away from home to grow up in some distant castle, among strangers, so that they would become strong and valiant and self-reliant. They feared that if they kept them at home, they would be too easy on them; let them sleep too late in the morning; let up on them concerning the training and hard discipline required to make a strong and brave knight. It is possible that these old knights went to an extreme; but I am sure that, in our day, we go to the other extreme, and that many young folks coming up into manhood and womanhood are first cousins to that loafing song-sparrow, who wanted all his grasshoppers to come to him on the end of his father's bill.

Hardihood is a great virtue. Real strength of body can never be had without exercise and hard work; power of mind can not be had without study; and a trustworthy moral character, which can face temptation and come off pure and clean, can be won only by self-relying, honest effort. A loafer in this live, vigorous world is a blot on its beauty.— *Young People's Weekly*.

O-ka-lee!

FROM the edge of the marsh where the hazel bush grows,

Comes a resonant call, *O-ka-lee!*
For the red-wing has come from the South, and he knows

That he heralds the spring: *O-ka-lee!*

Not a leaf in the wood, not a blade in the field;
Yet the prophet proclaims, *O-ka-lee!*
That the moment is near when the winter shall yield,

And the trees shall be green— *O-ka-lee!*

And the dash of his epaulets proudly outspread
But repeats the glad song, *O-ka-lee!*
For the meadow shall blossom in yellow and red
When the summer is come— *O-ka-lee!*

Not a tinge of despair, not a shadow of doubt
In that text of good cheer, *O-ka-lee!*
But a glorious message of hope: ring it out
From the hazel-bush twig, *O-ka-lee!*

— *Selected.*



Thorns and Flowers

TO-DAY I have been trimming a hedge of thorns along a country roadside. It is the month of May, the leaves are bursting from their buds, and all nature is serene and beautiful. But I am so busy with these thorns that I see nothing else. Nearly all the forenoon I have been fully engaged with them; and only now, at noontime, has my attention been taken from them long enough to notice that just outside the hedge, along the highway, is a wide border of golden dandelions, scattered in rich profusion among the grass, and extending in a glow of gold away down the road.

In this I see a parable. Often we become so occupied with the thorns of life that we give no attention to its beauties. The eye grows dim resting only upon the dry, thorny hedgerow of cares and perplexities. But every such hedge along life's way is richly bordered with flowers. We must cast the eye toward the flowers, and their brighter tints will quicken and cheer. The sting and poison of the thorns in your hands will be removed by the sense of delight received from the flowers.

This hedge is not mine. I have volunteered to trim it for another. God planted the flowers along the way for me, and *they* are mine; but I have been too busy with others' thorns to see my own flowers. So it goes when we volunteer to find and trim out the thorns from the character of others. This disagreeable work keeps one so busy that he has no time for happier employment. In the case of many, the miserable business occupies the whole forenoon of life, and with some the afternoon and eventime as well. What a contrast between the character of one who is always getting pricked with his brother's thorns, real or imaginary, and another whose countenance grows brighter from seeing the tints of the flowers planted by the Master Gardener in that same brother's heart!

I am glad I found the flowers before noon! How far along in life's day have you gone? Are you a thorn-monger,— a faultfinder, a suspicion-vender? Did you ever plait a crown of thorns? "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Find the flowers along life's hedgerow, and make a wreath of them.

JOEL C. ROGERS.

Boys Who Love Mother

WHEN the average boy begins to look forward to becoming a man, he conceives the idea that the associations of his mother must be gradually broken off, and left out of his life, even as he leaves off his dresses, aprons, waists, and knee trousers. He wants a vest that opens in front, and he earnestly desires to wear suspenders and not waists. He spends hours studying the ways of men and older boys. Everything that in his mind contributes to manliness he covets.

With the same ambition he discards everything that is associated with femininity. When he is hurt, he will crush back his crying, lest some one shall suggest that he run to his "mammy." When he is tempted to do wrong, his greatest weakness is his fear of being taunted with an attachment to his mother's apron strings. When he has done wrong, he congratulates himself on his manhood in rising above the authority of his mother.

All boys are not like that. Long ago there lived twin brothers, one of whom kept up his attachment for his mother as he grew to manhood. The other spurned the restraint and influences of home. As the former listened to his mother's counsels, and helped her in her cares and work, she became especially fond of him. The father, on the other hand, watched with interest the development of his other son in athletic games and hunting. He became a champion in the "manly sports." He roamed the forests, "camped out," and "roughed it" to the delight of his father's heart. But he knew nothing of the godly counsels of his mother. The first boy became familiar with the will and plan of God. He became the father of a great people, and a prince having power to prevail with God. On the other hand, Esau's children for many generations were the enemies of God's people, doomed to final destruction.

It was the prayers and influence of a godly mother that gave Samuel to the people of God at a time when the word of God was scarce, and there was a great dearth of piety. The love and devotion of Jochebed gave Moses to the world. Her faithful counsels made him the hero he was. Timothy was proud to be reminded that he had re-

ceived from his mother and grandmother that faith and instruction in the Scripture which made him a useful man in Christ's service.

The mother of Jesus is closely associated with his earthly career, even to its close. His love for her spoke from the agonizing cross. The Bible uses the love of a mother as the best illustration of divine love. It is true she may forget, but she seldom does. Many a son leaves home, going out to battle with an unsympathizing world, and cutting the ties which bind him to the restraints and protection of his father's house. But there is one tie he can not sever if he would. Wherever he goes, whatever he becomes, no matter what his fortunes may be, his mother's love and blessing are his secret portion, her prayers are his defense. If he falls sick, if he is beaten and defeated in the strife, his mother's heart keeps a place sacred to him. He may be sure of one friend in need.

Boys, don't be ashamed to love mother. Don't be ashamed to let the world know it. Don't love in word and tongue, but in deed and in truth. Don't leave home without your mother's benediction and prayers. Listen to her counsel; for she has been with Jesus, and learned of him. Think of her cares and burdens, and make them lighter. Don't add to them the terrible weight of a life of reckless folly and sin. G. C. TENNEY.

Over and Over

OVER and over it comes to me—
The thought of Christ on the stormy sea,
In times of trouble and loss and pain,
When my heart's a ship on the wind-swept main.

Over and over it comes to me—
The thought of my comrades on Galilee;
And their awe when the winds obeyed his will
As he spake, and said to them, "Peace, be still!"

Over and over it comes to me—
Each human life has its Galilee;
And Christ is ever the Christ of old,
When his "Peace, be still!" to the waves was told.

Over and over it comes to me—
The message of comfort from Galilee;
The voice of Christ through the storm I hear:
"Lo, it is I! There is naught to fear!"
— *Eben E. Rexford, in Well Spring.*

Why Am I Here?

