

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH.

Vol. L.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., SEPTEMBER 4, 1902.

No. 35.

IN THE CHRISTIAN PATHWAY

Happiness

SHE passed: I saw her smiling face
While sewing in my cottage door;
That I might give her footsteps chase,
I dropped my work upon the floor.
I hurried up the busy street,—
Almost I touched her shining dress;
But swifter still sped on the feet
Of that fair phantom, Happiness.

Long did I seek her, far and wide,
By mount and stream, by land and sea,
In halls of fame, in courts of pride;
Yet still she hid herself from me.
Footsore and sad, I homeward turned,
And passed again my cottage door;
The humble work that once I spurned,
I gathered up from off the floor.

Each stitch I set with patient care,
And smiled to see the long, straight line;
And then, before I was aware,
My heart had ceased to fret and pine.
Swift flew the needle to and fro,—
'Twas but a common, little dress,—
There came a gentle tap, and lo!
Upon my doorstep, Happiness.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

Words

A WORD is the sign, or symbol, of an idea. In itself it may express a complete thought. Usually to do this, it is joined with others in a combination called a sentence. All the words used by a race of people to express their thoughts, and to communicate with one another, is called a language. The English language is that system of words used and misused by the English-speaking race.

As words are signs of ideas, it is evident that the formation and use of words is generally controlled by the ideas. But this is not always true; frequently thoughts—ideas—are born of words.

Words may be empty, mere babble, idle prattle, light and frothy as the wind-swept foam. They tell us of empty minds and shallow thought.

Words may be weighty. A mere word has changed the course of empire, dethroned kings, broken hearts. One word has often turned the purpose of a life, thrust a living sting into the heart, and cursed a soul forever.

A little word has encouraged the despairing, brought joy to the disconsolate, sweetened many a bitter cup, checked the downward career, and heartened and gladdened a whole life.

Words are living things, not only controlled by our thoughts, but in turn controlling them. Lord Lytton says:—

"Words, however, are things; and the man who accords
To his language the license to outrage his soul,
Is controlled by the words he disdains to control."

And Sir Walter Scott sings:—

"O many a shaft, at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant;
And many a word at random spoken,
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken."

The wisest man of earth said: "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." And a wiser than he has solemnly declared: "Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."

How important, then, are words! It is important that we secure a sufficient number of words—a vocabulary—to enable us to express ourselves properly, clearly, forcibly, on any subject upon which we wish to speak. We obtain a vocabulary by study, by converse with others, by good reading.

Words are our friends, so to speak, comrades in tribulation, in conflict, in helpfulness, in enjoyment, whom we can summon at any time to aid us,—companions with whom we eat, walk, talk, think, and live.

As we prize eternal life, how careful should we be in selecting these companions! How sedulously do we avoid the low and base and degrading among our fellows, unless God has called us to lift them up. How we avoid those whose characters are so thoroughly formed that we can not affect them for good. We instinctively fear for the safety and purity of our friends who mingle with them.

But almost always the character of a word is fixed permanently by long usage. It generally affects the user more than the user affects the word. It is a mold, so to speak, into which our warm thoughts are cast, and constant usage tends to imprison, and ossify (turn to bone) the mind with the thought if the word be mean and narrow, or expand it and give it life if the word be lofty and great,—not lofty in sound nor great in syllables, but lofty in sentiment and great in meaning, inviting the thought to greater heights and larger fields.

A mean word applied to a good object belittles it, not only in the estimation of him who uses it, but in the minds of the unthinking. Politicians and religious partisans take advantage of this power of words. We do not know how many were prejudiced against the originally noble purposes of the Republican party by the terms "Black Abolitionist" and "Black Republican." A union laborer despises a man more whom he has denominated a "scab" than he did before, and so also do many other unthinking souls. We do not think so much of a foreman by calling him a "boss;" and our love for our father and mother is adulterated when we speak of them as "old man" or "old woman."

The words may seem "smart," and may cause the unthinking to laugh; but they have belittled our own soul, and lessened the regard we should have for those whom the great God has commanded us to honor.

What is the lesson? For our own character's sake, which we are building for eternity; for the sake of those who hear, let us never apply to a human being a term that will make him seem less in our estimation. Choose good words, and fill them with pure and holy thoughts.

Truly each reader of the INSTRUCTOR can pray no better prayer than that taught by the sweet

singer of Israel: "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer."
M. C. WILCOX.

His Part

THAT the supper had been an unusually belated one, and that Theresa Valmer, spry little housekeeper that she was, was still in the kitchen, washing up pots and pans, when the clock struck eight, was her brother Loring's fault. Supper had waited until the busy father had at last eaten alone, and departed to his evening work; but Theresa had waited and waited, slipping out to make fresh the cooled dishes when the laggard's step was at last heard, and speaking not a word of reproach, although Loring offered no apology for his tardiness.

Loring had, indeed, little to offer in the way of conversation of any sort. Theresa was only a girl, and she could not be expected to understand the great schemes which were at that moment ripening in his fertile brain. Nevertheless, when supper was over, he waited rather disconsolately for Theresa to finish her after-supper work and join him.

She came at last, slipping off the big apron and rubber cuffs which protected her pretty dress, and stopping with them in her hand, while she answered brightly some of Loring's questions, before she turned to put them away.

"You've been such a long time getting through to-night," Loring grumbled, ignoring the fact that it was he who had caused the delay.

Theresa ignored it, too.

"I had a great deal to do," she answered. "I'm glad to sit down—I'm tired to-night."

"I've been waiting for you to have a game of crokinole," Loring explained. "Don't you want to?"

"I don't believe I can play, Loring. I cut my finger to-day, and it would interfere with my playing."

"That's too bad. Well, can you play the accompaniment to my new violin solo, then?"

"Please excuse me to-night, Loring, I don't feel as if I could."

"Then don't you want to help me classify my flowers?"

Theresa's face clouded.

"All that litter down here, to-night!" she exclaimed. Then, hastily, as she caught her brother's expression, "O, all right, Loring! I don't really mind."

"Of course, if you don't want to," Loring replied, a little stiffly, "I'll not bring them down. They do make a litter, I suppose. That can't very well be helped."

"Let's just have a quiet chat," Theresa pleaded. "Tell me all about what happened at the store to-day, and what you did, and whom you saw."

"Tell you over a whole lot of gossip, eh?" Loring's voice was not quite unkind, but the suggestion was not a pleasant one. "I'm not very good at that business."

Theresa made a few rather futile attempts at conversation, but Loring was fidgety. At last he got his hat.

"I guess I'll run round to Clarence Gregory's a little while," he said. "He has some flowers that he got on the marshes, and I want to see them."

Theresa made no protest. It would be an hour or more before his father's return, and Theresa was left quite alone, but Loring did not think of that. He felt, in fact, that he himself was rather ill-used. Surely, it was Theresa's fault that there had been nothing amusing to occupy him at home. He believed it was a sister's duty to make home pleasant for her brother in the evening.

He found his chum, who was a widow's only child, reading aloud to his mother, but the book was put down at his arrival.

"Flowers?" Clarence queried, as Loring mentioned his errand. "You'll have to come upstairs with me, old chap. Mother doesn't object to fresh flowers, but she seems prejudiced against having their dessicated remains down here. They are scrupulously confined to the attic."

The two boys spent a pleasant half-hour in the attic. Then Clarence said: "That's all. Let's go down to the sitting-room. Mother doesn't like sitting alone in the evening."

For a moment a vision of Theresa, sitting alone at home, floated through Loring's mind, but it was soon forgotten in their pleasant chat. Mrs. Gregory, while apparently enjoying their lively conversation, did not often join in it, until Clarence was called for a few minutes from the room.

"How is Tressie, this evening?" she then asked, using the pet name by which she often called Theresa.

