

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

Vol. L.

BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN, SEPTEMBER 25, 1902.

No. 38.

## Summer Birds

RESPLENDENT in the summer choir,  
The redbird folds his wings of fire,  
And sings; and how the oriole's note  
Translates his gold of breast and throat!

Deep in the holy woods the thrush  
Breaks with ecstatic praise the hush;  
And o'er wide meadows bathed in sun  
The bluebirds' dialogue is spun.

White-chaliced daisies lean to drink  
The cascades of the bobolink,  
And cheerful robin from the wall

Sings mellow matins for them all.

O God! how artless and sincere  
Thy little feathered hymnists here!  
So true the song and feeling fit!  
No bird was e'er a hypocrite.

Out of my heart, I pray, may rise  
Tribute as earnest to the skies.

Unless my words be heart-true words,  
I lack the faith of summer birds.

— Selected.

## The Baltimore Oriole

THERE is no more interesting bird in North America than the Baltimore Oriole. His plumage is brilliant, his song sweet and well modulated, he is amiable in disposition, and a master craftsman in the building of nests.

The Baltimore Oriole is so named from Lord Baltimore, whose titular colors were orange and black. He is also called fire-bird, golden robin, and hang-nest.

The mother bird is dressed in yellow and brown instead of the orange and black of her mate.

Their nest is one of the prettiest you can find. It is a deep bag, skillfully woven of plant fibers, bits of string, and the like, and usually hung at the end of a branch high up in some tall tree, like the elm or willow or some of the maples. When the winds toss the branch, the little nest swings and sways, better than any hammock or cradle that ever was invented.

While the mother bird is sitting on the nest, the mate stays near by and sings to her. But when the little birds hatch out, and have to be fed, he does his part in getting food to stuff

into the babies' hungry mouths. The little birds, as it comes near time for them to fly, move about a great deal, climb up out of their bag-like nest, and often fall to the ground.

This spring I saw a man throwing bits of brick and stone at the nest of an oriole which had been built near my home. One brick struck the nest. The little birds inside screamed at the top of their voices, and the parent birds remonstrated in notes even louder. I promptly stopped the man, but not, I fear, until some damage had been done.

That night we found one of the little birds crying in the grass, took it to the house, and cared for it. When we fed it, it would lift itself up as high as it could stretch, wave its little wings, and seem to say *Yum-yum*, in a way that delighted us all. Whenever it got hungry, it would cry incessantly until it was fed. I grew used to hearing it, but the morning of the third day, when I awoke, I did not hear its cry. The house was silent. I went where we kept it. It was lying on its back, its feet up in the air, sick unto death. Later in the day it died. We thought it must have been injured when its nest was so rudely struck by the unfeeling man, or that it was hurt in falling to the ground.

for use the most frightful things, which, with a "snap," "bang," sent happy feathered people to their graves? And don't you all know that between the crow family and man there is enmity, deep-seated, deadly? So if I had been seen, the kindergarten would have been quickly broken up. And who knows what useful lessons missed?

Word had been passed from one to another of the crow family that the "branch meadow," as it was called, was quite the finest place to teach baby crows to walk and fly in all the country; and when I hid in the willow thicket, the crows never suspected that I was anything more than a log or a harmless stump, and so I saw the fun.

The first I heard of the kindergarten performances down in the meadow was a loud and rasping noise that sounded so much like "*Ma-a*" that

I looked around quickly to see if a human baby had not slipped into the kindergarten. But they were only crow babies — big, black, ugly. Now I rather respect Papa and Mama Crow. There's a look of wisdom and dignity about them. But the baby — why, he is just big and awkward and lumpy. He hasn't any tail, and you are constantly fearing lest he may lose his balance and tumble over. Mama was evidently trying to teach the youngsters to walk with ease and to fly with grace, and the gawky things seemed to be having a hard time of it. They clung to the rail fence in mortal terror of falling.