THIS is a question that sometimes presents itself to the young. Since we are plainly told that we can carry nothing with us from this world, it is evident that our work must show itself here, or it will count for naught. First, we are to obey our parents in the Lord; for this is right. Home duties, cheerfully performed, will help in forming a good character. Our work should be well done, not simply "well enough" to pass inspection. Form and maintain regular habits in working as well as in eating.

Neither live nor dress for show, but for comfort and usefulness. "Always spend less than you earn," is an excellent maxim; but it may safely be disregarded for a short time if a young person is spending a year in school, in order that he may do better work for the Lord.

Always connect manual labor with mental effort. The former will bring financial aid, and will make the latter more lasting and of a better quality. Use all the faculties you have. By exercise they will become stronger and better servants; but if they are not used, they will gradually weaken, and become useless. Do everything in the best possible way. Yet if you are employed by another, remember that he is paying for your work, and that his methods should be followed. If you can convince him that another method is better, that is your privilege. Remember that all good things come down from above. Strive earnestly to secure the best. Keep climbing the ladder of progress, and don't give up.

C. L. TAYLOR.



The Father in School

UNFAMILIAR work and rule,—
Little lad's first day in school.
"Stay! O papa, stay with me!"
Thus he murmurs tearfully.
And, though business calls away,
Papa stays the livelong day.
Hard the lessons, hard and new,
All the little lad can do;
Strange the room, companions strange,
Everything a trembling change;
But—there's papa sitting near,
Ready with a look of cheer,
Ready with a whispered word
No one else has overheard:
"Be a little man, my boy!
Fill your father's heart with joy!"

So, dear Father of us all,
When relentless school-bells call,—
Schools of failure, schools of woe,
Schools of pain,—and we must go,
Then thy children thou dost own;
We need never go alone.
Strange the school where we have come,
Ah, so different from home!
Strange the lessons, hard to learn,
And the master cold and stern.
But—though endless labors stand
Waiting for his sovereign hand—
See the Father sitting near,
Ready with a look of cheer,
Ready with a whispered word
Not another soul has heard:
"I am here; my child thou art;
Fill with joy thy Father's heart!"

Earthly fathers can not stay
Longer than the entrance day;
But that other loving Friend
Stays till school is at an end.

—Amos R. Wells, in *Young People's Weekly*.

Kilauea

IN our Hawaiian possessions we have one of the great natural wonders of the present-day world,—a live volcano as high as Vesuvius, and twice its diameter.

Kilauea, on the island of Hawaii, stands thirty miles from the sea, in a mountain range in which are three dead volcanoes and one partially alive. This last, called Mauna Loa, from time to time sends streams of lava down its slopes. In 1881 three streams burst forth from the sides of this mountain, and one of them came within three quarters of a mile of Hilo, the chief city of the island.

There have been several outbreaks of Kilauea in the last hundred years. In 1840 there was a brilliant eruption of lava, the light of which, it was said, could be seen a hundred miles away, while at the distance of forty miles one could read print at midnight.

Where the lava flowed through the forest, it has left curious relics in lava arches, bridges, and great vases. These vases were formed by the lava piling itself about some lofty tree-trunk, burning away the wood within, and killing the upper part of the tree. In the course of time, seeds were deposited in the open top, filled with decaying bark, until now there is a gigantic lava vase holding ferns and flowers and vines.

The visitors to Kilauea often camp for the night on the summit. Some years ago, at a time of unusual activity, two boys went up the volcano, and at night rolled themselves up in blankets, and lay down between two small cones. They were awakened from their heavy sleep by strange sounds, and sat up to see that one of the cones near which they were lying was throwing great rocks up into the air. Needless to say, they moved their camping-place.

On the brink of the crater of Kilauea has stood for ten years the Volcano House, a comfortable

hotel for the tourists who wish to see this live volcano.

At present there is a prospect of renewed activity in Kilauea. Recent visitors to the volcano say that the temperature has risen considerably, and that there are signs of disturbance on the floor of the crater, which may soon result in another lava flow.—*Youth's Companion*.

The Origin of Honeydew

IN most places where there is plenty of timber, and especially in new countries, where there is an abundance of moisture, and the vegetation is luxuriant, there is often found a great deal of honeydew. This falls (?) only on certain kinds of trees and plants, but on these it is sometimes very abundant. The honey is clear, pure, and of excellent flavor. I have seen it so abundant that the leaves of the box-elder trees were covered with it as thickly as the grass is covered with dew in the morning; but this is unusual. When we were children, my sister and I used to hunt leaves with honeydew on them, and eat it.

My mother tells me that fifty years ago, among the Ozark Mountains, honeydew fell in abundance, and sometimes the young wild turkeys would get so stuck up with it that they could not fly. Often, warmed by the sun in the morning, it would drip from the young black-jack trees in strings, and even great drops, till the fallen leaves were all stuck together with it. In the early days in Iowa, my father tells me, it was almost as abundant, though here it was found chiefly on the wild spiroea. All insects are very

These had been on the leaves for some time when one morning, as she sprinkled the plants, my sister noticed something on the window-sill, and called me, not thinking what it was. We examined; and lo! the honeydew had been secreted in such quantities on the leaf where the insects were that it had run off, and several drops had fallen on the window-sill. It was as good-flavored honey as I ever tasted.