The query took Loring by surprise. "She is well, thank you," he answered.

"I am glad. Her headache isn't affecting her unpleasantly then, this evening?"

"I guess not. I didn't even know she had one."

"I ran in for a few minutes this morning, as I passed, and she was looking so miserable that I made her own up to a headache. Tressie is too good to you folks. She keeps on going when she isn't able."

"She didn't mention the headache. She pleaded a cut finger when I asked her to play crokinole, but she didn't give any reason when I asked her to try my new piece over with me."

Mrs. Gregory smiled. "I fancy one of her nervous attacks doesn't leave her feeling like trying new violin solos," she said.

"Perhaps my violin performance is rather nerve-racking," admitted Loring, good-naturedly. "And a new piece may be particularly so."

"O, I didn't mean anything like that," Mrs. Gregory protested, laughing. "I wish you had brought Tressie with you this evening. But I suppose your father is at home to-night?"

Loring's face flushed. "No; he isn't. Tressie is quite alone. But she isn't at all nervous about being alone."

Mrs. Gregory hesitated a minute. She did not want to be officious, but after all, Loring was the son of one of her oldest and dearest friends. She decided to speak.

"Isn't it just possible, Loring, that her nervousness may be like her headache—that she may never have spoken of it? I do not mean that she is afraid to stay alone. The neighborhood is a perfectly safe one, and Tressie is much too strong and sensible for idle fears. But I don't think you realize how much Tressie is alone. All day long, she sees you and your father only at meal-times, and for the rest of the time, no one, unless a neighbor chances to drop in. Tressie is quite young, Loring, and her loneliness is not easier to bear because it is so recent. She has not complained, I assure you, but I am giving you a little bit of my own experience. I know what it is to spend all day in household tasks, and then to spend my evening in silence and alone."

Loring was silent for a minute. Then he spoke slowly and thoughtfully. "I think I see what you mean, Mrs. Gregory. I guess I've been thinking that I was a pretty decent sort of fellow when I was willing to stay at home, and let Tressie amuse me. I never thought that she might sometimes not feel like being amusing."

"Yes," Mrs. Gregory smiled back; "I think that it is just possible that so much has been said about the duty of girls to make home a pleasant place for their brothers, that the duty of the brothers to make home pleasant for their sisters is quite overlooked."

"You must help me, please, Mrs. Gregory," Loring begged. "I don't remember ever having seen any literature on the subject."

Mrs. Gregory laughed outright. "No, I don't remember any myself. Perhaps Tressie might write an article about it."

"I wish she would. Can't you coax her to, Mrs. Gregory?"

"I'm afraid she's much too busy a little housewife to find time for it," his friend answered.

"Then will you please write it? And I'd like a private reading from the advance sheets."

Mrs. Gregory hesitated. "Duty number one," Loring suggested, merrily; "never to leave one's sister alone from supper till bedtime."

"Number two," Mrs. Gregory added, catching his tone; "to remember that she likes to hear what goes on in the world outside, which she so seldom sees. That would make conversation a standard evening amusement."

"Clarence suggested number three to me," Loring said; "that is not to make her tasks harder by needless litter, late meals, and unnecessary demands on her time and attention."

"You're getting on famously. I see you will soon be ready to write this article yourself. You might add that you will consult her taste at least half the time about games and amusements. It's just possible, you know, that she detests crokinole and likes halma. I'll warrant you you know as little about her likes and dislikes as you do about her headaches."

"She knows all about mine," Loring said, with keen self-reproach.

"Yes, and she has found great pleasure in conforming herself to them, Loring," Mrs. Gregory said, sympathetically. "You must not think that they have burdened her. But I think it only fair that you should have some of the pleasure of considering her whims, and that she should have some of the delights of finding herself being considered. You will double your own pleasure, Loring, as well as hers."

"I wish you would tell me more," he pleaded.

"No; your eyes are open, now. You will see them for yourself. But I will tell you one thing more," she added, after a minute's thought. "It is as I told you, the outcome of my own experience in loneliness. You don't know how pleasant it will be for Tressie to know that she need not hesitate to ask for your escort if she wants to go out in the evening, to see a friend, or to go to an entertainment or lecture. I know it seems pleasant to you to stay in the house, after being out all day, but you will remember that Tressie has been in all day, and that it will seem just as pleasant to her to get out."

Clarence came in just then, to find Loring on his feet. "I thought that fellow was going to keep me there all night," he exclaimed. "You're not going, Loring? It's early yet."

"I left Theresa alone," Loring explained, briefly, and made a somewhat hasty departure.

It was several weeks later that Mrs. Gregory, who had been in to see Theresa, met Loring Valmer at his own gate. "We never see you any more," she said, holding out her hand, cordially.

For answer, Loring only laughed as he clasped the hand.

"I want to tell you something," she said.

"You must never tell Tressie that I told. She has just been telling me about how good you are about taking her to places, and about helping her in the house. She says she is going to find time to join the Reading Circle, and that will mean so much to Tressie. She looks so bright and well, and seems as happy as a bird."

"Neither father nor I realized how hard it was for Tressie to give up all her girlish pursuits," Loring remarked, gravely. "I don't think that we even realized that she had given them up. And the management of the house was hard for her inexperience. I saw it all, after you began to show me. But you were right, Mrs. Gregory. The pleasure has been on my side, I think, in this experiment."

"Not all of it, I am sure. But I am certain that the young man who does his part in making home pleasant, will appreciate to the full the blessings of a pleasant home."—*Agnos E. Wilson, in Well Spring.*

Calvary

ALONE, undone, upon the earth,
Bankrupt I stood,
By sin impoverished from my birth;
None understood
But Jesus, and in pity he
Redeemed my soul on Calvary.

MRS. P. ALDERMAN.

A Gift Misused

God permitted one young man to have an almost unlimited store of that which all boys and young men covet, physical strength. It was the plan of the Giver of this strength to have it used for the deliverance of his people from servitude to the hostile Philistines. The father and mother of Samson were godly people, and regarded the gift of such a son as a special favor, which indeed it was. They earnestly sought guidance and wisdom in the training of their child. This was given them, and included the stipulation that he was to be dedicated to God from his birth.

Whether or not the divine directions were carried out, it is certain that the youth developed a strong tendency to mingle with evil associates. He walked deliberately into the snare of female enticement, and through his attachment to a young woman he surrendered to the enemies of the Lord and his own foes the secret of his power. He sold the favor of God for the favor of his enemies. They used this secret for his destruction. To prevent his ever returning to the service of God, they put out his eyes; and as his strength returned, they harnessed it to their own mill. One of the saddest sights we witness in this world is the strength God gives his children used in serving the devil and turning his mill. So it fills our hearts with pity to see, in our imagination, poor, blind Samson, who possessed such a wonderful gift of strength, with which he might have done so much good, toiling day after day in the enemy's treadmill, utterly devoid of hope or light, with no more reward than that received by a blind mule. It was a happy avenue of relief that presented itself in the destruction of himself and his enemies together. But it was an awful outcome of what was a glorious opportunity.

One reason that more people are not intrusted with extraordinary gifts by our Heavenly Father is that Satan seeks by every means to lead those so intrusted to lend themselves to his service. And he often succeeds. Says the apostle John, "I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong." God has endowed all young men with strength, and he desires that this strength shall be consecrated to him. But there is no class of people for whose services Satan bids so high as for young men. To them he holds out every kind of allurements, not excepting the fashionable Delilahs that haunt our streets and public places of amusement. Those who yield

to their wives are sure very soon to sell out their birthright of God-given talent to Satan. That which was intended of God to be an honor to himself is turned to the advantage of Satan, and the dishonor of God.

