

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

Vol. L.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., JULY 24, 1902.

No. 30.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

God's Love

IN every plant and flower
God's power and love we see;
But greater far, he sent his Son
To die for you and me.

Oh, shall not we accept
This love so freely given,
And daily walk with him on earth,
And reign with him in heaven?

PAULINA M. A. ANDERSON.

The Story of Our Matabele Mission

The First Sabbath in Camp

AFTER traveling only a few miles, a far better stream and camping-ground were found free for all. Here the company spent their first Sabbath after the real journey had been begun, and their little Sabbath-school and meeting were heartily enjoyed by all. Friends at home were remembered, and the blessing that the brethren enjoyed made them sure that these same friends were remembering them at the throne of grace. Many times on their trip, when the blessing of the Lord was present in a marked manner, and their own hearts were watered and refreshed, they wrote that they were confident that friends in Cape Town, and in America as well, were pleading with their Heavenly Father in their behalf.

Even the animals seemed to enjoy this Sabbath of rest. The trip thus far had been a hard one. At about three o'clock in the afternoon an unfortunate experience occurred. The one who was watching the oxen had fallen asleep, and the oxen wandered away, and could not be found. This caused quite a stir in the camp. One ran this way, and another that, but all search was fruitless. Not a trace of the bullocks could be discovered in any direction. At this juncture two Kafirs came into the camp, and reported that oxen had been seen about fourteen miles back, on the road over which the party had just passed. Two of the brethren had already started back to Vryburg on foot, and the rest, after tying the horses and mules securely to the wagon wheels, retired for the night, feeling confident that even in a material sense the Master's injunction, "Watch," should be faithfully heeded.

In the morning they were compelled to hire a cart, at ten shillings a day; and, inspanning the mules, two more started back in search of the oxen. As there were fourteen of them, and they constituted the main means of transporting the freight, no further progress could be made until they were either found or replaced.

Four of the company were gone, and Brother Druillard was left alone. What made matters even worse, in the general haste and confusion, the loaded wagons were left standing near the stream. Now, with the oxen lost, the mules gone, and a rain-storm threatening, he had no way of moving the wagons; and by the lay of the ground he knew that if a storm should come, the goods would certainly be lost, as the stream would rise

to such a height that the wagons would go floating off down the country.

He carried the sugar, salt, bread, flour, and other perishable articles to a little knoll some distance from the wagons, and made every preparation to save as much as possible. The fact that they were in the Lord's work, and that the goods were his, and that he was able to care for them, gave him courage.

He spent the entire day carrying the goods where they would be secure, but heard nothing from the oxen or the hunters. Night came on, and still no one came to break the monotony of his lonely watch in the wilderness. In mentioning this experience, he says that although he did not at first thought relish the idea of sleeping alone in this wild country, with all the goods unprotected, after thinking the matter over, he was convinced that he had done all that he could, and that God was able and more than willing to do the rest. So, after committing all to his care, he lay down, and slept as soundly and as securely as if he had been in his own home at Cape Town, guarded by Her Majesty's standing army.

The morning dawned bright and clear, and the rain-storm had passed around, so all was safe. In the afternoon at four o'clock the brethren returned with the mules and cart. The oxen were found where they had been raised. Without waiting for rest for either teams or men, the party immediately struck camp, and was ready for the "trek," as the Dutch call it. Although all the teams but the horses had traveled over one hundred and seventy-five miles, the party was now only seventy-five miles from Vryburg, whence they had begun their journey about one week before. The delay had given opportunity, however, to pack the wagons in better shape. The washing was also done, plenty of ox-bows had been made, and everything was in good condition to resume the journey.

ESTELLA HOUSER.

(To be continued)

Search the Scriptures

THIS is the word that comes to us from Christ. Had it been essential for us to search the Fathers, he would have told us to do so. But the Fathers do not all speak the same thing. Which of them should we chose as a guide? There is no need for us to trust to such uncertainty. We pass by the Fathers to learn of God out of his word. This is life eternal, to know God. O, how thankful we should be that the Bible is the inspired word of God! Holy men of old wrote this word as they were moved by the Spirit.

The commentaries written about the word do not all agree. God does not ask us to be guided by them. It is his word with which we have to deal. All can search this word for themselves, knowing that the teaching of this precious book is unchangeable. The opinions of human beings differ, but the Bible always says the same thing. The word of God is from everlasting to everlasting.

God did not leave his word to be preserved in the memory of men, and handed down from generation to generation by oral transmission and

traditional unfolding. Had he done this, the word would gradually have been added to by men, and we should have been asked to receive the teachings of men. Let us thank God for his written word.

The Bible was not given for ministers and learned men only. The poor man needs it as much as the rich man, the unlearned as much as the learned. Every person, young and old alike, should read the Bible for himself. Do not depend on the minister to read it for you. The Bible is God's word to you. And Christ has made this word so plain that in reading it no one need stumble. Let the humble cottager read and understand the word given by the wisest Teacher the world has ever known; for among kings, governors, statesmen, and the world's most highly educated men, there is none greater than he.

"Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life." To search means to look diligently for something which has been lost. Search for the hidden treasures in God's word. You can not afford to be without them. Study the difficult passages, comparing verse with verse, and you will find that scripture is the key which unlocks scripture. Those who prayerfully study the Bible go from each search wiser than they were before. Some of their difficulties have been solved; for the Holy Spirit has done the work spoken of in the fourteenth chapter of John: "The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you."

Nothing worth having is obtained without earnest, persevering effort. In business, only those who have a will to do, see successful results. Without earnest toil we can not expect to obtain a knowledge of spiritual things. Those who obtain the jewels of truth must dig for them as a miner digs for the precious ore hidden in the earth. Those who work indifferently and half-heartedly will never succeed. Young and old should read the word of God; and not only should they read it, but they should study it with diligent earnestness, praying, believing, and searching. Thus they will find the hidden treasure; for the Lord will quicken their understanding.

In your study of the word, lay at the door of investigation your preconceived opinions and your hereditary and cultivated ideas. You will never reach the truth if you study the Scriptures to vindicate your own ideas. Leave these at the door, and with a contrite heart go in to hear what the Lord has to say to you. As the humble seeker for truth sits at Christ's feet, and learns of him, the word gives him understanding. To those who are too wise in their own conceit to study the Bible, Christ says, You must become meek and lowly in heart if you desire to become wise unto salvation.

Do not read the word in the light of former opinions; but with a mind free from prejudice, search it carefully and prayerfully. If, as you read, conviction comes, and you see that your cherished opinions are not in harmony with the word, do not try to make the word fit these

opinions. Make your opinions fit the word. Do not allow what you have believed or practised in the past to control your understanding. Open the eyes of your mind to behold wondrous things out of the law. Find out what is written, and then plant your feet on the eternal Rock.

Our salvation depends upon our knowledge of God's will as it is contained in his word. Never cease asking and searching for truth. You need to know your duty. You need to know what you must do to be saved. And it is God's will that you shall know what he has said to you. But you must exercise faith. As you search the Scriptures, you must believe that God is, and that he rewards those who diligently seek him.

O search the Bible with a heart hungry for spiritual food! Dig into the word as a miner digs into the earth to find the veins of gold. Do not give up your search till you have learned your relation to God and his will concerning you.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.



Look Ahead

I WOULD'N'T go back, if I were you,
To the town of Used-to-Be;
For you'd be too late to enter the gate,
And no one could find the key.

I'd go straight forward, if I were you,
To the city of Wideawake,
Where the great crowd pours through the open
doors,
Its place in the world to make.

Try to forget Disappointment Vale,
And the glade of Ne'er-Do-Well,
And make up your mind not to look behind
Where the doubts and shadows dwell.