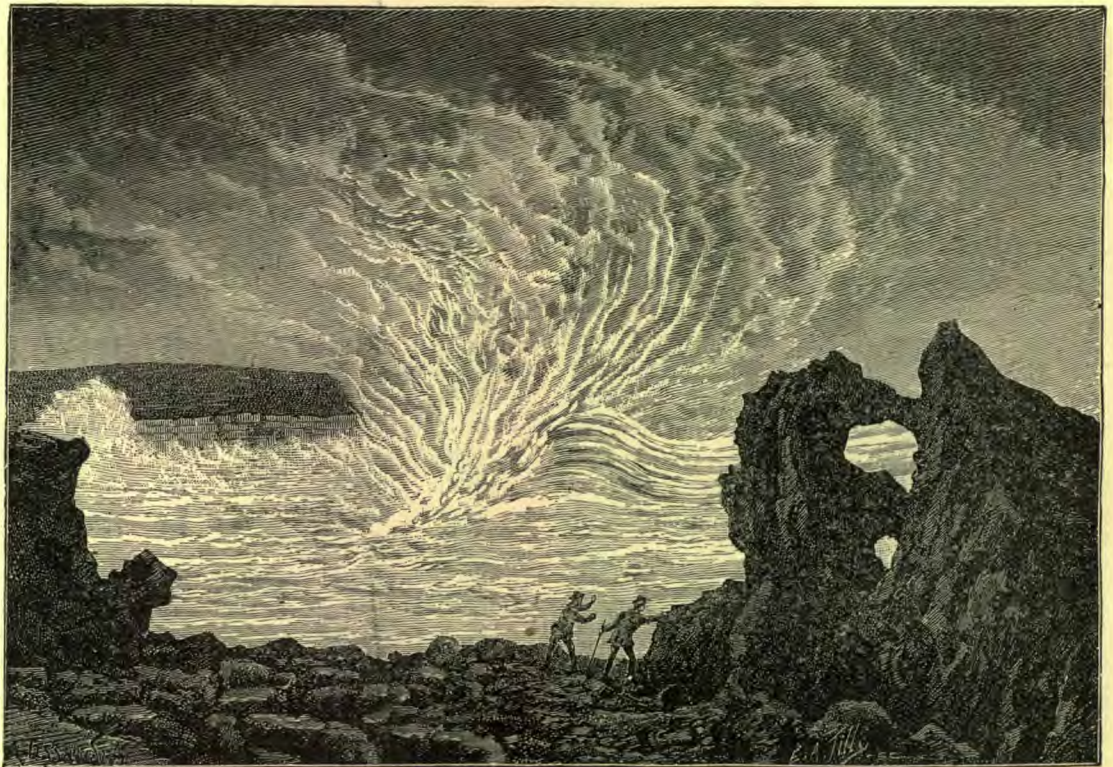
At first it was hard for me to believe that two insects, not much larger than a pin-head, could possibly secrete so much honey; but as I watched them day after day, I found that such was the case. They have two glands on the abdomen that secrete the honey; and so far as I could tell, it is always secreted late in the evening or at night.

Now the secret was out, and I knew why honeydew is found only on certain plants. This species of insects lives only on certain plants. Then I knew, too, that certain stories of "honeydew falling from heaven in long strings, like spider-webs, just about the time the sun sets," were at the best only the result of very poor observation.

This variety of aphids is rather scarce, and must not be confounded with either our common plant-lice or the variety that ants so carefully herd and care for. FLOYD BRALLIAR.

Carpenters, Masons, and Upholsterers

HIVE bees have been in all ages admitted to be clever, and well worthy the study of the most wise and learned, and many books have been



THE VOLCANO OF KILAUEA

fond of honeydew; and wherever it is found in abundance on a tree, there may usually be seen a regular procession of black ants traveling up and down the trunk, and the tree will be a-hum with bees and other insects.

I have often wondered where all this honey came from, but never found a satisfactory solution till the winter of 1891-92. That winter I was staying with one of my sisters, attending high school. We had a large number of plants of various kinds in the window, and they became infested with various kinds of plant pests. On a large solanum vine were a number of rather peculiar and very large aphids. We were struck with their appearance, and so allowed two of the largest to live. They did not seem to injure the leaves particularly, and never ate holes in them, only sucking the plant juices by piercing the leaves with their bill-like suckers.

written about them. But there are also a number of bees that do not gather honey into hives, nor live in great colonies, which are yet full of interest for us, though they have not been so much written about or talked of.

This morning I walked down the garden, and wishing to water some of the flower-beds, I took down from a nail a siphon made of small lead pipe, such as gas-fitters use. I had intended with the aid of this to obtain some water from a tank which had no tap out of doors; but, applying my lips to one end to draw the water through, I found the pipe was stopped up. The obstruction was not far within, and with the small blade of my penknife I was able to get it out. It proved to consist of small oval pieces cut out of rose leaves, not from the petals of the flower, but from the green leaves. Those I extracted were formed into a tiny thimble-shape.

Now who do you think had been busy in this way? I knew as soon as I saw the green leaves. Had I not missed those same pieces from my rose bushes? And had I not seen a small bumblebee cutting similar bits out? There could be no doubt that the upholsterer bee had taken advantage of my leaden pipe to make her neat little cells in it. The proper thing for this bee to do is to find out an old, rotting post, and in it dig out a tunnel and line it with rose leaves. But I fancy this bee is getting either lazy or artful; for whenever it can find a round, smooth hole already constructed, it takes possession, and thus saves itself both time and labor.

I dare say you have sometimes seen rose trees with their leaves cut, and wondered what insect had cut them so clean and regularly. Perhaps you have gone further in your wondering, and asked yourself what purpose the pieces were intended to serve. Here is the answer: Having bored her tunnel, or found a suitable hole ready made, the bee cuts out several large pieces of rose leaf, and fixes them neatly against the walls of the tube, making them all lap over a little at the bottom, so forming a thimble-shaped cell. This is now lined with smaller ovals of rose leaf, and these again with others.

When the cell is completed to the bee's satisfaction, she lays an egg in the bottom of it, and fills up the cell with honey and pollen, finally corking it up with several circular pieces of rose leaf, so carefully cut that they exactly fit the space, and touch the cell walls all round. The first cell thus completed, she makes another and another, in precisely the same manner. The egg hatches, and the grub finds itself surrounded with food sufficient to last it until it becomes a bee like its mother. This does not take place until the following spring.

Another of these solitary bees, as they are called, is the carpenter bee. It has very powerful cutting jaws, by means of which it bores long tunnels, often nearly two feet in length, into solid wood. The tunnel is begun in a slanting direction, and afterward bored straight down toward the earth. When this deep tunnel, or well, is finished,—and it takes weeks to complete it,—the bee places a mass of pollen almost as big as herself in the bottom, and lays an egg upon it. Over this she makes a kind of floor out of the chips and sawdust made in cutting out the shaft, and upon it places another mass of pollen with an egg. And so she proceeds, until the whole length of the boring is filled up, there being usually twelve of these compartments in each tunnel, or well.

For so small a creature this piece of work is enormous. It is as if one man, without any laborers to assist him, were to dig a well about one hundred and forty feet in depth, clearing out every particle of the loose earth, and afterward bringing back enough to work up into a kind of mortar with which to construct a dozen floors across it. In addition, the bee has to collect the proper amount of food to inclose for the bee-grubs.

There is a bee very appropriately named the mason, because she makes her own mortar, and builds an eight- or ten-roomed house for her family. She very carefully selects her grains of sand, and cements them together with moisture from her mouth, until the whole structure, with its many chambers, resembles a dab of mortar that some careless bricklayer has left upon the wall. A quantity of pollen mixed up with honey is placed in each cell, with an egg.

It strikes many people as being wonderfully strange that all these bees know just how much food will last the grub until, in its turn, it becomes a bee; but they forget that He who teaches the industrious creatures how to fashion their wonderful nests also implants in them a knowledge of what is requisite for the well-being of their offspring. — *Young People.*



"GIVE me a faithful heart,
Likeness to Thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wand'rer sought and won,
Something for thee."