But what does the enemy pay for such service? Surely one who sells out to an enemy, and turns traitor to the principles of righteousness, should demand a large price for so great a sacrifice. But Satan has no good things to give. His object is only to deceive and then destroy. He holds out a tempting bait of self-indulgence; but when he has lured his victim from the path of purity and truth, he quickly withdraws the promised pleasure, leaving no portion but bitter regrets and despair. He chains his victims as galley-slaves to his own craft, and glories in their ruin.

O that every youth could see the heartless cruelty of Satan, and the folly of bestowing upon his wretched service the talents that God has intended to be used only for himself! To take such a course is worse than ingratitude. It is the most grievous wrong that one can commit. No crime is punished more severely than treason. No one is more justly despised than a traitor. What, then, shall we say of the young men and young women who equip themselves with God-given talents and abilities, and then desert to the enemy of God?

G. C. TENNEY.

Are You Divinely Led?

JUST as it is absolutely essential for the ship captain to discern the lighthouse signals as he nears the dangerous rocks along the shore, so there come moments in every life when success demands that we recognize the divine voice within us.

Because of his failure to hear this voice at a supreme crisis, Moses was doomed to spend forty years herding sheep. But after he had learned the blessedness of listening to the divine voice, nothing could swerve him from carrying out its wishes. The unreasonable demands of the sin-loving mob, the attitude of his own brother, or even the regard for that sister who had watched over him in infancy, did not influence him.

After the divinely led Elijah had seen the very elements of the universe yield to his command, there came a moment when he failed to listen to this voice; and then he became a trembling, fleeing coward from the wrath of one wretched, weak, wicked woman. It required the shaking of an earthquake and the fierce blasts of a storm sufficiently to arouse him again to listen to the still, small voice which had been speaking to him so constantly for years. Do you want God to send an earthquake into your life, to shake down some of your pet idols? Are you inviting Providence to send you such a storm of trouble as shall blow away in a breath a host of your selfish schemes? or are you trying to be true to the divine voice of conscience which dwells within you?

Paul, in his mad career of destruction, swept on, guided by reason instead of the divine voice; and it became necessary for the Lord to blind his physical eyes before he could see with his spiritual eyes. Are you taking such a course that the only way a loving God can help you will be by sending upon you some terrible misfortune?

It is a divine instinct that shows the bird how to construct its nest, that guides the pigeon hundreds of miles over land and sea to its home. The desire for water when we are thirsty, for food when we need it, and for rest when we are tired, are all echoes of the divine life which dwells within us. This same instinct makes us hungry for heaven. Why refuse to satisfy it? Why starve yourself any longer? Let the same Guide that brings the pigeon to its home bring you to your eternal home.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.



The First of Autumn

LAST week the sun was shining bright;
'Tis shining bright to-day;
The atmosphere is pure and clear,
The clouds have sailed away.

But ever since the thunder-storm
That raged the other night,
The breezes moan that summer's gone
Upon her yearly flight.

The birds now sing a sadder strain;
The katydid's shrill call
Rings in the ear; the time is near
When leaves begin to fall.

The woods still keep their summer green,
The brook still hurries on,
The crows in jet are cawing yet;
But summer-time has gone.

And in my heart a sadness dwells,
As if I'd lost a friend;
It seems the measure of this year's pleasure
Is gone with summer's end.

But hope with summer does not fade,
And in my heart 'twill sing
That happier hours and brighter flowers
Are coming in the spring.
WILLIAM ARCHER WRIGHT.

A Square Yard of Lawn

THE portion of ground allotted to it for a lawn is, like our house itself, very tiny. About four feet of wooden walk, reaching from piazza to street, with perhaps a square yard of turf on each side, constitutes the greater portion of our front dooryard. Against the house, for most of the summer, are banked crimson petunias, which cling to the weather-boarding, while bordering the alley a mass of portulaca smiles at the sun and pouts at the clouds.

I mean no sarcasm when I say that we enjoy our lawn as well as other people in the neighborhood enjoy theirs, especially at the cool of the day; it is large enough to

put our feet upon, and the feeling of the fresh sod is pleasant as we sit on the steps, enjoying the cool air, which, at least, is as abundant upon grass-plots a yard square as upon those of greater size.

But we who live in the cottage are not the only ones who appreciate our square yard of lawn. This summer the grass was allowed to remain uncut until its seed had fallen, and along in June it became a luxuriant tangle, a rendezvous for many sorts of visitors. Near the ground assembled the creatures fond of cool-



UNDER THE BENT-OVER
TIMOTHY HEADS

ness, darkness, and dampness. Ants came at first, but when the grass began to grow thick and tall, they left for more warm and sunny spots; yet there remained spiders and crickets, besides many bugs and worms, all lively and interesting, and dozens of those funny little mouse-colored insects that we children used to call "sow-bugs." All these kept closely hidden unless the uprooting of weed-stalks among the grass-roots brought them to light for an instant, only immediately to glide away again, and disappear within the nearest shady shelter.

But the things of light and air seemed most appreciative of our square yard of turf. Insects galore went their busy way among the blades, and butterflies innumerable flew about over the clover. Once I saw two white cabbage-moths hovering around some full-blown timothy heads covered with their yellow fuzz, and I marveled that the butterflies did not spot their white wings, while wondering if they could find honey in the timothy heads as well as the clover clumps.

Grasshoppers often whirred by to perch on a grass stem, which sank abruptly beneath the sudden weight, then sprang up again, like a miniature ducking-stool dipping the rippling grass waves instead of mill-pond or river-pool; but in this case, all the ducking failed to affect the culprit until the impulse of flight took possession once more, when away he would go to some other supple stem, and repeat the performance.

Then there were the birds. Sparrows ransacked our lawn in search of material for nests, and, later, to find wherewith to feed their progeny. Indeed, the feathered visitors made life hard for those more humble ones I have already mentioned: death by beak and talon lurked there on all sides for unwary bugs or beetles that made themselves at all conspicuous, until it seemed as if they would be obliged to seek more retired haunts, or despair of living at all.

Occasionally a daring jay dropped to the walk, becoming "monarch of all he surveyed" at the first flip of his tail, since all the less pretentious creatures dared not face him. Swallowing a morsel here and there, thrusting his inquisitive beak into the cracks of the walk or among the grasses, twisting his head sidewise, backward, and upside down, to peer curiously into every possible cranny within reach, the saucy fellow would remain until all had been investigated to his satisfaction; then he would dart abruptly to the veranda roof, where, for a moment, I could just see the fork of his blue tail before he vanished into the maples behind the house.

Once or twice, when there was nothing about to alarm him, I caught a glimpse of a wren, stealing a visit to our dooryard,—along the piazza, down the edge of the walk, in and out under the bent-over timothy heads, he shyly darted, as tiny and quiet as a feathered mouse; but he was all alertness, and woe to the unlucky insects that chanced to fall within range of his beads of eyes. I remembered having seen the midget before, up over the well, singing to his mate. It took some time to locate their nest, but finally I decided it was hidden in the gable of an adjoining house, where ill-matched boards had left an opening. Only wren's eyes would have noticed the aperture, and only wren wisdom would have utilized it; but for all his cunning, that inconsistent wren often betrayed the whereabouts of his nicely concealed home by making it a shrine before which he perched to pour out his songs of admiration,—songs which always remind me of the strings of bubbles that follow blowing with a pipe into a bowl of soap-suds. But though I always had to smile when I heard him sing, our square yard of lawn had no more beloved visitor than this same wise, self-reliant, little wren.

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.



My Service

It is not mine to run
With eager feet
Along life's crowded ways
My Lord to meet.

It is not mine to pour
The oil and wine,
Or bring the purple robe
And linen fine.

It is not mine to break
At his dear feet
The alabaster box
Of ointment sweet.

