

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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The African Boy

EVERY boy has in him the making of a man, — the African boy as well as his brother in other lands. In common usage, the full-grown African who works in the colonies, or serves on plantations or as a carrier in the interior, is called a "boy." I am speaking, however, of the genuine African boy.

The man is very often spoiled in the making. This is true of every land. The fact is, though, that the African boy, bright-eyed, clear-faced, has small chance of learning much that might be helpful to him in getting ready for a useful life. His readiness to be taught — whether for good or for ill — is the thing that appeals to our hearts.

We shall be able to get better acquainted with the African boy in the next few years. Seven or eight years ago we became acquainted with two or three through the reports of our missionaries on the Gold Coast. Then sickness drove the workers away, and in the meantime our boy friends must have grown tall and strong; and all these years we have heard them appealing to be taught. One has now made his way to England, where he is studying. I hope when he is done with school, he will remember the needs of his home land, and be ready to help in the work. We surely must soon have a mission in West Africa again.

Later we learned of the Matabele boy. A few weeks ago our missionary journal printed a letter from one of these boys, "Jim," now a teacher

he appealed to us to send more teachers to carry the same word to the millions who do not know that there is a God who loves people. At eighteen or twenty these boys expect to be out teaching others the way of truth. They may be ignorant of many things, but when they know that Jesus Christ is a Saviour from sin, — their Saviour, — they have a message to bear that angels would rejoice to carry.

Now we shall learn of the Nyassaland people, through the mission just being opened. I have seen letters written by one or two of these Nyassa young men, — written in fairly good English, too. Already keeping the Sabbath, a number of young people are waiting for a thorough training in Bible truth, when they can go among the tribes as heralds of the coming Christ.

The knowledge of English brings temptations to these boys. Brother Booth told me that one young convert who was receiving about twelve dollars a month as a worker in the mission was offered fifty dollars a month by an official if he would work for the government as an interpreter. The offer made quite a stir in the mission circle.

It was wisely left for the people themselves to decide — whether the higher salary would justify accepting a position apart from God's work, and one in which the Sabbath could not be kept.

As these believers went over the problem, they decided that their baptism signified that they were ready to give their lives as Jesus did, if necessary, to be true and loyal to God. They had decided that twelve dollars was sufficient for an African teacher in Nyassaland to live upon. They therefore sent word to the official that they did not worship money, and that money could not buy their service from the missionary cause.

This temptation will meet the African youth continually, as European influences increase. It

is so in all mission fields. Our own young people at home must every one be prepared to choose God's call to service, as soldiers ready to endure hardness, as against the world's offer of

the higher salary and the apparently easier way. We are to teach people to be ready to forsake everything for the truth's sake; and how can we so teach, unless our all is surrendered?

But a true heart beats in many a breast in Africa. The year 1886 is not so far in the past. There were sad and yet triumphal scenes enacted in the land just above the Nyassa country



SIX OF TWELVE BROTHERS, SONS OF A CHIEF — NYASSALAND

in that year. The king of Uganda, who, with some of his people, had favored Christianity, had just died. His son, M'tesa, tried to root out the truth from his kingdom. Many were slain for their faith, and many turned back to heathenism when danger appeared. Among those put to death were a number of young boys who had been associated with Mackay, the Scottish missionary, learning to read the Bible in their own tongue, and catching, also, the spirit of the martyrs of old. Refusing to give up their faith, they were tied to posts above piles of dry faggots. As the flames leaped upward, they took up the song of praise which they had learned to sing with the heart in their own Luganda speech: —

"Daily, daily, sing for Jesus,
Sing, my soul, his praises due;
All he does deserves our praises,
And our deep devotion, too.

"For in deep humiliation
He for us did live below;
Died on Calvary's cross of torture,
Rose to save our souls from woe."

Thus they sang, away in the heart of darkest Africa, until their tongues could no longer frame the words. Oh, there is power in the love of Jesus to make the young strong for service, and constant and true always!

Is it nothing to us that in the dark lands abroad, young people, with hearts like these, are asking for teachers? If the love of Jesus, — just that one thing, that greatest thing, — is but allowed to flame up in the hearts of our young people at home, we shall see the grandest missionary crusade that has ever carried light and blessing to darkened hearts in the Regions Beyond. We have every incentive to be true and loyal to God's cause to-day. W. A. SPICER.



BOYS WASHING CLOTHES IN STREAM — OUR NYASSA MISSION

himself, telling of his gladness at the good things he had learned in the mission school from the word of God. That text, "God so loved the world," he said, was a sweet message to him, and



Be Thou the well by which I lie and rest;
 Be thou my tree of life, my garden ground;
 Be thou my home, my fire, my chamber blest,
 My book of wisdom, loved of all the best;
 O, be my friend, each day still nearer found,
 As the eternal days and nights go round!
 Nay, nay!—thou art my God, in whom all
 loves are bound!

—George MacDonald.

From correspondence to the Mission Board

Aztec Education

II

LAST week we noticed the instruction given the Aztec youth by his father. That imparted to the daughter by her mother is no less remarkable:—

"My daughter," said the Aztec mother, "I have done my best to bring thee up well, and thy father has cared for thee, and polished thee as if thou wert an emerald, that thou mightest appear as a jewel of virtue. Strive always to be good; for if thou art not, thou wilt be despised. Life is laborious, and all our strength is necessary to obtain the goods which the gods send us; thou must therefore be neither idle nor negligent, but active in all things.

"Wherever thou goest, be modest: walk not hastily, and never mock people whom thou meetest; stare not at them, neither look to the right nor to the left. Answer with politeness those who speak to thee or salute thee. Employ thy hours in spinning, in weaving, in sewing, or embroidering; then thou wilt be esteemed, and wilt have wherewith to clothe and feed thyself. Do not sleep far into the day, rest not in the shade, do not abandon thyself to idleness; inac-



tion gives birth to slothfulness and other vices.

"When thou workest, think only of the gods and the welfare of thy kinsfolk. If thy father or I call thee, quickly run to see what we want of thee, in order that by delay thou mayest not displease us. Never answer arrogantly, and never show repugnance to doing what thou art commanded. Abandon not thyself to the perverse appetites of thy body; for thou wilt then be the shame of thy people, and evil will pollute thy soul as mud pollutes water. Take care of thine own heart; remain at home; wander not about the streets nor in the market-place. Reflect that vice, like a poisonous plant, is death to him who tastes it; and that when it has taken possession of our souls, it is difficult to uproot it.

"My daughter, engrave my advice on thy heart, and thou wilt be happy. If by reason of not having listened to me or by despising my teachings, some misfortune should happen to thee, it would be thy fault, and thou wouldst suffer therefrom. May the gods help thee!"

Sentiments and proverbs like these were taught the children at home. They were especially

warned against lying, stealing, killing, and dishonoring their parents. How strange that in the worship of their gods the youth were taught to rejoice in human sacrifices!

Separate schools were conducted for boys and girls, and again for the children of nobles and plebeians. The schools were usually near the temples. Priests were detailed to conduct the education of the children. Staid matrons looked after the girls in the seminaries devoted to them. Each girl who entered the seminary or nunnery had her hair cut, and divided her time between study and the service of the temple. There were several classes of nuns. Some entered because of vows for a short time; others, desirous of marrying well, sought the culture of the nunnery. Others were there who, after reaching a marriageable age, decided to serve in the temples; such took perpetual vows, and could never withdraw from the service. H. A. OWEN.

