

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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The Story of Our Matabeleland Mission Beginning the Journey¹

THE halo of romance which once encircled even the very idea of missionary labor among the heathen is now gradually disappearing, and in its stead the real facts—the condition of the people and their needs, their response to missionary effort, and the wonderful transformation which the gospel has made among them—are leading earnest Christians to devote themselves to this most interesting work. The dark

when five brethren in South Africa were finishing the preparations necessary for a journey which they were to begin the evening of that day. All was interest. For some time the Foreign Mission Board had contemplated the starting of a mission in Central Africa; and when the Chartered Company obtained control of Matabeleland, the way was opened, and the opportune time seemed to have arrived. The South African Conference kindly gave five hundred pounds to the enterprise.

At the close of the day the little company of Sabbath-keepers in Cape Town met at the church for consultation and prayer, before good-by was said. As they sang "God, Be with You Till We Meet Again," tears dimmed the eyes, and sobs choked the voices; yet hope and courage filled

After a ride of two nights and one day on the train, they reached Beaconsfield, about six hundred and forty miles from Cape Town. The company of the brethren and sisters from that place met them at the station, wishing them Godspeed. About four hours were spent in purchasing necessities for the journey, and in attending to other business matters, and they were again on their way.

The next stop, at 9 p. m. Wednesday, was at Vryburg, one hundred miles farther on, where they made a stop of one hour at the Vaal River diamond mines. Here they saw many searching for earthly treasures. During this part of the journey they passed through some of the richest diamond fields in the world. As the train was going no farther, they remained in the car overnight. At six o'clock the next morning the making-up of the train for Kimberley was begun, as Vryburg was the end of the road, and our brethren had to make quick work of leaving the train. Their farming implements, two wagons, supply of foods, together with the mules and



READY FOR THE "TREK"—A SCENE IN THE MARKET-PLACE, JOHANNESBURG

continent of Africa has long appealed to Christian people, because of the dense ignorance and superstition that abounded, and the wretched condition of the natives, as a result of the slave trade and liquor traffic, for which the white man is responsible.

Our first mission to the heathen in this continent was practically begun on May 7, 1894,

¹NOTE: We are indebted to A. Druillard for the details of the trip to Matabeleland. They are gleaned from his diary kept during the journey.

the heart of every one; for all were confident that the Lord was leading those who were to go, and that he would abide with those who remained behind. Nearly all the congregation followed the party to the station; and even the trainmen were interested in the journey, and wished them success.

At 9 p. m. the station bell rang. The last good-by was spoken, and the party, consisting of A. Druillard, F. J. B. Wessels, F. Sparrow, E. J. Harvey, and L. Gopp, were on their journey.

ponies, attracted much attention. But as soon as the people learned that they were on their way to Mashonaland to teach the natives, they became interested, and spoke kindly, wishing them success in their mission.

They were compelled to remain here several days, until the arrival of the rest of their goods, which had been sent by freight, and were delayed by an accident to the train. After an almost hopeless search for a room in which to sleep, they were about to arrange to camp in

the street, when a customs officer, learning of their mission, kindly gave them a written request to the station-master, asking him to permit them to occupy a room adjoining the station. The latter had told them again and again that there was no room which he could let them have; but on receipt of the note, he gave them a very comfortable one. This customs officer aided them in many other ways. They remained here six days, and spent a part of two days looking for bullocks. As soon as it was known that they wanted to buy, the price of these animals doubled. A Christian native, learning of their desire, told them that his chief had some bullocks to sell, and through him they were able to get just what they wanted. On Sabbath, their first from Cape Town, they held a Sabbath-school and meeting. The next day they began to gather up their freight, which had arrived Friday. They were disappointed, however, to learn that Monday was a bank holiday, and they would have to remain at that point until Tuesday, as it would be impossible to persuade the railroad men to let them have their goods on a public holiday.

Finally everything was prepared, and they were ready to proceed, when they learned that they would be compelled to secure a permit from the magistrate, before they could take their guns and ammunition with them. The written petition had to go first to the governor, and this was supposed to require two days. Seeking the help of the Lord, they decided to go to the house of the governor personally, and tell him who they were, and what they desired. In this they were successful beyond their expectations. He was very kind, took the number of their guns and the amount of cartridges. He laughed heartily when he saw the small amount of ammunition they were carrying, and advised them to take a larger supply. But as their armor, weapons, and ammunition were to be the word of God, they did not take the governor's advice in the matter. It seemed that he had read of our work in America, and was much pleased that we were ready to enter this new country so soon. He wished the brethren Godspeed, and advised them to settle near Buluwayo. In less than twenty minutes after they had seen him, the permit was ready, so that everything could be passed through the customs, and at 4:30 P. M. on Tuesday they started from Vryburg, glad to be once more on the road.

They drove about ten miles, and outspanned at seven o'clock, letting the horses and mules and oxen feed for three hours. They then inspanned again, and traveled until eleven o'clock, when they stopped for the night. After worship, in which they committed themselves to God, believing that he had sent his angels to guard them, they were soon asleep. At two in the morning they again began their journey. Soon after starting, they drove into a mud-hole, and worked until seven o'clock before they were able to extricate themselves. At nine they stopped for breakfast and fed the teams, and then reloaded their wagons, as they found from their experience in the early morning that the wagons had been too heavily loaded. At three in the afternoon they were again on the road, and traveled until nine at night. The roads were heavy with sand, and the land was very poor; but they had plenty of water, such as it was, for it was full of insects. And thus they went on, traveling at night, and letting the teams eat and graze a part of the day.

On Thursday morning they had a little meeting with three Dutch farmers. One had read "Thoughts on Daniel and the Revelation," and said that he believed the seventh day is the Sabbath.

That night in crossing a stream they broke the tongue of their mule wagon; but, equal to the emergency, only a few minutes was required to transform their tent-pole into a wagon-tongue.

They traveled all the next day without finding water. As it began to draw toward the Sabbath, they were all very tired and thirsty, and became anxious to find water, where they might camp and pitch their tent. Just as the last rays of the sun were going down behind the distant hills, they came in sight of a small stream trickling here and there from under the stones in the sand. This called forth a shout of joy; and in less time than it requires to write it, six mules and two horses were in the water, drinking as only famished animals can. But to the dismay of the brethren, a man soon appeared upon the scene, and ordered them away, making them pay four shillings for the water the animals had drunk. It was no use to beg him to permit them to stay near the stream, as he would have required them to pay more money than they felt they could expend in this way. So they had to start on their journey again.

ESTELLA HOUSER.



Rest

REST in the Lord! 'Tis joy to know
That I may rest where'er I go,—
May rest encircled by his arm,
Assured that naught his child can harm.

Rest in the Lord! How calm the hour
In which I rest, Lord, in thy power,—
Rest midst my labor it may be
By breath'd thought of prayer to thee.

