

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

Vol. L.

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## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

### Roses

Thoughts of God, so sweet, so true, so dear,—  
Bright smiles in this sad world to comfort, cheer;  
Love messages inscribed with morning dew,—  
"Cast all your care on Him;" "he cares for you."

Thoughts of God—the Master Artist's skill  
Shapes every one according to his will;  
Tints every petal with a touch divine:  
He'll gladly shape and tint your life and mine.

Thoughts of God, so exquisitely fair,  
Each in his place about us everywhere;  
So we have each a mission to fulfill—  
Let us be thoughts of God to do his will.

MRS. M. A. LOPER.

### Found Wanting

THE Saviour's denunciation of the fruitless fig tree is a warning to all who claim to be Christians, and yet remain in blind unbelief. Thus from age to age the Lord would teach the danger of rejecting light. Christ has worked for and invited all. He will enlighten all who will search the Scriptures candidly. To-day he is knocking at the door of the heart. Shall he have to say of us, In vain do ye worship me, teaching for doctrine the commandments of men?

The words spoken to the fig tree are applicable to all whose lives, though pretentious, are fruitless. The tree may have every indication of prosperity, but the Lord takes not its luxuriant foliage as an evidence of fruitfulness. His search for the fruit which alone makes the tree of value is close and critical. How is it with us? Can we bear the search made by him who never makes a mistake, or do we bear only the leaves of profession? Profession is nothing if it is only a mask to spiritual barrenness.

When the Saviour appears in the clouds of heaven, no one will be given another opportunity to gain salvation. All will have made their decision. Before the close of this world's history those who are willing to accept evidence will have the dark veil removed from their minds. Hearts will be cleansed through accepting Christ during the time that the whole world is lighted

with the glory of the angel who comes down from heaven.

The time is right upon us when every kind of deception will be practised. Christ says, "Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing." They speak fair words, but all the time they are watching to see how they can get gain for themselves. They are full of selfishness, and work at cross purposes with God. "Ye shall know them by their fruits," the Saviour declares. "A good tree can not bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit." Nothing but repentance and faith can make an impure heart pure.

God weighs every man in the balances of the sanctuary. In one scale is placed his perfect, unchangeable law, demanding perfect obedience. If in the other there are years of forgetfulness, of rebellion, of self-pleasing, with no repentance, no confession, no effort to do right, God says, "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting."

Thus the deciding line is drawn. Claiming to be righteous without manifesting the fruits of true conversion, is utterly worthless. External

permitted to see the record of their life as they have chosen to make it, regardless of the law which through eternity will govern the universe? During their lifetime they utterly refused to be made better. The efforts put forth in their behalf were in vain. They knew the claims of God, but they refused to comply with the conditions laid down in his word. By their own choice they united with the enemy. The powers given them to use in God's service they used in the service of self. They made self their god, refusing to submit to any other control. They arrayed themselves on the side of the power of darkness, and encouraged others to do the same.

As they stand before the bar of God, this opens before them. A flash of light will come to all lost souls. Scene after scene will rise before them. They will see the power of the mystery of godliness, which in this life they despised and hated. They will see what they might have become through the power of Christ. They will understand the robbery they have practised toward God. They will see the good they might have done but did not do.

The picture can not be changed. Their cases



ROSES — "THOUGHTS OF GOD" — ABOUT A SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA COTTAGE

forms, even though they be such as God has commanded, are of no value unless accompanied by an inward work of cleansing. Outward works alone will never make a man perfect before God. Nothing but repentance and faith can make an impure heart pure.

In the great day of judgment how will transgressors appear in their own sight as they are

are forever decided. They realized that they must perish with the one whose ways and works they have chosen, and in terror they cry to the rocks and mountains, "Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the face of the Lamb: for the great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?"

MRS. E. G. WHITE,





### His Glory

"ALL the people see his glory"  
When they stand amid the dews,  
Drinking in the matin music  
Which the jealous hills refuse.  
E'en to echo; to such sweetness,  
Echoes can not justice do,  
As no words express the splendors  
Where the sunrise tints the blue.

"All the people see his glory"  
When noon's limpid lights agree  
With the depths of high-hung ether,  
With the shimmer of the sea;  
When the winds moan in the forest;  
Where the rocks frown on the sand;—  
Wondrous marvels, plainly pictured  
On the face of sea and land.

"All the people see his glory"  
When a hard heart, warmed to tears,  
Bends to aid a halting footstep,  
Stoops to mingle hope with fears;  
Love and sympathy unspoken  
Pass from heart to aching heart,—  
Easing some too heavy burden,  
Acting love's divinest part.

"All the people see his glory,"  
But alas! all know it not.  
Some are blind in sun or shadow,  
Fixed their gaze on one poor spot;  
While, unseen, they pass the beauties  
Of unentered fields of bliss  
Where, unnoticed, scorned, and slighted,  
Lies the glory that they miss.

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

### The Leaf-cutting Bee

THE hot sun of India and the dusty country road had driven me under a shady tree for a moment. Looking up, I noticed a peculiar marking of many of the leaves. It was as if they had been pierced again and again with a punch. Most of the holes were perfectly round. At once it occurred to me that this was the work of the leaf-cutting bee, of which I had often read.

Where his home was, I could not discover. It must have been in some sand heap, where he had burrowed out a dwelling. He uses the circular cuttings from the leaves as partitions and linings and doors for his underground cells. Here, among the tender spring foliage, was his workshop, and he had brought his tools—a clipper and a compass—with him.

He cuts with his jaws, working rapidly, and turning about upon his feet in a well-nigh perfect circle. Sometimes this circle becomes slightly elongated, perhaps intentionally, the better to meet the special requirement in some corner of his home. What a busy world this is! And it is interesting to note how, even to the smallest insects, divine wisdom has given to each the knowledge necessary to existence and usefulness after its own manner of life.

W. A. SPICER.

### The Italy of Chicago

WE entered a little alley-way, walked down it for fifty yards, and turning to the left, wound our way, by this passage and that, to the hovel for which we were looking. It was an Italian settlement. Hemmed in on four sides by the business houses and saloons which face the main streets of the city, it is a veritable little world of its own. Scores of dirty children, from two to ten or twelve years of age, were playing about on the door-steps, stairways, and in the dirt piles. Some of them clutched at our shirts as we passed, and called out a "How d'ye do!" to us. They knew us, if not by our faces, by the bonnets we wore.

The woman we had come to see greeted us at the door of her home,—yes, it is home to her,—with a nod and a smile, and a muttering unintelligible to us. She could speak no English. Having met her on previous occasions, both socially and professionally, the young woman with me, herself a nurse, was able by questions and signs to ascertain that the woman was now much better in health, and quite enjoying herself. Her little seven-year-old daughter, in a very soiled dress, and hair that looked as if it had not been combed for a month, bounced into the room, smiling and greeting us as best she could with no knowledge of our language. The child's face showed symptoms of "prickly heat" and other evidences that she was suffering from the temperature; yet the "fit" of her dress indicated that she had underneath it a superfluity of "stuffing," no doubt in the form of numerous pretensions of waists and skirts, and of rags.

