

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

Vol. L.

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No. 28.



YIELD thy poor best, and mind not how nor why,
Lest one day, seeing all about thee spread
A mighty crowd, and marvelously fed,
Thy heart break out into a bitter cry,
"I might have furnished, I, yea, even I,
The two small fishes and the barley bread!"
— Frederick Langbridge.

A Faithful Witness

II

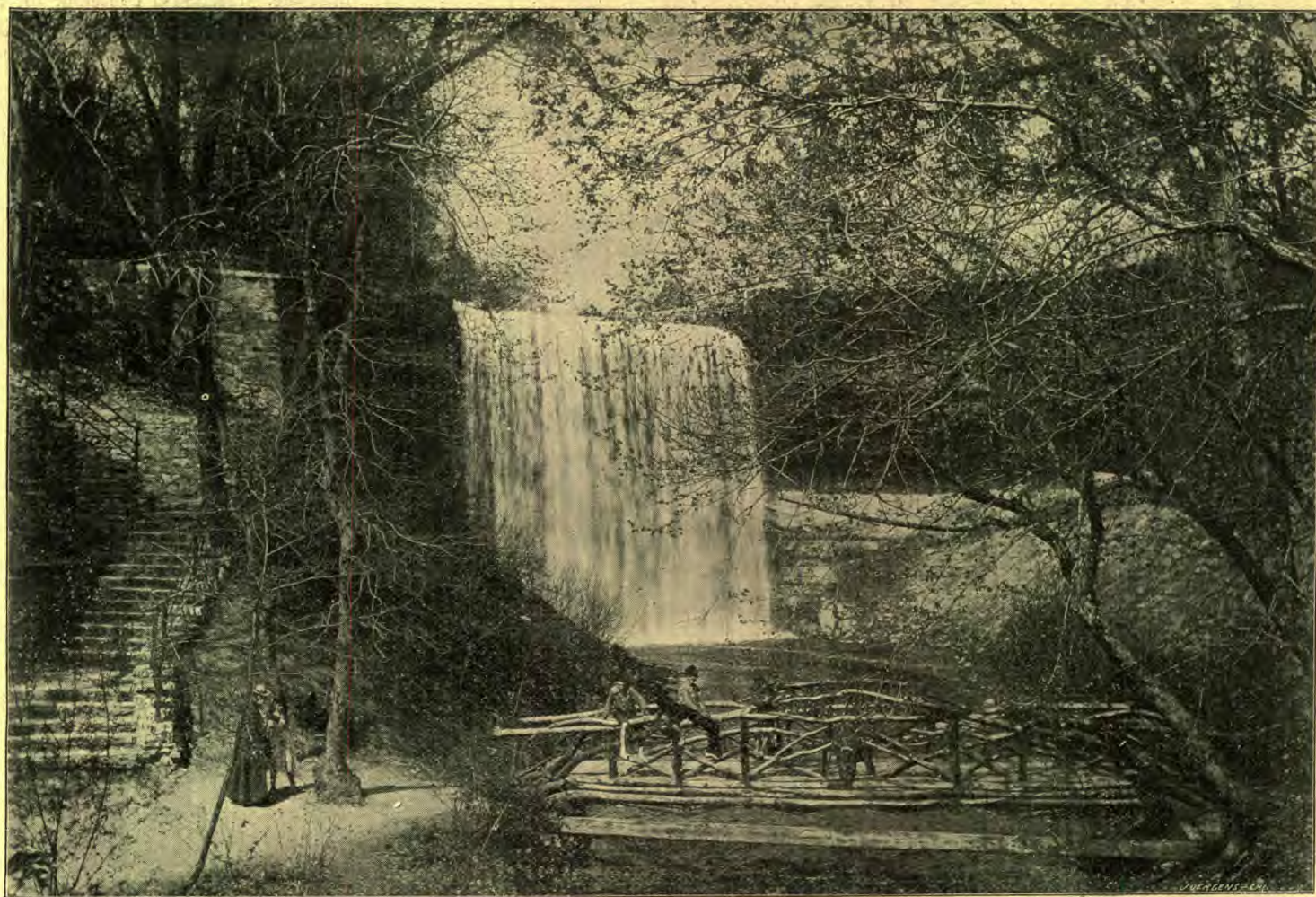
FROM the judgment-hall, Paul returned to his prison-house, knowing that he had gained for himself only a brief respite. He knew that his enemies would compass his death; but he was not afraid. His heart was full of courage, his eyes shone with heavenly brightness: by faith he beheld the glories of the unseen.

companionship he longed in those last trying days. That friend was Timothy, to whom he had committed the care of the church at Ephesus, and who had therefore been left behind when Paul made his last journey to Rome. The affection between Paul and Timothy began with Timothy's conversion; and the tie had strengthened as they had shared the hopes, the perils, and the toils of missionary life, till they seemed to be as one. The disparity in their age and the difference in their character made their love for each other more earnest. The ardent, zealous, indomitable spirit of Paul found repose and comfort in the mild, yielding, retiring disposition of Timothy. The faithful ministrations and tender love of this tried companion had brightened many a dark hour in the apostle's life. All that Melancthon was to Luther, all that a son could be to a loved and honored father, the youthful Timothy was to the tried and lonely Paul.

And now, sitting alone in his gloomy cell, knowing that at a word or nod from Nero,

that Timothy may arrive too late. He has important counsel for him; and while urging him to come without delay, he dictates the charge that he may not be spared to utter. His heart is filled with loving solicitude for his son in the gospel, and for the church under his care; and he seeks to impress Timothy with the importance of fidelity to his trust. "I charge thee therefore," he says, "before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom; Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine. . . . Watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry."

Paul has almost finished his course, and he desires Timothy to take his place, guarding the churches from the fables and heresies with which Satan and his agents would endeavor to lead them from the truth. He admonishes him to shun temporal pursuits and entanglements, which



"WHERE THE FALLS OF MINNEHAHA . . . LAUGH AND LEAP INTO THE VALLEY"

The apostle's speech had gained him many friends, and he was visited by persons of rank, who accounted his blessing of greater value than the favor of the emperor of the world. But there was one friend for whose sympathy and

his life may be sacrificed, Paul thinks of Timothy, and determines to send for him. Under the most favorable circumstances, several months must elapse before Timothy can reach Rome. Paul knows that his own life is uncertain, and

would prevent him from giving himself wholly to God's work. He is to endure with cheerfulness the opposition, reproach, and persecution to which his faithfulness would expose him. He is to make full proof of his ministry, em-

ploying every means of doing good to his fellow men.

Never had Paul been ashamed to confess Christ before men. Under all circumstances he had fearlessly placed himself on the side of right. Firmly believing the principles of truth, he never shrank from declaring them. His life was an illustration of the truths he taught; and in this lay his power. To him the voice of duty was the voice of God. His soul was filled with a deep sense of his responsibility, and he lived in close and constant communion with God. He clung to the cross of Christ as the only guaranty of success. The love of the Saviour was the power that upheld him in his conflicts with himself and with the power of Satan, in his struggles against spiritual wickedness in high places, in his life-long labors as he pressed forward against the unkindness of the world and the burden of his own infirmities.

What the church needs to-day is an army of workers who, like Paul, have a deep experience in the things of God, and who are filled with an earnest desire to do his service. Cultivated, refined, sanctified men are needed; men who will not shun trial and responsibility; men who are burden-bearers; men who are brave and true; men in whose hearts Christ is formed, and who, with lips touched with holy fire, will preach the word to those who are starving for the bread of life. For the lack of such workers, the cause of God languishes, and fatal errors, like deadly poison, taint the morals and blight the hopes of a large part of the race.