But O, how sweet to rest at last,
When all my earthly toil is past,
Should death these mortal eyelids seal
Till Christ, my rest, himself reveal!

Or should he bid me tarry here
Until in glory he appear,
It matters not. Where'er I be,
I'll rest in Jesus' love for me.

AGNES H. BROWN.

Out of Her Bondage

THERE was something about the odd, rebellious, sullen little countenance that drew Miss Caroline toward her from the first. Miss Caroline's heart was always tender. "She's in trouble," the good woman thought, instantly, "and perhaps I can help her."

The girl was sitting with a row of others in a city employment office. Miss Caroline singled out the little figure in the corner, and seemed somehow indifferent to all the rest. She could not have told herself the reason of her preference; for there was nothing attractive about the defiant, brown little face. But she was young, for one thing, and that fact alone appealed to Miss Caroline's motherly heart.

She wore a gay flower-garden of a hat over a mass of curly locks, not any too tidy, and her shoes were low, with great gaudy buckles. Her silver bracelets—Miss Caroline noticed she wore four—tinkled defiantly as she moved about, and there were many cheap rings on her ungloved, rough little hands. There was a stormy look in the dark eyes that would have repelled any one but Miss Caroline. "She's so young, and she needs help," she thought, "and perhaps—who knows but God has sent me to her?"

Miss Caroline's health had declined of late. The household tasks in which she had been wont to take such pleasure heretofore, grew too heavy.

Miss Caroline lived alone in a substantial brick house on one of the quiet streets. Within, it was a model of exquisite neatness. The curtains were spotless, the china and silver fairly shone, so beautifully were they washed and polished,

while the damask tablecloths and napkins were always in a state of immaculate freshness. On the old-fashioned mahogany furniture not a speck of dust was permitted to gather. Into this haven of neatness and order she dreaded to take a helper; but Dr. Farraday, the old family physician, had said she must take a rest, and a long one.

Miss Caroline was small and slender, and no longer young. There was a little stoop in her shoulders, and her hair was quite gray. Perhaps the most pleasant thing about her was her voice. It was still singularly sweet and musical; for in her youth Miss Caroline had been a sweet singer, and she often sang now about her work.

She walked over to the little figure in the corner, and looked down upon her with her mild eyes.

"Would you like a place?" she asked, gently.

There was an obstinate look in the uplifted face, a don't-care expression that did not, however, discourage Miss Caroline. "That's what I'm here for," the girl answered, curtly. "I've about come to the conclusion, though, I'll not do housework any more. I think I'll go in a store."

"I need some one to stay with me," went on Miss Caroline in her sweet voice, ignoring the latter part of the answer. "Would you like to come and stay with me for a while? There's only just myself, and the work's not hard."

The girl stared at the kind face framed in its bands of silver hair.

"I'll come," she said, indifferently, after a minute's silence.

"Very well, then," was the answer; "we'll consider it settled."

A few minutes later they left the office together.

Miss Caroline led her charge upstairs to a neat little room. In the corner stood a white bed. There were ruffled curtains at the windows, matting was on the floor, and the modest dresser was covered with a white scarf embroidered with forget-me-nots.

"You must tell me your name," said Miss Caroline, smilingly, turning to face the small, silent figure.

"Lorraine Wilson," was the answer.

"Have you any mother?"

"No, she died when I was eleven years old."

"You poor child!" was Miss Caroline's involuntary answer. "I was forty when my own dear mother was taken from me, and it seemed to me then that I could not give her up. Now you must consider this your home, and I hope you and I shall get along nicely together."

As Miss Caroline left the room, the girl looked after her, with a puzzled face.

"She hopes we'll get along nicely," she repeated, grimly. "Well, she's different from any one I've seen yet. However," the obstinate look creeping into the small face again, "I suppose she'll be like all the others; work me till I'm ready to drop. Folks that hire girls think they haven't any souls. I never lived with any one yet that treated me half-way decent. It was do this and do that, with never a kind look, but she—well, she's given me a pretty room to stay in, anyway. I'll watch her and see. I haven't lived among folks seven years without learning a few things."

But Miss Caroline wasn't like the rest. Even stubborn little Lorraine had to acknowledge that.

The very first day she was there, she broke a cut-glass dish. Miss Caroline heard the crash and hurried out. She found the girl with the pieces in her hand, looking more rebellious than ever. "I suppose you'll want me to leave now?" she burst out, her lips twitching a little.

"By no means," was the quiet answer. "Accidents will happen, you know, and I'm sure you'll be more careful another time. Don't think any more about it, Lorraine. If nothing was ever broken, the china merchants would have to go out of business."

Miss Caroline was sorry about the dish, for she prized it greatly, but it was not her way to get angry. Miss Caroline was not that kind of Christian.

The girl looked after her again. For the first time, the hard expression of her young face softened. "She isn't like others," she whispered, wonderingly. "It's the first time I ever broke anything and didn't lose my place, or get scolded, or something. I wonder what makes her so different."

Miss Caroline had much to bear with in her new helper, as time went on. There were moods, sullen, silent periods, with which she did not know how to cope. There were angry words, too, sometimes coarse ones that gentle Miss Caroline had never heard. Often she slighted her tasks, sometimes she spoke impatiently, even impertinently, and yet, through it all, Miss Caroline would not give her up. "She never had a chance," she would tell herself, compassionately, "and she has no mother."

Miss Caroline noticed, too, as the girl stayed on, that she had very few clothes. She seemed to have invested her small earnings in gaudy hats, cheap jewelry, and gay ribbons.

All this distressed Miss Caroline a good deal.

"Wouldn't you like to have me make you a nice gingham dress for afternoons, Lorraine?" she suggested one day as Lorraine went about her work, clad in an old faded waist and ragged skirt.

The girl stared. "You make it?" she questioned, surprised.

Miss Caroline smiled. "Yes, why not?" she answered. "I would like to help you, my dear."

"You're the first person that ever offered to help me!" the little girl cried. "I've been in lots of places, but I never had any kindness shown me before. It was all work, with never a good word."

"That was unfortunate," said Miss Caroline, gently; "but you must not let it harden you, my dear. There are a great many good, kind people in the world, God's people, who seek to serve him, and to do only his good pleasure."

"I never saw any before," the girl answered, rebelliously. "If I had, I'd 'a' been a better girl. If you had been treated the way I have, I guess it would have made you bitter, too." The silver bracelets tinkled unmusically.

Miss Caroline hesitated a little, and then began again.

"I wonder if you would please me in one thing, Lorraine?" she said. "I'm an old woman, and I have my own ideas about things. It's about your rings and bracelets. It doesn't look well to wear so many, my dear. I wish you wouldn't. Will you take some of them off, if only to humor me?"

Lorraine's small face flushed. "I'll take them all off if you want me to," she answered. "I've been thinking ever since I've been here how nice you always look, and you don't wear any. I ain't a-going to refuse anything to the only person that's been good to me," she added, huskily.