It is not mine to bear
His heavy cross,
Or suffer, for his sake,
All pain and loss.

It is not mine to walk
Through valleys dim,
Or climb far mountain heights
Alone with him.

Yet, Master, if I may
Make one pale flower
Bloom brighter, for thy sake,
Through one short hour;

If I, in harvest fields,
Where strong ones reap,
May bind one golden sheaf
For Love to keep;

May speak one quiet word
When all is still,
Helping some fainting heart
To love thy will;

Or sing one high, clear song,
On which may soar
Some glad heart heavenward,
I ask no more!

—Julia C. R. Dorr.

September Study of the Field

Suggestive Program for Young People's Meeting

(September 7-13)

1. OPENING EXERCISES.
2. Responsive Scripture reading.—Isaiah 55.
3. Testimonies. (Let each one bring a message from one of the workers in the regions beyond, mentioning some special item of progress or appeal, published during the month, that was particularly impressive.)
4. Field Study:—
 - (a) Introduction of Christianity into China.
 - (b) Elder J. H. Krum's trip through Asia Minor.
 - (c) Report of the Educational Work in the German Union Conference.
5. Remarks by the Leader.—The Present Opportune Time for Our Work in Foreign Fields.
6. Closing Exercises:—
 - Prayer, singing, benediction.

NOTE.—Material for the study this month will be found in the August issues of the *Review*. Special effort should be made to encourage every one to participate in the meeting. If the young people will not volunteer to take part in the testimony meeting suggested, let the leader prepare a brief message from the different workers in the field, and hand the items to those who will read them. Such an exercise could be made very interesting. We have had reports from a large number of fields this month,—China, Trinidad, Switzerland, Central America, Barbados, Jamaica, India, British Guiana, Chile, Mexico,

British America, Lesser Antilles, Argentina, Porto Rico, River Plate Conference, Saba, Burma, Singapore, and the Society Islands. Each of these might be represented in this exercise.

E. H.

The Present the Opportune Time

A NUMBER of years ago I was awaiting the arrival of a train in a railway station in England. There were many present on the same errand, and while we were all in a state of expectation, some one said to me, pointing to a great bell: "In a little while you will hear that ring; for when the train is five miles off, it will run over a pneumatic valve, and set that bell in motion." In a few minutes it began to ring violently, and in an instant the whole crowd was excited; the train was just five miles away. I have often thought that the Lord Jesus has been ringing his bell for some years back, just to waken up his sleeping church, and tell its members that he is coming, and that his advent draweth nigh.

Let us look at the proof of this. A hundred years ago there was in the church little or no missionary light. It is quite true that our Lord's great dictum that his gospel must first be preached to all nations for a witness before the end would come was perfectly well known; but this sublime and soul-stirring truth was neither grasped with the mind nor acted on in the daily life of the church. It was allowed to lie there among its great unused treasures; and what was the result?—That we could only say that there was no sign whatever of our Lord's actual coming. China was one dense mass of heathenism; Africa only a geographical name; India, Tartary, and the islands of the sea in the darkness that might be felt; while all the time the church was slumbering in her earthly splendor, forgetful of the call of her Lord. How different is it to-day! There is hardly a land that has not been interpenetrated by the heralds of the cross. Vast oceans have been crossed, mountains climbed, and difficulties overcome, in order that Christ might be made known to the ends of the earth. Even in Central Africa, where forty years ago the name of Christ had not even been heard, there is a living and glorious church, so that to-day by the placid waters of Victoria Nyanza they are singing with joyful hearts the sweet hymns of Keble, Bickersteth, and Lyte. Surely these are signs of His coming, and sounds of his advancing feet.—*Dr. M. S. Baldwin, Toronto, Canada.*

From Birnamwood, Wisconsin

THE young people of our church have started a Young People's Society, holding their meetings every Friday evening. We had quite a number to start with, but some have moved away. All, old and young, were invited to participate in the meetings, and I was glad of an opportunity to take part.

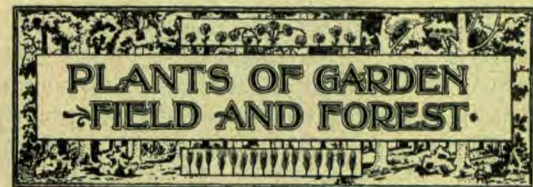
At the last meeting, only six were present. But we had the Bible study given from the INSTRUCTOR, followed by a song service, in which we learned some new pieces of music for Sabbath-school and meeting, then a Bible lesson on the four Gospels. Some very interesting points were brought out. In conclusion the programs for the two following meetings were outlined by the leader.

We are planning to help in making some of the garments for the Nyassaland Mission, and have sent for patterns.

This is a young church, having been organized only last fall. We are desirous of carrying on other phases of missionary work, such as mothers' meetings and a Dorcas society.

I write this, not as an officer of the Young People's Society, but from a personal interest in the movement.

NANCY J. CADY.



The Larkspurs

THERE are many species of larkspur native to the United States, although but few, perhaps not more than half a dozen, are usually found in any one locality. The different kinds cultivated in flower gardens have come mostly from Europe, Siberia, and China.

All the larkspurs have leaves of the form known as palmately lobed. The incisions between the lobes are directed toward the apex of the petiole, and not toward the midrib. Leaves of this kind are also palmately veined, the principal veins, or ribs, diverging from the apex of the petiole, like rays from a common center.

The flowers are of various colors, usually some shade of blue, sometimes pink or white, and in one cultivated species from California, scarlet and yellow.

The sepals are colored like the petals, and, indeed, are the most showy part of the flower. In most of the forms there are four separate petals, and from two to five pistils. Others have only two petals, which are united more or less into one piece, and but one pistil. Of this form is the one shown in the illustration, *Delphinium Ajacis*, or Rocket Larkspur, found in flower gardens.

All the species agree in having the upper sepal produced into a long spur, which is sometimes straight, sometimes curved. The popular name is an allusion to the long hind claw so characteristic of the larks.

Several kinds of Larkspur have been reported to the United States Department of Agriculture as plants poisonous to cattle and sheep. *Delphinium triorne*, the Dwarf Larkspur, has been reported, especially from Ohio, to be fatal to cattle in April, when the fresh leaves appear. *Delphinium geyeri*, a common plant of the high prairies of Wyoming and Colorado, is reported to be the most troublesome of all the poisonous plants of Wyoming, causing considerable loss to ranchmen, especially in early spring. *Delphinium menziesii*, the Purple Larkspur, is found from San Francisco to British Columbia, and eastward as far as the Dakotas, being very common throughout Montana. The botanist of the Montana Agricultural College reported a case of poisoning that occurred in May, 1897, in which over five hundred sheep were affected.

It is advised as an excellent precaution that animals be permitted to graze in pastures containing larkspur only when well-fed, and then only for short periods, until they become acquainted with the nature of the plant.

Questions

Of what form are the leaves of all the larkspurs? What is meant by "palmately lobed" and "palmately veined"? What is the usual color of larkspur flowers? What part of the flower is the most showy? In what special characteristic do all larkspurs agree? What trouble is caused by some of the species? B. E. CRAWFORD.





CHILDREN'S PAGE

The Humming-Bird

THERE is a silence in this summer day,
And in the sweet, soft air no faintest sound,
But gentle breezes passing on their way,
Just stirring phantom branches on the ground;
While in between the softly moving leaves,
Down to their shadows on the grass below,
The brilliant sunshine finds its way, and weaves
A thousand patterns, glancing to and fro.
A peace ineffable, a beauty rare,
Holds human hearts with touch we know di-
vine,
When, hush!—a little tumult in the air;
A rush of tiny wings, a something, fine
And frail, darting in fiery haste, all free
In every motion; scarce we've seen or heard
Ere it is gone! How can such swiftness be
Incarnate in an atom of a bird!
To know this mite, one instant poised in space,
Scarce tangible, yet seen, then vanishing
From out our ken, leaving no slightest trace!
Ah, whither gone, you glowing, jeweled thing?
Before you came, the very air seemed stilled;
More silent now because with wonder filled.