"Here, this is the way it is done! Watch

me!" And Mrs. Crow tripped along the top of the fence, and stopped at the farthest end of the panel from her unsteady brood. "There, now! Just straighten yourselves out and come to me. I'll give you a nice worm if you will."

But, although he spread out his wings to balance himself, and started to her on his wobbly legs, the very biggest of the babies stopped right in the middle of the rail, and set up a fearful "*Ma-a-ma-a*" that I felt sure meant: I can't ever do it! I just know I can't! Please bring the worm to me before I starve."



THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE AND ITS NEST

Young orioles have been aptly called the crybabies of the bird world; but that day I would have given much could I have brought my little oriole cry-baby to life.

L. A. REED.

## The Free Kindergarten

I WAS not a pupil — O, no, not a bit of it; for I would have had to live down a long line of ancestors before they would have trusted me! Did I not belong to that dreadful, unfeathered breed called *men*? And did they not carry ready



Then what do you think the mother did? Give him his wish?—Not a bit of it. She shut her mouth tightly on the tempting morsel, and flew to where her quaking offspring sat. She gave the one in front such a vigorous shove that he nearly tumbled to the ground. "Now, then, I'll see what you'll do there! There are lots of nice things down in that grass, and you youngsters must learn to hustle around and find them, or —"

She did not say what she would do, or what would become of them. On the contrary, she sailed away with *such* an air! You should have heard the cry that went up then. I thought: "She'll surely come back now." But no. She flew away, away, and it seemed to me that the louder they cried, the faster she flew. Maybe I was mistaken; for, being a mother myself, I confess my heart went out to the squalling brood clinging to the rail fence.

"I wonder what they'll do now, poor, ugly, helpless things!" I asked the willow bushes.

Directly the baby crow who had seemed to be the bravest looked all about, and gave a most piteous call. Nobody answered. Again he called. Still nobody. Then he looked about, to make sure that no one was peeping, and down he flopped from the fence and struck the ground.

"Why, Jimmy!" cried the others. "Do look at Jimmy. He's fled all by his own self. He's fled off the fence."

"Come along," said Jimmy, quite exultantly, just as if he had been flying all his life. "It's as easy! You want to turn all your holds loose, and just flop."

And they did, every one of them. It wasn't pretty flying, but it got them to the ground. And so pleased they were!

"If we can fly, why can't we walk?" said Blackie, who was the last to get down.

"And why can't we?" they all cried. And they did. They just forgot to be afraid, but put one foot in front of the other, and, to their surprise, the ground didn't jump from under, but stood quite still. Then another foot went out, and the thing was done.

An hour later, when Mama Crow sailed down upon the group, they were walking about in the meadow, hunting for seeds and bugs. Mama Crow chuckled all over *inside*, but *said*, quite dryly: "There, now! I knew you could do it, if you'd only try. You'll believe me next time."



IN BULUWAYO

And I laughed aloud, for that's the very way I talk to my little people, although they are not crows, but just common boys and girls.—*Children's Visitor*.

SEE, then, how faithfully the Lord is leading thee to true peace, who surroundeth thee with so many crosses. It is called "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding;" that is, which is not known by feeling or perception or thinking. All our thinking can not attain nor understand it; none but those who of free-will take up the cross laid on them—these, tried and troubled in all they feel and think and understand, afterward experience this peace.—*Luther*.



### The Story of Our Matabele Mission

#### Choosing a Location

THE feelings of our brethren, now that the object of their search was so soon to be realized, can not be described in cold words. Eager to glorify only the Master, for whom the long journey had been undertaken, they retraced their steps with joyous hearts. Everything seemed overflowing with praise to its Maker. Even the little stream of water was the clearest and coolest and best they had tasted since leaving Cape Town.

Their hopes were soon to be realized. The privilege of planting a mission-station had been granted, and all that now remained was to find the proper location and secure it. Surely there could be no question in their minds but that He who had so tenderly guided them during all these weeks would now lead them into the land which he had prepared for them. With light hearts they gratefully accepted the guides offered them by Dr. Jameson, and started on this last, but most fascinating, part of their journey.