As the faithful, toil-worn standard-bearers are offering up their lives for the truth's sake, *who among the youth will come forward to take their place?* Will our young men accept the holy trust at the hand of their fathers? Are they now preparing to fill the vacancies made by the death of the faithful? Will they heed God's call to service?

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

Opportunities and Obstacles

MARVELOUS opportunities are about us as abundantly as wild flowers on the Western prairie in the spring. We can not possibly utilize them all; but woe to him who passes through life so blindly that he must realize at its close that he has failed to recognize or improve any of them.

Life does not consist of haphazard and chance circumstances; but God has a definite plan for each one of us, which is just as *complete* as if we had been the only ones that lived on the earth. The attention of God has been specially directed to the careful arrangement of all its details; and all heaven is at our disposal, if necessary, to assist us not only in finding our work, but in performing it. Sometimes the dense fogs of human discouragement envelop us to such an extent that our natural eyes can not discern the glorious possibilities that God is holding out to the youth in this generation, who are to see the culmination of all things, and who may repeat in their earthly career the very life that Christ lived as he walked among men. But let us remember, even in the darkest moments of our experience, that the same power that controls and upholds the universe, is directing our lives.

One of the greatest errors a person can possibly fall into is the notion that any human being possesses the power to interfere with his carrying out the program God has for him here below. When we drift away from the right path, the Lord permits definite obstacles to be placed in our pathway. Whatever these may be, we shall sometime know that if at that particular moment we had gone one step farther in that direction, we should have gone to destruction. But some will say, Do not the devil and wicked men make trouble for the righteous?—They certainly attempt it, and from a human view-point they

often apparently succeed. The devil and wicked men kindle the fire that they expect to consume the righteous; but God watches it, and allows it to burn only the dross.

In reality we are not fitted for heaven until God has enabled us to overcome the greatest obstacles that Satan can possibly place in our pathway. We need to get deeply stamped upon our souls the great truths that are especially intended for this generation; for they will put stability into our lives. They will anchor us firmly to Him who is "within the veil;" and when the storms burst upon us, we shall stand as unmoved as the eternal hills.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

His Mother's Bible

MORE than twenty years ago there lived in Canada, on the shores of beautiful Ontario, an industrious and benevolent family. One day as the busy housewife was attending to her bees in the yard, she heard some one saying: "Now you stay here as long as you live, and never go away. You will have all you want to eat and wear here, and a good home; so you stay here always."

A childish voice was heard replying, "Yes, I'll stay here, I'll not go away;" then a horse and buggy clattered down the road.

On coming to the street the woman found that a motherless boy had been left on her hands. His father and stepmother had been in the habit of sending him out to beg for food, and now an acquaintance had taken this novel method of securing a better home for the lad. He seemed to have come to the right place, for he was not turned away. Several years after he had thus become a member of the family, the frail urchin became nearly blind, lost his hearing, and much of the time was confined to his couch. The doctors said that his case was hopeless,—that he had some disease of the brain, and could live only a few days.

But by the careful nursing of his foster-mother he continued to live, and gave some indications of improvement. This faithful woman cared for him so constantly and faithfully day and night, that by and by he seemed to regard her as his servant, and became very impudent, overbearing, and exacting. She remonstrated with him, and tried to influence him by moral persuasion, but to no avail. Finally she said, calling aloud in his dull ear: "Johnny, you must not do so! Don't you know it is wicked?"

"No; who said it was wicked?" asked the boy.

"The Bible says so," was the reply. The boy's mother had left him a large Bible, and this had been brought to him after he found his new home. He thought everything of this Bible, and talked a great deal about the dear hands that used to turn its pages.

"Why didn't you tell me the Bible said so? If the Bible says it is wicked, I won't do so any more." The direct instruction on this point was read to him, and he ceased to act as he had done. As other evil traits of character manifested themselves, instruction on these points was read to him from the same authority, and reformation followed, till he became as pleasant a child as one could desire to have.

When John was about fourteen, a gentleman who represented a philanthropic institution called, and told his adopted parents that if the boy would go with him, he would take him where those who had either partially or wholly lost sight and hearing could be taught to work, and so support themselves. Johnny was asked if he wanted to go.

"Yes," said he, "if I can learn to do something to earn my own living, I will go, if you will let me come back when I want to."

He was assured that he would always be as welcome as one of their own children, and so he went away to get an education. Soon afterward they heard of his safe arrival; a little later a

letter came stating that he had the diphtheria; and about two months from the time of his departure, word was brought that he was dead. So ended a short, but strange and instructive, life experience.

It sets before us most vividly the power and influence of the word of God. How many depraved hearts may be reached by the Bible, especially when associated with a faithful mother's instruction and experience! F. D. STARR.

The Year

We dare not weep the waning year,
We dare not hail the new;
For vain alike are smile and tear,
And blent the shadows are with cheer,
As past the frostbite and the fear
The gladness struggles through;
But this one truth we surely hold,—
God rules all years, the new, the old.

The Past, which brought us so much pain,
Brought, too, the cure of ill;
The Future dimly gleams, in vain
Our steps we urge, our eyes we strain,
As slowly in unhastening train
The days their course fulfill;
And each to each these tidings tell,—
God rules the years, and all is well.

Brave and content, then, come what may,
We face what time may send,
Life can not be all holiday,
And love and hope alike decay,
And disappointments bar the way
Sometimes until the end;
But we can bear all, knowing this,—
God rules the years, and we are his.

—Susan Coolidge.

A Song That Saved

IN one of the hospitals of Edinburgh lay a wounded Scottish soldier. The surgeons had done all they could for him. He had been told he must die. He had a contempt for death, and prided himself on his fearlessness in facing it.

A rough and wicked life, with none but evil associates, had blunted his sensibilities, and made profanity and scorn his second nature. To hear him speak, one would have thought he had no piously nurtured childhood to remember, and that he had never looked upon religion but to despise it. But it was not so.

A noble and gentle-hearted man came to see the dying soldier. He addressed him with kind inquiries, talked to him tenderly of the life beyond death, and offered spiritual counsel. But the sick man paid neither attention nor respect. He bluntly told him that he did not want any religious conversation.

"You will let me pray with you, will you not?" said this man at length.

"No; I know how to die without the help of religion." And he turned his face to the wall.

Further conversation could do no good, and the man did not attempt it. But he was not discouraged. After a moment's silence, he began to sing the old hymn, so familiar and so dear to every congregation in Scotland:—

"O mother dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?"

He had a pleasant voice, and the words and melody were sweet and touching as he sang them. Pretty soon the soldier turned his face again, but its hardened expression was all gone.

"Who taught you that?" he said, when the hymn was done.

"My mother."

"So did mine. I learned it of her when I was a child, and I used to sing it with her." And there were tears in the man's eyes.

The ice was thawed away. It was easy to talk with him now. The words of Jesus entered in where the hymn had opened the door. Weeping, and with a hungry heart, he listened to the Christian's thoughts of death, and in his last moments turned to his mother's God and the sinner's Friend.—*Selected.*



The Upper Road

FAR lie the mountain crests against the sky!
How shall I find my way so lone, so high,
Without a chart, and with a heavy load?
Pilgrim, one certain Guide is thine at will,
Where the road forks, winding o'er plain and hill,
Whichever way seems easier, choose thou still
The upper road.