A Faithful Witness

WHEN Paul was summoned to appear before Nero for his trial, it was with the near prospect of certain death. The nature of the crime charged against him, and the prevailing animosity against Christians, left little ground for hope of a favorable issue.

It was the practise among the Greeks and Romans to allow an accused person an advocate, to present his case and to plead in his behalf. By force of argument, by impassioned eloquence, or by entreaties, prayers, and tears, the advocate would often secure a decision in favor of the prisoner; or failing in this, would lessen the severity of the sentence. But no man ventured to act as Paul's advocate; no friend was at hand even to preserve a record of the charges brought against him by his accusers, or of the arguments he urged in his own defense.

Paul before Nero—how striking the contrast! The height of earthly power, authority, and wealth, as well as the lowest depths of crime and iniquity, had been reached by the haughty monarch before whom the man of God was to answer for his faith. In power and greatness, Nero stood unrivaled. There was none to question his authority, none to resist his will. Kings laid their crowns at his feet. Powerful armies marched at his command. The ensigns of his navies betokened victory. His statue was set up in the halls of justice, and the decrees of senators and the decisions of judges were but the echo of his will. Millions of subjects bowed in obedience to his mandates. To incur his displeasure was to lose property, liberty, life. His frown was more to be dreaded than a pestilence.

Without money, without friends, without counsel, Paul had been brought forth from a dungeon to be tried for his life. His experience had been one of poverty, self-denial, and suffering. With a sensitive nature, that thirsted for love and sympathy, he had braved misrepresentation, reproach, and abuse. Shrinking with nervous dread from pain and peril, he had fearlessly endured both. Like his Master, he had been a homeless wanderer; he had lived and suffered for the truth's sake, seeking to bless humanity and to live the Christ-life. How could Nero, a capricious, passionate tyrant, appreciate the character and motives of this son of God?

Paul and Nero face to face!—the countenance of the monarch bearing the shameful record of the passions that raged within; the countenance of the prisoner telling the story of a heart at peace with God and man. The result of opposite systems of education stood that day contrasted,—a life of unbounded self-indulgence and a life of entire self-sacrifice. Here were the representatives of two theories of life,—all-absorbing selfishness, which counts nothing too valuable to be sacrificed for momentary gratification, and self-denying endurance, ready to give up life itself, if need be, for the good of others.

The Jews brought against Paul the old charge of sedition and heresy, while both Jews and Romans accused him of instigating the burning of the city. While these accusations were urged against him, Paul preserved unbroken serenity. The people and the judges looked upon him with surprise. They had been present at many trials, and had looked upon many a criminal; but never had they seen a man wear a look of such holy calmness as did the prisoner before them. The keen eyes of the judges, accustomed to read the countenances of prisoners, searched Paul's face in vain for some evidence of guilt.

When Paul was permitted to speak in his own behalf, all listened with eager interest to his words. Once more he had opportunity to uplift before a wondering multitude the banner of the cross. With more than human eloquence and power he presented the truths of the gospel. His words struck a chord that vibrated in the hearts of even the most hardened. Truth, clear and convincing, overthrew error. Light shown into the minds of many who afterward gladly followed its rays. The words spoken on this occasion were destined to shake nations. They were endowed with a power that would enable them to live through all time, influencing the hearts of men when he who uttered them would be silent in a martyr's grave.

As Paul gazed upon the throne before him,—Jews, Greeks, Romans, with strangers from many lands,—his soul was stirred with an intense desire for their salvation. He lost sight of the occasion, of the perils surrounding him, of the terrible fate that seemed so near. He saw only Jesus, the Intercessor, pleading before God in behalf of sinful men. He pointed his hearers to the sacrifice made for the fallen race. An infinite price had been paid for man's redemption. Provision had been made for him to share the throne of God. By angel messengers, earth was connected with heaven, and all the deeds of men, whether good or evil, were open to the eye of infinite Justice.

Thus pleads the advocate of truth. Faithful among the faithless, loyal among the disloyal, he stands as God's representative, and his voice is as a voice from heaven. There is no fear, no sadness, no discouragement, in word or look. Strong in a consciousness of innocence, clothed in the panoply of truth, he rejoices that he is a son of God. His words are as a shout of victory above the roar of battle. He declares that the cause to which he has devoted his life is the only cause that can never fail. Though he may perish for the truth's sake, the gospel will not perish. God lives, and his truth will triumph.

Paul's countenance beams with the light of heaven. Many who looked upon him "saw his face as it had been the face of an angel." Tears dimmed many eyes. The gospel found its way to the hearts of many who, but for Paul's witness, would never have been led to the Saviour.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

With a New Meaning

"Do you know, Gertrude," she said, "I had such a surprise at Mildred's!"

"What was it?" Gertrude asked, interested at once, for Mildred was a great favorite with the other girls.

"Well, we had mentioned Esther Morrill's name, and Mildred leaned over to me and began: 'They say, Helen——.' I almost gasped, Gertrude; for you know that when anybody begins 'they say,' it means that there's some unkind or unpleasant story to follow. I should not have thought anything of it from some of the girls, but Mildred is always so lovely and charitable that I was disappointed."

"And what was the story?"

"That's the best part of it," Helen resumed. "She told me the sweetest story about Esther, and how she has given up her trip East, and

sent her mother instead. I was so relieved, Gertrude! I couldn't really believe that there would be anything unkind to say about Esther, and I didn't want to think that Mildred would say it if there were. But I've heard that beginning a good many times, and I don't wonder I was frightened for a minute. I'm surprised Mildred would begin that way."

"Good for Mildred, I say," Helen declared, with enthusiasm. "She'll be doing a good work if she does even a little to change the atmosphere that hangs about those two harmless little words."

"They say,"—the two words are almost always taken as indicating unkind, uncharitable gossip. Why should this be so? Can we not do a small part toward making them the sign and token of charity?—*Selected.*

Shine in the Home

BE a light to all who are in the house. Shine where you live. Go on the unpleasant errand without bemoaning the necessity. Respond to the call for help cheerfully. Commend often, censure only when you must. The lights of kindness, gentleness, patience, and consideration should never go out; we should keep the light of a holy example always burning.

A boat went out to sea, carrying a father and daughter. A terrible storm came up as they were hurrying back. The coast was dangerous. The mother lighted a lamp, and started up the worn stairway to the attic window. "It won't do any good, mother," the son called after her. But the mother went up, put the light in the window, knelt beside it and prayed. Out in the storm the daughter saw a glimmer of gold on the water's edge. "Steer for that," the father said. Slowly but steadily they came toward the light, and at last were anchored in the little, sheltered harbor by the cottage. "Thank God!" cried the mother, as she heard their glad voices and came down the stairway, with the lamp in her hand. "How did you get here?" she asked. "We steered by mother's light," answered the daughter, "although we did not know what it was, out there."

"Ah!" thought the boy—a wayward boy—"it is time I was steering by my mother's light;" and ere he slept, he surrendered himself to God, and asked him to guide him over life's rough sea. Months went by and disease smote him. "He can not live long," was the verdict of the doctor; and one stormy night he lay dying. "Do not be afraid for me," he said, as they wept; "I shall make the harbor, for I am steering by my mother's light."—*Illustrator.*

On Expectation

EXPECTATION is one of the mighty motive powers that move the will to aim, action, and achievement.

Columbus discovered America. Put more truly, expectation in Columbus discovered America. Confident expectation of discovery made him a discoverer. Expectation of a united Germany in Bismarck in 1834 brought its realization in the German Empire in 1870.