A part of the company were left to care for the mules, horses, and supplies that were to be used in establishing the mission, while the remainder, with the four Kafirs, started on their search. They were obliged to travel very slowly, as now they were not following even the semblance of a road, which had been some help to them before, but were going across country, cutting the brush and making a road as they went. The Kafirs were willing helpers, and did good service. At every kraal the guide would tell the natives who our brethren were, and the object of their visit. Without a single exception, the chief would urge them to locate right there, and teach his people how to live.

One deserted kraal after another was passed. The only sign that there had ever been any life about, was the growing gardens, which the natives had hastily left in their retreat to the mountains.

The Kafirs ate nothing on the journey but meat. At one kraal the poor natives, to do the missionaries honor, gave them a sheep. Brother Druillard helped

the Kafirs to dress it, showing them how to do it nicely. They laughed, and seemed to be much interested in seeing a white man kill a sheep. To the utter surprise of the brethren, these natives ate the whole of the insides of the animals, not even stopping to have them cleaned. They threw them onto the coals, and before they were half done, swallowed them. This they would do every time animals were given to the company.

After some search the mission party came to Seluce's kraal. This chief sent six young men to help them out of the forest, thus making the last part of the journey before reaching the kraal very easy. The village consisted of about one

hundred and thirty huts, and was surrounded with *kopjes*, or little hills.

The chief, who was a very old man, had ten wives. At first he seemed to be afraid of the white men. But when he learned the object of their visit, he urged them to settle near him, and teach his people how to work. These natives had no farming implements, and did not plow their land, only digging up the soil where they wanted to sow the seed. They had no wagons, and raised their cattle for food only.

The company stayed in the vicinity of this kraal two days, but could find no land suitable for their work. The night before leaving, Brother Wessels tried to take pictures of some of the natives with a kodak, but they were afraid; and not until Brethren Harvey and Sparrow stood with them, would they consent. Even then the chief held the guns while the brethren were taking the picture. After this Brother Wessels preached to the natives, and the guide interpreted. Although they were all very quiet, and listened attentively, it seemed scarcely possible that they comprehended much, for in intellect these people are very much like little children.

The next point reached was Gambo's kraal. He is a half brother of Lobengula, the chief of the Matabeles. The territory in this neighbor-



BULUWAYO'S POST OFFICE

hood was less satisfactory than at the last kraal, so the workers decided to retrace their steps. The return journey was less difficult, as the road was already cut, and little time was lost.

Again at Seluce's kraal, they directed their search toward the Guye River, as that land seemed to be just what they wanted. Soon a location was selected, three miles from the river and three miles from the kraal. The next question was to secure the grant of this land. Perhaps some one had chosen it before them. Eagerly they wended their way to Buluwayo. Dr. Jameson was out of town, so they had to wait for his return before the location could be secured.

ESTELLA HOUSER.

#### A Narrow Escape

DR. JOHN G. PATON, who spent so many years in the New Hebrides, recently narrowly escaped death at the hands of cannibals. In a fight which took place on Tanna between two native tribes warring with spears and knives, fifty-one natives were left on the field dead, and a large number wounded, who were carried off by each party for a feast. Dr. Paton went on the field where the two tribes were fighting, and, at the risk of his life, attended the wounded. While bending over two wounded natives, spears were hurled at him by the attacking tribes; but in God's providence none struck him. He, however, was forced to leave the field. This account was brought to us from the islands by the steamer "Mambore," which recently arrived at Victoria, British Columbia. The steamer also reports details of terrible tribal wars and fearful feastings in the islands, together with earthquakes, tidal waves, and other grave happenings.

E. H.





### The Little Tub Under the Pump

LL summer the heat was intense;

The lily-ponds failed in the sun;

The brooks trickled low in the reeds,

And died where the arrow-heads hung.