Lift up your eyes to the future, lad,
With a manly gaze and true,
And hasten along with a hopeful song,
For the world has need of you.

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

The Forming of a Waterspout

A FEW years ago I watched the formation of a mammoth waterspout at sea. We had left Gibraltar well behind, and were passing out from under the coast of Granada into the open Mediterranean. A thunder-storm was passing to the northward, darkening the sea and sky. Suddenly a shadowy form appeared beneath the storm-clouds, as we watched. A fellow passenger and I thought it a sailing-vessel, enveloped in mist, and we fixed our eyes upon it closely, to see how it was meeting the storm.

Just then the changing lights showed us that we were watching the formation of a waterspout. The sheet of misty cloud hung over the sea a moment. Then the darker clouds above reached down a cone-like finger into the mist. The answering sea lifted a whirling wave skyward. The wave and the cloud clasped hands, the bank of mist swept into the broadening pillar, and we saw the giant waterspout go twisting and reeling over the sea. Thankful enough were we on ship-board that the unwelcome visitor was headed away from our path. But it churned up the sea until I, for one, went below, not to get out of my berth again until the sandy shores of Egypt greeted me from without the porthole.

W. A. SPICER.

The Chemistry of Thought

IN the laboratory of nature, both liquids and solids are made up of molecules, composed of atoms of various elements combined in certain definite proportions. Thus, two atoms of hydrogen and one of oxygen combine to form one mole-

cule of oxide of hydrogen, or water, indicated by the familiar symbol H_2O ; while two atoms of hydrogen and two of oxygen combine to form peroxide of hydrogen (H_2O_2), a powerful germicide. Some substances combine in such proportions as to form deadly poisons and terrific explosives.

Comparatively few people make a comprehensive study of natural chemistry; but in the laboratory of thought every human being is a student, and every one finds practical work awaiting him at the very threshold of life. Each brain has its own natural combinations, and only the great Master Chemist is able to eradicate that which is evil. The menstruum (the medium in which a substance is dissolved) of divine grace will dissolve all the solids of sin; for He has promised to take away the stony heart.

In natural chemistry, flame is employed to purge the dross, and filtering paper to separate the sediment. So in mental chemistry, the Spirit of God will consume the dross of sin, and his love will separate the smallest sediment of evil. The Master Chemist has committed to us the symbols of heaven, and has instructed us just how to combine them in the formation of a beautiful character. But the trouble is, we deliberately permit wrong combinations in the laboratory of thought, and as a result our mental equations are out of harmony with those of heaven. The reaction of our selfish mixtures is destructive to the test-tube of patience, and we are wont to become discouraged over our failures. How natural it is to fancy that we are slighted, that others do not pay us the deference which our importance deserves. How easy it is to permit a few molecules of jealousy to combine with a like proportion of self-esteem, and ere we are aware, to find that there is formed in the mind the deadly poison of hatred, which, if permitted to remain, will penetrate the entire being, and accomplish its ultimate ruin.

"Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts;" and O how deadly are their combinations! From these come all the results of sin. And yet in the laboratory of human minds is constantly being worked out the long list of direful experiments whose results are seen in the myriad forms of evil all about us. "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him: and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."

How different the combinations formed in the mental laboratory of him who chooses only such elements as are found in the laboratory of heaven: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

In that mind which keeps in store only such elements as these, no poisonous nor explosive reactions can occur. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose thought [margin] is stayed on thee."

Humanity to-day needs the administration of the oil of sympathy, the tonic of faith, and the stimulant of hope. And he whose thoughts are all combined in the mortar of love, triturated with the pestle of self-sacrifice, and liquefied by the efficacy of fervent prayer, will be able to dispense the true *elixir vitae* to all about him.

How beautiful the life of that individual whose mind is filled with beautiful thoughts. One can judge of the inner workings of such a mind from the outward demonstrations of loving service to others. What a halo of blessedness surrounds his pathway from dawn to eventide! And how sweet the thought, He "shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."

My young friends, look well to the chemistry of your thoughts. Be sure to shun the very ap-

pearance of evil. Give no storage to such dangerous mental chemicals as selfishness, hatred, variance, strife, emulation, envy, etc., etc.; but keep constantly on hand a good supply of "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." "And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

MRS. M. A. LOPER.

Evening

Now stately Evening cometh down
From haunts of evergreen
That smooth the mountains' rugged steeps,
And fill the vales between.

She sitteth down beside the pool;
The dragonflies are still,
The little winds forsake their play,
And slumber on the hill.

She husheth every eager voice
That jangled all day long;
And far away a whippoorwill
Begins his mournful song.

MARY M. CURRIER.

Don't Look Back

A CROWD of noisy school-children were climbing the long stairs that led to the top of the courthouse dome. Up, up, up, they went; but as the last winding flight was reached,—the worst of them all,—one little girl declared that she could go no higher; she knew she would become dizzy and fall.

"O, no, you won't," said a man who was standing near. "Don't look back; just look ahead, and tend to the step you are on, and you will be all right." Thus encouraged, she went bravely and easily up the stairway to join her companions in the very top.

Look back! What for? There's little to look back for except mistakes and failures. What happens when we look back from the high resolve made just now, to those blunders?—We grow dizzy with humiliation, we feel depressed, and it is just as easy to fall from a high resolve then as it is from a high elevation. What matter the bad experiences of the past? The future lies before us, the present is with us, and God has promised strength enough to live it well. What you have done in the past is no gage of what you can do now. God has promised success. Let us keep our eyes on the steps of to-day, and the future and the past alike will take care of themselves.

EDISON DRIVER.

The Cost of a Boy and His Dividends

SOME one has been making calculations concerning the cost of a boy. This writer computes that by the time he has reached the age of fifteen, a good boy, enjoying the advantages of life, costs, including compound interest on the annual investment, not less than five thousand dollars. If the boy continues at school and goes to college, he will cost not less than five thousand dollars more by the time he is twenty-one.

In making this calculation, it is supposed that everything is included which properly goes into the expense account. There is the item of living—what it would cost if all had to be paid for in money at so much a week. Then there is the hire of a nurse through the years of babyhood, and of teachers from the time the child is old enough to be taught. All this, of course, the mother does, giving her days and nights to it, nor even thinking of putting a valuation of dollars and cents on what she does with such unwearying love. Nevertheless, there is a money value in all this material service; at least, if there were no mother, and if it all had to be hired and paid for at regular rates, the cost, year after year, would be very great. There is also the cost of clothing, of doctors' bills, of education, of books, and of all that is done for the boy in the home during the years.

It is only the pecuniary cost that is included in this interesting computation. There is another cost which never can be put into figures. No price is put upon the mother's love and solicitude and care and tears and prayers, and the father's toil, struggle, self-denial, and self-sacrifice. There is no computing the value of such services, and yet these make up by far the greater part of the cost of the boy's bringing up.

Thus a boy, by the time he comes to young manhood, represents a large investment of money, love, and service. In matters of business, men seek for reasonable returns from their investments. When there has been an outlay of ten or twenty thousand dollars in a boy, what kind of return should be expected? A great many fathers and mothers put all they have into their boys. They have no lands nor houses, no stocks nor bonds, no accumulation in the bank,—they have toiled hard for many years, and all the results have been invested in their children. Surely they have a right to look for a return. What sort of return should this kind of investment pay?

First of all there should be love. This is the only return that really brings satisfaction to the hearts of parents after they have toiled, suffered, and sacrificed for their children. One of the bitterest disappointments of life is when a boy who has had done for him all that love could do, and has had lavished upon him all that love could bestow, through years of infancy and youth, fails to give to his father and mother the love that their hearts crave. No matter how brilliant he may be, how well he may succeed in the world, how his name may be honored among men, no prosperity and no fame will make up in satisfaction to his parents for the want of filial affection. To honor father and mother is the first duty of every one who has been reared in love. The first dividend that should be paid on the parental investments in the boy is love.