No wonder she was suffering from the heat! A fire was raging in the stove; the supper was cooking. No breeze, no cooling wind, can at this season waft through those low rooms. And hemmed in as they are by tenement houses on every side, no ray of sunlight ever enters them.

The two rooms in which this family live are low and stuffy. The kitchen is dark as night when outside it is noonday. A pile of rags on a low bench in one corner, indicates the place where some one sleeps. In another corner stands a big, old-fashioned bed, neatly made. Such a combination—the big bed and the pile of rags; the sunny-faced child and the dark, low hovel; the heat of the stove in this summer month, and the flannel dresses upon the inmates—is strange to the beholder.

Yet they seem happy, these children of the tenement. To a certain extent, they are contented; for they know no other life. Many and many of them have, for their only playground, the street. There, bareheaded and barefooted, uncombed, unwashed, they while the hours away, playing games, singing, running errands, winding their way in and out among the teams and cars and traffic of the crowded streets as only children of the streets can.

The older folks are busy in shops, or away at the factories. The women are occupied with their household cares, or are carrying or wheeling their wee ones about the streets and into the stores. What is one woman's baby is everybody's baby. The people crowd about it, take it up, comment upon it, and feed it, much to the satisfaction of the fond mother.

This is the Italy of Chicago. Here is a whole Italian settlement, just as truly as if it were in Italy. The people have little knowledge of a Saviour. They are ignorant of the laws of health. They are sick, both soul and body; and who is to help them?

LAURA L. FISK.

### "I Know; for I Have Tried It"

"YES," said the young clerk in the dry-goods store, "I know this cloth is fast color, because I have tried it; here is the sample I washed." So she sold the whole piece to her customer on the positive proof that she had tried it, and it did not fade.

At a picnic the other day, some children came to a creek they wanted to cross. It proved a little too wide, however, for their small steps, and one of the older boys threw in rocks to make a stepping-stone. "Now," he said, when it was finished, "you can cross on the rock."

"But you try it first," they replied; and when he had shown that it was solid, they followed him across.

Nineteen hundred years ago a Child came to earth to do a great work. He tried it for thirty years; then he said to all the people, You can live a perfect life if you will put your trust in God: I know, because I have tried it.

"I know, because I have tried it." How full

those words are of assurance. I know this message is true, because I have tried it; the results are in my life. That sermon will win. Away with any other kind of teaching; for there can be nothing so sweet and convincing and complete as that. What the world needs, and what God is calling for, is a band of young men and women who will stand up and say, "*We know this message is the greatest thing in the world, because we have tried it.*"

EDISON DRIVER.

### Just a Little Longer

"A LITTLE while" in doubt and fear  
We tread life's rugged path;  
A little longer shed the tear,  
And bear the aching heart.

"A little while" we bear the cross,  
And bend beneath its load;  
A little longer suffer loss,  
E'er comes the crown of gold.

"A little while," we know not why  
Our Father hides his face:  
"A little while,"—then by and by  
Reveals his wondrous grace.

So just a little longer still  
We'll trust his blessed word,  
And yield submission to his will,  
And rest in his great love.

AGNES H. BROWN.

### Manners

It is the fashion nowadays to talk of manners as hollow and insincere, and to affect a "natural" manner, which means an untrained method of behavior that sets the beholder's teeth on edge. Now, a girl might just as well assume that because she is born in an English-speaking country, spelling, writing, and grammar will be "natural" to her, as that manners will come without an effort. Bad manners are as inexcusable as bad grammar or spelling; and whether we recognize it or not, we are judged by our manners, and justly, too; for,—

"Manners are not idle, but the fruit  
Of noble nature and of loyal mind."

The awkward gesture, the brusque speech, the self-conscious giggle, are things that stamp their possessor as careless of grace, of sympathy, of charm. Why should we be anxious to have a pretty dress, and take no pains to have a delightful manner? A lovely nature, showing itself through lovely manners, is pure gold, and will always in any society, in any age, be prized as it deserves.

Self-consciousness is the worst foe, perhaps, of most girls. But the girl who goes out among people, be they washerwomen or dukes, with the least possible thought about herself, and the greatest possible interest in each one she meets, will make friends and be at ease anywhere. She will notice what etiquette is observed round her, and she will follow it intelligently, but not slavishly; for really well-bred people use etiquette, and shape it continually, but are never mastered by it. She will show constant deference to older people, and gentle consideration to all who serve her. She will look for the best in every person she meets, and so will get every one's best without fail. She will not talk loudly, nor contradict flatly, nor dress carelessly or overmuch, nor make personal remarks, nor look bored, nor interrupt, because, in thinking it out, she can see a real reason—not one of etiquette only—for avoiding such mistakes in manner. She will say pleasant, appreciative things, yet never go an inch beyond truth into flattery; and if she has no skill in conversation, she can "listen charmingly," at any rate.

"Tact," perhaps, expresses it all,—a word so misused as to mean insincerity to many minds. But that truest definition of tact, "intuitive sense of what is true, right, or proper; fineness of discernment as to action or conduct," is a good thing for the girl to remember who desires to make the best possible friendships for her life. A girl



with tact will not overstay the limits of an invitation; nor make an indiscreet confidence to a mere acquaintance; nor resent a slight where none is meant; nor put herself forward unduly; nor lose her temper in public,—or in private, either; nor forget the pleasant thing to say or do; nor delay to apologize when she is clearly in the wrong; nor accept a favor ungraciously; nor fail to return one whenever she can. Fine tact is the root of which fine manners are the fruit; and tact can be cultivated until it becomes almost a sixth sense.

None of these qualities that have been mentioned are outside the power of any girl to possess, you will notice. Beauty is not needed, nor brilliant mind, nor wealth, nor wide opportunity. There is no village that does not need, and would not prize, a girl of graceful, lovely manners. There is no school, private or public, where she would not win the love of her schoolmates, and no circle in society where she would not be welcomed. A diamond, clear, pure, of the first water, is always and anywhere admired and valued. A bit of glass glittering one moment, but showing its true material the next, is justly neglected, whether it lies in the road or on the palace step. Which will you make yourselves, girls?—*Selected.*

#### Coronation Chair at Westminster

THE famous Coronation Chair at Westminster Abbey was brought to England by the first King Edward in 1296, after John Baliol, the Scottish king, had been defeated at Dunbar. Known as the Chair of St. Edward, it has always been kept in the Abbey, and on it every monarch of England has been crowned there since. In ancient times it was used for the coronation of the kings of Scotland. It is made of hard wood, gaily painted, and a board under the seat is supported by four lions. On this rests the mysterious Jacob's stone, on which Jacob's head is said to have rested when he dreamed of the ladder that reached to heaven.

Originally the stone, it appears, was the Royal Chair of Ireland. It was called "Fiafel," or the Stone of Fate. There is a tradition that a descendant of the Scottish kings will always reign in the country possessing this treasure. Tradition also says that the stone was taken to Spain by Cathel, king of the Scots, but was brought again from Spanish soil to Ireland by Simon Brech, leader of a band of Scots, about 700 B. C.