By brier and bramble hedged on either hand
Often it climbs within a lonely land
Where 'neath thy stumbling feet sharp stones
are strowed.
Yet choose it ever, for beyond it rise
The steadfast peaks that pierce the eternal skies.
They are thy goal. Here thy beginning lies,
The upper road.

Comrades may smile, and beckon thee instead,
To take the lower path, so smooth to tread,
Where roses bloom, without a thorn to goad,
A pleasant choice,—and yet it leads away
From the high mountain tops that front the day.
Turn, pilgrim, turn, and take the wiser way,
The upper road.

On these rough upward paths have climbed the
feet
Of all earth's heroes, all her saints, to meet
Reward and joy, at the sure end bestowed.
Their steps have stumbled, too, their burdens
weighed
Heavy as thine; yet forward, undismayed,
They pressed before thee. Choose,—nor be
afraid,—
The upper road.

— Selected.

Talks with Our Boys

WHEN a boy has made up his mind quietly to shape a future for himself, how shall he set about it?—The first and most essential thing is to do thoroughly whatever he has to do. Most men plow with a plow and a team of horses instead of their brains; that is, most people do something some way; but very few do anything the best way. No matter how trifling or simple the work you have to do, think *how to do it in the best way*. The *work* amounts to little, but the *habit* is worth millions. I would rather have a well-formed habit of doing faithfully the so-called "little things" of life, than to be able to repeat every word in the Encyclopedia Britannica.

Use every opportunity to learn new things and do new kinds of work. The man who never works unless he is paid for it is doomed to failure, and will likely die a pauper. See to it that no day passes without something learned, something accomplished. The mightiest palace in the world is made up of small stones, which were dressed and put in position one at a time. Don't get discouraged if you don't see an opportunity to do some great thing. Oaks grow so slowly that even a year's change can scarcely be noticed: nevertheless they grow firmly.

I wish to say a word about reading. A boy should find time to read a little every day. What shall he read?—First, don't read the daily papers. All that is of real value in the average daily paper can be read in five minutes. Read nothing that requires no thought. Anything that you can "skim over," and still get from it all that it has of value, often without stopping to think, is not worth while. The mind develops only when on the stretch. Another test which I believe to be a good one is to read nothing that does not kindle higher aspirations, and suggest nobler thoughts. Many so-called harmless books leave the reader without one better, higher aspiration. They may not suggest evil thoughts; but if they do not suggest pure, noble ones, they are not worth while.

Read slowly,—not lazily, but slowly. A book that I would have read in a week five or ten years ago, now requires a month. It is not how much we read that does us good, but how much we remember, and that depends on how well we read. One can over-read just as easily as he can over-eat, and the results are far more disastrous. But, on the other hand, because one can eat enough to produce indigestion, is no proof that he will live and grow if he does not eat at all.

Form the habit of taking the mind from one piece of work, and quickly applying it to another. There are many scraps of time that one can use to advantage if he can do this,—five minutes before breakfast, ten minutes after dinner, five minutes in a dozen other places every day,—bits of time that are usually wasted, and that could be used for self-improvement if only this habit of concentration were formed. The men who move the world are those who can give their whole attention to one thing one moment and to another the next. They do not worry. When they have done a thing to the best of their ability, it passes out of the mind, and they take up something else.

FLOYD BRALLIAR.

Gretchen's Menagerie

SHE was a very little girl, and he was a very big man; nobody would ever have dreamed that she could be an inspiration to him. But she was, and this is how it came about:—

Joseph Crawford, the tall man, was a painter with very high ideals and ambitious. During his study in Europe he had been strongly influenced by the large canvases of two German painters—Kaulbach and Cornelius. Allegory, expressed in weird, struggling figures, seemed to him the greatest manifestation of art, and he determined to become its later apostle.

After long thinking which counted many sleepless nights, and wandering, solitary days, he fixed upon a subject for the picture which was to make him famous,—“The Battle of the Ages.” In answer to persistent persuasion during a long walk in the mystic moonlight, he revealed this subject to a practical friend, who ventured to suggest that the young man was undertaking a pretty heavy task, and that the battle of one age was too much for himself to think of.

But young Crawford was not to be dissuaded. Genius had ever been the butt of ridicule. He ordered a huge canvas, and set about making studies.

The work did not progress rapidly, because the artist—like too many who are rich in talent and correspondingly poor in gold—had to work at subjects that would not only buy his bread and butter, but pay his rent,—and studio rent is a very large item in America.

He painted portraits of everybody who could be induced to order them, designed covers for the magazines, and even drew comic sketches for the daily newspapers. But he did these under protest, while his heart was ringing with the mighty “Battle of the Ages.”

Friends came into his studio, looked at the picture, but said little. The drawing was masterly, the grouping of figures fine; but somehow the subject didn't interest them. So the earnest young man worked on in lonely mood. But, then, had the great ones of the past been appreciated before their masterpieces were finished?

During all this time young Mr. Crawford had often noticed a very little girl who sometimes was permitted to play, very quietly, in the long halls of the old studio building. When particularly despondent, he had stopped to talk with her, or to look from his high side window down into the small court where she ran about more noisily, chattering to her dollies, scolding imaginary intruders, or singing bits of childish song.

Little Gretchen was the daughter of the janitor who looked after the rambling old building, which held only men; and because she was very winsome, the artists made a pet of her.

The mother dressed her in quaint little gowns that reached her ankles, so that she looked like a Kate Greenaway picture come to life and running merrily about.

One day, when Mr. Crawford met her, she was tugging a large basket.

“Let me carry it upstairs for you,” he said.

“Sh!” answered Gretchen, in a very big whisper. “Don't 'oo wate up my kitties. Dey's havin' a *wide*.”

Then she sat down and uncovered the basket to show six little kitties, all cuddled into a soft, fuzzy heap.

“Going to raise all that family?” asked Mr. Crawford.

“Ebery one,” whispered Gretchen. “Such many mice here.”

“That's true,” laughed the gentleman. “Well, you've taken a large contract, little girl.”

But Gretchen didn't think so. Day after day she toiled on with her growing family, caring for their wants, teaching them to be dainty and well behaved.

“Quite a menagerie!” the artist said to the janitor one day. And the janitor took the hint, and fitted up six little wagons with wooden bars. Then he wound the wheels with strips of woolen, so that they made no noise, and fastened the wagons in a long line, one after the other. Gretchen was then permitted to go touring through the long halls with her cages of wild animals.

Mr. Crawford helped her to name them one day, when “The Battle of the Ages” had wearied his soul overmuch. The striped kitten was converted into a Bengal tiger; a tawny one became a bloodthirsty African lion; little “Spottie” was already more than half leopard; Snowball changed, in a trice, to a raging polar bear; “Nigger” looked much more like a Sacramento seal than a kitten; and little Paul Pry must have been stretching his neck in the desire to grow into a tall giraffe.

Mr. Crawford so forgot his despair over “The Battle of the Ages” while witnessing the child's delight at each new naming, that he further proposed to paint the little wagons appropriately. There were stretches of sand for the African lion, ice for the polar bear, a jungle for the tiger, a cave for the leopard, a tall rock in a stormy sea for the seal, and nodding palms for the giraffe.