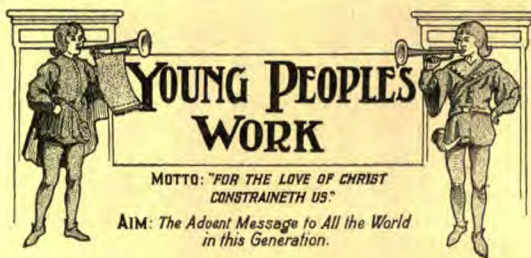
Expect to amount to nothing, and the grooves of uselessness are oiled for you. Expect to be somebody, and nobody but yourself can prevent you.

Expect to do something worth while that the world needs to have done, and you have all the room and time and chance necessary.

Expect to be respected, and you will be, if respectable. Self-respect wins other respect.

Expect to educate yourself, and, school or not, you will do it, if you are willing to pay the price.

Finally, we ought to expect great things from God. That is the attitude and spirit which fit man to do great things for God.—*Selected.*



A Suggestion

A FEW weeks ago a letter written by Mrs. Annie S. Booth, wife of our missionary to Nyassaland, was received by the sisters of the Battle Creek church, asking that a supply of clothing suitable for the natives be made up and forwarded. A set of patterns, with descriptions and samples of the material best to use, were also received.

The church school, in its sewing department, has prepared a number of complete sets of pattern garments. One set of these, with corresponding paper patterns, has been taken by every district in the church; and the sisters in each district will make a number of each kind of garments. In her letter, Sister Booth says they "can never have too many."

It has been suggested that some of the Young People's Societies might like to help in preparing garments for this first shipment. Those who are interested should write to the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. L. Flora Plummer, 705 Northwestern Building, Minneapolis, Minn., for particulars, patterns, and full directions. If any think of taking up this work, they should do so at once.

May Study of the Field

Suggestive Program for Young People's Meeting (July 12)

1. OPENING EXERCISES.—Scripture reading. Romans 10.
2. Remarks by the Leader.—The meaning of the Martinique disaster. (For facts, see INSTRUCTOR, June 19.)
3. Field Study:—
 - (a) Education among the Aztecs, and what we may learn from it.
 - (b) Christian education a means of reaching the heathen. (See reports from our schools in mission lands.)
 - (c) Elder Conradi's visit to Egypt.
 - (d) Reports of progress during the month. (A map may be used profitably with this exercise.)
4. Closing Exercises:—
 - (a) A brief mention of fields yet unentered by the message.
 - (b) Season of prayer.

NOTE.—Material for this study may be found in the *Review* and the INSTRUCTOR for June. If you do not have a map for use, an outline map may be drawn on a large sheet of paper, and the fields mentioned designated. After a study of the vast field to which the third angel's message is going, ten or fifteen minutes may be spent profitably in prayer for the workers in these fields, and for those who will yet go. Read the article on "The Source of Power," if you want some facts on the relation of prayer to the progress of the gospel.

The Source of Power

THE strength of a chain is limited to the strength of its weakest link. If, therefore, we are connected with the source of power by a chain, the weakest link will be the limit to which we can avail ourselves of it. But if our connection is direct and immediate, there is no hindrance to the exercise of the mighty power of God.

God himself is the great source of power. It

is his possession. "Power belongeth unto God." And he manifests it according to his sovereign will; yet not in an erratic or arbitrary manner, but according to his declared purposes and promises.

God's power is available power. . . . The risen Saviour, ere he ascended on high, said, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore"—disciple, baptize, teach all nations. "And, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." And again, "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." Not many days after this, in answer to united and continued prayer, the Holy Ghost did come upon them, and they were all filled. Praise God, he remains with us still. The power given is not a gift from the Holy Ghost. He, himself, is the Power. To-day he is as truly available and as mighty in power as he was on the day of Pentecost. But has the whole church, ever since the days before Pentecost, put aside every other work and waited for him for ten days, that that power might be manifested?

It is not lost time to wait upon God. May I refer to a small gathering of about a dozen men in which I was permitted to take part, a number of years ago? We, in the China Inland Mission were feeling greatly the need of divine guidance in the matter of organization in the field, and in the matter of reinforcement, and we came together before our conference to spend eight days in united waiting upon God—four alternate days being days of fasting as well as prayer. It was November, 1886, when we gathered together; we were led to pray for one hundred missionaries, to be sent out by our English Board in the year 1887, from January to December. And, further than this, our income had not been elastic for some years; it had been about twenty-two thousand pounds, and we were led in connection with that forward movement, to ask God for ten thousand pounds in addition to the income of the previous year. More than this we were guided to pray that this might be given in large sums, so that the force of our staff might not be unduly occupied in the acknowledgment of contributions. What was the result?—God sent us offers of service from over six hundred men and women during the following year, and those who were deemed to be ready and suitable were accepted, and were sent out to China; and it proved that at the end of the year exactly one hundred had gone. What about the income?—God did not give exactly the ten thousand pounds we asked for, but he gave us eleven thousand pounds, and that eleven thousand pounds came in eleven contributions; the smallest was five hundred pounds, say \$2,500, the largest was \$12,500, or twenty-five hundred pounds. We had a thanksgiving for the men and the money that were coming in November, 1886; but they were all received and sent out before the end of December, 1887.

God is the ultimate source of power; and faith is the hand which lays hold on God. And how important is that hand! If the contact of faith with the living God be to any extent broken, may it not again be true, as in the days of his flesh, that he can not do many mighty works because of our unbelief? How important is faith, and what is this so essential faith? Is it not simply the recognition of, and reliance upon, God's faithfulness? Is it not simply reliance on the fact that faithful is he who hath promised, who also will do it? With this faith in lively exercise, God may manifest himself as he never has done. We are living in days of wonderful missionary successes, but we may see far more wonderful things in days to come.—*J. H. Taylor, at Ecumenical Conference, New York.*

COURTESY is not a marketable commodity.



Green Things Growing

O, THE green things growing! the green things growing!
 The faint, sweet smell of the green things growing!
 I should like to live, whether I smile or grieve,
 Just to watch the happy life of my green things growing.
 O, the fluttering and the pattering of those green things growing!
 How they talk each to each, when none of us are knowing;
 In the wonderful white of the weird moon-light
 Or the dim, dreamy dawn when the cocks are crowing.
 I love, I love them so — my green things growing!
 And I think that they love me, without false showing;
 For by many a tender touch they comfort me so much,
 With the soft, mute comfort of green things growing.
 And in the rich store of their blossoms glowing
 Ten for one I take they're on me bestowing;
 O, I should like to see, if God's will it may be,
 Many, many a summer of my green things growing.

— Dinah Mulock Craik.

Hepatica Triloba

Round-lobed Hepatica, Liverleaf, Liverwort

Description.—Corolla absent; sepals five to nine, generally blue or bluish-purple, but frequently white or flesh-color; flowers numerous, appearing before the leaves, and each borne on a separate hairy scape. Leaves smooth and evergreen, and somewhat leathery in texture, each consisting of three broad, rounded, entire lobes. All the leaves are radical, borne upon long, hairy petioles. Situated a little below the flower is an involucre of three entire, ovate, obtuse bracts resembling a calyx. All these parts are shown plainly in the illustration.

A few new terms are used in this description. A "scape" is a peduncle, or flower-stalk, that arises from the ground, or at least from very near the ground, and not from a stem higher up. "Entire," used with reference to leaves, means that the edges are even, and not at all toothed, notched, or divided in any way. "Ovate," shaped like an egg, with the broader end downward. "Obtuse," blunt or round at the end.