According to Sir Walter Scott's graphic pen, the history of the stone forms a very ancient romance. Fergus, son of Eric, probably a descendant of Simon Brech, was driven out of Ireland, and landed, 503 B. C., on the coast of Argyshire, bringing the stone with him. Later, it was brought by King Kenneth of Scotland to Scone Castle, and all the Scottish kings were crowned on it from that time till Edward destroyed the royal residence of Scone, and took the stone to London, where it has remained from that day to this.

The Scot formerly believed that it gave forth melodious sounds when the rightful ruler seated himself upon it, but remained mute when a usurper was crowned. The conveyance of this stone to England was regarded by the Scots as a national humiliation, and in the treaty concluded between England and Scotland in 1328, one of the conditions was the return of the ancient royal treasure. In reply, Edward the Third gave orders that it should be sent back; but for some unknown reason, he was not obeyed.

Undoubtedly the stone is of remote antiquity. It is not, however, of meteoric origin, as many have asserted, but a block of red sandstone, containing an unusual proportion of iron. It was carved, gilded, and painted, though these decorations have entirely disappeared. In modern coronations it is covered with a cloth of gold.—*Selected.*



#### The Story of Our Matabele Mission Another Week on the Trek

IN less than an hour and a half after the oxen had reached camp, the journey was again begun. But at nine o'clock the party outspanned, went to bed, and slept soundly until one in the morning, when they again started. During this day they passed through some beautiful country, with splendid roads, fine grass, and plenty of good, cold water. They crossed two streams—the Reedfontain and the Malapo. The former is a lovely stream, clear and swift, like the mountain streams of the West; but the Malapo was muddy, yet it was good compared with some water they had been compelled to use on the trip.

Here they came in contact with plenty of natives who needed help—apparently lazy and shiftless, yet susceptible to good if kindly taught. This seemed a good opening for the missionary farmer who would come and live among these people, teaching them how to till the soil and provide for themselves, and at the same time pointing them to the way to heaven.

At five o'clock Wednesday morning, on the

them and open the way for them to establish a mission among those who knew not God.

Mafeking was at that time a clean, neat little Kafir city of about four thousand inhabitants. The houses were all built in circular form, and each had a veranda around it. There were both churches and schools. The Church of England was the most prominent denomination engaged in missionary work. The chief residing here, whose name was Kgamane, was more than ninety-three years of age.

Here the members of the mission company received the first word from home since leaving the railroad at Vryburg. Letters from friends, and a number of papers for each one, were highly prized. They made a number of purchases, and were surprised to find in this Kafir city many things just as reasonable as they purchased at Kimberly. In returning to the wagons, instead of going by the bridge as they had come over, they went by the ford, where they could wade across; and one of the brethren was left to care for the purchases until they should come back with the wagon. He was soon surrounded with scores of natives; but as only one of them understood English, and as he did not understand their language, he could talk but little with them.

While he waited, he witnessed an amusing scene. Two Kafirs came across the river riding on bullocks. Each had a bag, or bottle, of milk. The bottles were made from the skin of a goat.



ON THE WAY TO MATABELELAND

bank of the Mafeking River, one mile from the city, the company outspanned for breakfast. What did they eat?—Usually porridge and bread for breakfast. If they were in camp long enough, they might have beans, or some fowl or partridge or other game, if they were fortunate enough to find any. Often the food was smoked and burned, and almost invariably seasoned with plenty of ashes and dust. But vigorous exercise sharpened the appetite, and the food was usually taken with a relish.

But little time was devoted to breakfast this morning. Only one mile lay between them and letters from loved ones left behind, whose prayers, of which they had many evidences, were following them daily. Indeed, in every Seventh-day Adventist home throughout the colony, morning and night at worship, this company was remembered in prayer; and whenever the people met in their Sabbath worship, their prayers were united in seeking God's blessing upon the little band now in the wilderness, that he would lead

The skin had been taken off without cutting, only a hole being made where the head was cut off, so it retained the shape of the animal. One of the bullocks stopped to drink, and in an instant his boy rider had fallen off, bottle of milk and all, into the river. Quick as a flash he was out of the water, his bottle of milk fished up, and, mounted on the back of his ox, he was soon across, amid the shouts and cheers of the crowd.

Soon the wagons arrived, and the missionaries passed through the city on their journey. To their surprise, they had learned in the morning that since they had started from the Cape, the telegraph had been carried to this point, and they could send a message to their friends, telling them where they were. A message of good cheer also awaited them, announcing all well at home, and that mail awaited them at certain points on ahead.

They had traveled scarcely twelve miles when it began to rain, and they were compelled to outspan. There was no water, except what



they caught by making a dam across the road. This added a new experience; for the drinking-water and that used for cooking must come from this pool.

ESTELLA HOUSER.

(To be continued)



OVER and over God paints the skies,  
Over and over he makes the sun rise,  
Over and over he tints the flowers,  
Over and over he sends the showers,  
Over and over he guides the stars,  
Over and over he guides the dawn unbars.  
If over and over God deigns to work,  
Why should we faint — one duty shirk?  
— Juliet Sill.

### A Novel Teachers' School

Who ever heard of a teacher having the opportunity of attending school all summer, and still enjoying the quiet of the woods and the novelty of camp life? Such is the case in the little white tent town on the new college farm nearly two miles from Berrien Springs, Michigan, where a company of nearly two hundred students are gathered. Their tents are pitched in a clearing surrounded on the east and north by a forest composed of many varieties of trees, artistically draped with the vines of the wild grape and ivy. Many a shady path leads through the forest by trickling brooks and down the steep bank, where the St. Joseph River, noted throughout the State for its beauty, skirts the camp in a broad curve.

West and south are extensive gardens of peas, beans, and other vegetables, also large orchards of peach and pear trees. Beyond these are small fruits and the vineyards. Through these gardens runs the road leading to the main highway to the village.

The students are literally surrounded on all sides by the great schoolroom of nature. The science classes are conducted in the open air. There is no need of long tramps for specimens: they are all about the students.

As one of the principles of the school is to develop the physical as well as the mental powers, every student is required to work two hours each week day. The time is spent in improving the grounds, picking berries, etc., etc. Under the direction of a skillful cook, a company of the teachers prepare the food for the camp, gaining a valuable experience in hygienic cookery thereby.

Not a few of the teachers find recreation in improving their talent for music, as the almost constant use of the several musical instruments in camp proves.

A deeply moral tone pervades the camp. It is believed that each student not only makes a daily study of the word, but is endeavoring to guide his life by the principles therein contained.

It is the heartfelt wish of all who are enjoying the benefits and blessings of the school, that at least every prospective church-school teacher could be here.

VINA M. SHERWOOD.

### From Oklahoma City

OUR Society is made up of about fifteen really sincere workers; besides, we have an attendance of several others who are interested in our work. Our meeting is open to all classes and ages. The older members of our church attend as regularly as do the younger ones. We have quite a little band of children who also meet with us. We follow the outline of work in the INSTRUCTOR, and make the lessons as simple as possible, so the little ones may enjoy them.

We visit the sick, fill paper racks, and have a missionary box, in which we put our self-denial fund. We mean to hold high our aim, and strive by God's help to be a worthy factor in hastening the coming of our dear Saviour. Personally I feel that the Young People's Society is a great means of giving the young an experience, such as we early need to be successful workers in the truth. Pray for us that we may continually be seeking for and walking upon a higher plane.