—Laura M. Marquand.

Little Ruby-Throat

RUBY-THROAT was building a nest somewhere, that I knew. I had seen her again and again, sitting on a favorite perch, with long strands of spiderweb hanging from her slender bill. I had watched her dart like a shot away through the leaves, and had tried my best to follow, but all in vain. Throw a needle into a haystack, as far as you will, and it will not be harder to find again than was that little winged, sun-painted dewdrop among the dark shadows of the great fig-trees.

But thread the needle before you throw it,—



"ON THE VERY END OF THE TWIG"

thread it with a snow-white thread,—and the finding again will not only be possible, but very easy. So this thread that led me to Ruby-throat's nest was the buzz and hum of her lightning wings one day as I was walking under the trees. Instantly I looked up on hearing the hum, and there, sure enough, was the industrious little worker, weaving some filmy stuff into the walls of the tiny, half-built home.

Wise little creature! Her house was on the very end of the twig, roofed in by a great, dark leaf. The twig was so slender no cat nor lizard would dare venture upon it; and the leaves screened it from the sunlight's heat and glare above, while the breeze could kiss it from below, and rock the babies there. Ah, yes! wise, little, God-taught jewel! As the days went by, and the nest grew very big and white,—as big as a

silver dollar,—Ruby-throat decided to paint it. There must be no prying eyes peering into that little cradle, now that it was done. No, indeed! So she brought lichens and green blossoms, and glued them on till the nest was all gray and green, like the limbs and leaves around it. Now, O boy! find it if you can!

One day I fancied it would be worth while to take a peep inside the gray little walls. And sure enough, there they were, two little egg-shaped, pea-like, creamy pearls. Like an angry bee, Ruby-throat buzzed about me. She was sure her nest was found then; yes, and all her work done for nothing. But by and by, as she came to know me better, she merely hovered near when I came to the nest to look and admire.

How did I contrive to get her picture? One sunny day I set my camera near the nest, and made it all ready to take the photograph. I reflected light in through the leaves with a mirror, tied a long string to the camera shutter, and hid behind a neighboring tree. Mrs. Ruby-throat, and for that matter Mr. Ruby-throat, too, spent a great deal of time scolding the camera, and darting about it, before deciding that it was harmless. But at last she lighted for an instant in the nest. "Click!" said the camera, and away she darted, but not soon enough to escape the lightning shutter.

In just ten days the little pearly ellipses were broken open, and two wee black creatures, the tiniest of all feathered beings, lived and breathed and moved in the wind-rocked home. Have you ever seen a baby hummingbird? Wonderful sight! It is like a little, black, featherless honey-bee—no larger.

But the little creatures grow fast, and it was not long till the pin-feathers came, and tiny beaks stretched up above the nest rim. Ruby-throat fed them every few minutes, putting her bill into their little mouths, and injecting food as from a syringe. Often have I seen her come home from her honey gathering, the top of her head yet yellow with flower pollen, hover over me an instant, fly to the little ones, and away again in a flash—so with the tireless faithfulness of her mother-love all the day, that the little darlings in the nest might not grow hungry. Wonderful is the love of a mother, even a bird mother.

But the great test of her love for them came as they were ready to fly. One had already flown from the nest, and fallen to the ground, so I took him and his companion into the house to look at them more carefully, leaving the door wide open. They were hungry, and be-

gan to call for mother. Her keen, anxious ear, away out there among the trees, caught the tiny, familiar sound, and she came. What love must have been hers, to lead her into that dark, strange house, with all its terrors and dangers! But in through the open door, to where they sat by the window, she came, and was preparing to feed the little ones, when she saw my brother



"THE TINIEST OF ALL FEATHERED BEINGS"

and me. Then fright overcame her, and she tried to escape by the window. Again and again she dashed against the glass, till, completely exhausted, she fell into my brother's hand, and sat there on his finger, as you see in the picture.

After that she flew away, and I saw her only from a distance, feeding her little ones up in a mulberry-tree. EDISON DRIVER.

Some of Our Common Ants

IN a meadow about two hundred yards from my boyhood home was a dry, well-drained bank, where lived a colony of large red ants. You have seen such a colony, I am sure; but I am going to tell you something about this colony that you may never have noticed. They had a farm about five yards across, and raised grain, too. You think this is queer, so I will tell you how they did it. First, they plowed the ground by working through it back and forth, and cutting it all up fine. They plowed deep, too, and were careful to destroy all grass, and everything that might injure the crop. Next they sowed the seed. There was no regularity nor order about this; but when it came up, there was a good, even stand, after all. Their crop was a sort of short grass, that grew only about a foot high. This was tended with the utmost care. Sentinels were stationed over it at all times, and woe to the luckless grasshopper that attempted to forage in this field! He was



"AND SAT ON HIS FINGER"

promptly driven off, or killed and taken home.

In August the grass ripened heads of grain,—pretty white grains that looked almost like small kernels of rice, only they were no larger than a radish seed. Harvest was a busy time. Ants clambered over each plant, gathered the grain, seed by seed, and spread it out to dry in the sun. Before this, storehouses had been hollowed out below the surface of the ground, and had been well drained. As soon as the grain was quite dry, it was stored in these granaries; but as it would not dry in one day, and as dew would dampen it, it was carried down in the evening and back in the morning. Even after it had been stored for the winter, it was sometimes necessary to carry it up to dry after a hard rain.

The granaries were not very large, but there were a number of them,—I did not dig enough to find out how many,—and there were empty rooms, where, in all probability, that mysterious process of turning the grain to a liquid took place; for an ant eats nothing without first turning it to a liquid.

One who watches an anthill will learn some interesting things. Sometimes there are thousands of open doors, and the busy workers are cleaning house. Again, you will find no doors at all, and not an ant is stirring. When danger is near, they usually have all doors closed.

It is interesting to see several ants drag a large grasshopper to the mouth of one of their houses, and find him too large to take inside. First a leg or a wing is cut off and carried in, then another. Finally some general comes, looks the situation over, and touches his horns against the horns of two or three others, and away they all run into the hill. By and by an opening large enough to admit the dismembered carcass into a room is made, and it is dragged to that opening and into the hill. Soon the door is closed so tightly that no one could tell where it had been. Ants build walls and arches of little balls of dirt, which rival the work of a stone mason.

I know only one tribe of ants in Iowa that are farmers. The remainder are hunters, professional warriors, or stock-raisers. The warriors are so shiftless that they will not wash their own babies, or even themselves, and would starve were it not for their slaves, whom they compel to take care of them. They are large, strong fellows, nevertheless, and are terrible in battle. There are only a few of this kind.

There are many herders, and next week I will tell you about them. A large colony of them kept their herds only about fifty feet from the corner of our house. I suppose they would be there yet, had they not stolen so much from our cupboard. As it was, they became a nuisance, and I led a colony of warriors against them. After fighting two days and one night, both colonies were exterminated. The battle was terrible. I never would have started it, had I known its horrors; but, once begun, it was too late. Every chip and stick was covered with struggling ants. They asked no quarter and received none. Ants with their legs cut off still fought whenever an enemy came in reach, and I saw many severed heads still hanging to their enemy with a death-grip that could not be released. Satan rules even among the ants when they go to war.

FLOYD BRALLIAR.

"Your Father knoweth." This is one of the tender words of Scripture, the sweet, hushing answer of a love that understands all, and can do all. There is such joy in the words; "Your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things." It may be heart-need or life-need or soul-longing, the unattained desire, the unfulfilled wish. To every pang of disappointment, to every powerless reaching forth of hope, no less than to every sigh over temporal need this word comes: "Your Father knoweth."—*Selected.*

Braiding and Weaving Horse Hair.