Little Gretchen was very happy. But all this time the heart of her big friend was very heavy. His picture had been refused at the Academy, and, after weeks of despair, he had come to the conclusion that it was not large enough to be imposing, and had ordered an addition of canvas made very carefully upon the right side. Upon this he painted another group of figures, all engaged in a most ferocious and sanguinary battle.

When this was completed, a merchant prince was decoyed into the studio, with the hope that he would buy the painting to adorn some public library. But the merchant prince was not strong in the imaginative qualities. He looked at the struggling figures upon the wall, but that was all he did that was worth mentioning, except to go away and leave the “Ages” to continue their battle alone.

Then poor Mr. Crawford, after rallying from the blow, made up his mind that the painting was unbalanced. He ordered additional canvas joined to the left side, and shut himself up to add more figures to the group that battled there.

This accomplished, a friend drew a committee from a coal city in Pennsylvania to view the picture as a possible adornment for their new city hall. But whether Mr. Crawford was too

modest, and failed to blow his own trumpet loudly enough; whether he was too poor, and couldn't dine the committee at Delmonico's; or whether he was so exalted by his own ideal as to forget that men whose lives are a daily quest of the all-conquering dollar must be lifted gently into a higher atmosphere, no one knew. Perhaps all three. Certain it was that the committee failed in appreciation, and went away without buying the picture. Not many days later Mr. Crawford learned that they had commissioned another painter, at a glittering price, to paint a furnace, a forge, and strong-limbed men at work in the glaring heat of the smelting-pits.

Brave as he was, this blow proved too heavy for the ambitious young man. He returned to his studio, and threw himself down in the utter abandonment of overwhelming grief.

Visions of offering himself as a street-car conductor or of jumping off Brooklyn Bridge passed before him; for it was a bitter blow, and it struck in the same place where others had struck before. There is no knowing how far he might have gone in his misery, or what he might have determined to do, if there had not come a gentle, persistent, not-to-be refused knocking at the door.

Mr. Crawford knew whose little hand was asking admission, and, turning in the chair, pressed the latch and opened the door, to see Gretchen, with the white polar bear upon one shoulder, the African lion on the other, the Bengal tiger in her arms, and the three other "wild animals" rubbing their furry coats against her long skirts.

"Mr. Crawford," she said, very seriously, "I fink you'd better paint my 'nagerie. Dey haves battles, an' dey's dettin' so old dat dey haves ages. I fink you better do it."

She looked into his face like a sweet little genius come to comfort and guide. The big man took her—wild animals and all—into his arms, and a few tears fell upon the sunny curls along with his kisses.

In this way Gretchen and her kitties came to be studies for the painter's brush; and the pictures were taken by a fine Fifth Avenue firm, and sold to his wealthy patrons. After a few years Mr. Crawford became famous for his pictures of child and animal life. The hearts of those who are so happy as to be able to buy pictures were touched by simple sentiment when expressed in good painting. But "The Battle of the Ages" was left to gather dust in unloved oblivion.—*Christian Advocate.*

Two Victories

SOME persons inherit refinement, and others attain it. There is, for instance, the fine young man, whose natural instincts are so noble that it is harder for him to offend against good taste than not to do so. He could not be rude to any woman. He would not read other persons' letters though his room were papered with them. Nor would he listen to a private conversation between others, even if his work were at a central telephone exchange desk. In a word, it is almost impossible for him to do a mean, underhand act.

On the other hand, there is the young man who inherits no such gentle blood. He is heir to no traditions of nobility and chivalry. His life is a long fight against what is mean and unrefined. But, knowing the contemptibleness of such practices as backbiting, taking an unfair advantage of a foe, failing to stand up for a friend, reading letters not intended for him, etc., he rises above them by sheer courage, and wins to nobility of life by his own will power.

Is not his the finer figure of the two? For the greatness of a conquest is determined by the strength of the adversary overcome. The victory of Goliath over David would not have been worth recording; but the victory of David over Goliath makes a song for the centuries.—*Selected.*



The Changed Petition

"SEND, Lord, for witness to thy world," you pray,
 "Men, where these waste and desolate places be."
 But one superfluous letter bars the way.
 Amend the prayer, and cry, "O Lord, send me!"
 —Isaac Ogden Rankin, in *Christian Endeavor World.*

Battles between Truth and Falsehood

STUDY PREPARED FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETINGS

Lesson XIII—A New Adam

(July 13-19)

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.

Success crowned the efforts of our champion. As boy, youth, and man, he perfectly kept the law of our God. Taking our place so fully that of himself he could do nothing, he yielded moment by moment to him who can do all things.

On this earth, where the first Adam failed, the new Adam gained a complete victory. The rebel tyrant was utterly defeated, and put to flight.

This victory our champion gained for us. It is given to any one who will accept it. Henceforth our great enemy is a conquered foe. We may shout the victory over him at all times. We can be more than conquerors all the time in the name of him who loved us. Let us never forget the price of our redemption. It was costly indeed. God mortgaged the whole universe to buy back this little world. God's dear Son is always to be one of us.

Outline

Jesus kept the law of God. John 15:10.
 He always pleased his Father. John 8:29.
 God's law was in his heart. Ps. 40:8.
 Yet he had no power in himself. John 5:30.
 (He could do nothing. You can never be weaker.)

Jesus came to save all that was lost. Luke 19:10.

He did it. John 17:4; 19:30.
 He conquered Satan. Heb. 2:9-15.
 The victory is ours. 1 John 5:4; Rom. 8:37.
 The redemption price was high. Ps. 49:7, 8;
 1 Peter 1:18, 19.

Study till you know whether it is a true statement, that the universe was mortgaged to save this earth.

A Cloak for Selfishness

It is rather hard to be in debt when one starts out for one's self, but that has been the experience of some of the young people among our readers. The boy who wants to finish his course at the business college, and the girl who is ambitious for a musical education, often have to borrow money to fit themselves to do the things nature meant them to do.

Till that debt is paid, these young people naturally do not feel that they have much to give away. They take no responsibility for the expenses of the church, nor for the different benevolences in behalf of which appeals are made. "I'm not out of debt yet," is the reproachful answer given those who venture to ask for con-

tributions; and there is seldom an appeal against that argument.

But the young people who are so scrupulous about giving because of an unpaid debt, are not always as careful when it comes to gratifying those personal likings which also cost money. A young man of our acquaintance, who never sees the contribution box when it goes by, has an unpaid debt for an excuse. But he never takes a railway journey, even a short one, without patronizing the parlor car; and he would not attend a concert if he could not occupy one of the best seats in the house. His clothes show the handiwork of an expensive tailor, and he pays a boy to shine his shoes.

No money to give away! No money to help anywhere, no matter how great the need! But plenty of money for gratifying costly whims and extravagant tastes! What else can it mean except that the excuse of debt, so plausible on its surface, in reality is only a cloak for selfishness? —R. O. Everest, in *Young People's Weekly.*

From Pawtucket, Rhode Island

SINCE our meetings were first organized, last September, nine members have been added, making in all fifteen members. Two of these have accepted the Sabbath truth. One was a Roman Catholic. We have distributed papers and tracts at the depot and other places, besides private houses. The following report from our librarian shows the number of tracts and papers given out:—

<i>Signs of the Times</i>	844
<i>Sentinel</i>	80
<i>Our Little Friend</i>	20
<i>General Conference Bulletin</i>	6
<i>Review and Herald</i>	61
<i>Instructor</i>	23

Total number of papers..... 1,134
 Pages of tracts distributed..... 3,200

Our treasurer reports that \$2.82 has been received in collections. Of this amount \$1.50 has been paid out for *Life Boats*, and fifteen cents for Membership Cards; therefore we now have in the treasury \$1.17.