The hepatica is a common plant throughout the eastern and central part of the United States. It grows chiefly in woods, but frequently in pastures or on sunny hill-sides. The different names applied to this plant were doubtless suggested by the fancied resemblance of the leaves to the shape of the liver.

The species here described shows a preference for the south side of hills. Another species, called *Hepatica acutiloba*, or sharp-lobed hepatica, has the lobes of the leaves pointed, sometimes more than three. It prefers the north side of hills.

The hepatica is a beautiful little plant, and one of the earliest harbingers of spring. It often blossoms before the snow is entirely gone, and sometimes may be found in bloom near a lingering snowdrift, or even beneath the snow.

From its frail, delicate appearance, one would naturally think that it would not bear rough treatment; but the fact is that it is able to endure more storm and cold and hardship than many more robust-looking plants.

We can not always tell from appearances how much vitality the Creator has put into his creatures. Not infrequently men who are apparently

in perfect health, and who seem to possess almost unlimited strength and vigor, are stricken down by disease or sudden death; while many who appear puny and delicate live on to a good old age, with but few if any days of sickness. This uncertainty with reference to the measure of our endurance should teach us the importance of living in accordance with all the light that has been given to us on the subject of health.

B. E. CRAWFORD.

Maple-Tree Pluck

WHEN it dropped its leaves last autumn, one young maple tree promised great things for this summer. Its trunk had reached a diameter of fully three inches, and its bushy top suggested a welcome and delightful addition to the comfort of our small piazza, in the shade it would cast during the hot morning hours.

But, alas! ere the buds swelled in the spring, we awoke one morning to find the trunk of the maple tree splintered and broken, while its spreading boughs lay prostrate on the ground. We never knew how it happened. Conjecture failed to explain the unhappy event, and we could only expect the sad end of our maple tree, and hold our peace.

All through the freeze and thaw, snow and ice, wind and rain, of early spring the remains of the tree stood by the porch, a stump two feet high, with the bark frayed at the top. But lo! when the robins began to twitter, and the great maples behind the house put out their foliage, we noticed a bright shoot on one side of the stump, and, as if it were impossible to remain lifeless when everything else was flourishing, the young maple soon produced a leafy bunch to flutter in the breezes, and glow like a red pennant in the sun. The branch grew so rapidly that it bade fair, before the summer passed, to repair much of the damage that had been done to the tree by replacing the old top with another, nearly as large and just as beautiful.

But, once more alas! Glancing out one day, I missed the flutter of the tender branch, and looking more closely, saw that it had certainly



*Hepatica
Liverleaf*

disappeared. Some ruthless hand, in passing, had thoughtlessly plucked it away, and the poor stump was left as naked and cheerless as before. Now, I thought, my tree is ruined indeed. It will never have courage to try growing again, after all these painful and cruel reverses.

But I little realized the patience and perseverance planted within the heart of every thing

that has life,—even the dumb things all about us. One day a little later my attention was unexpectedly attracted to a second sprout peeping out at the side of my tree stump; timidly, as if fearing further injury at the hand of the world, which, hitherto, had used it so ill,—yet bravely, too, because in spite of these injuries, it yet dared venture forth once more. The new-born sprout climbed safely into the sunlight, and after a little, another red branch appeared on the opposite side of the stump, and presently another. There are now three of them, all growing lustily, all tall and graceful, all giving promise of future beauty and blessing.

It is summer now. The blue-grass grows high at the foot of the tree, and clover blossoms, white and red, mingle with it, while the white heads of seeding dandelions outnumber their blossoms. Everything is teaching beautiful lessons, but none more beautiful than our brave maple tree, as the sun shines through its trembling, transparent leaves till they resemble nothing so much as slices of apple-jelly arranged on a stem. How plainly it tells us to take courage in adversity; not to despair at misfortune; to meet rebuff and cruelty with meekness and efforts to repay evil with good; and more than all, to persevere in any good work. The maple tree possessed no resources save its God-given life, but it has made the most of that, and none can say it is not doing well. Even so, "through God we shall do valiantly," if, as human beings, we lay claim to at least mere maple-tree pluck.

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

CRUMBS OF COUNSEL

BELIEVE in others, and they will believe in you.

"IN praying for others' faults, recollect how long you have been correcting your own."

HABITS are soon assumed, but when we strive To strip them off, 'tis being flayed alive.

— Cowper.

NEVER depend upon your genius; if you have talent, industry will improve it; if you have none, industry will supply the deficiency.— John Ruskin.

IN my poor house a most unwelcome guest Is John, or Mary (never mind the rest), Who talks of others with a hateful glee. Change but the house, and so they talk of me.

— Selected.

WHATEVER we have bought for money we have a right to sell for money; but that which God has freely bestowed upon us, we must give likewise — freely to all. A man who will sell his character, will steal when he has no longer a character to sell.

DAVID PAULSON.

THIS may seem a paradox; and, indeed, it is one of the many blessed paradoxes of the gospel. We have nothing until it has been given away; we increase by scattering, and decrease by withholding. All through his ministry, Jesus taught the riches of poverty and the poverty of riches.

E. R. PALMER.

If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life, forget your neighbors' faults. Forget all the slander you have ever heard. Forget the temptations. Forget the fault-finding, and give a little thought to the cause which provoked it. Forget the peculiarities of your friends, and remember only the good points which make you fond of them.— Lutheran.



Finding the Way

I CAN show papa the way, I know,
Out to the meadows and up the hill,
Over the fields where the daisies blow,
Off to the woodland so far and still.
I could show papa the way, if he
Cares to go visiting them with me.

I'd find the way, O, I could, indeed,
Down through the paths where the squirrels
play,
Over the pastures where cattle feed,
While the glad robin keeps holiday;
Under the cool of the shady trees,
Into the homes of the birds and bees!

But when we'd seen all the wonderland,
And we were ready at last to go,
I should be glad to take papa's hand;
For I'm afraid that I shouldn't know
Nearly so well, after all, as he,
Just what the safest way home would be.

—Frank Walcott Hutt.

In Tommy's Care

"WELL, Tommy," said Dr. McDougall, "I think you're off the sick-list at last, and I shall not come to see you again unless mother sends for me to give you a good whipping."

Tommy smiled, and held out a little thin hand to the doctor. "I don't b'lieve you'd whip me!" he said, confidently. "I'm quite well again now, fank you, Dr. McDougall, but I'd like you to come and see me some day, and give me a ride on your horse."

"All right, old man; now you've got to keep quiet, and eat all that mother and Ayah give you, and grow strong as fast as you can." And the doctor strode away from Tommy's nursery; for he was in a hurry, as usual.

But he turned back to speak to Mrs. Mostyn, Tommy's mother. "You've got to go out for a drive this evening, my dear lady, or I shall be having you to attend next! You have been nursing that young man very closely, and look quite worn out; now you can make yourself quite easy about Tommy, so get Mostyn to take you for a drive. Get two hours at least in the open air. Your Ayah can look after the boy, can't she?"

"I suppose so," hesitated Tommy's mother; then, seeing the doctor's frown, she added, hastily: "I know I mustn't get ill, and I do want the fresh air after this fortnight in the bungalow. I'll just give Tommy his supper, and then I'll get Captain Mostyn to bring me down to see the tennis."

Dr. McDougall hurried off, and Mrs. Mostyn returned to the nursery. Tommy had fallen asleep with the suddenness of great weakness; she sat and watched him, and thanked God in her silent, overflowing mother's heart that he had been spared to her through his recent sharp attack of illness, her youngest child and her only boy, and the only one who remained to her of her flock in India; for his sisters had all been sent back to England long ago. When he woke, there was a little faint color in his cheeks, and he was quite hungry for tea; and tea was a little festival, with real cow's milk instead of goat's milk, and sponge biscuits, and mother pretending to be an elephant come to spend the afternoon, which was one of Tommy's favorite games.