I am anxious to prepare for work in the cause of God, so I am taking subscriptions to the *Signs of the Times* to pay my expenses at Berrien Springs next year. I already have forty, and expect to get one hundred.

EZRA PENNINGTON.

### August Study of the Field

#### Suggestive Program for Young People's Meeting (August 9)

1. OPENING EXERCISES.—Singing, and prayer season. Twenty minutes.

2. Scripture reading.—Isa. 52: 1-10.

3. Field Study:—

(a) Map exercise. Monthly review of the fields, noting especially encouraging reports and appeals for help, and our personal relation, as young people, to these appeals. Let the vital question in all the study be, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" (If possible, different individuals might give the messages from the different fields, the leader locating these on the map. This will add variety to the program.)

(b) Geographical study of Chili.

(c) The work in Turkey.

(d) Our mission to the Basutos.

4. Closing Exercises:—

Prayer; singing (No. 1055 of "Hymns and Tunes"); benediction.

NOTE.—Our papers this month are so full of good, encouraging reports from the field, that a program scarcely seems necessary. Why not have an entirely different meeting from your regular program? Begin where you usually end. Have a little prayer service, first or last, as you please. Have several short talks or papers on the different phases of work reported during the month, not failing to emphasize our personal relation, and that as individuals, to the great work which these reports represent. Have good singing. Select missionary hymns that will inspire to missionary service. Let the Bible reading be along the same line. Abundant material for the meeting will be found in the *Review* of July 1, 8, and 15, and in recent issues of the INSTRUCTOR.

E. H.

### Suggestions for Map-Making

"A PICTURE photographed on the brain is remembered much longer than words falling on the ears." Especially is this true in the missionary problem, where the field, the opportunities, the resources, the obligations, and the possibilities are so vast as to be almost incomprehensible.

A map will always add to the interest of the missionary meeting, and particularly so when a number of fields are referred to, as in the study this week. A large map of the world is not always accessible, but any of our young people can easily make an outline map that will answer very well for use in the missionary meetings if just a little time and thought are devoted to it.

We append a few suggestions on map-making that have been culled from an old number of the *Missionary Review of the World*:—

1. SUGGESTED SUBJECTS.—Comparative Statistics: (a) Population; (b) areas; (c) progress; (d) workers.

2. MATERIALS.—(a) White glazed blind holland (cheap and easy to work on). Calico.

Linen. (b) A long straight-edge or ruler. (c) If an accurate map is desired, a pantograph is needed for enlarging. (d) Paint. Make as follows: two ounces gum arabic dissolved in one-fourth pint of water (cold is best). Then one-half ounce vermilion, Chinese red, French ultramarine, or drop black (according to color), mixed with gum-water on a tile or slab with a "putty knife." Thin with cold water. If used fairly thick, any of the materials named, and even paper, can be employed, and the edges will not run. For painting a large surface, use a camel's hair "gilder's dab." (e) Where one has access to a magic lantern, a large map may be drawn by having a slide made, throwing the enlarged map on a sheet, and then tracing the outline.

3. OTHER SUGGESTIONS.—Do not make your maps too small; the lettering should be clearly visible from a distance. If different colors are used to represent different facts, use colors easily distinguishable.

Make the map proportionate. Use the best figures obtainable if statistics are noted. It is well to have in one corner a map of your own State, drawn to scale, as this gives a better idea of the extent of the field you wish to represent. In making a large map, any school-boy or girl can render valuable assistance, as it is difficult for one individual to manage a large map alone.

E. H.

### Selling the Life Boat in Chicago

SEVERAL young women are supporting themselves nicely by spending half of each day in selling the *Life Boat* in the residence districts of Chicago. They find it an easy matter to sell a copy of the *Life Boat* at almost every home at which they call.

This is a good way to find opportunities to follow up by cottage meetings and personal work, and it also affords an opportunity to secure many of the advantages of missionary work in other departments of our Chicago work.

This city is so large that there would be room for as many earnest, consecrated young women to take up this work as would care to come. No one except those who *know* that they have a genuine Christian experience need apply.

Address David Paulson, 28 Thirty-Third Place, Chicago.

### Among Our German Young People

MRS. NETTIE GAEDE, of Lehigh, Kan., writes:—

"We have the Membership Card translated and printed in German for our young people here. We have a leader for our Society now, and have a regular program for each meeting, endeavoring to have each one take some part. Some read, others sing, others conduct a Bible reading. We study the lesson in the INSTRUCTOR, and also mission fields, health reform, and different subjects of our faith. We have also created a self-denial fund, and collect the money at each meeting. We want to get acquainted with our work, and keep step with the message in the first place. We hope then to go a little further, and help in other needy places, especially in the German work."

### From Cooper, O. T.

OUR Society here numbers about fifty, and we always have a large attendance of visitors. We hold our meetings twice a month, on Sabbath evenings. A program consisting of a Bible reading, short talks on different subjects, music, etc., forms the basis of our Sabbath evening meetings. Aside from this we hold missionary meetings, when we send out papers and tracts. We are all of good courage.

MARY WALL.

BEAUTY is God's handwriting—welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank for it, Him, the fountain of all loveliness.—Charles Kingsley.





### The Fingers Say So

Is the little girl good? How can we tell?  
Just see what tiny fingers spell:  
G-o-o-d, good.

That one is right; now the other hand.  
It's as true as if it had all been planned:  
G-i-r-l, girl.

The hands spell right; but what they do  
Will make their story false or true:  
Good girl.

— John T. Roberts.

### Dick's Flower

THE teacher asked, one soft spring day,  
When slowly drag the study hours,  
And healthy children long for play,  
"My dears, what are your favorite flowers?"

Said Marion, slowly, "I suppose  
My favorite flower is the rose."  
"Mine is the lily," answered Sue.  
"I love," said Bess, "the violet blue."

"And I," laughed Jim, "the hollyhock."  
But Dick replied, with roguish look,  
Tossing aside his slate and book,  
"Give me the four-o'clock."

— S. S. Times.

### A Queer Lake

MAPLE street was the first street to be paved in the pretty little town where Robbin and Ruby live. As it happened, Sunflower Cottage stands right at the top of the hill up which Maple street climbs bravely; so the twins could watch the work from the very beginning. First the men put in a curbing of dressed stone on each side of the street; then other men brought brick and lime and tools; and still others plowed up the hard road, "just as if they were going to make a garden," Robbin said. And then what a time there was smoothing it all off level, and mixing mortar for the road-bed, and covering it with soft, clean sand, such as children love to play in, before the bricks themselves could be set side by side to make a smooth path for the horses' feet.

But months before the bricks were stacked in great piles on the walks, or the plow had been pushed and dragged through the hard, packed clay and gravel, several barrels of a curious, hard, black substance were left at one side of the street. There were no heads in the barrels—evidently water would not hurt the stuff; it was so hard, too, that Robbin could not break off even a small lump, though he tried with the little hammer that Uncle Robert had given him at Christmas.

But by and by something happened. The days grew warmer; and the sun shining on the barrels and their contents, softened the black substance so that it began to flow out in a great, heavy mass. The children on Maple street dipped long sticks into it, and to their delight it stuck—"just like 'taffy' on a stick," Ruby declared, with a flourish.