A Riding-Whip

A slender rawhide or rattan riding-whip can be bought for a very small sum, and will make an excellent base upon which to weave horse-hair. Failing this, the small end of a broken buggy-whip will do nicely. The length should be about two and one-half feet; but if you have a cracker on the tip, it may be somewhat shorter.

The whip will be tapering; so a larger number of threads of wool will be needed at the butt than at the tip. It is best to begin weaving at the large end, as it is easier to drop threads that are no longer needed than it is to take up new ones, and much less work to finish with a

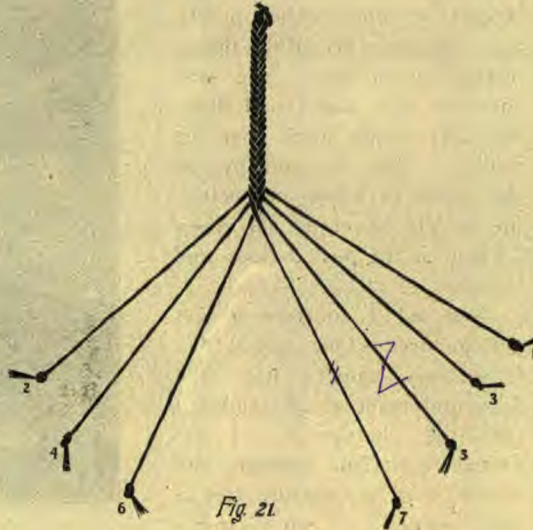


Fig. 21.

small number of threads in the wool than where there are more.

The first thing to do is to provide the whip with a loop by which it may be carried on the wrist, or hung on the saddle-horn when not in use. This may be of leather or of braided horsehair. If hair is used, it should be braided flat, as a square or round braid is so rough that it can not be carried on the wrist with any degree of comfort. The loop should be not less than six inches in length. That will require twelve inches of braid; and as an inch from each end will be used in fastening it to the whip, the braid must be at least fourteen inches long.

A flat braid can be made with any odd number of strands, but seven will be best for this purpose. The braiding is quite simple, and will be readily understood by referring to Fig. 21. The strands are there numbered in the order that they are to be used; and when all have been used once, they will have changed sides. Take 1 and pass it over 3, 5, and 7 to the other side, where it is left in front of 6. Next pass 2 over 4, 6, and 1, and leave it in front of 7. In their turn the other strands are used in a similar manner until the braid is finished.

To fasten the loop to the whip, let the ends of the former overlap the butt of the latter about an inch, and then wrap them tightly with strong thread. Begin the weaving at this end of the whip in the ordinary manner. Be sure that your wool contains a sufficient number of threads to begin with, as it will be easy enough to drop them out when they get crowded. When it is necessary to drop a thread, skip it, and use the next one. When you come to that place on the next circle of stitches, take the thread that was skipped, and draw it under the warp, just as you would in splicing a thread.

Fig. 22.

If the whip is to be finished without a cracker, the best way to hide the ends of the wool is to pass each thread through a needle, and draw it under the weaving, and up through the latter about half an inch from the end. What is left of the thread can then be cut off.

If a cracker is desired, the threads of wool can be separated into four strands, and braided around the warp for about two inches. Then bring the end of this braid back to the place where it was begun, to form a small loop, and fasten it securely with strong thread wrapped around and sewed through and through both braids. Now cut off whatever remains of the ends of warp and wool, and cover this place with needlework.



Fig. 23.

Fig. 22 shows the whip completed, with the exception of the cracker. This latter should be a leather thong about eight or nine inches long, three eighths of an inch wide in the middle, and tapering to a point at each end. Beginning an inch on each side of the middle of this thong, cut two slits about an inch long, pass the thong through the small loop on the end of the whip, and fasten it in the manner shown in Fig. 23, when it will be ready to use.

A Pen and Pencil Vase

A vase to hold pens and pencils is a useful thing on any writing-desk; and when such a vase is covered with horsehair woven in some appropriate pattern, beauty is combined with utility.

The base upon which the hair is woven may be either a tin can or a round glass bottle from which the top has been cut. An ordinary glass bottle will be much heavier than a tin can of the same size, and a vase woven upon such a base will not be as easily tipped over as one in which tin is used. But glass is so easily broken that the advantage is probably on the side of the tin. If tin is used, a coat of dark stain on the inside will improve its appearance.

The vase from which the drawing (Fig. 24) was made measures four and one-half inches in height and two inches in diameter. This will be found a convenient size; but if it was somewhat smaller, it would probably serve the purpose equally well. To cover a base of this size, I used one hundred and twenty-six threads of wool, each of which contained ten hairs. The needlework on the top and bottom of the vase brought the total number of hairs used up to nearly fifteen hundred, with an aggregate length of more than two thousand feet. That would make quite a long string if stretched out in one line; yet the weaving of this vase was by no means as much work as one might suppose from the amount of hair it contains.

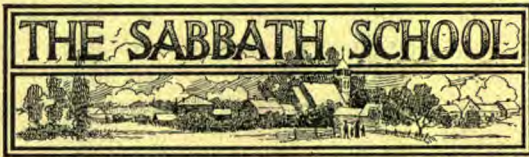
This vase contains twelve threads of white hair to two of black, the arrangement being ten white threads, one black, two more white, and another black. This is repeated nine times. The needlework on the top and bottom is entirely of black hair. Of course different patterns may be followed if you choose.

It will be best to begin weaving at the bottom of the vase. When you have woven to within a quarter of an inch of the top, the threads of wool may be passed under the warp, and the latter wrapped tightly around several times, and tied, to hold it in position till the needlework can be put on to hide the ends.

J. EDGAR ROSS.



Fig. 24.



THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

XI—The Offering of Isaac

(September 13)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Genesis 22.

MEMORY VERSE: "Behold the lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." John 1: 29.

(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.)

"By faith Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac: and he that had received the promises offered up his only begotten son, of whom it was said, That in Isaac shall thy seed be called." Heb. 11: 17, 18.

We have already learned who was the Seed promised to Abraham. In the third chapter of Galatians, Paul tells us plainly that when God said to Abraham, "And to thy Seed," he was speaking of Christ. God had more than once promised Abraham that Christ should come in the line of his son Isaac.

Yet God told Abraham to go and offer up Isaac as a burnt-offering. How, then, could God's promise be fulfilled? Ah, Abraham had learned from the birth of Isaac that nothing can keep the word of God from being fulfilled. He knew that since God had promised it, Christ must come through Isaac, even though he should take his life, as God commanded.

So "he that had received the promises offered up his only begotten son," "accounting that God was able to raise him up, even from the dead." Notice that Abraham told his servants: "I and the lad will go yonder and worship, and come again to you." In this he showed his faith that God would bring Isaac from the dead, and that he would return home with him.

In the bitter trial of offering up his only son, Abraham learned more of the wonderful love of God in giving his only begotten Son to die for us.

Isaac was a type of Christ, the only begotten Son whom God gave, and who willingly gave himself for us. We are twice told that "they went both of them together"—Abraham to offer, and Isaac to be offered. Like Jesus, Isaac carried the wood upon which he was to be sacrificed.

Isaac could easily have escaped from his aged father, if he had wished, and not have let himself be bound on the altar. But, like Jesus in this also, he delighted to do the will of God, even when God's will was that he should be offered as a sacrifice.

"God will provide himself a lamb." These words of Abraham in answer to Isaac's question, "Where is the lamb?" were a prophecy of Jesus, "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

Abraham found near at hand the ram that God had provided, and offered this in the place of Isaac, who went home rejoicing. This also teaches us the gospel that God has given Jesus to take place, and suffer death for us, while we may go free because he has "found a ransom."