"Be a polar bear, muvver, be a polar bear, and say, 'What a vewy hot day!' and fan yourself wiv' your paws!" Tommy was so like his old self again that his mother felt easy about him, and inclined to take Dr. McDougall's advice. "I am going out with father for a little while, Tommykins; what would you like to do while I am away?"

The little boy's eyes were very bright and alert. "May I have whatever I like?" he asked, eagerly.

"Surely, my son —"

"Then I'd like your big Picture-Bible all to myself," Tommy said, decidedly, "the one wiv' the animals in it, and Jonah, an' the men carrying the grapes on a stick. I'd like to have it on my own knee, and look at it all by myself. May I, mummy? wiv' clean fingers?" he finished persuasively.

The Picture-Bible was a book that Mrs. Mostyn valued, and her little boy knew that he was asking a favor; it was an old-fashioned illustrated volume, with rare colored prints, which had belonged to Mrs. Mostyn's mother's family. Tommy had never had it "all by himself" before, but then, never before in all his life had he been so ill.

"If you'll take great care of it," said Mrs. Mostyn, wavering.

"Of course I will! My hands is ever so clean!" protested Tommy, giving one thumb that seemed a trifle sticky a surreptitious lick; "I'll take the most drefful care of your book, an' not let anybody touch it but me, not even Ayah!"

So, as it would make him quite happy in her absence, she lent him the book.

It was a pretty picture that Tommy's mother looked back upon as she rode away: her little son, seated among a pile of cushions and durrees on the floor of the veranda, from which the great heat of the afternoon had now subsided, the big book open on his knee, and his rapt, smiling face and tumbled yellow curls bent over its pages, as with reverent fingers he turned from one favorite picture to another. His parents drove slowly past in the Norfolk cart, and he looked up gravely. "I'm taking care of your Bible wiv' all my might," said Tommy, and even Captain Mostyn, who was not imaginative, suggested, "He reminds one of an infant Samuel, eh, dear?" when they were out of hearing.

"Or a Timothy searching the Scriptures," answered his wife. "Of course, I know that it is the pictures that attract him most, but he has a real reverence for the Bible, dear little lad, and I am quite sure nothing will happen to my precious book while it is in Tommy's charge."

Down at the tennis-ground every one was pleased to see Mrs. Mostyn out again, and there were many inquiries for Tommy. "We have missed you so, dear Mrs. Mostyn, during the fortnight you have been shut up; and Tommy, too! the station isn't itself without Tommy!"

"It has been an anxious time," said the mother, "but, thank God, I believe we are out of the wood now!"

"Apropos," cried little Mrs. Daventry, who had the reputation of never thinking before she spoke, "has your second cobra come out of the wood yet?"

"Our second cobra?" asked Mrs. Mostyn, mystified. Mrs. Daventry did not notice, nor heed, the frowns and anxious glances that her careless words provoked among those standing near; she did not know of Mrs. Mostyn's special horror of snakes, and was eager to engross the conversation.

"Hasn't Captain Mostyn told you of the exciting cobra hunt in your compound the other evening? A tremendous fight, wasn't it, Mr. Smith? You were there, and Major Harrison too, and the cobra was enormous, wasn't he? Our kansamah told me that —" And the lo-

quacious lady rambled on with a string of details about the almost fabulous snake, winding up with, "and where one cobra comes, a second is certain to follow; the natives call it the wife looking for her husband, you know!" Mrs. Mostyn had turned rather a white face toward her husband.

"You never told me, Charles, about this horrible thing! You know the terror I have of all snakes, and of cobras especially. When was it? and what happened?"

Captain Mostyn made light of the incident; he had not mentioned it to his wife at the time, and he did not choose that she should be alarmed about it now. "We killed the snake in the compound the other evening," he explained. "Harrison and Smith and I were coming across from mess, and we saw the beast lying on the stones, for coolness, I suppose—the drought brought him out. There was nothing wonderful about it; we killed him, and that's the end of the business!"

"Not if his wife comes looking for him!" cried Mrs. Daventry, shrilly.

"I think I should like to go home, Charles," whispered Mrs. Mostyn to the captain; "you know I have not been out for so long, that a little of this chatter makes me quite tired."

She would not have confessed it, but the mention of the cobra had spoiled her pleasure for the afternoon.

Little Tommy was supremely happy with the big Picture-Bible. Hitherto mother had always shown him the book, keeping it in her own hands, and turning the leaves herself, but to-day he was allowed to have it all to himself, to hold and turn as he chose, and he felt it a very high responsibility. The book was God's Book,—mother had told him that,—and mother read it to him on Sabbaths; it wasn't a common picture-book, like his alphabet or his nursery rhymes that lay on the floor with their backs torn! He murmured softly to himself as he searched for his favorite pictures, telling himself as best he might the stories that he remembered, and wondering over the ones that he had partly forgotten.

"That's poor Daniel in the lion's den," said Tommy, softly. Ayah had slipped away to gossip with the tailor-man who was cutting out hot-weather clothes at the other side of the veranda, and was her own sister's husband. "Those lions has vewy kind faces! I s'pose God made them kind so as Daniel shouldn't be frightened. An' there's Joseph's bwethren all sitting down to dinner, and Benjamin wiv' five plates all to hisself! I'm sure I shouldn't want five plates of food, I should give it all to the poor people what haven't got any!" decided Tommy, in the feeble state of his tiny Indian appetite.

"An' there's Adam and Eve, and the naughty snake!" went on Tommy, drowsily; the big book was heavy, and the Ayah's monotonous drone a few yards away made him strangely sleepy.

It was the first day since his illness that he had been up and dressed for any time, and the exertion had fairly tired him out.

"The naughty snake told 'em stories about the fruit, and they was disobedient," remarked Tommy, drowsily. "I'm vewy tired, but I must take care of mummy's best Bible-book, 'cos I promised," and taking one of the cushions from his heap, he carefully laid the volume upon it; then toppling over beside it, he fell fast asleep in a moment.

Perhaps he had slept long enough; perhaps it was the noise of the Norfolk cart returning that waked him suddenly. Tommy's mother saw the little white figure sitting up among the cushions, with a look of horrified determination stamped on the small pale face; some terror of the truth flashed to her mind as she realized the meaning of her child's expression.

"Tommy, don't stir! don't move!" she called, flinging herself free of the Norfolk cart, but the warning came too late. "You told me to take care of your bestest Bible-book mummy," cried Tommy's weak little voice back, "and I s'pose I was asleep, an' let the old snake sit upon it;" and with his little shoe for a weapon Tommy struck out fearlessly at something in front of him. There was a low hissing sound, that, once heard, can never be forgotten; something slim and dark reared its hooded head from the cushion at the little boy's side, and the cobra darted its fatal fang at his bare, white neck.

Captain Mostyn killed the "cobra's wife" a minute later with the butt of his driving-whip; Tommy's mother had lifted her son into her arms. She put her lips to the small wound at his throat, and began sucking it with all her might, but the child wrenched himself out of her embrace, and struggled into a sitting position. "I was taking care of your best book, muvver," he said, earnestly, "on'y I'm afraid I went to sleep, an' the nasty snake came an' sat on it. I don't mind him biting me, on'y I hope the book isn't spoilt."