"Wonder what 'tis, anyway, and where it came from," said Robbin, who likes to know things. He was sitting on the shady porch, mopping his hot little face with a very soiled handkerchief.

"It's my opinion Janet would rather know how to get rid of it than where it came from," volunteered Sister, from her hammock.

"Where's Trinidad, Robbin?" asked Uncle Robert, with a twinkle in his eye. Geography is not Robbin's strong point.

"Why—it's—it's in the Pacific Ocean somewhere, I guess," stammered Robbin, his face redder than before.

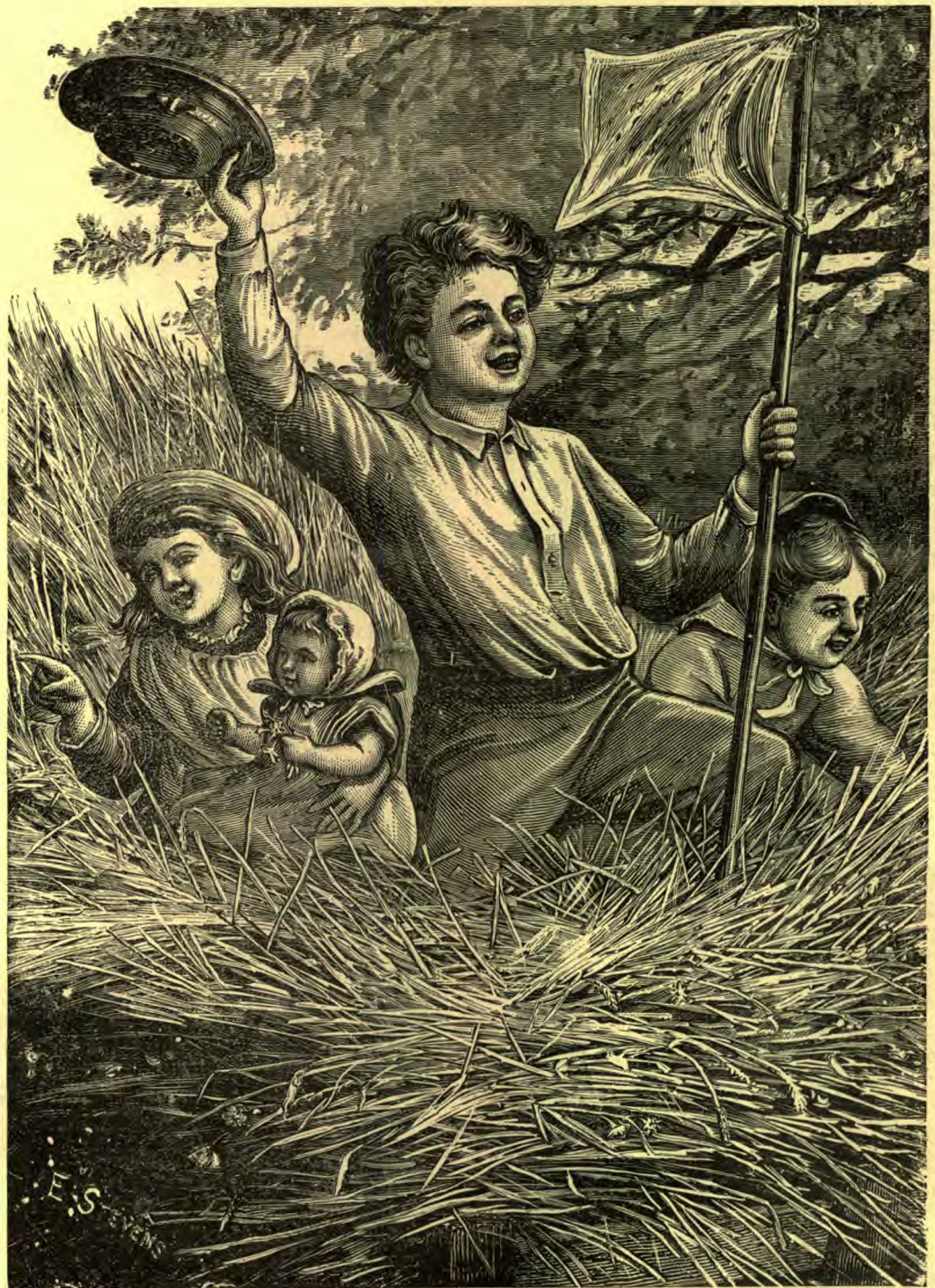
"Trinidad is one of the British West Indies,—don't you remember, Robbin?—and is situated on the northern coast of Venezuela, at the mouth of the Orinoco River," spoke up Ruby, with the ready memory that is the pride of her teachers and the despair of her schoolmates.

"Well done, Jewel!" said Uncle Robert, approvingly, and continued: "When I was in Trinidad last year, I visited a strange lake in the southern peninsula of the island. This lake is not filled with water, but with pitch, or asphalt, as it is often called. For miles around this curious lake the ground is all pitch, with only a little

day digging the stuff out in great, black, shining blocks, which are carried down to the harbor in strong iron baskets hung on wire cables. There it is put on board ships, and carried to New York City; and from there it is sent out all over the world."

"I should think they'd get to the bottom sometime," said Ruby.

"Yes, one would think so, especially after seeing how much is taken away in one day," replied Uncle Robert, "but the fact is that the lake is even higher now than it was when the men first began to take the pitch away. One old 'pitch-



HAPPY SUMMER DAYS

soil on top, though where there is even a thin layer of earth, things grow wonderfully in that tropical climate. But of course nothing can grow on the pitch itself.

"When I went out on the lake, I could feel it tremble and move under my weight as I ran along, or jumped across the little streams that formed in hollow places from the rains. It gave me a 'shaky' feeling, you may well believe; but there is really no danger, if one keeps moving about.

"In different places, men are at work day after

digger' told me that he had been working for months in the very place where he stood when I saw him, and even then the hole was not more than two feet deep. By morning it would be all level with the rest of the lake.

"Near where the man was working there was a large root that he had dug up that day. Already it was half sunken in the pitch, and by the next day, he said, it would be out of sight. One time the men left a valuable piece of iron lying on the lake at night; and though they knew just where it was laid, and several of them dug



very fast for it the next morning, they could not find it. In one place the pitch is so soft that it will not hold a person's weight. The men have set a pole here with a flag on it; every day or two the pole sinks out of sight, and they have to put up a new one."

"Well, I'd like to see that lake," said Robbin, thoughtfully, "and I'd like to know what they're going to do with the stuff here," he added.

"If you watch, you will see the men melt the pitch in a big tank, draw it into funnels, and pour it carefully in the space between the bricks after they are laid, to make the pavement even," said Uncle Robert.

"Let's go tell Ted about the pitch lake," said Ruby, catching sight of a playmate standing at the gate; and away ran the twins, waving their pitchy sticks.

### A "Live" Map

HAVING the whooping-cough was bad enough—as if!—but having to say your lessons at home and whoop, too, and having to be certain sure somebody else was up to the head of your geography class—

"It's very hard!" lamented Jeffy. "Very hard! I s'pose I shall stand it, but it hurts me to. And I was going to get the map prize, too."