Report from Des Moines

DURING the winter of 1900 it became evident that some effort must be made to interest the youth of our church, and help them to feel that God required them to share in the responsibility of carrying this message to the people. A council was called, consisting of the elders of the church, the missionary secretary, the Sabbath-school superintendent, a few State officers, and a number of young people. The subject was thoroughly discussed, and resulted in the organization of our Young People's Society in January, 1901.

We assembled each Sunday evening to study the message and discuss plans of labor; but "Satan came also," and succeeded in making mole-hills appear as mountains to such an extent that practical missionary work was abandoned. It looked for a time as if our meetings would have to be discontinued; but at last all seemed to realize that the trouble was in our own hearts, and that before we could do anything for Christ, we ourselves must be converted. From the time this conclusion was reached, there was a marked change in the spirit of the meetings. A thorough determination to do good, practical service for the Lord was manifested, and all seemed willing to work to the best of their ability.

From the first, the church-members have shown their interest in the movement by their kind counsel and advice, and also by their liberal gifts to assist in the work planned and executed by the young people.

Several branch Sabbath-schools have been organized during the winter, one of which has proved very interesting. It is held in the heart of one of the poor districts. As the young people went from house to house gathering up the children, they found many opportunities for Christian Help work. These cases were reported to the sisters of the Christian Help Band, who investigated them, and provided for their temporal wants. In a short time it was learned that many of the children who attended the Sabbath-school were not attending any of the public schools in the city. The matter was placed before the church, and it was at once decided to maintain a church school in the district for the benefit of those children. A Sunday-evening meeting was begun, with the hope of interesting the parents; but as the interest lagged, the older workers thought it not worth while to continue it. The young people were not willing to abandon the effort, however, and the meetings have now been carried on for some time by them. We feel that the souls of these people are just as precious in God's sight as are those who have been placed under more favorable circumstances, and that their hearts need the refining influence of the Spirit of God as well as our own.

Many lines of work have been begun by our Society, such as distributing literature, visiting the sick, and singing and reading to them, holding cottage meetings, etc. Just now we are planning to take up the work of selling "Christ's Object Lessons."

Our instruction in Bible study, missionary work,

and the treatment of common diseases has been very practical. The doctors and nurses from the sanitarium have given a number of illustrated talks on the subject of caring for the sick.

We, with the other young people of Iowa, are now putting forth every effort to raise the thousand dollars required to start a training-school for the young people of France. Our interest in foreign fields is increasing constantly. One of our members will soon be on his way to China to bear the message of truth to those in the darkness of heathenism; while another who has been interested in our work from its very inception, will plant the banner of Christ in far-away India. So it is. The burden is placed upon one here, and another there. God grant that many who are now members of the Des Moines Society may yet be found holding up the light of life in some foreign field, strengthened by the prayers of those remaining at home, and supported by their willing contributions.

DELLA WALLACE.

Battles between Truth and Falsehood

Lesson IX—Christ "Honored" or "Profaned" in the Sabbath

(June 1-7)

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.

Because Jesus himself is in the seventh day, it is therefore certain that our treatment of that day is our treatment of him. Only a few recognize him in the seventh day; nevertheless he is there. Very few knew him in the Babe of Bethlehem; but a blessed few knew and worshiped. Blessed indeed are they who recognize the loving Lord and Redeemer in the holy seventh day. When we honor the Sabbath, we honor the God of the Sabbath. When we trample upon it, we are trampling him underfoot. We profane God, and make him common, when we treat the Sabbath lightly, or in a common way. The people of every age have crucified the Son of God in the Sabbath; and they are doing the same thing to-day.

Outline

The seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord. Ex. 20: 10.

We honor the Lord when we honor the Sabbath. Isa. 58: 13.

The seventh day is the Lord's day. Mark 2: 8; Rev. 1: 10.

We delight in the Lord when we delight in the Sabbath. Isa. 58: 13, 14.

When we hide our eyes from God's Sabbaths, and profane them, we profane him. Eze. 22: 26.

The Young People's Work at Kingston, Jamaica

WE began work early in August, 1900, not then knowing that there were societies connected with our faith. Ever since we began, we have been distributing tracts, loaning books, papers, etc.; also loaning tracts on the envelope plan, exchanging them each week. God has blessed our work abundantly. Over eighteen thousand pages of tracts have been given away, and about twenty-six thousand loaned, also a goodly number of Signs. We hold Bible readings with those who become interested, and meet every Sunday evening to study the prophecies of Daniel and the Revelation, the coming of Christ, etc. Our numbers are few, but we are of good courage, working with the Lord, trusting soon to see many souls in the kingdom as a result. Let us all be faithful.

LINTON RASHFORD, Cor. Sec.

"If you can not speak to Jesus, yet cling to his pierced feet."



CHILDREN'S PAGE

Umaduna, the Little Christian

The little black African boys can be taught to love Jesus just as easily as the little white children. In many parts of the great dark continent of Africa they grow up like wild animals; and, indeed, many of their mothers are regarded as of less value than an animal, for a



cow is worth more than a woman, they say. Some of these boys and girls have learned to love Jesus as their Saviour, and their willingness to sacrifice for his sake is sweet and inspiring.

A missionary who has labored in South Africa tells the following story of a little African Christian whose name was Umaduna. The missionary for some months had been visiting different heathen kraals. A kraal is a village, or group of native huts. At each kraal he inquired if there were any Christians among them. Coming to one kraal larger than the rest,—as about three hundred persons lived there,—he asked this question of different ones, and from all he received the same reply: "Yes, there is one Christian in this kraal. He is a little one, but he is a wonderful man. He has been persecuted, many times beaten, and threatened with death if he did not quit praying to Christ; but he prays and sings all the more."

The missionary was indeed pleased to hear that such an earnest Christian was letting his light shine so brightly in such a dark region, and he sought diligently until he found the wonderful man of whom he had heard so much. And what do you think he found?—Not a great man, but a little black boy about twelve years old. On becoming acquainted with the little fellow, and learning more about him from his heathen neighbors, he learned that all he had heard was true. Umaduna had been one of the many naked Kafir children that were in his audience every day, and little did he think that he was talking to one who so truly loved Jesus.

He sent for this boy, as he wished to discover, if possible, how he had learned about Jesus, and why he was so willing to suffer for him. The boy hesitated to come at first; but after some persuasion he came. He was small for his age, and had no clothing except an old sheepskin thrown over his shoulders. He was very black, but had a serious, pleasant face. He was very quiet, and not disposed to talk, but he gave in modest but distinct tones of voice prompt and intelligent answers to the questions that were asked him. The missionary said to him, through an interpreter, "Umaduna, how long have you been acquainted with Jesus?"