There should also be a repayment in character and work. When thousands of dollars have been spent on a boy in order to fit him for starting hopefully and with advantage in life, the least that can be expected of him is that he shall enter upon an honorable and worthy career. It certainly is a most unfit return when the boy neglects his studies, throws away his opportunities for learning, and turns to waste the money his parents have gathered at such cost to educate him. It is a sore disappointment, also, when, instead of realizing their dreams and visions for his character, the boy sets out in wrong ways, choosing evil companions, indulging in sinful pleasures, making for himself a tarnished name and a spotted character.

It surely is the duty of every boy to make his life beautiful and good, realizing in it "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report." Children hold in their hands the happiness or unhappiness of their parents. A son who does well is not only an honor to his father and mother, but a joy and a pride as well. The memory of their love and of all that that love has done for him should inspire him to strive after all that is best in character, attainment, and achievement.—*Well Spring.*

CHRIST is a loving friend. He will not upbraid you because you are foolish. He will not blame you because you are weak. He will not mock your grief. He will not condemn you, though you are sinful. He will put his great, strong, tender, loving arms about you, and bear you up.

Let him be your friend. He knows all. He has all power. He loves you with infinite love. Enter into his blessed companionship, and find purity and power, righteousness and rest.

M. C. WILCOX.



Honey-Locust Scent

Just a dozen rods due southward,
Lifts a honey-locust tree,
Dwarfed beside a huge box-elder,
Gnarled by storms, and ill to see
Till June hides its faults with garments
Which its ferny leaves invent,
While its creamy, swaying censers
Waft the honey-locust scent.

In the dusk of morn and evening,
Plainly the light blossoms spring
From their ground of leaves and shadows,
Where they bend and toss and swing
(On another fair creation,
Nature's hand has never spent
Greater art than that is published
By the honey-locust scent);

But beneath day's fullest glory,
White and green merge into one;
Leaves and blossoms, both transparent,
Freely pass the noonday sun:
Thus they hide till eve untangles
Bloom from leaves so closely blent,
While we only know its presence
By the honey-locust scent.

Lingering by the open window,
In the hour we all love best,
For a final breath of freshness,
Ere I go in search of rest,
Cool and sweet, in unseen pulses,
With the summer moonlight blent,
Like a fragrant benediction,
Comes the honey-locust scent.

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

The Buttercups

Early Buttercup (*Ranunculus Fascicularis*)

Description.—About six inches high; leaves numerous, mostly radical, much divided, and borne on long, slender petioles; cauline leaves sessile; flowers perfect and complete, each borne on a separate peduncle; petals bright-yellow, rather narrow and distant, and much larger than the sepals; roots fasciculate, some of them thickened and fleshy.

Cauline leaves are those which grow from the stem (caulis) above the base. Some plants have only cauline leaves, some only radical leaves, and others have both sorts. Sessile leaves are those that are attached to the stem by the base of the leaf blade, without an intervening petiole. The petals of the early buttercup are said to be distant because they are separated so that they do not touch one another. Fasciculate roots are those that are arranged in a bundle (fascicle).

They may be either thickened or not.

Thickened roots, like those of the early buttercup, are strong and durable, containing a large amount of nourishment stored up for future use. At the approach of cold weather, the plant dies down to the ground; but the roots and base of the stem



Ranunculus Fascicularis

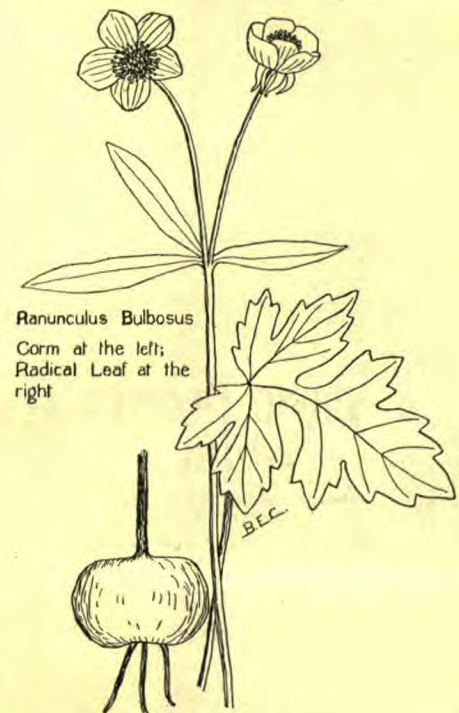
live on year after year through the storms and frosts of winter. As soon as the sun warms the earth in spring, the plant begins the development of its new leaves and flowers and fruit, the process being hastened by the abundant supply of food material stored up in the thickened roots.

Plants that live year after year through an indefinite period are said to be perennial. All trees and shrubs are perennials, as are also many of the herbs, although in the temperate and cooler climates the stems of herbs die down to the ground every year.

The species here described is the earliest of all the buttercups, decking the woods and rocky hills with its bright-yellow flowers during the month of April.

Bulbous Buttercup (*Ranunculus Bulbosus*)

Description.—Stem about one foot high, springing from a solid bulbous base nearly as large as a hickory-nut; leaves mostly radical, long-petioled, ternately parted (incisions extend-



Ranunculus Bulbosus
Corm at the left;
Radical Leaf at the
right

ing nearly to the midrib) or ternately divided (incisions extending quite to the midrib); flowers single on long, slender, grooved peduncles; petals broad, rounded, and of a shiny golden color, forming a cup-shaped corolla; sepals reflexed (bent backward).

The bulbous buttercup is common in New England, but quite rare farther west. The blossoms appear during the month of May, adorning the meadows and hilly pastures with their bright, golden cups.

This species is considered "pre-eminently the true buttercup." It is about twice as tall as the early buttercup, and the stem is more erect.

The enlarged base of the stem is sometimes called a bulb, but more properly a corm, which is a solid, bulb-like stem, and not made up of scales, as is the onion. The very short and thick subterranean stem of cyclamen and of Indian turnip are excellent examples of the corm.

The corm of the bulbous buttercup in its fresh state is acrid and emetic, and is sometimes used in medicine. The leaves and stems also contain acrid properties, which serve as a means of protection to the plant. Cattle seem to understand its nature, as it remains unmolested, even in closely cropped pastures.



a. Pistil with long, slender Style, and Stigma only at tip.
b. Pistil with awl-shaped Style, and Stigma along the inner edge.

Other Buttercups

There are two species of creeping buttercups, one of which, *Ranunculus septentrionalis*, is common almost everywhere in wet or moist places,

flowering in spring and summer. The other, *Ranunculus repens*, is somewhat less common. They differ principally in the styles and stigmas. In the first the styles are long and slender, and the stigma occupies only the top of the style. In the second the styles are short, with a broad base and a sharp-pointed apex, and the stigma occupies the inner edge. The accompanying illustrations will help to make this plain.

Ranunculus acris, the tall buttercup, grows two or three feet high. The stem has no bulbous base, and the peduncles are round and not grooved. These characteristics make it easily distinguishable from the other buttercups. A full double-flowered variety of this species is sometimes cultivated in flower gardens.

Those who have read this article through carefully, should now be able to answer the following questions:—

Questions

1. Define fasciculate and cauline.
2. What are perennial plants?
3. Which is the earliest of all the buttercups? and when does it bloom?
4. Define reflexed.
5. Which species is "pre-eminently the true buttercup"?
6. Where is it most abundant? When does it bloom?
7. What is a corm?
8. How are the different species of buttercups distinguished?