"Thank you," answered Miss Caroline, quietly; "and I hope there'll be a great many people kind to you from now on, and I believe that there will be."

From that day there was a perceptible change in the girl. She grew happier, less moody, and more cheerful. She left off her tawdry clothes, and adopted the clean, substantial ones with which Miss Caroline had provided her. One by one she fell into her gentle mistress's ways. She worked better, took more interest, and grew more quiet. Before long she kept the house as neat and shining as Miss Caroline had done in her best and younger days. Once in a while Miss Caroline would hear her singing the words of her favorite song. The girl had caught the melody from her.

"Jerusalem, Jerusalem, lift up your gates and sing,

Hosanna to the Highest, hosanna to our King."

Miss Caroline would smile over her crocheting, well pleased. "The child's happier," she would tell herself, "and better. I'm glad I had patience with her. I want to do all I can for the dear Master's sake."

One morning Miss Caroline found Lorraine sitting quietly in the kitchen. The work was done, and the sun came in, making a bright square on the white, scrubbed floor. There was a new expression on Lorraine's face, something unlike any look that had ever before marked it.

"My dear," said Miss Caroline, in her sweet way, "what is it?"

For answer the girl threw her apron over her head. "I'm so wicked, Miss Caroline," she sobbed. "I've been such a disobedient girl; I've said and done things I'm sorry for now. I've blamed it all on other people, when it was partly my own sinful heart. Maybe if I'd have been better to them, they would have been better to me. Since I've been here, I see things in a different light, and it's come to this, Miss Caroline: I want to be a Christian, like you. What must I do?"

Miss Caroline laid a gentle hand on the curly head. The curls were tidy now. Her motherly heart was thrilled.

"Not any great thing, Lorraine," she answered. "Just take Christ into your heart, and love him and believe in him. We may find it hard, Lorraine, most of us do; but if we keep our lives pure, our hearts free from all evil, some day we shall see him. You don't know how happy you have made me. I'm an old woman now, and I haven't very many years left, and it's sweet to me to know I've helped some one."

She went into her room and closed the door. Then she knelt down. In the kitchen Lorraine was singing tremulously the chorus of "The Holy City." Somehow, the words of the song seemed to float into her prayer, and become a part of it. For the thought of her heart was in the words:—

"Jerusalem, Jerusalem, lift up your gates and sing,
Hosanna to the Highest, hosanna to our King."
—Selected.

A Kind Word

A KIND word was spoken, the fetters were broken,
A captive went happily free;
And were you, my brother, less blest than the
other,—
As happy as happy could be?

Would ever you rue it if you would but do it,—
Cheer somebody else every day?
Do something for mother, help some one or
other?

If you would just live as you pray,

The skies would be brighter, and hearts would
be lighter,
And earth as by bird carols stirred;
For too rare is the blessing, I'm humbly confess-
ing,
Too seldom we hear a kind word.

B. F. M. SOURS.

Talks with Our Boys

Boys who wish to be successful will cultivate the acquaintance of their parents. Many boys are better acquainted with almost any one else in their neighborhood than with their own father and mother. Yet there is no one in the world who could and would help them as much, or sacrifice as much to their interests. Boys, open your heart to your father, and he will open his to you. You will not only find that he sympathizes with your plans and ambitions, but that he feels a pride in them. Besides, he has acquired, by years in the school of experience, a fund of wisdom and hard-headed common sense that will be of the greatest benefit to you.

Too few boys show any real affection for their mothers. The lot of many a mother is hard enough at the best. From early till late she toils for her children, and often her heart goes hungry for the love and confidence of her boys. Nothing lightens the burden of a mother so much as to have her big, manly boy put his arm around her, and give her a hearty, loving kiss; nothing makes her burdens seem as nothing so surely as to know that she is tenderly loved by those whose love means most of all the world to her.

But we are looking at the question from the boy's side, rather than from the mother's. And there is nothing that so ennobles and refines a boy as an intimate, devoted acquaintance with, and love for, his mother. The world, too, honors the boy who honors his mother,—who is quick to see her need, prompt to share her burdens, and steadfastly loyal to her wishes. It is refreshing to see a big-hearted, awkward farmer's boy come into the house after his long day's work, and look about for the things to do whereby he may save mother a few steps,—bringing water from the well, filling the woodbox, even wiping the dishes, and helping sweep and straighten the kitchen. It is not the work that is doing this boy good—it is the character developed by his loving thoughtfulness of his mother.

But, boys, do not think your work is done when you know and honor and love your parents. That is one of the steps on the highway to true success, and a very important one. Never forget that you must use every moment to the best of your ability in order to improve the talents that the Master has intrusted to your care.

FLOYD BRALLIAR.

The Folly of Oversensitiveness

OVERSENSITIVE people are usually very fine-grained, highly organized, and intelligent, and, if they could overcome this weakness, would become capable, conscientious workers. This failing—for it is a failing, and a very serious one, too,—is an exaggerated form of self-consciousness, which, while entirely different from egotism or conceit, causes self to loom up in such large proportions on the mental retina as to overshadow everything else. The victim of it feels that, wherever he goes, whatever he does, he is the center of observation, and that all eyes, all thoughts, are focused upon him. He imagines that people are criticising his movements and his person, and making fun at his expense; when, in reality, they are not thinking of him, and perhaps did not see him.—*June Success.*

A Puzzle

SAMSON once propounded this riddle: "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness." Judges 14:14. The answer is given in the eighteenth verse: "What is sweeter than honey? and what is stronger than a lion?" Some time before this, Samson had slain one of these ferocious animals, and passing by later, found honey in its carcass.

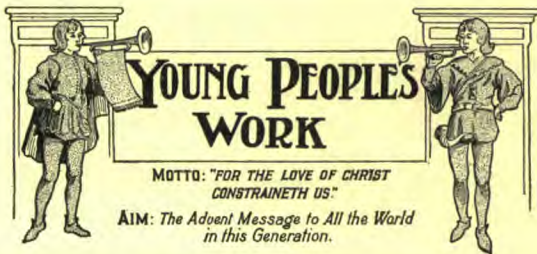
Sometimes the most disastrous things prove most beneficial in the life. Fire destroys. It is fierce and strong; but what sweetness it imparts in winter; and what assistance it gives in preparing food. Water drowns and devastates. It destroys ships, and washes away barriers made by human hands. But to the parched earth, the thirsty beasts, and human beings, how refreshing! Without it there would be no rain, no dews, indeed no life at all. Temptations cause unhappiness. They come in strength when we least expect them. But what sweetness to him who overcomes! "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him." Afflictions are

fierce. They eat away the vitality of one's being. Yet what sweetness is there in this: "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." We do not understand God's ways till we view circumstances in God's light.