On Sabbath, May 24, we had a special meeting. The subject was The Talent of Speech. All the children recited from memory the texts given in the INSTRUCTOR on speech. From the youngest to the oldest each was blessed by what we heard. "Angry Words, O Let Them Never" was sung as a duet. We also had some very interesting talks given to us by Mrs. C. H. Edwards and our church elder. We have found that most of us are much younger than those who form the Young People's Societies elsewhere, and the lessons in the INSTRUCTOR are quite hard, but we are getting along nicely with them. Even the children are much interested. We can truly say that the Lord has blessed our work, and we have much to thank him for.

ETHEL M. WADSWORTH, *Secretary.*

In Iowa and Oklahoma

The Young People's work is moving forward. Della Wallace writes as follows concerning the work in Iowa: "We are glad to report that this work is progressing in our State. Most of the societies are engaged in practical missionary work, and we have received some very interesting reports from them.

Mrs. Emma Haffner, State Sabbath-school Secretary of Oklahoma, writes: "Our Young People's Societies are doing well. One of the leaders wrote me, saying: 'Some of our young people are doing splendidly in taking part in our meetings, in preparing the lessons, and also in giving them. Before we had these meetings, our young people would not go to the Sabbath-school nor attend the church services, and now they attend all the meetings, and take part in the Sabbath school. This they had not done before.'"



CHILDREN'S PAGE

The Pleading Children

I HEAR the voices of children
Calling from over the seas;
The wail of their pleading accents
Comes borne upon every breeze.

And what are the children saying,
Away in these heathen lands,
As they plaintively lift their voices,
And eagerly stretch their hands?

"O, Buddha is cold and distant,
He does not regard our tears;
We pray, but he never answers;
We call, but he never hears!

"O, Brahma in all the Shastra
No comforting word has given,
No help in our earthly journey,
No promise or hope for heaven!

"O, vain is the Moslem prophet,
And bitter his creed of 'fate';
It lightens no ill to tell us
That Allah is only great!

"We have heard of a God whose mercy
Is tenderer far than these;
We are told of a kinder Saviour
By sahibs from over the seas.

"They tell us that when you offer
Your worship, he always hears;
Our Brahma is deaf to pleadings:
Our Buddha is blind to tears.

"We grope in the midst of darkness,
With none who can guide aright.
O, share with us, Christian children,
A spark of your living light!"

—Selected.

Something for Children to Think About

CHILDREN, how much time did Jesus spend for us here in this world, with a body just like ours, that became weary, like ours, and often suffered hunger and thirst, just as ours do when we have to keep working after meal-time?—More than thirty years! That was a long time, but he did it because he loves us so much. He wants every one in the world to know of his love, and that he gave his life that all might be saved, and live in heaven with him. I have been wondering how many would like to help Jesus make people understand that he loves them? Of course this takes time. How many are willing to spend some of your playtime in this way? I think you are all willing, but you can not always think of something to do that will help others to see that Jesus loves them. Of course you all know the lesson is never taught by speaking unkind words or indulging in wicked actions, and that the way to begin is by being kind to those around us, and giving them papers and tracts that tell about God and his truth. If we do these things, we shall be glad to do something for those in foreign lands.

Though you can not go to China, or India, or Matabeleland, do you know that you can help the people who live there just where you are? I know some little girls who made bouquets, and sold them for five cents apiece, in that way earning eighty cents in about two hours for foreign mission work. Some have sold chickens; others have planted potatoes, or carried in wood, run errands, pulled weeds in the neighbors' garden, etc., etc.

Many churches expect to hold a Harvest Ingathering service in the fall. If your church has such a service, you save all the money you can earn for Jesus, and ask father or mother to write on an envelope which field you want it to go to, then drop it into the collection-box that day.

There is something else, too, that you can be doing during all the long summer months to make that day a delight. With knife or scissors cut a quantity of grass in bloom—the commonest kind is very pretty when tied in neat little bunches and dried. Hang it upon a nail in the barn, woodshed, or house until time to use it in decorating; for one of the things to be done for Harvest Ingathering day is to decorate the church with leaves, grasses, and flowers, to help us remember the love of God, who gives us all these things.

JEAN PHILLIPS.

Ah Mui, Who Was Sold

"WHERE is Ah Mui?" the good missionary asked. School had begun, and no little girl of that name was on hand to answer. No one knew where she was, so the teacher closed her book, thinking: "I must go to Ah Mui's home after school, and see if she is sick." But the teacher was a busy woman, and there were so many things to do after school that the visit was not made.

"Why, where is Ah Mui?" she asked again the next day, when the little girl was still absent. Nobody knew.

That night the teacher's own loved girlie was not well, and the mother had to hold little Faith, bathe her hot cheeks, tell her stories, and keep her quiet; for she had a hard, croupy cough. It was no better the next night, nor the next. One of the older girls taught the little ones in the school as well as she could; for little Faith needed her mother's constant care. So it was many days before the missionary could go back to her school. The first thing she did was to look for Ah Mui, but her place was still vacant; and when she asked if any one could tell why, she was shocked to learn that she had been sold.

As soon as school closed, the teacher put on her coat and hat, and kissed little Faith, telling her to be a good child, and to pray that God would help her find her little Chinese sister.

Down the dirty streets of Canton she went, scarcely noticing the strange sights as she passed along; for her heart was heavy thinking about

poor Ah Mui. When she reached her home, she asked the mother: "Where is your little daughter? You must tell me the truth."

The poor woman burst into tears; for she really loved her child, and confessed that she was sold. "We had a big debt, and the man kept saying, 'You must pay, you must pay.' We had no money, and so we finally sold Ah Mui."

When the teacher found that the child had



A LITTLE SAMOAN PRINCESS

been sold, which was sad enough, and not only that, but she had been sold to a bad Chinese woman, she was greatly troubled. "How could you do such a wicked, wicked thing? Tell me at once where is she?"

After a while she did tell; then the American mother and the Chinese mother set out together to see what could be done; but they were not allowed to see the child, and they returned home with sad hearts.

That night, after a long talk with his wife, the missionary decided that he would go himself the next day and see what he could do. After going back and forth many times between the houses of the parents and the Chinese woman, it was finally arranged that if the missionary would pay the large sum which the woman demanded, Ah Mui was to be given up to him. Being a foreigner, she thought he had plenty of money. Really the only money he had was some he and his wife had been saving a long time for a special purpose; but they decided to give that. When it was paid, and he started homeward, he held a little girl by the hand, who looked up smilingly into his face, although her eyes were swollen with crying. Happy little Ah Mui!

They dared not return her to her parents for fear she might be sold again; so the dear little Chinese sister was taken to a good school, where she is now living, as happy as a lark all the day long, learning to love God, and trying to please him more and more every day. Some children in America are helping to support her, and they call her their "little Chinese sister."—*Mission Dayspring.*

Let in the Sunshine

DID you ever see the little birds sad and discouraged?—No; they are always busy, happy, and full of life and music. Look at the squirrels



MALAY CHILD, JAVA

running swiftly along the fence, or springing from bough to bough in the tree above—what a lesson of content their daily life teaches! And the young colts gamboling in the pastures, the lambs capering about in the meadows, or the calves frisking in the lane,—none of these are ever downcast and filled with gloom.