B. E. CRAWFORD.



A Prayer

GRANT US, O Lord, the grace to bear
The little, pricking thorn;
The hasty word that seems unfair;
The twang of truths well worn;
The jest that makes our weakness plain;
The darling plan o'erturned;
The careless touch upon our pain;
The slight we have not earned;
The rasp of care. Dear Lord, to-day,
Lest all these fretting things
Make needless grief, O give, we pray,
The heart that trusts and sings.

—Elizabeth Lincoln Gould.

Membership Cards

MEMBERSHIP CARDS for newly organized Young People's Societies, giving the object of the Society, the plan of organization, the motto, aim, and simple pledge, may be obtained of the Secretary of the Sabbath-school Department, Mrs. L. Flora Plummer, 705 Northwestern Building, Minneapolis, Minn. The price is one cent each, postpaid.

From Seattle, Washington

It is now nearly six months since the young people here in Seattle organized a Young People's Society. There were eight of us when we organized; some who joined then have moved away, but others have been added to our numbers, and altogether we have fourteen members at present, with the hope that others will join soon. We generally have a fairly good attendance, some of the older members of the church coming, and outsiders, too.

We are following the lessons given in the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, with an occasional reading from the Testimonies or some magazine, and we always have a social meeting. These meetings have been a great help to me, and I have heard several others say the same. I am glad these

Young People's Societies have started, and I want to see them prosper; for we realize that it is the younger people who are to spread the third angel's message. It is time we were at work; for it will not be long before it will be too late, and I know we all want a part in the closing work, and to help hasten the coming of the Lord.

I do not think I ever enjoyed any meeting we have had more than the one held last Friday night. There seemed such interest; everybody took part, and we all felt encouraged; for the Lord was with us. All through the social meeting there seemed to be but the one desire of each one, and that was to work more earnestly for the Lord, to devote more time to his service, to be his light-bearers, shedding bright light wherever the ways of life may lead. Remember us and our work here in your prayers.

ANNA MYRBERG.

Battles between Truth and Falsehood

STUDY PREPARED FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETINGS

Lesson XV—The Promise to Abraham

(July 27 to August 2)

HOW TO STUDY THESE LESSONS.—(1) Read the lesson story; (2) try to recall or find scriptures in proof of each statement; (3) study the texts; (4) see how many missing links you can supply; (5) give the lesson to some one else. You will keep only what you give away.

Jesus not only redeemed man from slavery, but he also bought back man's property—the earth.

The Lord told Abraham to look in every direction, and he would give all the land he could see to him and to his children forever. By faith Abraham saw around the world that day. This promise was renewed to Isaac and Jacob.

Many years later, Stephen said these promises had not been kept. Not even a foot of land had been given to Abraham. He even had to buy a place to bury his wife. Isaac, Jacob, and an innumerable company of their children all died, but the promise was still unfulfilled.

Has the promise failed?—No. God can not lie. Is God slack in keeping his promises?—Not in the way men are slack. In mercy he waits, hoping to save others, who would be lost but for his waiting. However, in God's sight the promise was made less than a week ago.

But if Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob are dead, how can they have a part in the promise?—Because God will raise the dead, put them in their own land, and say to those who trusted him, "Now, you see, I have done just as I said I would."

Outline

The Lord promised Abraham and his seed (children) all the land he could see. Gen. 13: 14-17.

By faith Abraham saw all around the world. Rom. 4: 13.

God did not give a foot of land to Abraham during his lifetime. Acts 7: 2-5.

An innumerable company of "heirs" died without receiving the promise. Heb. 11: 8, 9, 12, 13.

However, God's slackness is not like that of men. 2 Peter 3: 9.

God will keep his promise by raising the dead, and putting them in their own land. Eze. 37: 11-14.

From the time God made the promise to Abraham, it will be less than a week till it is fulfilled. 2 Peter 3: 8.

God's "slackness" is our "salvation." 2 Peter 3: 9-15.

Witenhage Church School, South Africa

At the beginning of the year I came to this pretty little town of about six thousand inhabitants to prepare for the opening of a church school. As I was here fully two weeks before

school opened, and had time to look around, I have been thinking that the readers of the INSTRUCTOR might be interested in the place in which the third of our South African church schools is situated.

Here, says the nature-loving teacher, is a place greatly to be desired for the instruction of children. Streams of clear, sparkling water, from a natural spring, trickle down the hillside, and irrigate the town. No matter how hot the summer's day, on every street is a cool, refreshing little stream, bubbling along over the stones, and singing its water-song of praise to the Giver of all good gifts. However, in the heart of the town, where business laws and regulations are supreme, it is not allowed so much freedom, but goes slipping and sliding down the asphalt gutters without a sound.

But do not imagine a picturesque little schoolroom in a valley, surrounded with beautiful trees and refreshing lakes. I am sorry to say that our schoolroom is situated in a very matter-of-fact street. It is a newly made street, too, and builders have taken such a fancy to it that it looks as if every nook and corner would soon be taken up with buildings.

But we have not far to go for scenery. A very short walk brings us to the top of a low hill, carpeted in every direction with the most velvety green. From the hill can be had a bird's-eye view of the city, and it is indeed a pretty sight.

The schoolroom is partitioned off from our neat, newly built church, by a red baize curtain, and will seat from forty to fifty children. The enrollment at present is twenty-seven. This is encouraging, as only six of these are Seventh-day Adventist children.

The children are bright and attentive; and although, owing to the lack of discipline in the school here, inclined at first to be unruly, have at this time, the beginning of the second term, settled down quietly to hard work. Some of the indolently inclined find the work taxing; but the teacher can not lessen their labors, knowing by seven years' experience that mischief is always the result of idleness, and, if the children's minds and hands are constantly kept busy, they have no time to think of evil, and are not easily tempted.

As a whole the children are anxious to make advancement in their studies, and all attended school Easter week, in spite of the fact that the other schools in the place had ten days' holidays.

INA L. AUSTIN.

The Work in Manitoba

Of the Young People's work in Manitoba Mrs. Jessie L. Adams writes as follows:—

"We now have one more Young People's Society at Roden, with a membership of about twelve. Here in Winnipeg, things are encouraging. We have ordered a club of the *Life Boat* to use, and already have the *Signs* and *Good Health*. Three of the little girls have sold about a dozen copies of *Good Health*, and enjoy the work. Not long ago we had a good missionary meeting on foreign missions, conducted by the young people. We planned a surprise for the older members about two weeks ago. Our Society decided to buy a curtain to separate the two divisions of the Sabbath-school during recitation. We planned to get the curtain, make it, and put it up, without saying a word to the older folks. It was our secret, and I was really a little surprised at the way they all kept it. We bought a handsome curtain, and have had it up one Sabbath. The older members enjoyed the surprise, and of course we did, too. We have our plans for several other improvements, as this was appreciated so much."

We have not always an opportunity of doing great things; but we can hourly perform insignificant actions with an ardent love.—Francis.



CHILDREN'S PAGE

How the Woodpecker Knows

How does he know where to dig his hole,
The woodpecker there, on the elm-tree bole?
How does he know what kind of limb
To use for a drum, or to burrow in?
How does he find where the young grubs grow,
I'd like to know.

The woodpecker flew to a maple limb,
And drummed a tattoo that was fun for him.
"No breakfast here! It's too hard for that,"
He said, as down on his tail he sat;
"Just listen to this—Rrrrr-rat-tat-tat!"

Away to the pear-tree out of sight,
With a cheery call and a jumping flight!
He hopped around till he found a stub:
"Ah, here's the place to look for a grub!
'Tis moist and dead—Rrrrr-rub-dub-dub."

To a branch of the apple-tree Downy hied,
And hung by his toes on the under side.
"Twill be sunny here in this hollow trunk,
It's dry and soft, with a heart of punk,
Just the place for a nest—Rrrrr-runk-tunk-tunk."