"What prize was that, Jeff?" Uncle Martin asked, looking over the top of his paper. Uncle Martin was just home from Alaska.

"The one the teacher was going to give for the best map of the United States. I was going to get it, but now——" Jeffy's sigh was very breezy indeed.

"Were you quite sure of getting it, Jeff?"

"Pretty quite," modestly. "You see, I'm the best drawist in our g'ography class—the teacher says so. I can make maps like anything!"

"Can't Rebecca and Will-o'-Wisp, too?" Uncle Martin asked.

"M-m—oh—well, Becky can, some, but she isn't a drawist, you know."

Uncle Martin did not know.

"And Will-o'-Wisp?"

"Willy!" Jeff laughed till he whooped. You would know Uncle Martin had just got home from Alaska by that! Willy a drawist!

"I'll tell you what I'll do!" Uncle Martin cried, cheerily. "I'll offer a map prize—for the very best map of—Alaska!"

"O Uncle Martin, goody!" exclaimed delighted Jeffy.

"Goody!" echoed Becky, shyly.

"You're the goodest uncle!" little Will-o'-Wisp piped.

"Two prizes—I'll offer two. The first for the very best map, and the second for the one that tries hardest. Run off now and go to work!"

"There's only three of us—somebody's going to get left," laughed Jeffy. But he knew it wouldn't be—well, somebody that was the best drawist in the geography class. He felt sorry ahead for Becky or Will-o'-Wisp.

For almost an hour Jeffy worked. So did little Will-o'-Wisp. Becky was out in the yard, playing—lazybones! She couldn't have spent more than twenty minutes over her geography and five over her paper and pencil. Then she had given a little, long sigh and gone away. Jeffy wasn't sorry any more for Becky. If you wished to be a lazybones—

"Hi-hum, I'm tired!" groaned Jeffy, softly. "I wish Uncle Martin had just come home from the United—well from somewhere else besides Alaska. I hate Alaska! And anyway, I'm not going to work any longer when there isn't a speck o' need. It's good enough. Becky's given up, and Willy—h'm!" He glanced at toiling little Will-o'-Wisp, and smiled in his sleeve—the sleeve farthest away.

"There's no use working and working when

you don't need to. Of course I could make it better, but I'm tired, and what's the use?" Jeffy yawned, and stretched his short arms out as long as possible. Then he put up his map, and went to reading stories.

Will-o'-Wisp worked on and on, breathing very hard indeed. His little freckly brown face grew quite red. It was such hard work, but he tried—how little Will-o'-Wisp did try!

Out in the sunny yard little Lazybones knelt on the bank of the brook half the afternoon—till her shoulders ached, and her knees, too.

At tea-time Uncle Martin said he was ready to "judge" maps. Jeffy brought out his promptly. Then Will-o'-Wisp got his.

"M-m-m!" Uncle Martin was non-committal. "Now, Rebecca?"

"Mine's out-o'-doors," shyly, and Becky led the way to it. Where do you think it was? Marked out on the ground on both sides of the brook! It was very carefully "drawn" indeed.

"The brook is the Yukon River," explained Becky, quietly, "an' those humps are the 'Laskan mountains—that one's Mount Logan. That's Cape Prince of Wales there." She pointed out all the features of her Alaska with earnest little face. The map was neatly outlined with little stones.

It had taken a good while to "draw" it, and a good deal of skill.

"An'—an' there's gold in the ground," she added, softly. "Truly gold. I planted my two rings an' my five-dollar gold piece. It wouldn't be like Alaska without any gold, you know; I knew I could dig 'em up again."

"Mine 'em," corrected Jeffy. His eyes were big with wonder over the beautiful "live" map of Alaska. And he had thought it wasn't worth while to spend very much time on his map!

"I award Miss Rebecca Plummer the first prize for the very best map," the judge was saying, gravely. "And Will-o'-Wisp Plummer the second prize for trying hardest. The other contestant——"

"Don't, Uncle Martin! I'm 'shamed of the other contender—honest, I am!" cried Jeffy. "I'm going to make him draw another map to-morrow, just to show you. It won't be a prize map, but——"

"But it will be a good one—needn't tell me!" interrupted Uncle Martin's big, kind voice, which was full of sympathy. "I expect to give it 'honorable mention,' anyhow!"—*Selected.*



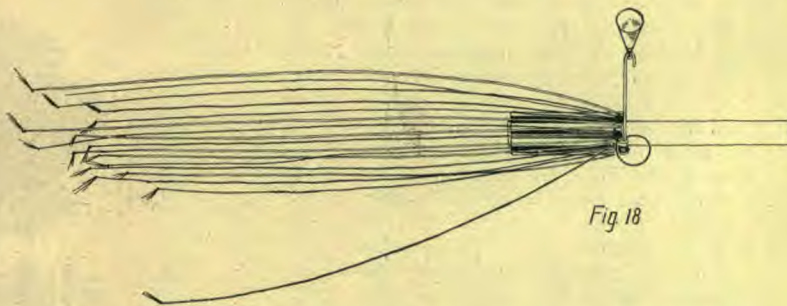
### Black and White Figures

IF you will notice the threads in weaving, you will observe that each time one is used, it is brought *toward you* a distance equal to its own diameter, while it is carried forward twice that distance plus the diameter of the warp. Each thread of the woof, then, instead of running parallel with the base, follows a spiral line around it. Where threads of only one color are used, it will be quite impossible to follow it in the finished work; but if the woof is composed of black and white threads, the woven article will have stripes that run around it, like those on a stick of candy, except that the spiral curvature will not be so acute.

It is not advisable to use black and white threads alternately. Where an equal number of threads of each color are used, they should at least be placed in pairs, and on large work a more pleasing result will be obtained by putting from three to five threads in each stripe. It will

not, however, be necessary to use an equal number of black and white threads. Of course a "hit-and-miss" pattern would not be very pleasing, but results that are both artistic and symmetrical may be obtained by varying the proportions of black and white as much as six or eight to one. A very pretty pattern for large work (large in diameter) is made by using eight threads of black hair, one of white, another black, and a second white one. This arrangement is repeated all around the base. Nine threads of black are used in this pattern to two of white; but if you want black stripes on a white ground, the proportion of black and white should be reversed.

In any pattern that is made by repeating a variation of arrangement, the entire pattern must necessarily contain a number of threads that is divisible by the number contained in each repetition. In the pattern I have just given, for example, the number of threads in the woof



must be divisible by eleven. But you need not fear that this will cause trouble in practise. A woof that contains just the right number of threads can always spare a few without exposing the warp, or bear the addition of a few without overcrowding. It is best to err on the side of abundance; for if the warp is not well covered, it will leave a very noticeable defect. This is especially true where the warp and woof are of different colors. In weaving with black and white threads, it is well to use white warp. Then if the warp is left exposed on the white stripes, it will not be noticed except when the work is closely examined. If it shows on a black stripe, it may be dyed with black ink.