"Drink this!" said Tommy's father, holding something burning to his mouth. Tommy spluttered and choked, for the medicine was raw brandy, and then more drowsiness crept over him, and he slipped away into unconsciousness. But always the faithful, fearless mother-lips were pressed to that wound at his throat.

Tommy, wonderful to relate, did not die! Dr. McDougall said that his mother, by sucking the wound, saved his life; she always maintained that his father, with the repeated antidote and the ceaseless rubbing all through the night, fought the poison and conquered it. Anyway next morning a very exhausted and wan little Tommy turned his languid eyes upon his parents and the doctor gathered round his bed, and murmured some question very faint but no longer incoherent. His mother stooped her head to catch it: "Was your book spoilt, mummy, or did I break his ugly head?" asked Tommy.

"You and father broke his ugly head, and my book is quite safe," answered his mother.

Tommy and his parents live in England now, and Tommy is a Winchester schoolboy, and remembers or troubles himself to think very little about his former life in India. But he has a hazy recollection of seeing a big snake curled round mother's favorite Bible,—coils on coils of glistening, ringed skin, and a cruel head darting forward,—and he likes to think that he "had a shy," as he calls it now, at the fellow, to defend from degradation the Holy Book that

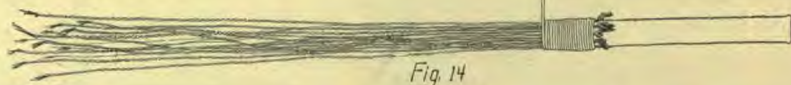


Fig. 14

mother had left in his care; and Tommy's mother likes to think that, child, or boy, or man, the Holy Book is safe in the hands of her son Tommy.—*Bible Society Gleanings.*

OPEN your heart every morning to Christ. Let him enter, and repair the strings that sin has broken, and sweep them with his skillful fingers, and you will go out to sing through all the day. Only when the song of God's love is singing in our heart, are we ready for the day.—*Selected.*

Braiding and Weaving Horse Hair

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Weaving with Warp and Woof

BRAIDING hair, as well as weaving with a needle, is so simple that practise-work will hardly be necessary; so I have simply described the making of practical articles. Weaving with warp and woof, however, is more complicated, and I would advise my readers to practise covering a few small, round sticks before they attempt to make any of the articles that will be described later. Nothing will be lost by this; for practise will give dexterity of movement as well as familiarity with the method of making the various figures into which hair of different colors can be woven.

I do not wish to convey the impression that this method of weaving hair is really difficult. It is so simple that I learned it without other instruction than I received from watching, for a few minutes, a Mexican at work upon a simple piece of weaving. Making the figures, splicing the threads, and hiding the ends when the work was finished, I studied out for myself. No doubt my readers could do likewise if they could obtain samples of the work to copy from, as I did. But where this work can be had, its cost is considerable, and even then a few simple directions would save many troublesome experiments.

The hair must be woven around some suitable base. This need not be round, but square, flat, or any desired shape, provided the material of which it is composed is sufficiently firm to retain its shape when lightly wrapped with the warp. If the base has sharp corners; as, for example, a square block of wood, they should be slightly rounded. Otherwise they will crowd the woof to either side, and leave the warp exposed.

The warp used is, preferably, smooth, soft cord, strong enough so that there will be no danger of its breaking with the strain that it must constantly bear during the progress of the work. Common white twine will answer the purpose admirably. If it is not large enough, it may be doubled, or even quadrupled, but in that case the strands must not be twisted together. The proper size of warp to use will depend upon the article to be covered as well as upon one's taste. The larger the warp, the more rapidly the work will progress. A little practise with warp of different sizes will enable one to make an intelligent selection.

The woof is composed of threads of hair twisted according to directions given in the second article of the series. The size of these threads may also be varied to suit the taste or the article to be covered. They ought not, however, to be more than one half nor less than one fourth the size of the warp.

So much for theory; now let us begin to practise. Take a stick about as large around as a lead-pencil to serve as a base. The length of this stick is immaterial, but it need not be more than one fourth the length of the threads that make the woof, as hair will weave only about one fourth of its length. Around this base place a sufficient number of threads of hair to cover it loosely, and bind them in place by wrapping the warp around them. Begin wrapping the warp about half an inch from one end of the base, and wrap it toward that end. When it has been wound three or four times around, pull the threads of hair, one at a time, toward that

end, till the knots on the ends are drawn against the warp. Then continue wrapping the latter until the end of the base is reached. The work will now look like Fig. 14, except that the threads of woof have here been placed farther apart than they should be, in order that their arrangement may be more readily seen. Now fasten the loose end of the warp to some convenient support, hold the base in the left hand, and with the right, take a thread of woof, pass it over the warp, then under, and bring it up so as to form a loop, as shown in Fig. 15. Draw this loop taut, and proceed with the next thread, and the next (working

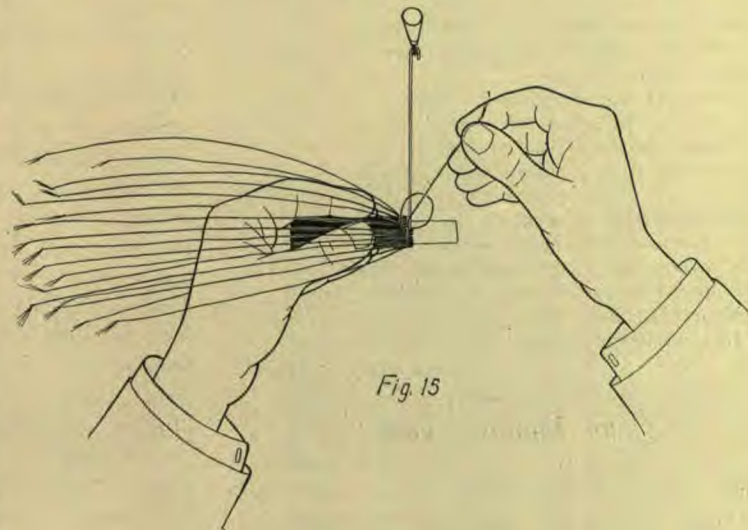


Fig. 15

from you), and continue to work around and around the base until it is all covered.

J. EDGAR ROSS.



THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

II—From Adam to Noah

(July 12)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Genesis 5.

MEMORY VERSE: "The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Rom. 6: 23.

(The chapter given as the Lesson Scripture is the lesson to be studied. Read this carefully every day, and think over it until you know just what it teaches. Then the following notes, which should be read carefully several times, will help to a fuller understanding of the lesson. Lastly, go over the questions carefully, and be sure that you can answer each one in the words of Scripture.)

In Adam's Eden home was the tree of life. So long as he could eat freely of this tree, he would not die. But when they sinned, Adam and Eve were sent out of Eden, and God placed at the east of the garden, cherubim and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life.

All the results of having the tree of life taken from them were not seen at once. In the book of Genesis, which gives the record of the birth and death of the first nine generations,—from the days of Adam till the time of the flood,—we read nothing about illness. Old age was always the cause of the deaths that are recorded there.

Learn the names of the men whose life-story is told there in so few words:—

Adam	lived 930 years.
Seth	" 912 "
Enos	" 905 "
Cainan	" 910 "
Mahalaleel	" 895 "
Jared	" 962 "
Enoch	" 969 "
Methuselah	" 969 "
Lamech	" 777 "

You will see that the average length of life of the first generations was over nine hundred years; but the story of each down to the days of Enoch closes with the words, "And he died." But it was not so with Enoch; for "Enoch

walked with God: and he was not; for God took him." Enoch is spoken of in other books in the Bible, and we are told a little more about him. From the book of Jude we learn that Enoch, the seventh from Adam, prophesied, saying, "Behold the Lord cometh with ten thousands of his holy ones, to execute judgment upon all." So we see that Enoch looked for the coming of Christ, and taught the people about it.