"I see," said the boy, "just a tap or two,
Then listen, as any bright boy might do;
You can tell ripe melons and garden-stuff
In the very same way—it's easy enough."
—*Youth's Companion*.

Jim, the Horned Toad

O, now he ran! The short little legs carried him so fast over the cloddy vineyard that chubby Walter had fallen down twice in the race already. And who wouldn't run, with a great creature a thousand times as big as himself running after him, and yelling like an Indian! Of course the little horned toad thought he would be eaten as soon as the big giant caught him; so with him it was a race for life, and not till he was completely tired out, could the little boy touch him.

When finally he was caught; tired to death, apparently, he sat motionless, with eyes shut, on the hand that held him.

"O, is he really dead, Auntie?" asked Walter, looking sorrowfully at his little captive.

"Put him on the ground a minute, and see," advised Aunt Rose, smiling. Placing him tenderly on the ground, Walter stepped back a few paces, and waited. Soon the little lizard (the horned toad is really a sort of lizard) opened his eyes, and raised his head a wee bit. Nobody moved; so he became bolder still, and turned his head quite around. Then he ran for dear life again, twisting here and there among the big clods, and stopping so suddenly in the shade of one of them that Walter thought he had vanished, like a ghost. But Master Toad was soon found, and stowed safely away on top of some marbles and molasses candy in Master Walter's coat pocket, with a good-sized handkerchief on top of him. That kept him safe till Walter and Auntie reached home.

"What does he eat, Uncle John," asked the little boy, turning Master Horned Toad out on the porch.

"Mostly flies and gnats, I think," answered his uncle. "But get a long piece of strong linen thread, and we will see in a day or two just what he does like best."

So they made a halter for little Jim, as they named him, and tied him out in the back yard to a tiny stake. At first his only thought was to

get loose. He ran with all his might, till the string threw him back, then tried it again in another direction, and another, till Walter was afraid he would break his neck. Failing to get away by running, Jim had recourse to his old trick of "playing possum." He made-believe dead for a few moments, and then sprang away so quickly as, he thought, to catch the old string napping. But somehow, no matter how quickly he ran, or how well he made-believe, the halter was always in the way when the side of the ring was reached. I have no doubt it puzzled Jimmie a good bit, but in a few days he seemed to become used to it, and contented with his new pasture.

One thing puzzled Walter a great deal. When he first brought his horned toad home, it was as gray as could be, but two days later it was brown, just the color of the sand in the back yard. By and by Walter learned that horned toads, in common with some other members of the lizard family, have the power of changing their color to match their surroundings, in a very few hours. That is their method of protection,—to become so nearly the color of the rocks or ground that they escape notice unless they move.

Jimmie was only a young toad; and as he grew older, he became more tame, till finally he would eat while Walter and others were watching. There was one weed in his pasture that suited him particularly well as a dining-table. Early in the morning he would station himself by it,



JIM, THE HORNED TOAD

and sit there motionless as a clod, till an early fly alighted to brush his wings and bask in the sunshine. If he was near enough, Jim simply opened his mouth, shot out a long, sticky tongue quick as a flash, and pulled in the dainty morsel. If he was quite a distance away, and flies happened to be scarce, Jimmie would make a short run, then a shot of the tongue, all so much at once that Mr. Fly didn't have time to think about getting away till it was altogether too late. It was really astonishing how true and quick Jimmie's aim was. He never missed a fly, so far as I could tell.

If there were no flies, then Jimmie would take bugs, or even ants. But mosquitoes, gnats, and flies were his favorites.

Before the summer was over, he became really tame, and followed Walter about as far as his halter allowed, ate flies out of his hands, and showed by many signs that he knew him from the rest of us.

All went well till one morning a dog came into the yard, and so frightened Jimmie that he ran as hard as he could to the end of his rope. This time it did not jerk him back, for it was rotten.

but snapped short near his neck, and he was free. Walter never saw his pet again; only the dog-tracks and the broken thread remained to tell the story when he came home from school that day.

EDISON DRIVER.

How Jimmy Learned to Be Kind to Toads

COMING along our street the other day, I saw three little boys stoning a toad. Before I could speak, Professor Selton came by, and said, "Why, Jimmy, what have you there? A common toad? Just what I want to-morrow for my lecture at the summer school," and he skillfully picked up the toad. "By the way," he added, "to-morrow I shall need some help with my toads. Can't you three come down to the university and help me?"

I never saw Jimmy look more surprised, but he managed to say he could, while the others barely nodded. "The work is easy," the professor said. "Come to my office at a quarter before three sharp, and I'll tell you what to do."

I was disappointed that he did not speak to the boys about their cruelty, but decided he thought it better to wait until he should have them alone.

When I went to the lecture the next day, I expected to meet those boys coming out of Professor Selton's office looking so ashamed, and so sorry, and—well, looking as if they never wanted to see a toad again. Surely Professor Selton, fond as he was of toads, would talk to them, I thought.

The very first thing I did see when I entered the university was those same boys, not, however, hurrying out of the side door, but in a little procession entering the lecture-room, and, yes, actually mounting the platform! Professor Selton himself was at the head of the line! Each boy carried in his hands a large box made of glass and wire netting. Every box had a toad in it, and each boy put his box on the table, and took a chair which Professor Selton placed in front of the box.

I could not see that the boys were the least help; they watched the toads, to be sure, but what was the use of doing that? The toads couldn't get out. Just as Professor Selton was ready to begin his lecture, his assistant came in with an insect-net and two small boxes. The end of the insect-net was black with flies, which he emptied into Jimmy's box. Lifting the glass top of each of the others, he put in something from the pasteboard boxes, but I could not see what it was.

Professor Selton told us a great many interesting things about toads; but those boys simply sat and stared at their toads. Jimmy Ashley looked up only once, and that was when the professor said something I could hardly believe. "If housekeepers would keep tame toads," he said, "they would do away with their endless bother about flies. Toads are better than all the fly-traps and insect-powders ever invented."

Very soon after saying that, he closed his lecture, and turned to the table. "These boys," he said to the class, "have been keeping count of what their toads have eaten during the hour. Johnny's toad has potato-bugs in the box. How many has he eaten, Johnny?"

"Not any," answered Johnny, despondently.
 "Tom's has elm beetles. What is his record?"
 "Twenty-eight," was the reply.
 "And Jimmy's has flies. Has he eaten many?"
 "Sixty-six!" said Jimmy, triumphantly.

Then Jimmy got up, and sidled over to the professor. "He ate something else," he said, in a loud, impressive whisper. "He ate his skin!"
 "When? This last hour? Why didn't you tell us?" asked the professor, eagerly.

"I couldn't stop," answered Jimmy. "I was afraid I'd lose a fly."

The professor looked a bit disappointed; then he laughed. "Never mind," he said. "You have seen something that perhaps none of the class have ever seen. Tell us about it."

"It wasn't much," said Jimmy. "His old skin began to crack,—began right on the back of his head,—and it cracked all down his back, and then it came off."

"In strips?" asked the professor. "Or was it in little pieces?"

"Oh, no; like—like—like a glove," said Jimmy. "Then he rolled it up, and swallowed it." The children were listening eagerly.

"That's all right," said the professor. "It is just what toads do. When they outgrow a suit, they take it off, and pack it away in that easy fashion." Then he wrote on the blackboard the records, and for Jimmy's toad he wrote:—

66 Flies.

1 Spring Suit.

Everybody laughed, even Jimmy.

As I was leaving the lecture-room, I heard Jimmy ask the professor about taming toads.