My friend's barn was on fire. There was no fire company, no hose, little water. It was only a few moments before the farmers around were aroused from their sleep, but they could render little assistance. The owner ran to the shed, and set the cows free, and then ran to the stall where his favorite horse was stamping and snorting with fear. The smoke was intense. Thrusting out his hand to unfasten the halter, he grasped the hand of another. Instantly came the thought that it was the hand of the incendiary. His anger rose, but mercy prevailed. He dragged the person from the burning building, and as the light of the lantern and flame fell on the face, lo, it was his own daughter. She had rushed to the stall before him, but had been overcome by the smoke. He was happily mistaken in his captive.

How true it is that some things which look appalling and destructive to us, seem altogether different when viewed in the light of God's face. Do not be hasty in your decisions. Jump not quickly at conclusions; for many things, like the lion that Samson slew, may be blessings in disguise, imparting sweetness to your life.

WM. P. PEARCE.



"CLOSER is the Lord's protection
Than a near-investing wall;
Closer than a moat about me,
Closer than a tower tall;
Closer than a suit of armor,
Or my hands or feet can be;
For against mine own assailing,
His protection keepeth me."

A Unique Fourth of July

A HAPPY company of about fifty young people of the Battle Creek Young People's Society gathered in the Review and Herald chapel, on the morning of the Fourth of July, to sew for our mission in Nyassaland, East Central Africa. The church in this place is supporting Brother and Sister Booth in this mission, and is planning to send them soon a shipment of about two thousand garments for their converts, as one of the first evidences that a man's heart is being touched by the gospel in that benighted land is his request for clothes.

The young people have taken hold of this work enthusiastically, and already have collected a sufficient amount of money to purchase cloth for about one hundred and fifty garments. These were cut out and begun on the morning of the Fourth.

While the young men measured and cut the loin-cloths and sashes and neatly folded the hems for the machine, the young ladies were grouped around the eight sewing-machines in merry companies, either stitching the hems already prepared, or basting and stitching dressing jackets for the women, or little shirting suits for the boys, or slips for the little girls.

The national colors were prominent in every part of the room; but instead of simple merry-making, nimble fingers were rapidly transforming the red, white, and blue—for these were the prevailing colors—into garments that would make happy the hearts that were just awakening to the glorious liberty of the children of God.

ESTELLA HOUSER.

Battles between Truth and Falsehood

STUDY PREPARED FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETINGS

Lesson XIV—The Son of Man

(July 20-26)

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.

Never forget that our champion—He who fought so bravely for our liberty—is ours now, just as much as he was nineteen hundred years ago.

God did not simply loan his Son to us for a short time. God gave his Son to us. God's dear Son lived a perfect life on earth as a man. As a man, he suffered weariness, pain, and sorrow. He worked at an earthly trade, thus dignifying all honest toil. As a man, he bore our sins on the tree. As a man, he triumphed over death. As a man, he went to our Father. There is a man at the royal court of heaven. A man sits enthroned at God's right hand. As a man, he will judge the world. As a man, he will come again to take his family home, that we may live with him.

We have a Friend at court—yes, more than a Friend. Our Brother is there, and he has taught us to say, "Our Father who art in heaven."

"Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift!"

Outline

God gave his Son to us. John 3:16.
Jesus gave himself to me. Gal. 2:20. Can you say it truly?

Jesus was a child of man, of Abraham. Heb. 2:16.

He was tempted just as you are. Heb. 4:15.
He knew all the sorrows of men. Isa. 53:3, 4.
He was a humble carpenter. Mark 6:3.

He was the same man—Jesus—after his resurrection. Luke 24:36-43; Matt. 17:9.

As a man, he is now at the right hand of God. Acts 7:56; Heb. 12:1, 2.

God will judge the world by that man. Acts 17:30, 31; John 5:22, 27.

As a man, he will come for his people. Matt. 24:30, 31, 44; 25:14, 31.

Notes

I hope none of our young people will be satisfied with the study of the few texts that are given in these lessons. Take your concordance, and look up such expressions as "the Son of man."

When we have a clear idea of God's plan for saving men, then we shall be prepared to understand the prophecies, the three messages, and other present-day truths. We must see the truth as it is in Jesus. May God give every one of us a love for him, who is the truth, till we shall reflect him to others. LUTHER WARREN.

An Empty Phrase

"No," said Miss Henrietta, "I shouldn't say that Sarah belonged to the church. I know that's the usual way to put it; but if words mean anything at all, it doesn't seem fair to twist their meaning. Sarah belongs, first and always, to herself, and when she joined the church, she had no idea of actually belonging to it, whatever. Her time doesn't belong to it, her spending-money doesn't belong to it, her friendships and ambitions and desires don't belong to it. If she does church work, she does it as a favor. If she gives a little more than usual, she thinks herself truly generous. There isn't one inch of Sarah, not even the tip of her little finger, that really belongs to the church, to-day.

"Sarah wouldn't like it if you told her so, though. She thinks that those who don't join any church are not quite what they ought to

be in the way of propriety and good form. She doesn't believe in 'religious excitement,' or 'too much enthusiasm,' or 'old-fashioned strictness,' but she is very particular about religion, she will tell you. Whenever religion doesn't interfere with any other plans she has for her life, she considers it, and accepts it. That is what she calls belonging to the church, and to doubt her position never occurs to her.

"I wonder how Sarah would feel if anything that belonged to her was only hers in the same sense. Suppose her money refused to be spent by her, and her time reduced itself to five minutes a day, and her feet and hands wouldn't move the way she wanted them to, but did exactly what they chose, instead? A deaf and dumb pauper, and crippled at that, would be about as useful a belonging for any church to have as Sarah is to it. It's lucky that some members do belong, and know what the word means, and live up to it, or things would be in a bad way. I'm not saying that I belong, myself, to the church as much as I ought to; but the more I look at Sarah, the more I want to belong, through and through, to my religion, and not slip out of all my obligations, instead," and Miss Henrietta shook her head and opened her Bible to the Beatitudes. —Selected.

What Will You Do without Him?

I COULD not do without Him!
Jesus is more to me
Than all the richest, fairest gifts
Of earth could ever be;
But the more I find him precious,
And the more I find him true,
The more I long for you to find
What he can be to you.

You need not do without him,
For he is passing by.
He is waiting to be gracious,
Only waiting for your cry;
He is waiting to receive you,
To make you all his own!
Why will you do without him,
And wander on alone?

Why will you do without him?
Is he not kind indeed?
Did he not die to save you?
Is he not all you need?
Do you not want a Saviour?
Do you not want a Friend,
One who will love you faithfully,
And love you to the end?

Why will you do without him?
He calls and calls again:
"Come unto me! Come unto me!"
O, shall he call in vain?
He wants to have you with him;
Do you not want him, too?
You can not do without him,
And he wants—even you
—Frances Ridley Havergal.

From Ashland, Oregon

WE have a Society consisting of eighteen members; two others have promised to join soon. We hold our meetings every Sabbath afternoon, using the programs given in the INSTRUCTOR. At roll-call each responds with a verse of Scripture. Our missionary meeting last Sabbath was very interesting, nearly all present taking part. The attendance at the meetings of the Society is excellent.