Spiral stripes are as easy to make as a solid color, and with a very little additional work the stripes can be made to run parallel with the base, or to zigzag back and forth. In either case the work is prepared in the usual manner, except where the stripes are to be straight; then one of them must contain one thread more than the others. Suppose that there are to be three threads in each stripe. Then one stripe in the pattern will require four. Begin the weaving by taking the second thread in that stripe, and passing it under the warp. There it is left to be used when needed. Skip the next thread altogether, and take the first regular stitch with the last thread in that stripe. Now finish one circle of stitches in the regular manner, ending with the first thread of the stripe where the work was begun; which, though it contains four threads, will have but two used in the regular manner. Next pass the thread that was skipped at first under the warp, and bring up the one that was put under at first. Neither of these threads is woven into the work; but they are used alternately to conceal the change from the regular to the forward stitch. Make the second circle of stitches by simply passing the threads of woof around the warp, as shown in Fig. 18, and drawing them taut. Weave each alternate circle with the regular and the forward stitch; but use the concealing threads (putting one under and the other over the warp) only when changing from the regular to the forward stitch. In making a zigzag the changes will be made so seldom that the extra thread will not be needed.

J. EDGAR ROSS.

(To be continued)





## THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

### VI—The Tower of Babel

(August 9)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Genesis 11.

MEMORY VERSE: "Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased." Luke 14: 11.

(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.)

"And the whole earth was of one language, and of one speech"—the pure language of Eden that God himself gave to Adam. So all the people in the world were able to understand one another.

When God gave Adam and Eve a garden for their home, he showed that he wanted men to live among the beautiful scenes of nature, where they could see his works. But after the fall, they began to build cities to live in, and to take pride in the works of their own hands, instead of studying the works of God.

In planning to build a strong tower that would reach up to heaven, they thought they would find out what caused the flood, and have a safe refuge in case another one should sweep the earth. This was an act of defiance of God who had sent the flood, and it showed that they did not believe his promise that there should never be another. They also wanted to glorify themselves, and make their name known in the earth in all coming generations.

God saw that so long as men were all united, it would be much easier for them to carry out their evil intentions. So he said that he would "confound their language."

Of course the people could not work together any longer, when they could not understand one another. Everything was confusion; so the tower was called "Babel," a word meaning "confusion," and the people left off to build the tower.

Then those who could understand one another went off together in little companies, and settled in different parts of the earth. This is how the different languages and the different nations of the earth had their beginning, and the pure language of the new earth was lost.

It was sin, pride of heart, and rebellion against God, that made it necessary for him to divide the children of men in this way. But God says that by and by, when all sin is wiped away, and Eden is restored, and all the people of earth do the will of God instead of their own will, then he will "turn to the people a pure language, that they may all call upon the name of the Lord, to serve him with one consent." Then we shall all speak the language of Eden, and the whole earth will be "of one language and of one speech," as it was in the beginning.

But there is still one language that may be heard and read and understood by every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people,—the testimony of all creation to God's power and divinity. The heavens declare the glory of God to the ends of the earth, and there is no speech nor language where their voice may not be heard telling of him who made them, to all who will listen.

The work of the Babel-builders in trying to build up a way from earth to heaven, was exactly the opposite to God's plan. It is not possible for us to work ourselves up to heaven; but God has let down a way from heaven to earth, that all who will may mount up and dwell with him. Jesus said, "I am the Way." Through him alone we can come to God and be saved from death. Enoch found this Way, and by it passed into the heavens, and every one who seeks Jesus will find him; for he is not far from every one of us.

"Thou art the Way, by thee alone,  
From sin and death we flee;  
And he who would the Father seek,  
Must seek him, Lord, by thee."

#### Questions

1. How long was there only one language in the earth?
2. Where did God place man in the beginning? Gen. 2: 8. By placing him in a garden, what did God show?

3. Who built the first city? Gen. 4: 16, 17. What sort of man was Cain?

4. What do we see in cities instead of the works of God?

5. When men had begun to make bricks, what did they plan to build? Chap. 11: 4.

6. What were their reasons for building this tower?

7. How did God stop the work? Verse 7.

8. By confounding men's language, what did God do? Verse 8.

9. Will the earth ever again be of one language? Zeph. 3: 9.

10. Is there now any language that can be understood by all nations? Ps. 19: 1-4.

11. How high did the Babel-builders expect to climb? Verse 4.

12. Can we work ourselves up to heaven? Is there then no way for us to get there? John 14: 3.

13. Who is the Way? From whom does this Way come?

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON

### VI—The Hebrew Children Examined

(August 9)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Dan. 1: 17-21.

MEMORY VERSE: "As for these four children, God gave them knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom."

#### Questions

1. What did God give the four children who were faithful to his requirements?
2. What special understanding did he give to Daniel?
3. Who, then, had a special care for their education while in the king's court?
4. At the end of their course of study, before whom were they brought?
5. Who else came before the king at this time?
6. When these youth were brought in, what did Nebuchadnezzar do?
7. With what honors did Daniel and his companions pass their examination?
8. What position was assigned them?
9. How thoroughly did Nebuchadnezzar test Daniel and his companions in practical work?
10. How did they rank with the best educated men in his kingdom?
11. How long did Daniel stay in the province of Babylon?
12. Read Eze. 28: 3. What does it show concerning Daniel's wisdom that he should be chosen as one with whom Satan is compared?
13. Was Daniel wiser than the king of Babylon or not?
14. At the time of the examination before the king, how far only could Nebuchadnezzar test Daniel's wisdom? See note 2.
15. How old was Daniel at this time? (Compare his length of time in Nebuchadnezzar's court with his age when taken captive.)

#### Notes

1. "The life of Daniel is an inspired illustration of what constitutes a sanctified character. It presents a lesson for all, and especially for the young. A strict compliance with the requirements of God is beneficial to the health of the body and mind. In order to reach the highest standard of moral and intellectual attainments, it is necessary to seek wisdom and strength from God, and to observe strict temperance in all habits of life. In the experience of Daniel and his companions we have an instance of the triumph of principle over temptation to indulge the appetite. It shows us that through religious principle young men may triumph over the lusts of the flesh, and remain true to God's requirements."—*Testimonies*.

2. Daniel was wiser than Nebuchadnezzar, and God put him in that heathen court to show the king in what true knowledge and wisdom consist. Nebuchadnezzar could test Daniel's wisdom only to the extent of ten times the wisdom of his wisest men. Beyond that the king could not go; for he had not yet learned the wisdom of God.

3. The work which Hezekiah and others failed to do in Jerusalem was done by Daniel and his companions as captives in Babylon. And they proclaimed the truth not by sermons, but by their own lives. So Christ taught his disciples far more effectively by his daily life than by any mere doctrinal instruction. See "Desire of Ages," page 349.

4. Daniel's experience in Babylon shows that simple food is necessary to one who would have a strong mind.

I WONDER why it is that we are not all kinder than we are. How much the world needs it! How easily it is done! How instantaneously it acts! How infallibly it is remembered! How superabundantly it pays itself back!—*Henry Drummond*.

#### Erratum

By error the little poem on page 229 of the INSTRUCTOR, written by Fanny Crosby, is wrongly credited.

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### How Big Is a Bushel?