Dear children, do not mar and spoil your life with sad thoughts. God wants you to be happy—the happiest of all the creatures on the earth. For this he has made you—that you might glorify him by happy, gentle, loving lives. Let the sunshine of his love into your hearts, and there will never be any place there for dark, gloomy thoughts. MRS. H. E. S. HOPKINS.

The Little Children in Japan

The little children in Japan
Are fearfully polite;
They always thank their bread and milk
Before they take a bite,
And say, "You make us most content,
O honorable nourishment!"

The little children in Japan
Don't think of being rude.
"O noble, dear mama," they say,
"We trust we don't intrude,"
Instead of rushing in to where
All day their mother combs her hair.

The little children in Japan
Wear mittens on their feet;
They have no proper hats to go
A-walking on the street;
And wooden stilts for overshoes
They don't object at all to use.

The little children in Japan
With toys of paper play,
And carry paper parasols
To keep the rain away;
And, when you go to see, you'll find
That paper walls they live behind.

—Caroline MacCormack.

A Visit to Northern Michigan

Up in Northern Michigan, in the wilderness, removed from other settlers, where deer still roam in the forest, and lynx and wildcats are not entirely unknown, is a little colony of Sabbath-keepers. Each family have built a small house on their own farm, and a modest church-school house has been erected. Grace Harbor lies five miles to the north on Lake Huron, where the men find plenty of work in a large sawmill. Millions of feet of logs are banked, and rolled into a small lake near the mill. The mill-stream is literally alive with fish, and the people carry them away by the wagon-load.

Huckleberries, raspberries, wintergreen-berries, wild strawberries, and blackberries are very plentiful in their season; and not only do they supply an abundance of fruit during the year, but they are also a source of considerable revenue.

The children, and sometimes the women of the family, assist in clearing the ground, and each family expects to have a fine garden. It was May-day when I was there, and the Mayflowers were in full bloom, while scattered about everywhere in modest profusion was the sweet-scented trailing arbutus. Coming from a large city, with its hurry and bustle and discontent, it was a real pleasure to visit this quiet place. Though living in a primitive way, with few of the conveniences deemed so necessary in this age, these settlers are contented, and the boys and girls keenly enjoy their happy life in woods and fields.

On the Sabbath they all gather for Sabbath-school and social worship, and they are now planning to engage in missionary work in the nearest neighborhoods. What they lack in social pleasures on account of their isolated location is atoned for in large degree by the companionship of good books, with which they are well supplied. I felt on leaving them that the Lord still spreads a table in the wilderness, and that the so-called humble pleasures of life are, after all, the best.

M. C. GUILD.



When America Had the Best Roads in the World

FOUR hundred years and more ago, before the Indians ever heard of white men or their roads, Peru had a road from fifteen hundred to two thousand miles long, twenty feet wide, and as hard and almost as smooth as marble.

"Nothing in Christendom," exclaimed Pizarro in astonishment, when he crossed the Andes by the Incas' road, "equals the magnificence of this road over the Sierras!" And Pizarro was right. There was no road in Europe to compare with it.

It is a mystery how people without iron tools or beasts of burden, and who seem to have had no machinery, could build such roads as those old Indians did.

To begin with, the face of the country would seem to make roads impossible. There was a strip of level land along the coast, but back of that rose the Andes with their sheer precipices, frightful chasms, and rushing mountain torrents,—obstacles to discourage engineers of modern times, with all their science.

The plain on which the city of Quito is built is nine or ten thousand feet high, and there are other plains still higher, all separated by lofty peaks or deep gorges. But in the Incas' time, all the little towns and villages, nestled in their orchards and gardens, were connected by roads through the mountain passes threading the country in every direction.

One great road led by the ocean, where the ground was low and sandy; and the Indian road-makers frequently had to raise it on a high bank of earth, with a clay wall on both sides.

The obstacles to building the road over the mountains which so amazed Pizarro seem insurmountable; but rocks in the way were crushed, excavations miles long made in the side of the mountain, precipices were scaled by steps cut in the rock wall, and ravines were filled up with solid masonry.

These two great roads were built of flags of freestone, often covered with a cement-like glue, which time made harder than stone itself, forming a sort of macadamized road.

Streams of water flowed through stone aqueducts along the sides of the roads, and they were bordered with trees and fragrant shrubs planted to shield the traveler from the burning heat of the tropical sun.

Rivers were crossed by bridges suspended in the air. These bridges were made of maguey fibers, which are very strong and tough. The fibers were woven into ropes as large as a man's body. The great ropes were stretched across the river, the ends carried through holes cut in immense stone buttresses on the banks and fastened to heavy pieces of timber. The cables were bound together, and a flooring of planks was laid upon them, and the sides were guarded by railings. These bridges looked very frail, but they could bear great weight.

It was a dizzy experience to cross one. Sometimes the bridges were two hundred feet long; and, being fastened only at the ends, they sagged deeply in the center. In addition, the motion given to a bridge by the crossing traveler made it swing violently. In a high wind the bridges were unsafe. They were protected by law, and to burn a bridge was a crime punished by death. This same kind of suspension bridge is even now in use in this part of South America.

Wider waters were crossed on sailboats, and the Peruvians were the only people among the American Indians who knew the use of sails.

Their boats were like rafts, being made of huge timbers of very buoyant wood lashed together, with a floor or deck of reeds. They had a kind of rudder and a keel made of plank, and in the middle of the boat were two masts carrying a large, square sail of cotton. This same sort of craft, with a small thatched cabin on its deck, is still used in Peru.

The meeting-place of the roads from the four quarters of the empire was the capital, Cuzco. From its great square ran four principal streets connecting with the highroads of the country. The city streets were long and narrow and perfectly regular, crossing each other at right angles, like the streets of our Western cities.

The empire of the Incas was gained by conquest, and had to be held with a strong hand; and one of the chief purposes of the roads was to help hold the empire together. If an invasion or an uprising occurred in the farthest corner, the post brought swift word of it, and the army was at once on the march over the magnificent roads to end it.

Large numbers of men were always at work on the roads, keeping them in repair, and even sweeping them. The Peruvians had no horses; so all travel over the roads was on foot, and they were not much worn by use. But in the tropics, nature is so destructive that constant care was necessary to keep them in perfect condition. This unceasing care the Incas gave them; but the Spaniards, though they called the roads one of the wonders of the world, took no such pains to preserve them as the Incas had taken, and under the Spanish conquerors the roads gradually went to decay.

Still, a hundred years ago there were enough of them yet to be seen here and there to give the famous traveler Humboldt reason to declare, when he examined the remains, that the roads of the Incas were among the most useful and stupendous works ever executed by man.—*Christian Endeavor World*.



THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

III—The Building of the Ark

(July 19)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Genesis 6.

MEMORY VERSE: "When they knew God, they glorified him not as God, neither were thankful; but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened." Rom. 1: 21.

(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.)

After man sinned, and was cast out of Eden, God no longer met and talked with him face to face as before. Yet he left not himself without witness in the earth. Think of all that we learned in the first chapter of Genesis about his wonderful works, that tell of him, and show that he is still with us.

Yet men forgot God, because they were not thankful to him for his goodness. And they made images of themselves, and of beasts and creeping things, and worshiped those instead of God. So they grew more and more wicked, until all the thoughts of their hearts were "only evil continually."