Last month part of our members went to a neighboring Sabbath-school one Sabbath; and as their attendance is very small, and with no young people at all, they were more than pleased with the visit. One dear sister said: "I feel just as if a minister had been here, and am very glad to see the interest taken in us by our young folks."

As our church here has no library, we decided to try to get up one, and have several books now. We are thankful for every opportunity the Lord gives us to work for him.

A. HUENERGARDT.



CHILDREN'S PAGE



'Twas Our Father

LITTLE beam of silvery light,
Who has made you shine so bright?
'Twas our Father.

Little bird with golden wing,
Who has taught you how to sing?
'Twas our Father.

Little blossom, sweet and rare,
Who has made you bloom so fair?
'Twas our Father.

Little streamlet in the dell,
Who has made you — can you tell?
'Twas our Father.

Little girl with face so bright,
Who has made your heart so light?
Who has made your voice to sing
Like the merry birds of spring?
'Twas our Father.

ALL:

'Twas our Father, God above;
He has made us; he is love.

W. A. SPICER.

How the Nyassaland Mission Work Began in the Battle Creek Church School

"Good morning, Doctor! what brings you here this morning? None of us are ill."

"O, it is the Nyassaland Mission. The women of Africa are in need of clothes, and do you not remember the promise made Mr. Booth when he told us about them?"

Indeed I did remember that, for my own part and also the children's, we had offered to do something for those poor women who will walk miles and miles to get something to wear. The preaching of the gospel has just this influence upon people,—it leads them to change their garments. Even the heathen, who often, among themselves, are contented with nothing but a string of beads to cover their nakedness, are glad to put on the simple clothes which Christianity provides.

"We already have on hand a small mission fund of about twelve dollars; I am certain that

Creek, and each one ought to have a set of garments for patterns. Let us read this letter from Sister Booth; you will see from it what garments we ought to make:"—

"LONDON, May 16, 1902."

"Dear Mrs. Prescott and all the Sisters of the Battle Creek Church:

"Though we have never met, and clasped each other's hands, yet we need not feel strangers to each other; for are we not one in faith, in purpose, and in a desire to be banded together, that by us and through us and in us the Lord's will may be done, and the advent message be carried throughout the earth? The very kindly welcome given us by Dr. and Mrs. Waggoner and others of the brethren and sisters here assures us that this is so; and as the days go by, though we may not look into each other's faces, still may we not come to know each other by correspondence?"

"I wish to take this opportunity to speak of the clothing for the natives,—in particular that of the African women,—this being a part of the work in which I trust all the sisters will take a deep interest.

"The calico or muslin loin-cloth, with the sash and simple waist or blouse,—in all cases made with short sleeves,—is intended to take the place of the goat-skin or girdle of bark cloth, which is the only covering of the great majority of African women.

"The samples sent by Elder Spicer [Elder Spicer went to New York City at the time the Booths sailed] are intended to give a general idea of what is needed. The waist-cloth is always the same, not to be joined round as a skirt—sim-

when they are fortunate enough to get one. . . . Good, strong shirts in all sizes are always needed.

"It would be well if the Dorcas societies would enter into this work with real good will, and go right on till enough garments are ready to fill several good-sized boxes or barrels. We can never have too many.

"Yours in Christian bonds,

"ANNIE S. BOOTH."



SHOWING SOME OF THE FINISHED GARMENTS

The letter was plain enough. A little girl's dress, a small boy's shirt and trousers, a woman's sack and loin-cloth with sash, and a man's shirt and loin-cloth,—these were the garments suggested, eight pieces in all, and costing not over two dollars. Just think, a family of four clothed for two dollars!

Well, we went to work. Twelve dollars was not enough, so we asked for more. Our funds finally amounted to about eighteen dollars, and this bought our cloth. Sixty yards of sheeting for the loin-cloths, fifty yards of unbleached muslin for shirts and little girls' dresses, thirty-five yards of seersucker for the boys' trousers and shirts, thirty-five yards of pink calico for the women's sacks, and fifteen yards of turkey red for trimming,—this was indeed a lot of cloth for school-children to make up, and that during the closing days of school!

Of course this work made a change in our program: we could not sew and recite too. Therefore we sewed for two whole days. The loin-cloths were turned over to the little people. There were twenty of them, each three yards long and a yard and a quarter wide. The children turned the hems and basted them, while one of the small boys, whose mother had taught him to use a machine, stitched them. Every boy and girl in the school had a hand in this work. Some cut out the garments; others basted them together and stitched them; while still others finished off, hemming, overcasting, and making buttonholes.

"Do you think there will be enough clothes for them all?" asked Helen, one day, as we were sewing. Before I could answer, there flashed into my mind a glimpse of our high commission, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel;" and as I thought how abundant and free the gospel is (surely "freely" we have received, and freely, too, we should give), I answered, "Yes, indeed; there will be enough clothes for all those dark people who accept their Saviour.



ONE OF THE SEWING CLASSES

our boys and girls will be glad to give this money toward the work. How many clothes do you think it will provide?"

"Let me tell you our plan," said Dr. S.— "There are ten districts in our church in Battle

ply left to wind round the body. These may be in different sizes, the smaller ones being useful for the children. A garment much like a child's nightdress, with or without a yoke and with short sleeves, is also needed for the little girls. The boys wear a loin-cloth and a little vest or shirt,

What we lack, some one else will make up,— and get the blessing, too!"

Two days by no means finished the work. In all, there were seventy-five garments to be cut and made, and even at close of school there was still much finishing to do.

The work was indeed heavy; but the children were willing, and "many hands made light work." Early they came, and late they stayed, to sew on the Nyassaland Mission garments. For one week nearly every morning two or three children were on hand as early as half-past seven, and we seldom finished work before six at night.

We could not have done the work without our boys; they indeed filled a good place. As for their sewing,— just come and see for yourselves. It is better than *many* girls can do. During the first term of our school year all the boys learned to sew, and now they have given us a good return. Of course they did not all like sewing at first, and some even never really thought it just the thing for boys; but when the Nyassaland Mission demanded their help, who was going to stand back?

Sometimes we *forget* our privileges and do not *see* our opportunities. Nothing of the whole creation liveth unto itself, except the selfish heart of man. Every tree, every shrub, gives its life to God's creatures. Even the life-blood, as it courses through the body, does not stop to nourish the channels through which it flows, but hastens on to other parts, afterward to return and give to the vessels which carried it. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days." ONE OF THE TEACHERS.

What Ailed Dicky Dill?

You have heard the story of Dicky Dill
And the singular ailment he had, no doubt?
It was hardly a case for powder or pill,
And just what it was that made him ill,
Nobody ever could quite find out.

For every day, when his school-time came,
With barely a dozen rods to go,
His back grew weak, and his legs grew lame,—
Though he always could run to the football
game
That was ten times farther away, you know!