"About three years."

"How did you learn about him, and know how to come to him?"

"I went to preaching at Heald Town, and learned about Jesus, and that he wanted the little children to come to him. Then I took Jesus for my Saviour, and got all my sins forgiven, and my heart filled with the love of God." He did not remain long at Heald Town, but returned to

his people, with whom he emigrated to Fingoland.

"Was your father willing that you should be a servant of Jesus Christ?"

"Nay; he told me that I should not pray to God any more, and that I must give up Jesus. I kept praying to God more and more."

"What did your father do then?"

"He beat me a great many times."

"Well, when he found he could not beat Jesus out of you, what did he do next?"

"He got a great many boys to come and dance round me, and laugh at me, and try to get me to dance."

"And wouldn't you dance?"

"No; I just sat down, and would not say anything."

"What did your father do then?"

"He fastened me up in the hut, and said I must give up Jesus, or he would kill me. He left me in the hut all day."

"And what did you do there?"

"I kept praying, and sticking to Jesus."

"Did you think your father would kill you?"

"Yes, if God would let him. He fastened me in the hut many times, and said he would kill me."

"Umaduna, are you sure you would be willing to die for Jesus?"

"Oh, yes, if he wants me to."

"Are you not afraid to die?"

"No; I would be glad to die, if he wants me to," answered this brave little Christian.

lege, and every Seventh-day Adventist boy and girl who reads this paper may help in sending the gospel to them.

Take a piece of paper and a pencil, and write down every way by which you think little children may help give the gospel in this dark land, and then begin to-day to do some of the things you have written down. ESTELLA HOUSER.

Mission Board Office.

The Truth about Baby Tumblebug

BABY TUMBLEBUG was tucked away in an egg, sound asleep. Father Tumblebug and Mother Tumblebug, his parents, were two black beetles who lived in the barnyard. Of course they talked Tumblebug talk, and no one can be sure of exactly what they said. It seemed to be something like this:—

Said Mother Tumblebug, "Do you suppose the baby is warm enough?"

Said Father Tumblebug: "Put some more blankets on him, if you think he isn't. Here, I'll help you. We must roll him up snug and warm."

Then they rolled Baby Tumblebug in so many blankets that he was entirely hidden among them; indeed, he was wrapped in a regular ball of blankets,—a ball bigger than his father and mother put together. The blankets were nothing but dirt. The Tumblebug family have always used that kind. Thousands of years ago, in Egypt, their ancestors set the fashion.

It was a lucky thing for Baby Tumblebug that



A SOUTH AFRICAN KRAAL

The missionary gave Umaduna a copy of the New Testament in Kafir, which he was very glad to receive, although he must first learn to read before he could read Jesus' loving words to him.

Shall we not share in this good work, by praying that God will help the few black boys and girls who have learned of him to be faithful, and let their little lights shine in the darkness with which they are surrounded? There are millions who have never heard of Jesus; but before he comes, every little one will have that privi-

he was sound asleep, or he might have been frightened when his father and mother began rolling him over the hills and the valleys on the way to his nursery.

"It seems to me," said Mother Tumblebug, "that under that tall grass by the fence is just the place that will suit us."

They were looking for a spot in which to bury Baby Tumblebug. He was too young to be left on top of the ground, exposed to the hot sun and possible enemies. All Tumblebugs spend their baby days in underground nurseries.

"Just as you think best," replied Father Tumblebug, standing on his head and getting in position to push the ball, while Mother Tumblebug climbed on top of it.

"Now I'm ready, Father Tumblebug," said she, leaning all her weight toward the front of the ball. Father Tumblebug, walking on his hands, kicked with his hind feet. Mother Tumblebug pulled, and over went the ball. This was done again and again. Often as the ball went over, Mother Tumblebug climbed to the top, ready for another start.

Not for an instant did she leave Baby Tumblebug. Even when Father Tumblebug gave a mighty kick at the top of a hill, she kept tight hold of the precious bundle, rolling over and over with it until the ball stopped.

"Are you hurt?" he asked, running to her assistance.

"No, thank you," replied Mrs. Tumblebug. "I bumped my head a little, that is all."

Mother Tumblebug's head was flat,—oh! ever so flat.

"I was afraid the baby would get uncovered,—but he is safe, the little darling. You must be more careful, Father Tumblebug. I told you we should have gone the other way. I almost knew we were on a hill."

Father Tumblebug did not say a word, but he looked cross as a bear. It was not so easy as it seemed to help roll that ball, by standing on his head and kicking with his hind legs. She ought to have told him of the danger.

At last a place was found to put the baby; it exactly suited Mother Tumblebug, so she and Father Tumblebug shoveled away the earth beneath the ball.

"Now run away, Father Tumblebug, run away. I can get the baby into the nursery without any more help, thank you."

Father Tumblebug was only too glad to be excused.

Mother Tumblebug was a great worker. She was not a bit afraid of spoiling her hands or her clothes. Upside down she went beneath that precious bundle of hers, digging into the earth with her hands and feet, and tossing it above the ball. Slowly Baby Tumblebug, cradle and all, went into his down-cellar nursery. Mother Tumblebug had a middle pair of legs with which she clung to Baby Tumblebug's bundle of blankets, at the same time pulling it downward.

In a little while she was out of sight, and how ever she managed to dig deeper into the darkness of the ground is something known only to Tumblebugs. When her work was finished, Mother Tumblebug climbed through the loosened earth into the daylight. That was the last she ever knew of Baby Tumblebug.

When he awoke, he crept out of his egg, and ate everything he found among the blankets. He outgrew his baby clothes in no time, and finally, when he was big enough to wear the same kind of suit that his father and mother wore, he left the nursery, poking his queer flat head out of the earth,—a baby Tumblebug no longer.—*Sunday School Times.*

Mr. and Mrs. Eider

Not long ago I saw four wee white rabbits cuddled together in a comfortable fur-lined nest. Curious to know where so much fur came from, I picked up "Mother Bunny," and found that she had almost bared her breast in order to provide such a soft, warm bed for her babies. Of course you agree with me in thinking her a very thoughtful, self-sacrificing mother.

Mother Bunny's mode of preparing a nest made me think of the eider-duck, a bird that lives away up in the arctic regions. The eider-duck is quite a little larger than the common duck. Its prevailing color is white; but the tail, quills, and stripes above the eyes are black. It is a very shy bird;

but when the time comes that a nest is wanted for the little eiders, Mrs. Eider grows friendly, and ventures close to inhabited places, much against the will and advice of the cautious Mr. Eider. But she pays no attention to him, and soon builds herself a nest of fine mosses, twigs, and leaves. In this nest she lays from five to seven eggs about three inches long, two inches broad, and of a light-green color. Ere the eggs hatch, she prepares a snug bed for her babies by plucking feathers from her own breast, and using them for nest lining. Now her troubles begin; for from the eider-duck the expensive, celebrated eider-down of commerce is obtained. So while the eider-down lining is fresh and clean, it is carefully removed from the nest by some landowner, who wants it for the money it will bring.