This was about one thousand years after the earth was created, and Adam and many of his children had fallen asleep and returned to the dust, the righteous and the wicked together. Perhaps some of the people were beginning to wonder what was the use of serving God, since death seemed to be the end of all alike. But Enoch taught them of the coming of the Lord to wake the sleeping saints, and take to heaven without dying those who are living when he comes.

The book of Hebrews tells us that it was "by faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death; and was not found, because God had translated him: for before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God."

By faith Enoch walked with God for three hundred and sixty-five years on earth, doing always the things that pleased him; and then "God took him," to walk with him in heaven. He was the first of the children of men to be taken to heaven. By this God showed the people that his preaching was true, and that all who walk with him and please him and look in faith for his coming, will be taken to live with him.

The son of Enoch, Methuselah, lived to the great age of nine hundred and sixty-nine years,—the longest life ever lived by man on this earth, so far as recorded. For the lives of men have been gradually getting shorter since the fall, which removed them from the tree of life, and planted the seeds of death within them.

Questions

1. Who was born when Adam was one hundred and thirty years old?
2. Why did Eve call his name Seth? Gen. 4:25.
3. How many years did Adam live? Gen. 5:5.
4. Why did he die? Gen. 3:17, 19.
5. What was there in the garden of Eden that men had to be kept away from after they sinned? Gen. 3:24.
6. What effect did it have on the life and health of the first generations?
7. What was the cause of all the deaths recorded in the fifth of Genesis?
8. What was the average length of life of the first nine generations?
9. Tell the names of the nine who are mentioned, and the number of years each one lived.
10. How does the record of the first six close?
11. Who was the seventh, and what was the difference between him and the others?
12. Why did God take Enoch? Heb. 11:5, 6.
13. Where else in the Bible are we told about Enoch? Jude 14.
14. To what did Enoch look forward?
15. What will the Lord do when he comes?
16. How did God show that Enoch's teaching was true, and that he will reward those who trust him?
17. How long did Enoch live on the earth?
18. What was the name of Enoch's son? How is he distinguished from other men?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

II—From Hezekiah to the Captivity

(July 12)

MEMORY VERSE: "What could have been done more to my vineyard, that I have not done in it? wherefore, when I looked that it should bring forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes?" Isa. 5:4.

SCRIPTURE REFERENCES: Study carefully 2 Chronicles, chapters 33-36 inclusive.

Synopsis

The Lord tried Hezekiah to show him all that was in his heart (2 Chron. 32:31); and when the king saw the pride that was there, he humbled himself, "both he and the inhabitants of Jerusalem, so that the wrath of the Lord came not upon them in the days of Hezekiah." 2 Chron. 32:26.

But Manasseh was a very wicked king. He was only twelve when he began to reign (2 Chron. 33:1), and he made the people do worse than the heathen. Verse 9. Moreover, when the Lord

reproved him, he would not harken (verse 10), and therefore he was carried to Babylon in fetters. Verse 11. Then Manasseh was humbled: he besought God, and prayed earnestly unto him that he would forgive all his sins and his trespasses in setting up graven images for idol worship. Verse 19. The Lord heard Manasseh's prayer, and brought him again to Jerusalem into his kingdom. Then Manasseh knew that the Lord he is God. Verse 13.

Manasseh's long course of wickedness brought his kingdom into such a condition that even though he entreated the Lord for the high places and graven images which he had set up before he was humbled (verse 19), still they were not torn down, and his wicked son Amon followed in his footsteps. Verse 22. He would not be influenced by his father's humility.

But the effect of Manasseh's repentance was not to be lost. The last six years of his life must have prepared the youthful Josiah for his great work; for while Josiah "was yet young, he began to seek after the God of David." Josiah came to the throne when he was only eight years old; in the twelfth year of his reign he began to purge Judah and Jerusalem of their high places, and the altars of Baalam were broken down in his presence,—a brave king he was at twenty years of age! 2 Chron. 34:3, 4.

The eighteenth year of Josiah's reign brought his reform to a climax. The land having been purged, he began to repair the temple (verse 8); and while the men were working, they found the Book of the Law. Verse 14. This was indeed a wonder to Josiah, and he rent his clothes when he heard what the law required of him. Verse 19. He sent at once to the prophetess Huldah for instruction, and then gathered all the men of Judah and Jerusalem at the temple. Verse 30. "And he read in their ears all the words of the book of the covenant that was found in the house of the Lord. And the king . . . made a covenant before the Lord, to walk after the Lord, and to keep his commandments, and his testimonies, and his statutes, with all his heart, and with all his soul." Verses 30, 31.

The passover which Josiah kept that same year (2 Chron. 35:19) there had been none like since the days of Samuel; neither did all the kings of Israel keep such a passover as Josiah kept. All Judah and Israel were present, and the inhabitants of Jerusalem. Verse 18.

Because Josiah was a good king, the Lord told him that he should not see the evil which had been prophesied of Jerusalem (2 Chron. 34:28); but a continued course of evil followed his death. 2 Chronicles 36. The people of Israel lost their independence, and a foreign king appointed their ruler, and finally Jerusalem came under the power of Babylon.

"What could have been done more to my vineyard, that I have not done in it?" says the Lord, speaking of that time. Isa. 5:4. He looked for righteousness, but behold a cry. Verse 7. The people honored him with their lips, but their hearts were far from him. Isa. 29:13. Thus their service was a mere form, and the Lord told the prophet Isaiah to say to his Sodomite rulers and his people of Gomorrah that he hated their forms of worship. "They are a trouble unto me," he declared, "I am weary to bear them." Isa. 1:10-14.

Questions

1. What was the result of Hezekiah's repentance?
2. Describe the wickedness of his son Manasseh. 2 Chronicles 33.
3. Why was it necessary for him to be carried to Babylon in fetters?
4. What effect did this have upon him?
5. When Manasseh returned to Jerusalem, what did he know?
6. What influence did Manasseh's wickedness have upon his kingdom?
7. Who followed in his footsteps, and how long?
8. Who accepted the influence of Manasseh's repentance?
9. How old was Josiah when he began to reign?
10. In the twelfth year of his reign what courage did he show?
11. What reformation followed?
12. How did Josiah find out what was required of him by the Lord?
13. What did he then do? what covenant did he make?
14. What is said of the passover which he kept?
15. What was the result of Josiah's good reign?
16. Tell briefly what happened to the kingdom after his death.

17. What prophets lived and prophesied during the time of Israel from Hezekiah to the captivity? You will find an answer to this question by looking up the first verses of all the various prophecies of the Old Testament.

18. How does the Lord look upon his efforts for Israel at that time?

19. When he looked for righteousness, what did he find?

20. What kind of service did the people render?

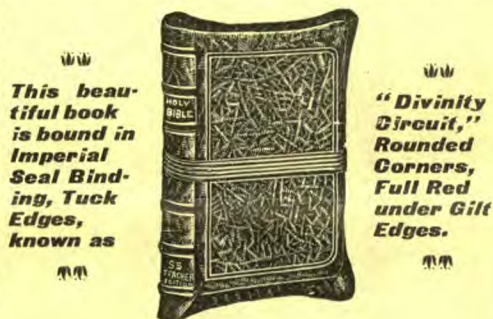
21. What message did the Lord send them by Isaiah?