And, whenever he weeded the garden-bed,
Poor Dicky, it made him fret and frown!
For he found that the stooping hurt his head,—
Though he always could hang from a beam in the
shed
For more than a minute upside down!

And nobody knows just what to do,
Nor why he should be so strangely ill!
What do you say, boys, such of you
As read his singular story through,—
Were you ever troubled like Dicky Dill?
—*Junior C. E. World.*

Where the Honey Went

"DON," said Mama Howe, "I wish you'd take those boxes of honey that are up in the back attic, and put them in the tin cake-box in the

the honey that day. Several times afterward it came into his mind, but always when he could not conveniently attend to it.

A fortnight passed, and Aunt Ruie came. The table was set for tea.

"Run now, and get the honey, Don. You know where you put it," said mama.

Don gave a sudden start, and turned very red in the face; but mama did not notice. He hurried up to the attic. There were the honey boxes on the old blue platter on a table. O, nothing had happened to them after all! He gave a sigh of relief as he took up a box. Why, what made it so light? A little brown ant dropped out of it, and scampered off. He held it up to the light. Not a drop of honey was left. He picked up one after another. All had been served the same way. The little thieves scattered in all directions.

It seemed to Don at first that he could not go down and tell mama and Aunt Ruie. But he did, bravely and manfully. And he took money out of his bank to buy more honey. That came hard, when he was trying so hard to save money



Fig. 17

for a microscope, but he did not feel nearly so bad about that as he did about losing his mother's confidence.—*Epworth Herald.*

HIDE thou thy griefs,
But let thy joys be known;
Doubts will be brief
If faith shall claim its own.
Pain is a gain,
Sorrow a glorious strife;
Death is a breath,
And love is lord of life.
—*Dr. Oliver Huckel.*

The Boy Who Deceived His Teacher

THE boy who used to boast of getting the best of his teacher has been heard from. The same traits of character which tempted him to deceive his teacher into believing that he had solved his problems and completed his tasks himself, led him to cheat his employer, to idle whenever his back was turned, and to clip his day's work, until he finally lost his position.

His lack of education—the result of cheating his teacher—has proved a perpetual handicap, and has lost him many a good situation. His dishonesty, which started in the schoolroom, has grown until nobody will trust him, and he has no credit nor standing in his community.

As a boy, he thought himself very clever in

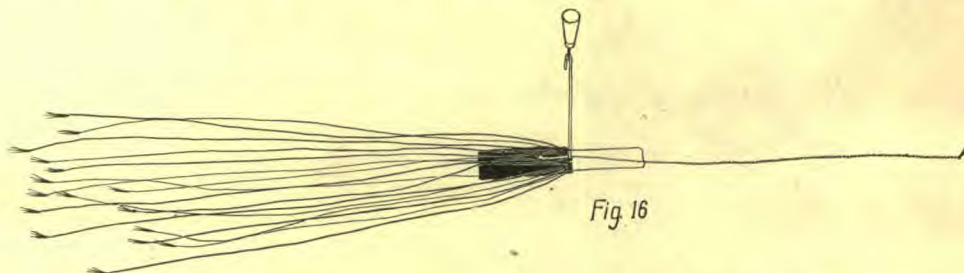


Fig. 16

old cupboard. I want to keep them till Aunt Ruie comes. She's so fond of honey!"

"All right, mama," responded Don. And he started up the attic stairs. But just then he heard Bert Dunn's merry whistle as he drove past. He thought of something about which he wished to see Bert, and turned and hurried out to stop him. And they had so many plans to make together that he thought no more about

being able to dodge his lessons and impose upon his teacher; but he realizes now that the person cheated was himself. In those precious days of youth, he robbed himself of pearls of great value which he never will be able to recover.

The thief of time and opportunity often thinks he is enriching himself, but he awakes one day to the truth that he is poorer and meaner for the theft.—*Success.*

Braiding and Weaving Horse Hair

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Weaving with Warp and Woof

(Continued)

JUST before the weaving reaches the end of the place where the warp was first wrapped around the threads of woof to bind them to the base, the knots on the ends of these threads should be cut off with a sharp knife; for if the weaving is continued over them, they will make a rough, uneven ring in the finished work. As it is, there will be a ring at the end where the work was begun, and extending as far as the warp was wrapped, which will be as much larger than the rest of the work as the combined thickness of the warp and woof. For practise pieces this will be of no consequence, and for some kinds of large work it will really be an advantage, as it gives the ends a finished appearance. But for small and delicate work it will be better to cut away enough of the base to make it all the same size after the warp has been wrapped

around it. This will be readily understood when you come to try the work.

In making short pieces of this kind of work, it is best to select, for the woof, threads of hair that are long enough to finish it without splicing. But in covering canes, whips, or other articles of considerable length, this will be impossible; for, it will be remembered, a thread will weave only about one fourth of its length. Under such circumstances splicing will be necessary, and it is well to try splicing a few threads before the actual necessity arises. Where it is known that splicing must be resorted to, it is best to select threads of different lengths, so that they will not all have to be spliced at the same time. Otherwise the introduction of all the threads of the woof near the same place will make a bulge in the finished article that will detract from its appearance.

When there remains only about three inches of a thread, it is time to introduce a new one to take its place. To do this, place the thread parallel with the base, and pass one end under the warp and up between the latter and the finished work, as shown in Fig. 16. Then continue the weaving just as if the new thread were not there, until only about an inch of the old one remains. By that time the new thread will be so firmly held against the base by the warp that has been repeatedly wound around it that there will be no danger of its pulling out. Now when you come to the old thread, instead of taking a stitch with it, bring the new one up between the warp and the woven work. Then leave both, and continue the weaving till you come to them again. Make the regular stitch with the new thread, and then pull the old one down under the warp, between the latter and the woven work. Proceed with the weaving till the old thread is nearly covered; then cut off what remains of the end of the latter, and the splicing will be complete. In this manner, it will be seen, one end of every thread that is introduced after the work begins will be left projecting on the outside of the weaving. After the work is finished, these ends are drawn out slightly, and cut off with a sharp knife. The elasticity of the hair will draw the ends back into the weaving, so that the sharpest eye can not detect where the splice was made.

The warp ought by all means to be long enough to finish the work; but if, through carelessness or accident, it is necessary to splice it, both the old and the new warp must be divided in halves for a short distance. Discard half of the old warp, and bring half of the new into its place, as shown in Fig. 17. Continue the weaving a little more than one revolution, when the remainder of the old warp may be changed for the new in a similar manner.

There are two ways of hiding the ends of the threads where this kind of work is finished. One is to cover them with needlework. The other and better way is to pass each thread through a needle, draw it down between the base and the weaving, then up through the latter, cutting off the part that remains exposed.