"The best way, I think," said Professor Selton, "would be to take a piece of wire-screen cloth, and roll it to make a circular pen about a foot and a half across, and of the same height. If you put that down on the ground by the back screen door, your toad will eat the flies so that you will not have half the bother about that door you do now." As he said this, his eyes were merry.

Jimmy smiled. How did the professor know his trials over that door?

"You'll have to be careful about food and a bathing-place, you know," added the professor.

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy, "but all that wouldn't be so much bother as keeping out the flies without the toad's help. May I take the toad with the summer suit on? I'll take real good care of him and bring him over whenever you want him."—*Selected.*

The Grumble Bee

"OH, dear me!" sighed the grumble bee,
 As he buzzed from flower to flower,
 "'Tis weary work to constantly
 Improve each shining hour;
 I wish I were that butterfly,
 Who leads a life of pleasure
 From morning until night, while I
 Have not a moment's leisure."

"Good-morning, Mr. Grumble Bee,"
 Remarked a nodding clover,
 "I hope you've time to visit me—
 With sweets I'm brimming over.
 To you I freely offer them
 If by this way you'll roam, sir:
 You see, I'm fastened to my stem,
 And always am at home, sir."

"It must be nice to be a-wing
 And wander where one pleases,
 But I can nod and sway and swing
 And curt'sy to the breezes;
 So, though I lack the pleasant power
 To fly and gather honey,
 I am content to be a flower
 Within my corner sunny."

The clover's little homily
 Fulfilled a happy mission,
 For sulky Mr. Grumble Bee—
 So says the old tradition—
 Forgot straightway his discontent,
 And ceased at once to grumble;
 And by and by with one consent
 They changed his name to Humble.

—*Woman's Home Companion.*



The Kidnapping of the Princes of Saxony

MORE than four hundred years ago there lived, in the castle of Altenburg in Saxony, Kurfuerst Friedrich der Sanftmüthige,—that is, the electoral Prince Fredric, the tender-hearted,—with his wife Margerethe and his children.

In those times, war was the principal business of the princes and the nobles. The Germans, first of all, loved and developed war to a fine art. Then their country was divided into many more little parts than it is now; each part, or county, was governed by a prince, duke, or count, and over them all ruled the emperor.

When there were no Crusades, or war with Italy or Turkey, they were fighting among themselves. Then these princes, with their counts, barons, and plain noblemen, and these again followed by their bondsmen and mercenaries, would meet in battle array, burn towns and villages, kill, plunder, and make prisoners.

Kurfuerst Friedrich, though gentle, had to fight with his own brother. When peace was restored, one of his followers, the knight Kunz von Kautungen, whose estates had been ruined (in this war), claimed damages. The Kurfuerst promised to settle the matter by law; but Kunz, who, like the rest of the noblemen, could neither read nor write, did not believe in anything that was written. He preferred to settle all differences with and by the sword. After much delay, Kunz resolved to take revenge upon his sovereign, who, he chose to think, had deeply wronged him.

For some time Kunz had held the position as castellan at Altenburg; consequently the ins and outs of the palace were well known to him. As only few men like to remain quite alone in a wicked work, he got two others to help him, the knights Von Mosen and Von Schoenfels, who, too, imagined that they had been wronged by the Kurfuerst. A few days before his exploit, Kunz lived in hiding near the castle, and even made an accomplice of the kitchen boy, Hans Schwalbe, who betrayed to him that in the night of the eighth of July (it was the year 1455) the Kurfuerst would leave for Leipsic, and the other gentlemen of the castle would be at a banquet in the town of Altenburg. This night Kunz chose for the act of revenge.

When evening set in, when the castle was unguarded, when the princess, her maids, and her children had all retired to their rooms, which were in the upper story of the castle, the three knights put rope-ladders to the windows, which in summer, of course, were open, and in a minute they had entered the castle. They bolted the doors of the rooms occupied by the women, took the princes out of their beds, and carried them down. Von Mosen by mistake had taken the little Count Barby, who happened to be on a visit at the castle. Kunz found out his mistake and carried him back, and drew Prince Albrecht, the younger, out of his hiding-place (at the entrance of the robbers the little boy had crept under the bed). Kunz carried him down, put him on his horse, which he too mounted, and followed by his two bondsmen made his escape in full speed over the frontier into Bohemia, where he had a castle of his own, while the other two knights with Prince Ernest rode east.

Though the Kurfuerstin was locked up, and no male assistance at hand, she found means to order that the alarm-bells all over the country be sounded to proclaim the crime, and to restore to a mother's heart the treasures she valued higher than crowns and riches.

Prince Albrecht was not only a very pretty, but also a very bright boy, who had eyes to see and

ears to hear. Little as he was, nine or ten years old, he knew the difference between his father and the knight, who certainly for no good had taken him and his brother out of their beds so suddenly, and was now riding with him through a dark forest. He made no efforts to escape. What could a little boy do against a tall, strong man, clad in iron from head to foot, on a charger as quick as lightning? Nor did he cry or scream. No; the little fellow began to think and to look around. Soon he saw in the forest a charcoal burner at his work. He asked Kunz to let him have a drink. The latter, believing himself altogether safe beyond the frontier, alighted with his charge, and ordered his men to gather berries for the prince.

The sudden appearance of the three men on horseback and the noble-looking boy scantily dressed roused the suspicion of the plain forester, who, too, had heard the alarm, and he asked the knight where he was going. In a whisper Kunz told him that the boy had run away from home, and he was now restoring him to his parents.

At the same time the prince found means to make himself known to the plain man. Most unluckily, Kunz's spurs were caught in some brambles, and he fell to the ground. This gave the charcoal-man and his fellows an opportunity to give the knight a sound thrashing. They, for their part, certainly had grievances against knights in general, who treated the lower class worse than they did their cattle. This done, the workingmen bound the knight with his bondsmen, and brought them to the next convent, whence the abbot sent them to the mayor of the town of Zwickau, who kept them in custody, while the charcoal-man carried the prince back in triumph to his parents. In gratitude for his bravery and loyalty, the Kurfuerst presented him (George Schmidt was his name) with a farm.

When the knights Von Mosen and Von Schoenfels heard the alarm ring, they with Prince Ernest took refuge in a cave near the Mulde, a tributary of the Elbe, near Hartenstein, and sent word to the Kurfuerst that they were willing to give up the prince if they were pardoned, otherwise they would kill him.

This pardon was granted, and after three days' absence Prince Ernest was also restored to his parents. The knights left the country, where they never again could regain their lost honor.

The princes Ernest and Albrecht grew up to manhood. They inherited their father's and also their uncle's country, lived always in peace with each other, and became the ancestors of the two princely lines Ernest and Albrecht, which up to this very day rule over the various counties of Saxony in Germany. Prince Ernest was the father of Kurfuerst Friedrich der Weise (Electoral Prince Friedrich the Wise Man), the friend and patronizer of Martin Luther, and in direct line the ancestor of the father of the present king of England, Edward VII, the son of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert of Coburg (Saxe-Coburg).—*S. S. Times.*

Count the Cost

No one knows the anguish of a great sacrifice except he who has made it. Such an experience enters into the deepest depths of being; it grips the very pulses of the heart. We talk easily and often about the beauty of sacrifice; now let us hear of the bitter agony of sacrifice.

For no man can really enter the Garden of Renunciation without sweating his life blood, and without having his soul torn by such suffering as is given to but few to know.

Sacrifice costs. It costs tremendously, and in dearest things. It cost Jesus his very life; aye, more, for a season it cost him the Father's smile of approval.

Whoever, then, would truly enter into this profoundest of human experiences should count well the cost. It is a sorrowful way, but it is the way of the royal life.—*Well Spring.*



THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

V—The Rainbow

(August 2)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Genesis 8; 9:1-16.