Questions

1. When Isaac was a young man, how did God try Abraham's faith? Gen. 22: 1, 2.
2. When was it that God spoke with him? How long did Abraham wait before he obeyed? Verse 3. Whom did he take with him? What did they carry?
3. How long did their journey take them? Verse 4.
4. When Abraham saw the place where the sacrifice was to be made, what did he say to the young man? Verse 5.
5. Why did he say that they would come again, when he expected to offer up Isaac? Heb. 11: 17-19.
6. What had God told him about Isaac that made him sure that God would give him back? Heb. 11: 18.
7. What did Isaac carry as he went to the place of sacrifice? Verse 6. Of whom was he a type?

8. What did Abraham carry? Verse 6. Through the offering of Isaac, what was God teaching Abraham about himself?

9. What is twice said about Abraham and Isaac as they went to the place of sacrifice? Read verses 6 and 8. In this whom were they like?

10. What question did Isaac ask his father? Verse 7.

11. Of whom was Abraham's answer a prophecy? Verse 8; John 1: 29.

12. Tell how Abraham was kept from slaying Isaac. Verse 10-12.

13. Did he offer any sacrifice? Verse 13.

14. How have we all been saved from death, and set free, as Isaac was?



XI—The Everlasting Continuance of the Kingdom of God

(September 13)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Texts inserted in the lesson.

MEMORY VERSE: "Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever: a scepter of righteousness is the scepter of thy kingdom."

Synopsis

When Nebuchadnezzar began to wonder what the future of his kingdom would be, God showed him that Babylon should fall, but that a kingdom would arise in its place which should stand forever. "Nebuchadnezzar began to see that the men whom he trusted to reveal mysteries failed him in his great perplexity;" indeed, God had taken the dream from him "that his pretended wise men by their claimed understanding of mysteries should not place upon it a false interpretation," and that the king of Babylon might behold the greatest of all mysteries.

The secret of that fifth kingdom which Daniel showed the king is a mystery which has been hidden in God from the beginning of the world. Eph. 3: 8, 9. Christ's parables were given to reveal this same mystery (Matt. 13: 35), and that, too, in explanation of the kingdom of heaven. Notice how many of the parables begin, "The kingdom of heaven is like," etc. Christ said to his disciples, "It is given unto you to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. 13: 11); and it is also given unto us.

Jesus, the Son of God, is the only key which unlocks the mystery of God's kingdom. He has manifested the Father's glory in our flesh (John 1: 14); he that hath seen him hath seen the Father (John 14: 9); and this very fact links him at once with the great mystery of godliness (1 Tim. 3: 16), which is also called the mystery of Christ. Eph. 3: 4.

The everlasting continuance of God's kingdom is assured because of the everlasting existence of the King. "Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever. . . . They [the heavens] shall perish; but thou remainest; . . . they shall be changed; but thou art the same, and thy years shall not fail." Heb. 1: 8, 11, 12. Christ's very name, "I AM," shows his everlasting being. Rev. 22: 13.

If we accept his character, and seek for his glory (Rom. 2: 7), we also shall live forever. "Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life." John 6: 54. "To eat the flesh and drink the blood of Christ is to receive him as a personal Saviour, believing that he forgives our sins."—"Desire of Ages."

Sin makes us come short (Rom. 3: 23) of the glory which Christ has given us (John 17: 22); but according to the mystery of his will, the forgiveness of sins restores to us the riches of his grace, even all that we have lost through sin. Eph. 1: 7, 8, 9. Whom God forgives, he quickens—makes alive (Col. 2: 13); and thus to have continual forgiveness is to have continual life. This is indeed a great mystery, but it is the secret of the everlasting continuance of that fifth kingdom whose King is eternal, and whose subjects live forever.

Questions

1. What was the secret which God showed the king of Babylon?
2. What did this experience reveal to Nebuchadnezzar concerning the men in whom he had always trusted?
3. In fact, why had God taken the dream from him?
4. From what time has the mystery of the kingdom of God been hidden?

5. In what way did the Saviour reveal the mysteries of his kingdom?

6. What shows that his parables are given in explanation of the kingdom of heaven?

7. What has Jesus said that it is given to us to know?

8. Who is the key which unlocks this mystery?

9. What has been manifested in our flesh?

10. This revelation which Christ has made in our flesh links him with what?

11. What is the mystery of godliness also called?

12. What makes the continuance of God's kingdom sure?

13. What scripture shows that the King is eternal?

14. What else that he ever is?

15. Upon what condition can we also live forever?

16. What is it to eat the flesh and drink the blood of Christ?

17. What hinders us from having the glorious character of Christ?

18. How can it be restored to us?

19. What does God do for one whom he forgives?

20. Then how can one have continual life?

21. What does this wonderful mystery show us concerning the continuance of the kingdom of God?

NOTE.—Study carefully all the texts given in the lesson. They are full of wonderful thoughts which do not lie on the surface.

Over 225 Years

Is the total length of time the eight men named below have written shorthand. They are the most widely known, and stand highest in their chosen branches of the profession, of any stenographers in the world; and hence an unusual weight is attached to the unsolicited opinions they have expressed regarding "The Rogers Compendium of the Graham System of Shorthand:"—

"Does away with all useless study."—Henry L. Dietz, *Stenographer and Notary, Chicago, Ill.*

"The best condensation of any shorthand system I have ever seen."—James W. King, *Official Stenographer, Three Rivers, Mich.*

"More ounces to the pound and pounds to the hundredweight than has hitherto been dreamed possible."—Thomas I. Daniel, *for 32 years Official Stenographer, Jackson, Mich.*

"No better text-book could be put into the hands of a pupil."—James H. Emery, *Official Stenographer, Toledo, Ohio.*

"A monument of conscientious and intelligent labor."—David Wolfe Brown (since 1864), *Official Reporter of Debates, House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.*

"One of the most advanced text-books for the successful teaching of shorthand that I have seen."—Francis H. Hemperley, *editor of "The Stenographer," Philadelphia, Pa.*

"Replete with practical shorthand information, and will fill a long-felt need in the shorthand world."—Prof. F. B. Cornwall, *Shorthand teacher, Columbia Commercial College, Evansville, Ind.*

"The best arrangement for the study and acquirement of Graham stenography that I have ever seen."—Ruel Smith, *for twenty years Official Stenographer of the Maine Supreme Judicial Court, Bangor, Me.*

Our specially low tuition rates for correspondence instruction based on "The Rogers Compendium" are in effect only until October 15.

FIRESIDE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL,
Battle Creek, Mich.

SOLID THROUGH TRAINS OF

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

WIDE VESTIBULE COACHES
and PULLMAN SLEEPING
CARS BETWEEN

Battle Creek and Chicago, Buffalo, New York, Philadelphia, Toronto, Montreal, Boston

For time-tables, descriptive matter, and information, apply to any representative of the company.





The Story of Our Matabele Mission

The Beginning of the Second Month

A MONTH had now been spent on the journey. The mission company had already seen thousands of Kafirs, among whom a missionary enterprise similar to the one they were contemplating might have been undertaken with profit. But they were still one whole month's journey from their destination. Thousands of natives lived between them and their goal. Some were half-civilized; they had churches and a Church of England minister or Catholic priest among them—but who would give them the last warning message of mercy?

This first week in June was uneventful. True, the company reached a native city of five thousand souls, where there was a post-office, so they could send mail home; they also had their first homemade bread since leaving the Cape, and although not as light as it might have been had they tarried longer, with guinea-fowl, pot pie, and sweet potatoes, it made an excellent dinner.