Yet God always had in the earth a few who loved and served him. These were the salt of the earth; their good influence kept the world from going to destruction. But at last there was only one true servant of God in all the earth—Noah, the grandson of Methuselah, and great-grandson of Enoch.

In the book of Hebrews we are told that "by faith Noah, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house; by the which he condemned the world."

The ark that Noah built at God's command was a warning to the world. It told the people that the flood was coming, so that all who would might come to God, and seek for refuge.

All the time that Noah was building the ark,—one hundred and twenty years,—he preached to the people, telling them how they might be saved from the coming flood. And all this time God's Holy Spirit was striving to bring the people to repentance. "The long-suffering of God waited in the days of Noah, while the ark was a preparing." But the people did not believe the message, and would not come to God. When the ark was finished, there were none to enter but Noah and his family.

But the animals were obedient to God; they did not resist his Spirit, but came to Noah at his command. We have learned that the Spirit of God in each living creature is its teacher and guide. By his Spirit he causes the birds to fly south in the winter, to preserve their lives during the cold weather. And when he was going to bring the flood of waters, he led the animals to the ark, of clean beasts by sevens, and unclean beasts by twos, to keep seed alive in the earth. This also was a witness to the people; for it showed that they might all have been saved if only they had been led by the Spirit of God.

Jesus said that the days just before his coming will be like the days of Noah, when the earth was full of violence. We are now living in the days of which he spoke, for his coming is near. When he comes, the wicked will all be destroyed, as they were at the time of the flood; but God never brings his judgments upon the world without warning the people, and making a way of escape for all who will let him save them. Jesus is the way of escape,—the ark of safety,—and the warning message is now being given; so that all who will may seek for refuge in him, and be safe when the great day of his wrath shall come.

Questions

1. What was the world like in the days of Noah?
2. How did men get into this terrible state?
3. How many righteous persons were left?
4. What did God purpose to do because of the wickedness of men?
5. How long did he wait for them to repent?
6. Were they left without a warning? Who preached to them? How? 2 Peter 2:5.
7. How many were saved by Noah's faithful work?
8. Since the people did not receive it, what did Noah's preaching do? Heb. 11:7.
9. Describe the ark that God commanded Noah to build. What was done to make it water-tight?
10. Why was it made so large?
11. How many of each kind of beast and bird were saved?
12. How were the animals brought to the ark? Who gathered them?
13. Tell of something of the same kind that takes place every year.
14. What is it that gives understanding and guidance to all living things?
15. By leading the birds and animals to the ark, and saving them, what did God show about all men?
16. What time has Jesus told us will be like the days of Noah? Matt. 24:37. Who will then be our refuge? Ps. 90:1, 2.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

III—The Sure Results of Sin

(July 19)

MEMORY VERSE: "Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches: but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness, in the earth: for in these things I delight, saith the Lord." Jer. 9:23, 24.

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Same as given in Synopsis.

Synopsis

Josiah was the last good king to reign in Jerusalem, and when he died, great was the lamen-

tation of Israel. 2 Chron. 35:25. The four kings who followed him were very wicked, and during their reign the judgments of the Lord were poured out upon his people. For they mocked his messengers, despised his words, and so misused his prophets that the wrath of the Lord arose against them till there was no remedy. 2 Chron. 36:16.

The first two of these kings were brothers, and also the second two. 2 Chron. 36:1-10. They were truly alliances of evil; in whatever wickedness one failed, the other carried it on. Their sins are faithfully recorded by the prophet Jeremiah. Notice what they were:—

One oppressed the poor; his eyes and his heart were only to shed innocent blood, and for oppression and violence to do it. When the Lord spoke to him, the king said, "I will not hear." Jer. 22:11-21. Moreover he put to death one of his prophets, sending even unto Egypt to search him out. Jer. 26:20-24. This same king also burned up a message which the Lord had given Jeremiah while in prison. The king was sitting in his winter-house, and a fire was burning on the hearth before him. As his servant read three or four leaves, Jehoiakim cut it with his knife, and cast it into the fire until all was consumed. Jer. 36:2-23. Jeremiah then rewrote the message, and sent it again to the king.

The sins of Zedekiah were even worse; for he allowed himself to be controlled by his princes (Jer. 38:5), and would take no stand himself. The Lord sent one message to this king continually: "Go forth unto the king of Babylon's princes, then thy soul shall live, and this city shall not be burned with fire." Jer. 38:17. But Zedekiah was afraid of the Jews, fearing lest they should deliver him into the hands of the Chaldeans and mock him. Verse 18. Therefore he gave no obedience to the Lord's message, and finally he was compelled to go to Babylon with blinded eyes. Jer. 39:7.

Such were Judah's last kings. What were the people? "The sin of Judah is written with a pen of iron, and with the point of a diamond." Jer. 17:1. "Run ye to and fro through the streets of Jerusalem, and see now, and know, and seek in the broad places thereof, if ye can find a man, if there be any that executeth judgment, that seeketh the truth: and I will pardon it." Jer. 5:1. Read this whole fifth chapter of Jeremiah, and see what "wonderful and horrible" things were committed in the land. "And my people love to have it so," saith the Lord.

Now while such wickedness was developing in Jerusalem, the Lord had prepared a cradle of refuge in a heathen land for those who loved him. Hither he sent Daniel and his fellows. They must have gone with the captivity mentioned in Jeremiah 24; for the Lord showed his prophet that these people were like good figs, while Zedekiah and the residue of Jerusalem were like evil figs, "that can not be eaten, they are so evil." Jeremiah 24. Daniel certainly was of the good figs. He and his companions were sent to Babylon to live and teach the gospel. As captives they must do what their fathers had failed to do as conquerors. If Zedekiah had heeded the Lord's message, and had gone to Babylon, where were Daniel and his fellows, he might have been saved.

The sinful course of Israel brought its sure result. 1 Chron. 9:1. More than a century before it came upon them, the Lord warned his people of the result of their hypocrisy, and only a few years before the captivity, he made it still more definite. Hab. 1:5, 6.

But Israel would not listen. The people gloried, saying, "The temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord are we;" and then the Lord took away their temple, and put them in a heathen land, that they might learn how to worship him aright. It was serving strange gods in their own land that scattered them in a strange land. Jer. 5:10. Here they were to learn the truth concerning God's dwelling-place and the folly of glorying in anything except a personal knowledge of God. Jer. 9:23, 24.

Questions

1. How did Israel take the death of their good king Josiah?
2. What four kings followed him?
3. During their reign what is said of the people?
4. What prophet did the Lord send to reprove them?
5. What sins of the kings of Judah does this prophet record?
6. To what message did King Zedekiah give no heed? Why?
7. What was the result upon himself and upon his people?
8. While these kings of Judah were so wicked, what about the people?

9. Yet if they had been willing to execute judgment, what would the Lord have done?

10. How did they regard the "horrible" things done in the land?

11. With what captivity did Daniel and his fellows go to Babylon?

12. To what does the Lord liken them?

13. What does he say of those who were left?

14. Why was it better for Judah to go into captivity than to stay in Jerusalem?

15. What warnings had the Lord given his people of the sure result of their sinful course?

16. At the same time the people were doing so wickedly, what were they saying?

17. When put in a strange land, what lessons were they to learn?

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Waiting on God

NEVER a sun so brightly shone
As to form a rainbow all alone.
Never was halo round a life
Borne without need of pain and strife.
Stricken earth, since 'tis ordered so,
Waits on God for his promise bow;
Grows in glory, doth not complain
Over the sunbeams washed with rain.
Soul, that art more than sea and land,
Look on nature and understand!
Blended shadow and light exist,
Wrought upon by the alchemist;
But never sun so fair yet shone
That it made a rainbow all alone.