MEMORY VERSE: "While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease." Gen. 8:22.

(The chapter given as the Lesson Scripture is the lesson to be studied. Read this every day, and think over it until you know just what it teaches. Then the following notes, which should be read 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 in the words of Scripture.)

The raven, the bird which Noah sent forth to see if the waters were abated, is a bird of strong wing and quick scent, and this was no doubt the reason it was chosen. But the raven seems not to have returned to him into the ark; but it flew to and fro until the waters were abated. The gentle dove, when she found no place for the sole of her foot, came back to be taken into the ark. When she returned no more, Noah knew that the waters were abated.

But as God had shut him in the ark, he waited until God told him to go forth again with his family and all the living things that were with him. How glad they must all have been to escape from captivity!

The first thing Noah did was to build an altar, and offer a sacrifice of thanksgiving and praise to God, who had kept them safe through all that terrible time. This was pleasing to God; the gratitude of Noah's heart came up as incense before him, "and the Lord smelled a sweet savor." It was then that he made the promise we have in our memory verse. Because of this word of God, day and night, and the seasons of the year, have followed each other in their regular order, and it will be so until the heavens and the earth pass away; for the word of the Lord can not fail.

Although it was not the plan of God in the beginning, men had already begun to eat the flesh of some of the animals, and God now gave them permission to do this.

The Lord put the fear and dread of man upon the animals, because they were no longer gentle, and controlled by love for him; so God made them fear man, to keep them from destroying him.

You have already learned that before the flood there were no dark clouds, such as we now see in the heavens, neither had the rain ever fallen from the sky. "But there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground." At the time of the flood a change took place in the air, and since then the heavy vapors in it can be seen in the form of clouds.

Lest the people should fear when they saw the clouds, and think that the falling rain might be the beginning of another flood, God made the cloud itself the means of reminding them of his mercy, and his promise never to send another flood. He set the rainbow in the cloud as a sign.

The cloud separates the rays of light that shine upon it, and shows us all that we are able to see of its beautiful colors. The seven colors of the rainbow show us something of the beauty of light. But you have learned that all light comes from God, and is the shining of his glory. So the rainbow really shows us a little of the beauty of the Lord.

It was God's own bow that he set in the cloud. The prophet Ezekiel, who looked into heaven and saw the glory of God, said that the brightness round about the throne was "as the appearance of the bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain." "This was the appearance of the likeness of the glory of the Lord." So in the beauty of the rainbow we see "the likeness of the glory of the Lord."

Moses once asked God to let him see his glory. And in answer to his prayer, God showed him all his goodness. He passed by before Moses, and proclaimed, "The Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin."

The glory that shines out from God is the beauty of his goodness that makes him forgive

sin and save the sinner. So the beautiful rainbow, the likeness of his glory, that shines forth in the light, tells us of the forgiving love and mercy of our God. It tells us of his long-suffering to the children of men, that he spares us and bears long with us, although the earth is full of wickedness.

Questions

1. Where did the ark rest after the flood?
2. How did Noah try to find out if the waters were abated? Why did he choose a raven?
3. What bird did he next send forth? With what result?
4. Why did not Noah at once leave the ark?
5. What was the first thing he did when he came out?
6. How did God look upon his act of worship?
7. What promise did God make, showing that there should not be another flood of water?
8. What is it that brings the day and night and the seasons in their appointed time? Gen. 1:16-18; verse 22.
9. What did God now give men permission to do that was not his plan in the beginning? Chapter 9:3.
10. How did God show that the life of the animals was sacred? Verses 4, 5.
11. What did God put upon the animals, and why? Verse 2.
12. With whom did God make a covenant? Verses 8, 10.
13. What is the covenant? What is the sign of it? Verses 11-13.
14. Where does the rainbow get its colors? Who is the Light of the world? John 8:12.
15. Then whose beauty is it that we see in the rainbow? What does it teach us?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

V—Daniel's First Test

(August 2)

MEMORY VERSE: "If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are." 1 Cor. 3:17.

LESSON SCRIPTURE: DAN. 1:8-16.

Questions

1. When Daniel knew that a certain portion of the king's meat and drink was appointed him, what did he do?
2. What steps did he take to carry out his decision?
3. What had God done to pave the way for Daniel?
4. What was the name of the prince of the eunuchs?
5. Why would he not grant Daniel's request?
6. What unfavorable result did he fear from a change in Daniel's diet?
7. What would the impetuous Nebuchadnezzar have done to Ashpenaz if Daniel and his fellows had not thrived under his care?
8. To whom did Daniel next appeal?
9. What was Melzar's position?
10. What did Daniel propose to him?
11. At the end of the ten days, what would determine the diet which the four Hebrew children should have?
12. What answer did Melzar make to Daniel's proposition?
13. What was the result of the trial?
14. With whom were the faces of Daniel and his fellows compared?
15. When Melzar saw the result, what did he do?
16. The fear of whom ruled the heart of the prince of the eunuchs?
17. The fear of whom controlled the desires of Daniel?
18. Why would not Daniel eat from the table of Nebuchadnezzar? See note 2.
19. When Daniel had made up his mind not to eat the food apportioned him, what method did he use to carry out his purpose? Notice that he first *purposed*, and then *requested*.

Notes

1. The prophet Daniel was a man concerning whom no mistakes have been recorded. When very young, he was placed in a heathen court, surrounded with every temptation. His methods of resistance are worth following. Among those chosen by Ashpenaz there were other Hebrew children besides Daniel and his fellows. What had been *their* education?—Surely not like Daniel's, and ten days in Nebuchadnezzar's court showed a great difference.

2. "When the people of Israel, their king, nobles, and priests, were carried into captivity, four of their number were selected to serve in the court of the king of Babylon. One of these was Daniel, who early gave promise of the remarkable ability developed in later years. These youth were all of princely birth, and are described as "children in whom was no blemish, but well-favored, and skillful in all wisdom, and understanding science, and such as had ability in them." Perceiving the superior talents of these youthful captives, King Nebuchadnezzar determined to prepare them to fill important positions in his kingdom. That they might be fully qualified for their life at court, according to oriental custom, they were to be taught the language of the Chaldeans, and to be subjected three years to a thorough course of physical and intellectual discipline.

"The youth in this school of training were not only to be admitted to the royal palace, but it was provided that they should eat of the meat, and drink of the wine, which came from the king's table. In all this the king considered that he was not only bestowing great honor upon them, but securing to them the best physical and mental development that could be attained.

"Among the viands placed before the king were swine's flesh and other meats which were declared unclean by the law of Moses, and which the Hebrews had been expressly forbidden to eat. Here Daniel was brought to a severe test. Should he adhere to the teachings of his fathers concerning meats and drinks, and offend the king, and probably lose not only his position but his life? or should he disregard the commandment of the Lord, and retain the favor of the king, thus securing great intellectual advantages and the most flattering worldly prospects? Daniel did not long hesitate. He decided to stand firm in his integrity, let the result be what it might.

"There are many professed Christians to-day who would decide that Daniel was too particular, and would pronounce him narrow and bigoted. They consider the matter of eating and drinking as of too little consequence to require such a decided stand,—one involving the probable sacrifice of every earthly advantage. But those who reason thus will find in the day of judgment that they turned from God's express requirements, and set up their own opinion as a standard of right and wrong. They will find that what seemed to them unimportant was not so regarded of God. His requirements should be sacredly obeyed. . . .

"What if Daniel and his companions had made a compromise with those heathen officers, and had yielded to the pressure of the occasion, by eating and drinking as was customary with the Babylonians? That single instance of departure from principle would have weakened their sense of right and their abhorrence of wrong. Indulgence of appetite would have involved the sacrifice of physical vigor, clearness of intellect, and spiritual power. One wrong step would probably have led to others, until, their connection with Heaven being severed, they would have been swept away by temptation."—Mrs. E. G. White.