Another feast this week broke the monotony of their usual bill of fare. A Kafir gave them some milk; and after having eaten porridge and bread for a month, it was indeed appreciated. To understand this fully, one must pass through a similar experience.

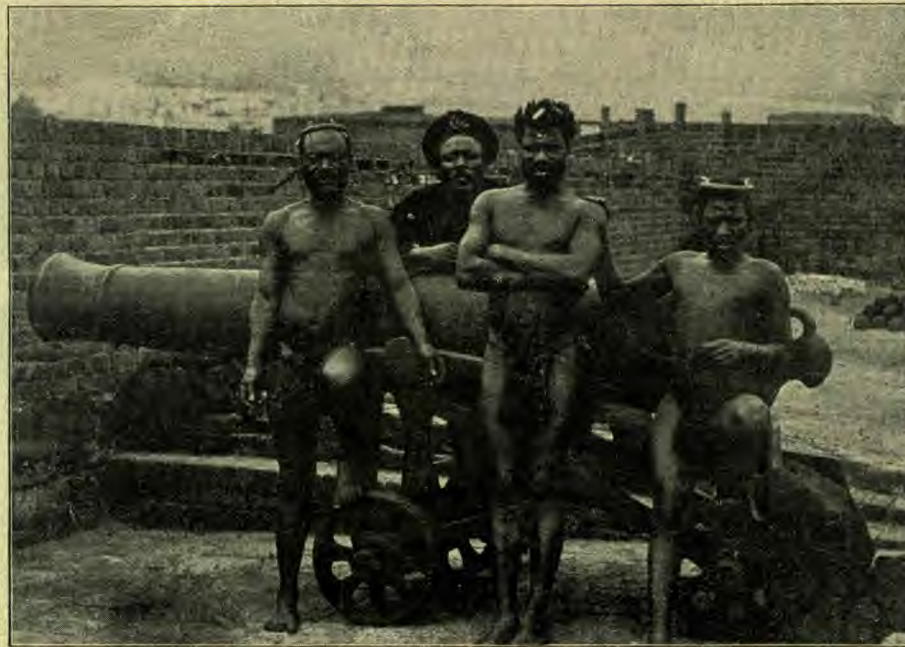
The Sabbath was especially enjoyed this week, as they camped near a beautiful little lake. They had plenty of grass for the animals—and they seemed to appreciate it, too. On Sabbath morning the study of the Sabbath-school lesson was a real feast to every one, and at its close with one accord they were led to exclaim, "Truly the Lord is good!" Five young Kafirs were with them during the study, the first time on their trip. One could speak and read English very well. Several came to the wagon again in the evening, and this presented an opportunity to talk with them about the Sabbath. To the one who could read, a copy of "Great Controversy," Vol. III, was given. He was very proud of it, and promised to read it, and tell the others all that it said.

When they were ready to inspan on Sunday evening, another difficulty befell them. Brethren Druillard and Harvey went to the village after the Sabbath, expecting that they were to continue their journey that night. It was arranged that Brother Druillard was to cross the river, and wait at a certain point until the wagons arrived. He hastened to the appointed place, having been detained in the city, and feared that they would be there before he arrived. But when he reached the place, the teams were not there, neither did they come. It grew very dark, and thoughts of lions crowded themselves upon him. He had purchased a box of matches at the post-office. So he busied himself by gathering sticks, and building a large fire. The evening was long, and the suspense dreadful. But relief came at last, when three of the company came to report that they could not move forward that night, as when they were ready to inspan, they found one of the oxen missing.

As soon as it was light, they were up, looking

for the missing bullock. After hours of searching through the bush and up and down the river's bank, they found a place where an ox or some animal had slipped into the river, and probably made a meal for some crocodile, as these creatures were very troublesome in this district. It was a common occurrence for a crocodile to make a meal from some cow or calf that was feeding on the river's bank, or even a young Kafir, if he chanced too near. These animals swim noiselessly toward the bank, until their feet touch the ground, and then with one spring they sweep in their prey, and are back into the river and under the water, and nothing more is heard of the missing one. After making further search on the opposite bank, they were quite satisfied that this had been the fate of their ox. Later they learned of one man who had lost six, another twelve, and another forty oxen. The one who had lost twelve was a poor man. He had but two left, and could not continue his journey. He had his wife with him, and they were on their way to Buluwayo.

A few days later they met a party of seventeen men coming from Palatswie. They lived in the Transvaal, and had been sent out to search out a tract of land on the Zambesi River. They were to return, and about five hundred families would trek with them to this country. But King Khama would not let them pass through his land, and they had to turn back. They were



KING KHAMA'S BODYGUARD

very angry. Khama was a Christian chief, and would not allow strong drink to be taken into his land among his people. He was a fine-looking man, about six feet tall. A few days later our brethren passed through his land without interference. They called on him, and had a pleasant interview. He accepted some tracts and the promise of a copy of "Steps to Christ." He did not read English, but his native secretary, who was educated, would read to him.

Palatswie, the capital of King Khama's country, was then quite a city. It contained a post-office and several stores, but no saloons.

ESTELLA HOUSER.

Encouragement for the Youth and Children

FROM the "Selections from the Testimonies on Sabbath-school Work," we quote the following: "Children should be educated in such a way that they may perform unselfish acts, which Heaven will rejoice to see. When the dew of youth is upon them, children should be trained how to do service for Christ. They should be taught *self-denial*."

"If they were encouraged to do so, the children would earn means to devote to benevolent pur-

poses, and to the advancement of the cause of God; and their interest would be increased by the fact that they had invested something in these enterprises. Their small donations would be a material aid, and the children themselves would be far better, physically, mentally, and morally for the effort they had made. Through their diligence and self-denial they would gain a valuable experience, which would help them in making a success of this life, as well as in securing the life to come."

These words have long sounded in our ears. It certainly is time that we arise and do our part. But what can the children do? has been the question we have asked ourselves and others. I am thankful that we are now seeing the children, even those so small that they can not talk plainly, earning money for the Master, not by pennies, but by dollars; and it is joy to testify that their spiritual experience is that expressed by Solomon when he says, "The path of the just is as a shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

A company of six small children who had heretofore participated in the Harvest Ingathering services, wished to earn an offering for this year. They undertook an enterprise to earn money for foreign mission work, in a given time of a few days. It made the hearts of all who watched the unselfish and untiring work of some of these children rejoice. Ilott, a little girl of five years,

who was having good success, one morning expressed herself many times as hoping that the others whom she knew to be working at the same time, were earning as much as she. As the result of a few days' effort these children gathered in fifteen dollars from worldly persons, whose money would otherwise have found its way elsewhere.

We believe that many of the youth and children are now ready to co-operate heartily with the plan of having a self-denial month, laying away every one-cent piece that comes into their possession (aside from Sabbath-school offerings) for Harvest Ingathering money. Not one cent is to be spent for candy, pop-corn, soda-water, gum, or any such thing, during the month of September, by those who observe this as self-denial month. We are sure that the gifts at the Ingathering this fall will be materially increased if a number agree to this plan. Will you not be one of those who will do this? And will you not encourage others to do the same? May the Lord help you to be faithful to him in the few days now left for us to work.

JEAN PHILLIPS.

The Youth's Instructor

PUBLISHED BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING COMPANY
BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

ADELAIDE BEE COOPER - - - EDITOR

Subscription Rates:

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION	\$.75
SIX MONTHS	.40
THREE MONTHS	.20
To Foreign Countries	1.25

CLUB RATES:

5 to 9 copies to one address, each	\$.55
10 to 100 " " " "	.50
100 or more " " " "	.45

The Advertising Rate

Is fifteen cents per agate line, one insertion. Reading notices, thirty cents per brevier line, one insertion. Further information upon application.

Entered at the post office at Battle Creek, Mich., as second-class matter