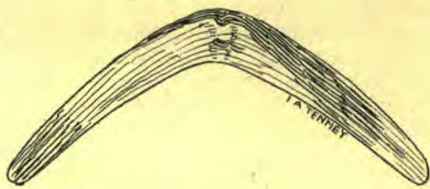
— *Youth's Companion.*

The Australian Boomerang

CONSIDERABLE has been written about the peculiar implement, or weapon, called the "boomerang," made by the aborigines of Australia; but very few really know what it is like. Many stories are told about the wonderful way in which they throw it from them in such a manner that it returns again to the thrower. It always seems to the writer that there must be more poetry than truth in these stories, as such a return seems so contrary to the laws of force; but once seeing the feat accomplished makes all quite plain.

A few weeks ago I had an opportunity of seeing an old native throw a boomerang of his own manufacture. A party of which the writer was one were returning from an exploring trip on bicycles in the mountainous country east of Melbourne. At Healesville, the end of the railway line, we put our wheels on the train after a long ride; and while waiting for the train, we caught sight of an old-timer, familiarly known as "Tommy," from the government reservation called by the native name of Coorrandirk, which is only two miles distant from Healesville. He was trying to sell a boomerang which he had made only a few days before. Feeling that the knowledge of exactly how the weapon is thrown, and the possession of the boomerang itself, were worth the cost, I gave the fellow the English equivalent for half a dollar, the value he put upon it, and also induced him to throw it for me seven times into the bargain.

The accompanying cut shows the shape of the implement. It is about twenty-seven inches long, one end being thirteen, and the other fourteen, inches from tip to curve. It is perhaps



one fourth of an inch thick in the thickest place, and tapers toward the ends and sides each way from the middle.

In throwing it the man held the smaller, longer end, and threw it out from him toward the wind about thirty feet high with a peculiar turn which caused it to spin round and round very fast. At the same time this motion caused it to describe a circle around the thrower of about one hundred and fifty feet. When thrown with the greatest force, it would thus encircle him two or three times; but as the force diminished, the circle decreased till the boomerang finally dropped almost at his feet. So it is really true that the thing is thrown, and returns again to the thrower, but not as we have sometimes been led to believe. He could not throw it straight out from him, and have it come back; but it flew around him till

its force was expended, and then fell in the middle of the circle, the same as a boy rolls a hoop tipped to one side in such a way that it rolls round and round till it stops in the middle of the circle.

The old man seemed anxious to explain just how to throw the boomerang so it would successfully describe a circle. Some day when he is sure no one is looking, the writer intends to practise with his boomerang. It is said, however, that few white men are ever successful in this peculiar exercise.

H. E. SIMKIN.

The Thistle of Scotland

THERE is no thistle so interesting as the common purple thistle of Scotland. To be sure, it is neither a handsome nor an agreeable flower in itself; but it is the national flower of Scotland, and we must honor it for that reason.

And this is how it chanced to become the national flower of Scotland: Once upon a time, many hundred years ago, the Danes made war upon the Scots, and invaded the country. The Danes did not believe in making an attack upon an enemy in the night. But on this occasion they turned aside from their usual custom, and dearly did they pay for it. As they were creeping noiselessly and unseen in the dark, one of their number stepped upon a thistle. Its sharp prickles pierced his bare foot, and made him cry out with pain.

His cry awoke the soldiers of the Scotch army. They sprang to their arms, and drove back the Danes with great slaughter, and so saved Scotland. From that time the thistle has been the national flower of Scotland. It has been engraved on the coins of that country.

Over the gate of the now ruined palace of Linlithgow, where Mary Queen of Scots was born, the thistle, with this motto, is engraved: "Touch me who dares."

The early mention of the thistle as the badge of Scotland is found in an old poem called "The Thrissel and the Rois," which would be written now, "The Thistle and the Rose." — *Selected.*

A Prairie Fire

(From an unpublished book manuscript by Mrs. M. N. Coon)

DID you ever see a prairie fire, as it comes marching on, borne forward on the wings of a stiff breeze, leaping over a few feet of grass here and there, leaving streaks of flame in the distance; then when it came to the lowland where the grass is high, see it rise thirty or forty feet, and the wind take it and spread it, a devouring sheet of flame, farther on, till the whole lowland was one vast, billowy lake of fire?

A man named Burton, who lived in Vermont, owned a large tract of prairie land, and frequently came West to look after it. He had never seen a prairie fire, but was very anxious for the opportunity. One day he had the privilege. Seeing a fire coming, he thought he would go and meet it. He was advised to be cautious, as the grass was high on the other side of the hill, where the fire was coming. He treated the advice with scorn, however, and proceeded to see the fire. When he had gone as far as he wished, he stopped to enjoy the new sight; for to one who has never seen it, it is a spectacle worth looking at. All at once he began to realize that it was getting a little too near for comfort, and thought he would retrace his steps. He soon found himself running a pretty good gait, but that was soon increased to his best speed, and now he felt that there was not much safety in his swiftest flight; for the fire would catch him before he could get out of the grass. Selecting a place where the grass was shortest, he pulled a bunch of it, struck a match, and set fire where he was, then took off his fine broadcloth coat to whip it out on the windward so that he could

have a place to stand secure from the flames that were chasing him.

A person who has never seen a prairie fire can have but a faint comprehension of its power. I have seen people in the East treat with contempt the idea of being burned out by prairie fires. But grain stacks standing in the middle of newly plowed fields where they were grown have been consumed by these fires. When fire happens to get started in one of the strong winds which sweep over these prairies, it is carried long distances. The wind catches up anything that happens to be ignited, and hurls it into stacks and buildings, burning not only these, but also the unfortunate animals and people who happen to be in their track. This applies even more strongly to the Dakotas than to Minnesota.

In the Cause of Good Manners

IN England an organization whose purpose is "to encourage a spirit of chivalry among children; to stimulate them to be courteous; and to promote habits of neatness and cleanliness, and purity of action and speech," has been working for ten years under the name, The Children's National Guild of Courtesy. At the present time it has something over thirty thousand members. It is interesting to notice that in its rules the Guild says: "Three of the bravest and greatest men who ever lived—the Duke of Wellington, General Gordon, and General Washington—were distinguished for their courteous behavior." A good many boys and girls would be right in thinking that such an organization would have a wide field for usefulness in the United States.

"Thirty Days Hath —"

THE most widely known and oftenest quoted quatrain in the English language is —

"Thirty days hath November,
April, June, and September,
February hath XXVIII alone,
And all the rest have XXXI."

It is the one thing learned at school that nobody forgets, the one aid to memory that really helps remembrance. Yet probably not one person in a hundred thousand who habitually use it in every-day life recollects or has ever known the name of its author.

Richard Grafton, who wrote this immortal verse, was one of the earliest and most distinguished of English publishers. He embarked in the business only about sixty years later than Caxton, "the father of English printing," and between 1539 and 1553 brought out *The Great Bible* (Matthew's), Coverdale's Translation of the New Testament, "Acts of Parliament," and other books.

The name of Grafton has lately been rescued from an undeserved obscurity, and made familiar, to the reading public at least, by a firm of New York publishers, who have established "The Grafton Press," thereby reviving a title honored three hundred and fifty years ago.— *Selected.*

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