22. Is there, or is there not, a similar state of things now?

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THE article, "A Faithful Witness," the first part of which is printed on the second page of this issue, is a solemn call to every young person. Read it carefully. The second division will appear next week. The complete article will make an excellent reading for a young people's meeting.

The Best Gifts

THE world is spending time and money, sacrificing health and happiness and peace, in seeking the things it regards as prizes. It is wise to have an aim in life; it is well to work and plan and seek in every right and honest way to improve; it is essential that we strive, indeed, to win. But in his word God, who created us, who knows our hearts, has told us the things we may properly seek.

"Seek ye the Lord," he commands,—and with every command there is a promise,—“seek righteousness, seek meekness: it may be ye shall be hid in the day of the Lord's anger.”

"Seek me, and ye shall live."

"Seek, and ye shall find."

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

"Seek those things which are above."

The advice of Paul to the Corinthians sums up in a word the things to be sought, to be striven for: "Covet earnestly the best gifts." The best gifts include the best Gift; and having him, we shall have all.

The True Motive

"THERE isn't very much satisfaction in helping old Mr. P. I would not advise you to worry over his case," said a philanthropic woman, one to whom the sorrows and poverty of an old man in the neighborhood had appealed with special force.

It was a thoughtless speech; nevertheless it voices a feeling which is likely to grow up in any heart, unless carefully guarded against,—the desire to have a sense of "satisfaction" for whatever is done to help others.

Of course gratitude is a beautiful thing, and very soothing and pleasant to receive; nevertheless it has sometimes happened that even comfortable folk, well fed and warmed, sheltered and clothed, are none too well supplied with this virtue.

It was the need of man that drew Jesus to the world; and that same need will still draw out the loving, unselfish service of all in whose hearts his Spirit dwells. He never set the price of gratitude on his blessings—"without price," they are offered to all; he healed and fed and taught the multitudes freely. His sunshine and rain are bestowed upon all, and to grateful and ungrateful alike the provisions of his grace are extended. Is it possible that those who serve him will ever so lose sight of his example and teaching that

they shall serve others only for the sense of "satisfaction" received by themselves for so doing? And if that should be the case, could such service be anything more than self-serving?

We need to study the life of Jesus, to read again and again his own words to us, and to come close to him in prayer, that we may go about his work in his own gentle way, and so win souls to his kingdom.

The Harvest Ingathering

THIS service, like many others of equal importance, has been lost sight of, and only within a few years has it received favorable consideration.

While many are familiar with the Feast of Tabernacles, as celebrated by the Jews, there are, no doubt, many who are not. Those who are unacquainted with the customs of this feast should read what is said concerning it in "Patriarchs and Prophets," pages 540, 541. From the Scriptures there referred to, much may be learned concerning this ancient feast, and the events of which it was typical as well as commemorative.

Having studied the matter carefully, and concluded, as we surely shall, that "well would it be for the people at the present time to have a Feast of Tabernacles," the question to be answered is, How shall we go about it? Who shall have a part? and how shall we accomplish what we are now convinced is a good thing?

By reading the last part of Leviticus 23, and also the first part of chapter 24, we learn that each one had a part to act: the blessing comes to those who "do." The decision to do something is the first step.

The day was typical of the great feast when the ransomed will be gathered from earth's remotest bounds. To accomplish this requires an effort on the part of all (for God uses human instrumentalities in all his work) who love the thought of his glorious appearing. Some must go to the dark corners of the earth to carry the good news of salvation; others remain at home to support those who do go. In this the children and youth may have a part, and thus share in the blessings which attend self-sacrifice. One may help in one way, and another in a different way; but all may have something to do. God will indicate the way when we signify our willingness to work for him. In some States there is an abundance of fruit to gather, and many children find employment in picking berries, peaches, apples, grapes, etc. In other States, potatoes are a staple, and I have often seen children of tender age picking them up. I knew one little girl only twelve years old who earned several dollars in this way. When we have a mind to work, we shall find plenty to do.

During the summer there are many things that we can gather and lay by that will help in beautifying the house of God on the day set for the service. Programs have to be arranged; and while we are preparing for the occasion, we may be storing our minds with precious thoughts of God and of the final ingathering of souls into his garner.

C. H. CASTLE.

A Good Example

A NINE-YEAR-OLD girl in Exira, Iowa, sends the following letter, which contains a hint for all INSTRUCTOR readers who would like to have a new Bible, but do not know how to get it:—

"EXIRA, IOWA, June 15, 1902.

"DEAR YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR: Some time ago I read in your columns that we could get a Bible for six subscriptions, so I went to work. I have them all now. I go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath, and like to study my lessons very much I hope you will send the Bible soon. M. C. B."

This little girl has found the secret of obtaining: she "went to work." That is a secret worth knowing—and practising.



A HARVARD professor has worked out the following interesting table:—

1 time 9 plus 2 equals 11.
12 times 9 plus 3 equals 111.
123 times 9 plus 4 equals 1111.
1234 times 9 plus 5 equals 11111.
12345 times 9 plus 6 equals 111111.
123456 times 9 plus 7 equals 1111111.
1234567 times 9 plus 8 equals 11111111.
12345678 times 9 plus 9 equals 111111111.
1 time 8 plus 1 equals 9.
12 times 8 plus 2 equals 98.
123 times 8 plus 3 equals 987.
1234 times 8 plus 4 equals 9876.
12345 times 8 plus 5 equals 98765.
123456 times 8 plus 6 equals 987654.
1234567 times 8 plus 7 equals 9876543.
12345678 times 8 plus 8 equals 98765432.
123456789 times 8 plus 9 equals 987654321.

Keeping Friends

THE less you exact of your friends, the more they will give you. For yourself, give as richly and as nobly as you want to,—of your love and your confidence and your loyalty. Live up to your highest ideal of what a friend should be (and the higher you make the ideal, the finer woman you will be, and the more friends will flock to you), but never exact of your friends that they shall give you more than they choose easily to give. If some one you love disappoints you,—as many, many more will do in days to come,—do not hold up your idea of what she should be and do as a mirror in which to count her imperfections. Let it pass, if you can, with a little smile that may be sad, but need not be at all satirical. And never be jealous of a friend, if you want to keep one. If anybody you are fond of forms other friendships, or seems to be engrossed with other friends, do not let it make you unhappy; and, above all, never offer comment upon her all-too-evident neglect of her old friends for new ones. —*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Moving a Bridge

NOT long ago it became desirable to build a new stone railway bridge across the Raritan River, in New Jersey; and in order that traffic might not be interrupted, it was necessary to move the old steel bridge to one side, and use it while the new one was building.

Piers were built fourteen feet below the old bridge, and connecting track was prepared. Rollers were fixed in place for the bridge to run upon, and seven stationary engines, placed on piling in the river and on the banks on either side, were to supply the motive-power for moving the mass of steel, which was nine hundred feet long, and weighed over eighteen hundred tons. At thirteen minutes and forty-five seconds past noon, May 25, the tracks were cut, and the signal to start was given. Simultaneously the puffing little engines bent to the work, and the men at the jacks helped overcome the friction. Out swung the bridge as if the current of the river had caught it, and was carrying it down. In one minute and forty-three seconds after the signal was given, the western end was in place. In two minutes and fifty-five seconds the whole bridge was secured in its new position. Eight minutes had elapsed since the last train had run over the old tracks. Twenty minutes later the Atlantic Coast train plunged upon the bridge with a rush and a roar, and proclaimed the wonderful accuracy of modern engineering miracles."