Greatly distressed, Mrs. Eider flies out to sea, and joins Mr. Eider, and I suspect he says to her with much satisfaction: "I told you so. Now see what you got by not taking my advice."

However, after a while Mrs. Eider ceases to grieve over her misfortunes, returns to land, and builds a second nest, which, I am glad to tell you, no one disturbs; for the landowners have no desire to drive the eiders away altogether.

She lines the second nest just as carefully as she did the first one; and the funny part of it is, she this time plucks the down from the breast of the unwilling Mr. Eider—at least, that is what I have many times been told.

Mrs. Eider broods faithfully, and hatches her second lot of eggs in peace and happiness, and the pretty baby eiders greatly enjoy their downy home.—*D. V. Farley, in Children's Visitor.*

Watch the Corners

WHEN you wake up in the morning of a chill and cheerless day,

And feel inclined to grumble, pout, or frown,
Just glance into your mirror, and you will quickly see

It's just because the corners of your mouth turn down.

Then take this simple rime,

Remember all the time,

It's always dreary weather in countryside or town

When you wake and find the corners of your mouth turned down.

If you wake up in the morning full of bright and happy thoughts,

And begin to count the blessings in your cup,
Then glance into your mirror, and you will quickly see

It's all because the corners of your mouth turn up.

Then take this little rime,

Remember all the time,

There's joy a-plenty in this world to fill life's cup,
If you'll only keep the corners of your mouth turned up.

—*Companion.*

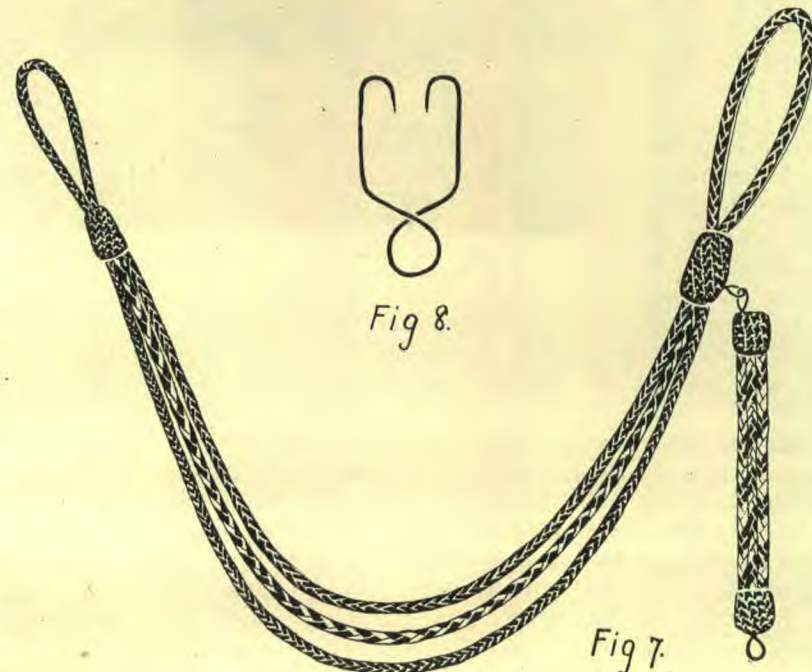


Fig. 8.

Fig. 7.

Braiding and Weaving Horse Hair

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A Vest Chain

A vest chain is more conventional than the watch-guard already described, and is quite as simple to make.

Three eight-strand square braids will be required. The strands used for the braids that are to make the main body of the chain should contain eight or ten hairs each, and the braids should be long enough to make the chain measure from eleven to twelve inches from the end of one loop to the end of the other. The way these braids are to be put together will be seen at a glance by referring to Fig. 7. In the central portion of the chain the upper braid should be the shortest, the middle one three eighths of an inch longer, and the lower one should have another three eighths of an inch added to it. This is necessary in order that the chain may have the appearance of hanging down just as a chain made of links will. Horsehair is so stiff that its own weight is not sufficient to make it hang gracefully.

The short, pendent part of the chain, on which a charm is usually worn, is made of a smaller braid. The strands in it need not contain more than five or six hairs. The one here shown is made of threefold braid, but a double braid would look quite as well. It need not exceed two inches in length. When the ends of the short pieces of braid that make this part of the chain are sewed together, there is sewed to each end a piece of small wire (a pin will do if you haven't a wire small enough), bent in the form shown in Fig. 8. The round loops of these wires are left projecting, one at each end, when the ends of the piece are covered with woven needlework. One of these loops serves to attach the short piece to a similar loop in the main part of the chain (see again Fig. 7), while to the other a charm may be fastened, if one is worn.

The chain from which the illustration was made contained, in the chain proper, one long black braid, and a short one made of black and white hairs. The black braid makes both loops, and the upper and lower braids in the central part of the chain. This is rather a pleasing arrangement, but no more so than others would

be. Indeed, none of the articles that have been and will be illustrated are given as patterns to be arbitrarily followed. They are intended rather as suggestions, which the reader will adopt, modify, or reject, as suits his taste or requirements.

One of the loops of this chain is intended to be worn on the vest button, while the watch is attached to the other. If the ring of the watch is sprung, and passed through the loop, as recommended for the watch-guard, the chain will stand out instead of hanging like a link chain. For that reason it is best



Fig. 9.

to add a loop such as shown in Fig. 9. This is made of a piece of braid eight inches long. Double it, and sew the ends together. Then wrap twine or thread around the ends that have been sewed till you have a ball about a quarter of an inch in diameter, and sew this securely also. Next cover the ball with woven needlework. Now pass one end of this doubled braid through the loop in the chain, and put a sliding ring of needlework around the doubled portion, as shown at *a*. It is now ready to put on the watch. Pass the ball, *b*, through the ring of the watch, and then through the loop, *c*. Then slide the ring, *a*, down as close to *c* as it will go, and it is done.

J. EDGAR ROSS.



THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

X—The Sabbath

(June 7)

"AND God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day. Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them. And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made." Gen. 1:31; 2:1-3.

"Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work: . . . for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it."

(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.)

When the work of the sixth day of creation was ended, God's work was finished. The earth and everything in it was perfect, and God rested. He did not rest because he was weary; for in him is "everlasting strength." "The Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary." He rested because his work was done.