No rain to replenish them fell,

And slowly each watercourse shrunk;

But sparkling and fresh, there remains

The little tub under the pump.

It catches the drip from the spout,

When passers-by pause, with a word,

To drink from the dipper that hangs

Above on the red wooden curb,

While, preening with wet, rosy bills,

The pigeons, so shining and plump,

To peep in their mirror, descend,

And seek the tub under the pump.

House-sparrows flit down with a chirp,

To perch in a row on the brink;

And quick, like a tiny see-saw,

They tilt up and downward to drink;

Then from the hot sunshine they seek

The shade of the barberry clump,

And twitter a carol to thank

The little tub under the pump.

A vessel, it seems, filled with smiles,

When thirsty dogs lap with delight,

And bees, with the butterflies, snatch

A sip in their honey-bound flight:

While even the mud-wasps, at work

Near by in an old, mossy stump,

To moisten their mandibles seek

The little tub under the pump.

And thus from its lowly estate,

The deeds of its life ever tell

A beautiful lesson of love,—

This dear little tub by the well.

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

### The Value of Early Training

IN our garden to-day I came across a chrysanthemum plant that had been overlooked in the general care-taking, and missed that very necessary early training that is necessary to a perfect result in the flowering season.

I stuck in a stake by its side, and made an attempt to bring up the branches, and fasten them to it, hoping in part to repair the damage done by my neglect; but my efforts were in vain. One branch broke off at the root. Another, quartered and twisted by its supine position, split in two near the root, and I had to lay it down again where it was. I was very sorry that all this had happened, for it was a choice plant; but my sorrow avails nothing now. It must grow on as it is, and make the best of it. The result will be that the flowers will grow upon curled-up branches, which can not support the weight of the new growth, so will bend over, and throw the flower to the ground, there to be torn and soiled from frequent sprinklings. If it had been trained early, and tied to a stake, the result would have been straight, clean stems, well set in abun-

dant foliage, and crowned with the beautiful autumn flowers we all admire.

So with us. If we neglect early training, and grow according to our own evil natures, we may make a good growth of something; but the chances are that at the last we shall trail our flowers and our fruit in the dust of remorse and despair.

Every faculty of the mind, every bent of talent, ought to be put early and continuously into such training as will bring the best results. Happy is he who can look back upon a life spent in careful training of his faculties. Not only should the young seek self-training habits of thought, but they should bend every energy toward securing that higher training that comes by putting themselves into the hands of men of cultured and consecrated minds. But first, and most important of all, they should give themselves and all they are and hope to be, into the hand of God.

E. L. PAULDING, M. D.

### A Noble Triumph

SOME years ago the visitor of a mission Sunday-school, who was canvassing his neighborhood for prospective pupils, stopped in at a beer-garden, and found an attractive girl, just entering her teens, tending bar. To her father and mother, foreign-born, there was nothing revolting in her occupation; but the visitor viewed it in a different light. A little conversation with the girl revealed a soul as yet uncontaminated by her surroundings, and just beginning to rise above the grossness and vulgarity of her situation.

After a little urging, the parents consented that she should go to the Sunday-school. Her first visit revealed to her a new world of moral and spiritual possibilities, and she went home with a new purpose and outlook.

As the season advanced, and the Sunday trade became better, her parents objected to sparing her from the bar; and there arose in her mind the perplexing question whether she ought, if necessary, to disobey them and continue her attendance. She decided to be so dutiful a daughter in every other relation that she might gain her point in this one, and that with their consent, and she succeeded.

The rapidity with which she learned was almost incredible, save to one who understood her splendid determination. She improved to the utmost the opportunities which the indifferent despised, but which to her were priceless. Her eagerness was not lost upon her teacher, and greater opportunities were made for her. This resulted in her leaving the bar altogether, but happily without any break in her relations with her parents. Such a break was repeatedly threatened, but was averted by her tact, and her unflinching determination to perform every duty devolving upon a daughter. Thus, while she grew above her parents in her tastes and aspirations, she did not grow out of sympathy with them, nor make them hostile to her own new life-purpose.