LET us answer the question at once. The United States standard must contain 2150.42 cubic inches. This is its exact shape (see lower illustration), drawn to the scale of one-eighth. The measures given are, of course, inside measures, and capacity is accurate down to the size of a peppermint. Or, if you prefer a basket, let it be of this shape and these dimensions, which will be a trifle large, to the extent, perhaps, of a piece of lump sugar; but we will throw that in.

The cut first given, the United States standard, is known as the Winchester bushel, and dates away back to Anglo-Saxon times. Winchester, within seventy miles of London, was not only the place for the crowning of English kings, but also for the crowding of English traders, and wise King Henry the Seventh quieted their market clamor, and laid



down the law that the standard for corn, wheat, etc., should be the Winchester bushel of 2150.42 cubic inches. According to Dr. Brooks, this original bushel is still preserved in the Winchester museum, along with the same king's original yard. The English colonists naturally used the measures of the mother country, the Winchester with the rest; so that when we became independent, it still prevailed with us.

In 1826 Great Britain changed her standards, and took a larger measure (2218.192 cubic inches), which she called the imperial bushel. We did not follow her, and thereby doubtless added mightily to the confusion, especially where we encountered her in the custom-houses. On the contrary, in 1830, our government reaffirmed its choice of the Winchester bushel and all the rest, and by way of soothing the feelings of the distracted officials, Uncle Sam sent to all the State governors, and to the custom-houses, beautiful complete sets of the standard weights and measures as then adopted. In 1881 he was even



more generous; for he supplied them to all the State agricultural colleges that had grants of land, at a cost of two hundred dollars a set. That may seem a large price, to pay for a lot of yardsticks and market and grocers' measures, but the committee did not think so; for they claimed to have done the best they could "under the limitation of cost imposed."

But standards can not always secure immediate uniformity. There is still diversity in this great country of ours as to bushels. For example, the good sixty bushels of potatoes which a farmer might send from Pennsylvania over into Ohio would count for only fifty-six bushels there. In 1878, according to a report sent to Congress, the bushel had one hundred and thirty different sizes in this country, and none of them were the same as the bushel of England, our largest trader. Vermont has a law, which was in force as late as 1896, at least, "that one bushel and three quarters of a peck shall be deemed a bushel."

Taking the bushel as a type of capacity measures, another unit comes into question. What is the size of a gallon? The United States has its own very definite notions here, too, and says that

a gallon shall contain just two hundred and thirty-one cubic inches. Now we see why we have two sorts of quarts and two sorts of pints. A quart of beans or peas or of any other "dry" thing is, or should be, the 1-32 of a bushel—some 67.2 cubic inches; but a quart of milk or kerosene or any other liquid, agreeable or otherwise, should be one quarter of a gallon, or 57.75 cubic inches,—not quite so large, you see.

The government has now two highly exact systems of weights and measures, and runs them side by side. For it has not only supplied itself and all the States with complete sets of the English, or "customary," standards; but also, as we have seen, it has taken immeasurable pains to secure for itself and for its immense family, sets of the French, or "metric," system, all of them instruments of precision as fine and accurate as it is possible for modern wisdom and skill to construct. Furthermore, it publishes for the use of its officers in custom-houses, the navy, the army, the post-office, and all other places where measurement is needed, tables giving the equivalents of each system in terms of the other, so that kilograms can be put into pounds, or liters into bushels, etc., at a glance.

Let the boys and girls take heart; for the good time is coming when there will be no need to burden the wits with pounds, ounces, scruples, troy, avoirdupois, furlongs, quarts, bushels, and all the rest of it; but the metric system will make everything easy, and will save the time and nerves of all of us for something better.—*Prof. Albert B. Carner, in Well Spring.*

### An Interesting Pastime

A NEW "pastime," which has at least the virtue of being a sort of "brain exercise," is described in the *Young People's Weekly*. It consists in making the numbers from one to one hundred by employing in every case four times the figure four. Any arithmetical or algebraic signs may be used, but never less nor more than the four fours. Thus:—

$$\begin{array}{rcl} 4 + 4 & & 4 \times 4 \\ \hline = 8 & & = 16 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{rcl} 4 + 4 & & 4 \times 4 \\ \hline = 8 & & = 16 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{rcl} 4 + 4 + 4 & & 4 \times 4 \\ \hline = 12 & & = 16 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{rcl} 4 + 4 & & 4 \times 4 \\ \hline = 8 & & = 16 \end{array}$$

So far it is simple, but the art consists in employing the different formulæ to get the higher numbers. The writer got all up to twenty-eight, and about half the rest up to one hundred.

### The August Life Boat

Do not lay aside this number of the INSTRUCTOR until you have decided to order a copy of the August special temperance number of the *Life Boat*, and several copies for your friends. It will contain stirring articles from the pens of John G. Wooley, editor of the *New Voice*; Colonel Hadley, superintendent of the Blue Button Army; Dr. J. H. Kellogg; Eva Shontz, president of the American Young Woman's Christian Temperance Union; Miss Wintringer, editor of the *Young Crusader*; and other leading temperance workers. There is no other way that you could possibly secure the greatest thoughts from the leading temperance workers for two cents.

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DAVID PAULSON, M. D.



### WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE WORLD.

**CORNER ON CORN.**—Recently a sensation was caused in the Chicago grain market when the price of corn advanced to \$.855, ten cents higher than wheat, and much higher than for a number of years.

**NEWS OF ANDREE.**—What purports to be information concerning Andr  e, the arctic explorer, and his party, comes from Ralph Alstine, an agent for the Hudson Bay Company. He has his story from "Old Huskie," the leader of a tribe of Eskimos, who one day saw a balloon with three men descending from the sky. The Eskimos were about to investigate the strange object, when one of the men accidentally discharged a gun, whereupon the Eskimos fell upon the men, killing all three. Little credence is given to this story.

**INTERVIEWED BY THE CZAR.**—It is reported that the czar of Russia will interview privately over two hundred representative Russians of all ranks, from university professors, publicists, and editors, to political prisoners and even convicts. His object is to investigate the social problem, and ascertain, if possible, the motives for the assassination of high officials of the Russian government. "The visitors will be invited to tell frankly how the threatened revolution may be averted, and by what peaceful means the distress and dissatisfaction of the lower classes may be met."

**CALLED NOT HIS RICH NEIGHBORS.**—His Majesty, King Edward of England, on July 7, entertained more than half a million of London slum-dwellers at a great dinner, given in view of his coming coronation. Four hundred halls, schools, and parks were the scenes of the festivities, the greater number being at Stepney, where forty-five thousand partook of a dinner such as they seldom enjoy. At every gathering was read a message from the king, sent through the lord mayor of London. Eighteen hundred musicians, singers, elocutionists, and other artists entertained them, programs being rendered at more than half the dinners. Most of the performers appeared as well dressed as if they were entertaining a fashionable drawing-room assemblage, instead of the poorest people of London. The number present is estimated at 600,000,—enough people to constitute a city; in fact, only six cities in the United States can boast of a greater number of inhabitants. We can not but remark that King Edward is following out the divine injunction of Luke 14:12-14, while members of New York's "four hundred" are giving dinners to a pet monkey and a "stuffed coon mounted on a tree stump."

CARRIE HATHAWAY.

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