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A Sweetener of Life

A TRAVELER in South Africa relates an interesting experience with what the natives call the "taste berry." This is a small fruit, resembling our common cranberry in size, shape, and color; but there the similarity ceases. The berry is insipid in flavor, but its after-effects on the palates of those who eat it are remarkable and somewhat startling to the one who experiences them for the first time. For four or five hours after eating it, the sourest fruits, as well as all ordinary foods, taste sweet.

This traveler was induced by the natives accompanying him to eat a few of these berries, and afterward to taste of the rubber-vine fruit,—an extremely sour fruit that looks something like a small orange, and is filled with seeds covered with a white, thick, rubbery substance,—and greatly enjoyed his surprise as he found the hitherto uneatable fruit of a sweet and pleasant flavor.

There are many sour things in the world that need sweetening, as you well know. Perhaps you may think, as I did on reading this account, that it would be a fine thing if there were some sort of "taste berry" to sweeten tempers and dispositions and tongues, to transform trying conditions and circumstances into something endurable and even desirable. And perhaps you, too, will remember that there is one magic sweetener of life that all may have, and which has no unpleasant effects—for the traveler who ate the taste berries, and relished the puckery rubber-vine fruit, afterward found his supper quite ruined by its sweetness. Neither will those who enjoy its benefits have to penetrate an unfriendly jungle in a distant land to find it.

A *contented, happy spirit* is the best sweetener of life. To one who will accept this gift, every day spreads a continual feast. No matter what inconveniences, what hardships, what losses, what crosses, the hours bring, they are transmuted, transformed, by the contented heart, that has learned the happy secret of "polishing up the dark side," and that finds some sweetness in every experience.

If it were to be won by enduring hardship and facing danger, if it called for physical endurance and prowess, this gift would be sought by many who slight it now. But its excellence remains. Will you not try its magic properties?

Making and Unmaking a Drunkard

A DRUNKARD is no more an accidental circumstance than is a college professor. It takes time and effort to produce either a physical wreck or a mental giant. On the other hand, if a drunkard or a drug fiend is willing to co-operate, the Lord will work miracles of transformation upon his mind and body so that he may become a fit subject not only for a useful career, but also finally to enjoy a place in the realms of bliss.

The August number of the *Life Boat* will be devoted to the consideration of this great problem. Some of the leading temperance workers will contribute to its pages the results of their experiences. It will be filled from cover to cover with helpful suggestions and stirring experiences of those who have been miraculously saved from the demon of strong drink.

Send us at once the names and addresses of all the victims of liquor and drug habits that you know of, inclosing a two-cent stamp for each name, and we will mail to each a copy of the August *Life Boat*. This number will be the means in God's hands of delivering many a poor drunkard from his bondage. Do you want a share in this work? Address the *Life Boat*, 28 Thirty-Third Place, Chicago.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Preparing for the Ingathering Service

"WHEN are we going to have another Harvest Ingathering service?" asked a Sabbath-school class one bright afternoon as the teacher took her place with some grasses and flowers which she had brought to use in teaching a lesson on creation, and which made the children think of the day they had enjoyed so much, when the little church was beautifully decorated with grasses, flowers, and bright leaves.

As the teacher looked into their faces, she felt sure that she saw there another reason why they had thought enough of the service to be anxious to have another; so she asked, "Are you all ready to hold the service to-day?" After a moment's thought, some one said: "No; we haven't earned enough for missions yet." But one little fellow thought of twenty-five cents he had laid aside for that day, so he eagerly said, "Yes; I am ready, for I have twenty-five cents for the Lord."

Then the teacher talked to them about the work to be done,—gathering the early grasses, and carefully drying them after they had been tied in little bunches or bouquets, that they might have some of the early as well as later produce of the earth with which to decorate the church. Then some time must be spent in earning money for a thank-offering to the Lord, to be used in the different fields to carry forward the work. She explained that all this would take time. They all agreed that they would willingly try for five months longer. The teacher told them that the Lord does not want us to be satisfied with doing just a little, but he wants us to do our best.

The next Sabbath the teacher told the children that she had good news for them. Elder Cady had sent a box of shells from the island of Raiatea for the children to sell to help support the industrial school that had been erected there, and that they all might work just as fast as they pleased; for they were to clear fifty dollars from those shells for the work in that island.

The children's faces fairly shone as they realized that the Lord had a work for them to do, and that they had the privilege of being little foreign missionaries. I am glad to say it has not all ended with shining faces, either, for they went to work with a will, and about forty dollars has already been handed in, and they have courage and zeal to finish the work they have so bravely begun. These same children have earned money in different ways to help in other lines of work. As soon as they finish selling the shells, they are to sell the *Life Boat* and little books.

Last year our contributions amounted to fifty-two dollars, and we hope to double that sum this year. The Lord is calling for money to carry forward his work in different lines. We trust many are laboring to supply the need, and receive the rich blessing the Lord has for those who are willing to deny self, and give to him who has given all for us, and that the coming Ingathering may be enjoyed by many, and result in glory to God.

JEAN PHILLIPS.



Sight of the Blind

NOR long ago an oculist called in a friend to witness the removing of the bandages from the eyes of a boy upon whom he had been operating, and to whom he had restored sight. The child had been blind from infancy, and this was the first moment that he was to be allowed to use his eyes and really to see. When the bandage was taken off, and the boy saw the pictures and faces of friends, he stood in silent wonder until he heard the familiar voice of his mother calling him, "Willie, can you see?" As he rushed into his mother's arms, he said: "O mama, is this heaven?" Such is the joy of the soul that passes from darkness to God's marvelous light.—A. D. Vail.

A Primitive Method of Producing Fire

IN the INSTRUCTOR of July to the throwing of the Australian boomerang by the aborigines of that country was described. Another thing which has excited more or less wonder, and which white men have not been able to accomplish, is the production of fire by the primitive means used by these natives.

The man who sold me the boomerang had with him the means used, and explained the process minutely; but as it seemed very simple, and but little time intervened ere the train would leave, we did not give him the money he asked for, and he did not produce the fire.

The way it is done is as follows: A kind of soft, dry bark is carried at all times by the fire-maker with great care. A little of this is laid in a dry place on the ground, and a piece of



FIG. A.

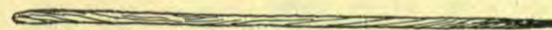


FIG. B.

wood (see Fig. A) with small holes in the top and near its edge, is laid directly over the bark. On the ends of this the operator puts his knees, and in one of the holes he places the small end of a round stick. Fig. B. This stick, standing perpendicularly on the piece of wood with holes, is made to revolve very fast by twirling between the palms of the hands. Soon smoke is seen, and after that a little spark of fire falls out upon the bark; this spark is blown carefully till it develops into a flame.

It is wonderful that these poor people, whose intelligence is of the lowest grade, can thus accomplish what civilized man can not do. The throwing of the boomerang is only the application of a natural law, which any one easily recognizes, once the operation is seen, but which no other people has, so far as is known, ever used.

H. E. SIMKIN.

Find Your Place and Fill It

It is a sad parody on life to see a man earning his living by a vocation which has never received his approval. It is pitiable to see a youth, with the image of power and destiny stamped upon him, trying to support himself in a mean, contemptible occupation, which dwarfs his nature, and makes him despise himself,—an occupation which is constantly condemning him, ostracizing him from all that is best and truest in life. Dig trenches, shovel coal, carry a hod; do anything rather than sacrifice your self-respect, blunt your sense of right and wrong, and shut yourself off forever from the true joy of living, which comes only from doing one's best.—Success.