This was her greatest triumph; for at length they came to accept her point of view, and to take pride in what they learned about her accomplishments.

In due time she passed an examination for teachers, and through the influence of friends secured a position in the ward school. The salary at first was small, but so rapidly did she improve, that within two years it had become fifty dollars a month,—a sum she had long looked forward to as one that would support the family. Then she achieved the object dearest to her heart. She went to her father and mother and offered to support them both if they would give up the business, and let her make a new home for them. They were less opposed to the proposition than she expected. Already they were influenced by what she had accomplished and become. Moreover, her father was getting old, and suffer-

ing from an infirmity that made his business hard for him; so they moved to a new neighborhood near her school, and every month she paid the rent and other expenses of the household.

Since then she has been promoted three times, and is still learning. Best of all, she has witnessed a transformation in her father and mother. Respecting, as they do and must, the daughter who has made their home, they are devoting themselves to making that home a worthy place for her to live in, and for her friends to visit. Those who do visit the home find her its soul and center, and the elderly father and mother, full of pride and affection for their only child, adapting themselves, with reasonable success, to the somewhat difficult situation.

The beauty of this girl's achievement lies not more in the place she has made for herself than in consideration for her father and mother. A narrower, poorer nature might have broken with her parents, and lived selfishly, although doing what she considered her duty. This girl did better. Her name can not be recorded here, but her story may encourage some other young person in a similar struggle, and indicate the possibility of triumph over uncongenial and depressing environment.—*Youth's Companion*.

### The Frown's Companion

SAID the Frown to the Smile, "Come, walk with me to-day."

"Very well," said the Smile, "since you're going my way."

They journeyed on slowly for perhaps half a mile,

And each person they met said, "Good morning, dear Smile."

Till at last cried the Frown, "Now, this never will do;

There's no greeting for me, though I'm bigger than you."

"That's true," was the answer; "but remember the while,

Even you, as companion, selected the Smile."

—S. S. TIMES.

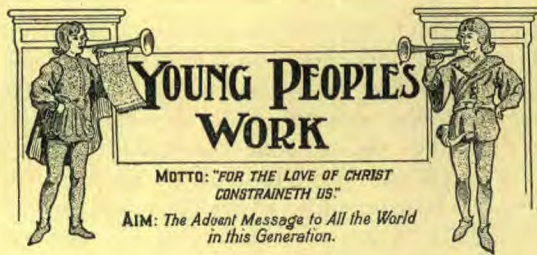
### God's Protecting Care

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

ONE day when I was alone with my two children, three strange Indians came to our house. After looking in at the window, they walked in at the open door. They were highly painted, and had feathers in their hair. Scalping-knives and tomahawks hung from their belts, and they carried guns in their hands. Blankets thrown over their shoulders, and hanging to the floor, made them look so large it seemed to me that they were the tallest, darkest Indians I had ever seen. They took the chairs which I offered them, but not one word did they say, only followed my every move with their piercing black eyes. I was so frightened that I did not dare sit down, but busied myself around the house and with the children. Occasionally they would speak a few words to one another, and give the deep, guttural Indian grunt, Ugh! which frightened me still more.

It must have been two hours before my husband came. Now I thought they would make their wants known, but not a word would they say to him, any more than to me. There they sat till the shadows lengthened, the sun went down, and the stars came out. I begged my husband to leave the house; but he said if they had any evil design, it would be worse for us to go than to stay. At last the one nearest the door rose without a word, and glided out, picking up his gun, as he did so. He was followed by the others, and all were soon lost in the gathering darkness. They never returned. How thankful we were! What did it all mean? Did the Lord have a care for us? Had an unseen power protected us in this hour of seeming peril? I have always believed that this was the case.