The Hebrew word for rest is "Sabbath," and the seventh day is God's Sabbath, because it is the day on which he rested.

God made the Sabbath for man. It was to point him to the Creator, to teach him of the power of God that made heaven and earth, so that he might rest in him.

The Sabbath was to be a day when man should rest from his work, and worship God and think of the works of his hands. The sun, moon, and stars, and the earth itself, hung upon nothing, would speak to him of the power that upholds and guides them. The flowers that adorn the earth would show him something of the matchless loveliness of their Maker. The birds, fishes, beasts, and insects, all tell of the wisdom of him who formed them, and whose loving care provides for them.

All this would call forth grateful, happy praise to the Creator, and make men joyful in him. The knowledge of his wisdom, power, and love would keep them ever trusting, resting in him.

By resting on the seventh day, God set the seal upon all the work that he had done during the six days. He showed that it was all perfect. But now we see it not as it was in the beginning. The fair face of nature is marred, and God's image is but dimly seen in it.

Yet the Sabbath still remains, telling that God made the world perfect. It comes down to us from Eden, telling of its purity and beauty; and it is the pledge—the sign—that God gives us that all things shall be brought back to that perfect state.

But there is only one way that this can be done. It is by the cross of Jesus Christ. The curse of death has come upon man and upon the earth through sin, but the power of Jesus, who made the Sabbath, is greater than the power of death. He has given his own life to save us, to wash us from sin and make us new creatures, as Adam and Eve were when they kept the first Sabbath in Eden. His death on the cross has also redeemed the earth from the curse, so that it also may be made new again.

The last words of Jesus before he closed his eyes in death upon the cross were, "It is finished." He has finished all the work of our salvation, and of the redemption of the earth, and he says, "Come unto me, . . . and I will give you rest."

We could have no rest if God did not give it to us. But in giving us the Sabbath, he has given us his own rest. He rested on the first seventh day, because he knew that nothing could undo his work nor alter his purpose. God knows the end from the beginning, so he knew that Satan would bring the curse of sin into the earth, but he rested in the knowledge of his own power to restore all things through the cross. And he gave us his Sabbath—his rest—that we, too, might find rest by believing in Jesus.

The word "Eden" means "delight," and God tells us to call the Sabbath "a delight." It is a little piece of Eden that remains to us in this sin-cursed earth. The blessing of God is upon it, and he says that all who keep it holy shall delight themselves in the Lord, and he will bring them back to Eden. In that glad day, the Lord's holy Sabbath will not be despised and broken by most people, as it now is, but "from one Sabbath to another, shall all flesh come to worship before me, saith the Lord." May we all be among that blessed company.

Questions

1. How did all God's work appear to him on the sixth day?
2. How did he show that his work was finished?
3. On what day did God rest? What did he thus make the seventh day? What does the word "Sabbath" mean?
4. What did God do to the seventh day? Why did he bless and sanctify it? Why did he rest upon it?
5. What does he tell us to do? Why are we to rest on the seventh day?
6. For whom was the Sabbath made? How should we use the Sabbath day?
7. Where was the Sabbath made and given to man?
8. What does "Eden" mean? What does God tell us to call the Sabbath? Of what is it meant to remind us? Of what is this remnant of Eden a pledge to us?
9. In giving us the Sabbath, what does God give to us?
10. In whom do we find rest? Why?
11. What will every one in the new earth do on the Sabbath day?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

X—The Promises to David

(June 7)

MEMORY VERSE: "I have found David, the son of Jesse, a man after mine own heart, which shall fulfill all my will." Acts 13:22.

SCRIPTURE REFERENCES: 2 Sam. 7:1-17.

Synopsis

For some time we have been studying the promises to Abraham, and we shall next consider the promises to David. His reign marks a pivot in the history of the children of Israel. Matt. 1:17. His experience has been recorded in the seventh chapter of 2 Samuel, and the primary object in this and the next lesson is to learn exactly what is said in this chapter.

The main thought in this chapter is the house of David; that is, his kingdom.

Questions

1. Under what circumstances do we find King David sitting in his house?
2. Who also was near him?
3. In what kind of house did David dwell?
4. Where was the ark of God at this time?

5. What did David say to Nathan?
6. Why did the prophet encourage him to go and do what he had in mind?
7. Who else had somewhat to say about this?
8. What question was Nathan instructed to ask the Lord's servant?
9. For how long a time had the Lord been dwelling in a tent?
10. During all this experience what had he not asked of any of the tribes of Israel?
11. What word in verse 8 shows that what follows is a conclusion?
12. From what occupation was David called? To what position?
13. Who went with him in all his work?
14. What had the Lord done for him? In this connection notice Psalms 60 and 108.
15. What promise does he make David concerning the people Israel? Why?
16. What affliction does he promise to remove from them?
17. From what time had these troubles existed?
18. What had the Lord been able to do for Israel through his servant David?
19. What promise does he therefore make him?
20. When David's life should be ended, then who was to take up his work?
21. What was this one to do for the Lord's name?
22. For how long should his kingdom last?
23. What should be his relation to God?
24. What would be the result of disobedience?
25. Whose experience would not be repeated?
26. In what threefold promise to David does the Lord conclude Nathan's vision?
27. How fully did Nathan make the vision known to David?

Beyond the City

PENT in the city's dull, resistless round,
The rage of traffic and the greed of trade,
My fancy leaps the barriers men have made,
And wanders far, urged onward by the sound
Of winding silver brooks, like ribbons bound
To slender stems of cowslips. Here the shade
Lies cool as blessing hands upon the glade,
And here at last my cheek may press the ground!

Ah, sweet the pine tree's lullaby! It stills
The restless longing of my rebel heart;
And sweet the sound of waters, for it thrills
My soul to sudden joy, and heals its smart;
But sweeter far the silence of the hills,
For in that holy hush the tear-drops start!

—Selected.

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Giving Thanks

"I HAVE read the story of the ungrateful lepers many times," said a young girl to an older friend not long ago, "and it always made me indignant. How could they, in the freedom from their dreadful disease, and in the renewed joy of perfect health—how could they forget to thank the One who had blessed them?"

"But the other day something happened that made me see that ingratitude didn't cease with them. A matter came up in which I was put in the wrong. Nothing I could say, or anything at all in my power to do—and I did my best—could remove the cloud. It was absolutely beyond me. Well,—and it shames me to think I waited so long,—then I took my trouble to the Lord, and left it there.

"And only a few hours later, some one came to me with the glad word that the whole thing had in the most unlooked-for way cleared up, and my declarations were absolutely proved. The one who brought the news was nearly as happy as I, and we rejoiced together. And I—why, I felt as if the clouds had suddenly parted on a dark day, and the sun had poured its warmth and radiance upon me.