J. EDGAR ROSS.



THE YOUTH'S LESSON

IV—The Captives in Babylon

(July 26)

MEMORY VERSE: "Though Noah, Daniel, and Job were in it, as I live, saith the Lord God, they shall deliver neither son nor daughter; they shall but deliver their own souls by their righteousness." Eze. 14: 20.

LESSON SCRIPTURE: DAN. 1: 1-7.

Questions

1. When did the king of Babylon first besiege Jerusalem?
2. Who gave Nebuchadnezzar the victory over Jehoiakim?
3. What trophies also fell into his hands?
4. Into what land did he carry them?
5. Where did he put them?
6. From among the captives in Babylon what selection did Nebuchadnezzar request the master of his eunuchs to make?
7. What were the special tests to which these captives were submitted?
8. For what purpose did Nebuchadnezzar choose them?
9. What was the nature of the language which he wished them to learn? Jer. 5: 15 and Eze. 3: 5.
10. How many years did he allow them in which to learn it?
11. About how old was Daniel at this time? See note.
12. According to the educational systems of to-day, how long would it take you to learn as hard a language as the Chaldean, so as to be able to converse with a king?
13. What kind of training must Daniel have had, to pass such an examination as was given him by the master of the eunuchs?
14. Where did Daniel get this training? See note.
15. What special provision did Nebuchadnezzar appoint the captives whom he wished to educate?
16. What verse shows that Daniel and his fellows were not the only princes of Israel chosen?
17. What names were given to them instead of their own?
18. In honor of whom were these names given? Dan. 4: 8. See Bible Dictionary.
19. What do the names Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael, and Azariah mean? See Bible Dictionary.

Notes

1. "Daniel was but eighteen years old when brought into a heathen court in service to the king of Babylon; and because of his youth, his noble resistance of wrong and his steadfast adherence to the right are the more admirable." — "Testimonies for the Church," Vol. IV, page 570.
2. At the time Daniel was taken captive, the educational advantages in Jerusalem were very few. There is a Hebrew maxim which says that Jerusalem was destroyed because the education of her children was neglected. The history of that time certainly confirms this. From the days of Hezekiah, all the kings of Judah, except Josiah, patterned after the heathen, and so educated their children. In Josiah's reign only do we find a school in Jerusalem (2 Chron. 34: 22); but during the years that followed, the Lord's prophets

were mocked and derided, and finally put in prison. Such was the case with Jeremiah, while the prophet Ezekiel, when very young, was sent to prophesy to the people of Israel, captives in the land of the Chaldeans. Eze. 1: 1.

In such a time there were a few Hebrew mothers who believed that their sons would probably be taken captives to Babylon according to the prophecy given to Hezekiah (Isa. 39: 7), and accordingly trained them for that experience. See "Christian Education," page 60.

3. This first chapter of Daniel contrasts the Lord's plan of education and Babylon's. There was a controversy stirring in Nebuchadnezzar's heart over the true God. He took the vessels of the house of God, and put them in the house of his god, and out of them wine was drunk to the praise of gods of gold, and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone. Dan. 5: 4. The Lord sent Daniel and his fellows to Babylon to show the king of Babylon the truth. And still further, the Lord sent his people there to learn the same. If Zedekiah had gone willingly, he would have saved Jerusalem from being burned with fire.

THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

IV—The Flood

(July 26)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: GENESIS 7.

MEMORY VERSE: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea." Ps. 46: 1, 2.

(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.)

When the ark was finished, and Noah and his family were safely inside, and everything had been done for the people that God could do to save them, "the Lord shut him in." No man can open the door that God shuts, and so there was no longer any opportunity for any one else to come into the ark.

Yet it was seven days more before the flood came. No doubt the wicked people outside laughed at Noah and mocked him, as day after day passed, and not a drop of rain fell from the sky.

But after seven days the rain poured down from heaven, and the waters gushed up from the depths of the earth, and the sea overflowed the land. Then the waters covered the face of the earth as they did in the beginning before God divided the waters above from the waters below the firmament, and gathered the waters below unto one place.

We learned that it was by his word that God gathered the waters together, and by his word that they were held up in the sky and kept in the sea. But the people had not thought of God, and thanked him for his loving care. They had lived as if there were no God, and had made the earth corrupt.

Then the word of God that was holding the waters let them go again over the earth to cleanse it. And every living thing was swept off the face of the earth; for the waters covered the tops of the highest mountains. But the ark went safely upon the face of the waters.

After the flood, the waters were again divided and gathered together by the breath of the Lord. Some of the water was carried up again into the sky, and some was gathered into the seas.

The earth was quite changed by the flood. In the beginning its depths were stored with water, for God "stretched out the earth above the waters." But the surface of the earth was all broken up when "the fountains of the great deep" burst up from beneath.

The word of God tells us that all things are not now as they were in the beginning; for "the world that then was, being overflowed with water, perished. But the heavens that now are, and the earth, by the same word, have been stored with fire, being reserved against the day of judgment and destruction of ungodly men." 2 Peter 3: 7, Revised Version, margin.

Through the breaking up of the ground, and

the mighty wind that blew the waters back to their appointed place, great forests were buried under the earth. These have since been changed to coal that is now dug out of the earth, and used for the comfort and service of man. In this we see how merciful God is, even in his anger.

But large quantities of oil come from the coal-beds underneath the earth, and the coal and oil take fire, and burn in the heart of the earth, heating the rocks, boiling the water, and melting the metals, which are thrown up by burning mountains. So since the flood, the earth has, as God's word tells us, been "stored with fire." These fires in the earth cause volcanic eruptions and earthquakes. And so the flood brought a heavier curse upon the earth because of man's sin.

Not the earth only, but the heavens—the air—also was changed at this time. It is much more heavily loaded with moisture than in the beginning, and these vapors form heavy clouds, such as were never seen before the flood. The lightnings which dart from the clouds, sometimes doing great damage, show that the heavens also are "stored with fire."

The fires with which the heavens and earth are stored will be used by God to destroy the wicked and cleanse the earth again. In the days of the flood, the waters above joined the waters below, and changed the earth into a great sea. In the day of judgment the fires within the earth will burst forth, and join those that come from the heavens, until the whole world is melted into a lake of fire. This will cleanse the earth, and prepare for the new heavens and new earth, where God's people will dwell forever.

Questions

1. How many human beings went into the ark? Verse 13. Why did God save the family of Noah?
2. How were they made secure in the ark? When once God had shut the door of the ark, what hope of salvation was left for those outside?
3. Did the flood come as soon as the door of the ark was shut? What did this give the people outside opportunity to do?
4. What took place after seven days? Did the waters come only from above?
5. What did the earth become like? 2 Peter 3: 6.
6. How had the waters been held back?
7. How long did the rain fall?
8. How long was the water on the earth?
9. How was the water divided again? Gen. 8: 1.
10. What is keeping it to-day in its appointed place? 2 Peter 3: 7.
11. How do we know that all things are not now as they were in the beginning? 2 Peter 3: 6.
12. Tell some of the changes that the flood made in the earth.
13. With what are the earth and heavens now stored? 2 Peter 3: 7, Revised Version.
14. What use will be made of this fire in the day of judgment?
15. What will come forth from the lake of fire? 2 Peter 3: 13.