### Scatter Sunshine

Put a bit of sunshine in the day;  
Others need its cheer, and so do you—  
Need it most when outer sky's dull gray  
Leaves the sunshine-making yours to do.

Give the day a streak of rosy dawn;  
Give it, too, a touch of highest noon;  
Make the ones about you wonder why  
Sunset crimson should appear "so soon."

Sunshine-making is a blessed task;  
Cheery hearts, like lovely, wide blue sky,  
Banish weary gloom and give fresh hope,  
Check the rising tear or thoughtless sigh.

Put the golden sunshine in each day;  
Others need the cheer that comes through  
you—  
Need it most when outer sky's dull gray  
Leaves the sunshine-making yours to do.  
—Flowers of the Grasses.

### From Judds Corners, Michigan

OUR Society was organized over a year ago. We hold our meetings every evening after the Sabbath, using the lessons in the INSTRUCTOR. We have a text word given out a week ahead, in which nearly all take part. Our last field study was very interesting. The attendance was good, and the talk on "Christian Education" was enjoyed by all. We sent for a number of copies of the *Signs*, which we distributed among the people.

I am glad these Societies have been started. The Lord blesses us wonderfully, and we all want a part in his work, and to hasten the coming of Christ our Saviour.

EDITH MESERAULL.

### Sunshine Circles

FROM Sister M. D. Snively, Louisville, Kentucky, come the following interesting facts concerning her work among the children of the church there, which, she says, is not "a regular report from the entire society:"—

"The leader of our Young People's Society has allowed me to add my Sunshine Circle to her department, and our motto is, 'If you have a kindness shown you, pass it on.' In consequence we have real heart sunshine here always.

"We are helping to buy the church. We have all taken a barrel in which we divide our spending money with the Lord; and the little girls have had some collars and other small articles of ladies' and children's dress donated. These they sell, putting the proceeds in the barrels. The boys are cutting grass, running errands, and some one gave each a copy of "Best Stories," the proceeds of which are to be used as capital to build up a fund for the church. The barrels are to be opened once a month.

"Last week one little girl reported three visits made to the sick. One of the boys helped his mother by scrubbing her kitchen floor; and another, whose father has been quite ill with typhoid fever, and whose mother is worn with nursing, helps her sometimes with the dishes, and then again gets the meals, thereby shedding sunshine all around the home.

"The little ones have a Bible reading circle, in which they are learning to give Bible readings. We expect a great revival in the work as soon as they are sufficiently advanced to give these readings among their friends.

"Each child has taken the name of a child in the mountains to whom he sends pictures and

papers, and writes letters. A great many have already received answers to their letters. This makes it very interesting. We hope this work may be the means of bringing many souls to the Saviour."

A letter from the church librarian accompanying Sister Snively's, speaks of one of the boys who carries daily papers, and says that "he always incloses a *Signs* or some one of our papers, by so doing helping to spread the message."

At a meeting where the barrels were opened, seven were present, and \$6.30 was collected.

May God bless the dear children who have real heart sunshine always, and who are helping to "buy the church." Surely "God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty!"

### Battles Between Truth and Falsehood

STUDY PREPARED FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETINGS

#### Lesson XXII—"Read" and "Understand" Daniel

(September 28 to October 4)

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

Jesus will not come until the gospel of the kingdom has been preached in all the world. No one can preach the gospel of the kingdom, without an understanding of the book of Daniel.

The book of Daniel was written more than two thousand years ago; but it was sealed up till the "time of the end." In the time of the end, the gospel will be preached by those who read and understand this wonderful book.

The book of Daniel opens with Babylon ruling the world. This was over six hundred years before Jesus was born in Bethlehem.

Nebuchadnezzar, the young king of Babylon, had a dream. In his dream he saw an immense image, with a head of gold, breast and arms of silver, sides of brass, legs of iron, and feet and toes part of iron and part of clay.