"But—what did I do?—Repeated the history of the nine,—ran joyfully to every one who had known of the difficulty, and told how unexpectedly I had been vindicated,—but," she added, slowly,—“I gave none of the glory to God.

"And by and by, *days afterward*, it came over me what I had done,—not only had I failed to glorify him before my friends, but I had not even thanked him. And so, with my tardy gratitude, had to go the request for forgiveness. I can't tell you how ashamed and sorry I felt, and do feel, whenever I think of it; but I believe I have learned something I shall not soon forget by the experience."

It is too often true that we fly to our Heavenly Father for help in trouble (and he wishes us so to come to him), and then forget or neglect to thank him for the deliverance he gives. We pray for protection, too, for daily bread, for strength to overcome temptation; but how often, alas! do we fail to return to him with words of gratitude, or to glorify him among

our friends. Yes, more, how often do we never even think of our privilege in this matter, and, like the nine of old, turn ungratefully away to enjoy his bounties.

The same word that extends the invitation, "Ask," with the promise, "And it shall be given you," also admonishes, "Be ye thankful." The one is no more an expression of God's willingness than is the other of our duty. Shall we treat him, the gracious Giver of every good and perfect gift, with less courtesy than we extend even to strangers for some trifling kindness?

"Out of our pain and struggle,
Up from our grief and dole,
We are swift to cry to the Healer,
For the touch that makes us whole.
Alas! we are not so ready,
In the day of our joy and crown,
With the palms and the fragrant incense
Laid at his altar down;
And how it must grieve the Master,
That his own are so slow to praise,
In the flush of their peace and gladness,
The goodness which brims the days!"

Just a Glimpse

A WINDING path, with a deep ravine on the left, and a "worm fence" to the right, skirting the edge of a wood—that was the scene. Lofty maples just bursting into bloom, towering beeches, with baby leaves showing the first green, were intermingled with smaller varieties, making a grove of unusual beauty.

One warm day in April two friends sauntered along that path. Two others perched on the rail fence to await further discoveries. The path finally led down the slope, when suddenly there appeared right at their feet a cluster of hepaticas, almost the last of the season's early tribute. Over against the roots of a tree, and again nestled up against a fallen and half-decayed trunk, springing from the depth of fallen leaves, were clusters of "white hearts," or Dutchman's breeches. The foliage so green and tender, the flowers so frail and fragrant, were gently gathered. It is remarkable what a seeming waste of sweetness there is in these frail things; but this is one of God's great lessons, which he teaches in the stillness of the forest.

At the foot of the ravine runs a small stream, fed by numerous living springs, and close beside the water, on the sunny slope, were found the beautiful white trilliums in abundance. Some stood stalwart and bold, fully six inches high, with their whorl of green leaves measuring ten inches from tip to tip, and the flower itself five inches in diameter. Others were more delicate, but none the less beautiful.

It was almost too late for the adder's-tongues, but occasionally a yellow head nodded beneath its own weight, or hung gracefully above the spotted green leaves.

This is one little corner of the farm of Emmanuel Missionary College—the woods which will ring this summer with the songs of students at the summer school. For you know the church-school teachers, and many young people who feel that God calls them to teach the children, will attend the summer assembly. Their tents will be pitched in this grove. Already the streets of the "white city" are being laid out. As the tents stand in the shade of those great maple trees, one thinks of Abraham's tents pitched in the plains of Mamre, where the angels came to visit him, and where he spread a table for Christ himself. The first school on earth was held under the trees, and this summer those who gather at the assembly will study some of the same truths taught at the school held for Adam and Eve in the groves of Eden. Those who are qualified to teach are naturally interested in this place of which I have spoken, and I am anxious that the younger members of the INSTRUCTOR family shall know of it; for from this school, teachers will go forth to many of

our churches to teach the children, and others will be sent into foreign countries to tell heathen children of the soon-coming Saviour.

A Chicago lady, when asked if the location for the summer school was not beautiful, replied, "Not simply beautiful; it is heavenly. Should you search the States over, I know of no prettier place to be found; it is ideal."

M. BESSIE DE GRAW.

The Life Boat for May

Is an unusually interesting number. A glance at a few of the leading articles will give an idea of its contents: "A Day with Our Visiting Nurses" takes the reader into a number of homes with the visiting nurse, and opens his eyes to the possibilities of this work; a full-page picture of a corner in the surgical ward shows one practical side of missionary work; "The Better Self," by Elder A. T. Jones, sets forth the truth that the first step in reformation is expressed in the words of the prodigal son, "I will arise, and go to my father;" Sister Smith, of the Rescue Department, relates "A Pathetic Incident;" Elder Daniells tells of the far-reaching results of improving apparently trivial opportunities; and a number of articles give practical suggestions for helping the prisoners.

We hope that all who have never seen the *Life Boat* will supply themselves with a copy of this number. Price, only twenty-five cents a year. Address 28 Thirty-third Place, Chicago.

Do It Yourself, My Boy!

WHY do you ask the teacher or some classmate to solve that hard problem? Do it yourself. You might as well let some one eat your dinner as "do your sums" for you.

It is in studying as in eating; he that does it gets the benefit, not he that sees it done. In almost any school I would give more for what the teacher learns than for what the best pupil learns, simply because the teacher is compelled to solve all the hard problems, and answer the difficult questions for the lazy boys.

Do not ask the teacher to parse all the difficult words, or to assist you in the performance of any of your duties. Do it yourself. Do not ask for even a hint from anybody. Try again.

Every trial increases your ability, and you will finally succeed by dint of the very wisdom and strength gained in this effort, even if at first the problem is far beyond your skill. It is the study and not the answer that really rewards your pains.

Look at that boy who has succeeded, after six hours, perhaps, of hard study. How his eye is lit up with a proud joy as he marches to his class! He recites like a conqueror, and well he may. His poor, weak schoolmate, who gave up that same problem after the first faint trial, now looks upon him, with something of wonder, as a superior. The problem lies there,—a great gulf between those boys who stood, yesterday, side by side. They will never stand as equals again.

The boy that did it for himself has taken a stride upward, and, what is better still, gained strength for greater ones. The boy who waited to see others do it has lost both strength and courage, and is already looking for some excuse to give up school and study forever.—*Selected.*

Wanted!

A MISSIONARY stenographer, to copy articles, take correspondence, and attend the Life Boat Mission meetings every night, and jot down the most helpful and encouraging things that are said. It is not so necessary to be an expert as to possess sound judgment and a good Christian experience. There will be no salary for the first few months. Room, board, and street-car fare, however, will be supplied. This is an excellent missionary opportunity for the right person. Those interested should address David Paulson, M. D., 28 Thirty-third Place, Chicago.