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"In Partnership with the Sun"

THE great problem before the mechanical world to-day is how to secure power in the most economical manner. The utilization of the unlimited power which is constantly going to waste in the movement of ocean waves has been the subject of a great deal of experimentation; and no doubt the day is not far distant when some of this enormous force will be transformed into electrical energy, and it, in turn, changed into mechanical energy to run the machinery of our factories, the trains on our railroads, and be utilized in a thousand other useful ways. There can be no doubt that most of us will live to see this actually realized; for the obstacles to be encountered are no greater than those which have already been surmounted in the achievement of other mechanical triumphs by the inventive genius of this wonderful age.

For a number of years the sun's rays have been utilized for the purpose of heating water. A window somewhat resembling a skylight, is placed in a roof, and the sun's rays are centered upon the water below, thus serving to heat, in a short time, a large quantity of water to a temperature from sixty to eighty degrees higher than the surrounding atmosphere. This is a very economical means of heating water, as there is absolutely no expense connected with it except



FIFTEEN HORSE-POWER SOLAR MOTOR

the small amount required to set up the solar water-heater.

Some idea of the amount of energy stored in the sun's rays may be gathered from the statement of an eminent scientist, that every four square feet of sunshine, as it covers the earth's surface, contains latent energy equal to one horse-power. If all the energy of the sun's rays falling upon one square mile of the earth's surface could be utilized, this would be equivalent to nearly seven million horse-power. For generations it has been the dream of the aspiring inventor successfully to convert this enormous energy into mechanical power; but until very recently all the contrivances that have been produced for this purpose have been little more than toys.

During the last two or three years, however, the problem seems to have been practically solved, and a number of solar motors are now in successful operation. One of the best known is that which pumps the water for the ostrich farm near Pasadena, California. This motor develops eleven horse-power, and pumps fourteen hundred gallons of water every minute. This is said to be sufficient to irrigate three hundred acres of

oranges. The accompanying picture gives an idea of its general construction. The basin-shaped reflector concentrates the sun's rays upon the boiler, which is in the center. Imagining the basin to be an inverted umbrella, the boiler corresponds to what would be its handle. The interior of the reflector is lined with seventeen hundred and eighty-eight small mirrors, so placed as to reflect the sun's rays upon this boiler. Thus sufficient heat is generated quickly to convert the water into steam. A piece of wood placed near the boiler will burst almost instantly into flames. This gives a fair idea of the intense amount of heat produced by centering upon a small area the sunshine that falls upon the space represented by the reflector.

It is evident that this basin-shaped reflector must constantly face the sun in order for the reflected rays to fall directly upon the boiler in the center. In order to effect this, it is constantly being moved by an electric clock-work arrangement similar to that employed in keeping a large telescope constantly focused upon a star in spite of the earth's rotation upon its axis, which tends continually to carry the telescope out of line with the star under observation. In the construction of this solar motor, not only must the continual motion of the earth upon its axis be taken into consideration, but also that rotation of the earth which causes the sun to appear to be near the zenith in summer, and to recede toward the south in winter.

The solar motor is especially intended for desert areas, where fuel is scarce, and sunshine plentiful. Some of these arid districts would be the most productive agricultural tracts in the country if they could only be supplied with the necessary water, but they are too far from the mountains to be irrigated. It has been predicted that erelong solar motors will be "seen all over the desert as thick as windmills in Holland, and they will make the desert to blossom as the rose." In Nevada, Utah, Arizona, and Southern California, the sun shines almost uninterruptedly, ninety per cent of the days being clear. The solar motor is an effort to use the surplus sunshine above the earth to bring up the surplus water from its depths to water the arid lands. In some localities, nature has settled this matter satisfactorily by bringing the water to the surface in the form of flowing wells.

We are living in an age when the problem of constructing a boat that will successfully travel under water, of building a machine that can be safely steered in mid-air, and of overcoming the blighting effects of continued drought are rapidly being solved. Has the thought of what God is enabling others to do in this age ever inspired you with a desire to do some great deed for the benefit and the betterment of humanity? You may never be able to invent a labor-saving device of such value as to cause your name to be inscribed high on the scroll of fame by appreciative humanity; but you have the wonderful opportunity of being among those whom the Master of all the Universe will finally commend because of their willingness cheerfully to give a cup of cold water, an encouraging word, and a smile, to the least of his disciples.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

"HABITS are easier untied than broken. One should unloose them by long-continued daily denials, not expecting to be rid of the temptation, the struggle, at once, but willing to continue putting off cord by cord, slowly, patiently, prayerfully, till the last strand of evil has been laid aside."



WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE WORLD.

BREATHING THE SAME AIR OVER.—French investigators have discovered a way to "regenerate" dead air so that it may be breathed again. The discovery is claimed to have value for divers, firemen, and others who must enter unbreathable atmosphere. But the ordinary individual has no need to carry about with him a device weighing twenty-six pounds, in order that he may breathe the same air over. He may have plenty of fresh air if he will—and all he needs to do is to breathe it. The trouble is, a great many don't even take time to breathe—properly. Some one has said that if every one had to pay a cent for each full, deep breath, no one would forget to take them. But fresh air is a free gift; is that why its blessings are so neglected and despised?

REPAIRING THE WHITE HOUSE.—During the summer the White House will undergo a thorough renovation. For some time there has been a good deal said about entirely remodeling the structure, or of adding wings at either end, or of modifying it in various other ways, to make it fill the demands made upon it for space. Now the question of office room for the president has been settled by building a new office structure to the west of the White House, and connected with it by a covered walk. The rooms heretofore occupied as offices in the executive mansion will be remodeled into sleeping rooms. The whole building will be put in a state of thorough repair.

NEW FOREST RESERVES.—The Senate has passed a bill providing for the purchase of four million acres of forest land in the Southern Appalachian Mountains, the same to become a national forest reserve. The price to be paid is not to exceed ten million dollars. If these lands are purchased, measures will be taken to preserve the hardwood forests which they bear. After five years the efforts of the advocates of the national park at the headwaters of the Mississippi seem to be crowned with success. A bill providing that two hundred and fifty thousand acres of the Chippewa reservation shall be reserved, the merchantable timber cut and marketed, and the tract "reforested," has been approved. "The spruce, birch, hemlock, and tamarack trees can not be touched, and the islands in the lakes, containing perhaps twenty-five thousand acres of primeval forest, including matured pines fully three hundred years old, must be undisturbed."

The friends of the forest reserve at the source of the Mississippi River sought to have the entire Chippewa reservation of six hundred and fifty thousand acres retained, but succeeded in reserving only two hundred and fifty thousand acres.

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