While he was watching this image, he saw a stone strike the feet. Soon the whole image was ground to pieces by the stone. Then the stone filled the earth.

God gave to Daniel the meaning of the king's dream. Daniel told the king that the head of the image represented his own kingdom; the silver was a kingdom that would follow his; the brass would be a third kingdom to rule the world; there would also be a fourth kingdom, represented by the legs of iron. This fourth kingdom would be divided into ten parts. They would never again be united in one. Men would try to unite them, and when force failed, they would try intermarriage, but none of these plans would succeed.

Iron and clay will not mix, neither would these kingdoms be again united into one. In the days of these intermarried kings, the God of heaven would set up his kingdom. It would break all the kingdoms in pieces, and it would stand forever. We can see how wonderfully all this prophecy has been fulfilled.

The golden head of Babylon was replaced by the silver kingdom of Media and Persia. Next followed Grecia, the brass power.

Then the iron monarchy of Rome ruled the world. This was finally broken into ten parts. Men with great armies have tried to bind the broken pieces together. This failed, then intermarriage was tried. To-day nearly all the monarchs of Europe are relatives, but the kingdoms are not united. Only one thing remains to be fulfilled,—God is to set up his own kingdom, and destroy all others.

The good news that the perfect kingdom of God is now to take the place of all wicked kingdoms, must be told in all the world; then the end will come.

### Outline

The gospel of the kingdom must be preached in all the world before the end. Matt. 24:14. "Therefore" we must "read" and "understand" the book of Daniel. Matt. 24:15.

This book was sealed till the time of the end. Dan. 12:4.

In these days the wise will understand it. Dan. 12:4, 9, 10.

A history of the kingdom is given in Daniel 2.

### Notes

The book of Daniel was written more than two thousand years ago, but it was written for the people who live now.

The book of Daniel is one of the best remedies for infidelity. It is impossible for an honest man to study this book carefully, and remain an infidel. No human being could accurately foretell the rise and fall of nations for so many centuries. The stamp of divinity is here, too plain to be doubted.

Only those who give to others the light they have, will continue to understand the book of Daniel. Study Dan. 12:10 and verse 4, margin.

The prophecy of Daniel 2 is one of the simplest of all the proofs of the nearness of the end. Even a child can grasp it. Let us call the attention of others to it.

You ought to have "Thoughts on Daniel" and "The Story of Daniel" to study. Also sell them to others.

Men have prayed, "Thy kingdom come," for over eighteen hundred years. This prayer has never yet been answered, but we live in the time when it will be. Let us hasten the answer by telling the good news.

Nebuchadnezzar had his dream six hundred years before Christ was born. Medo-Persia overthrew Babylon, 538 B. C. Grecia conquered Medo-Persia 331 B. C. Rome ruled the world when Jesus was born. In the fifth and sixth centuries Rome was broken up into ten parts. Charlemagne and Napoleon were among those who tried to unite these broken nations. The rulers are intermarried. Now, we wait the falling of the stone. But it will not fall till the people of all nations are told how they can have a part in the Fifth Great Empire. Let us make haste to tell them.

### Salamanca, New York

MISS K. WEIBRECHT, the leader of the Young People's Society in Salamanca, New York, writes a very encouraging report of the work there, which, in substance, is as follows:—

"Seeing quite a number of reports in the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR from our young people, I wish to tell what we are doing here in Salamanca. We organized our Society a little over a year ago, and officers were chosen for six months. We took up the studies in the INSTRUCTOR, and found them very helpful in leading the youth to Jesus. I am sure that many a heart was made to rejoice in the Lord.

"During the school term we held our meetings in the church-school room, but now we are holding them in the home of one of our brethren. The Lord is helping us. We have taken a collection, and sent for the August number of the *Life Boat*. We endeavor to live up to the truth, and bring others to the Lord.

"I hope the young people will all help in selling 'Christ's Object Lessons.' I have sold twenty-nine, and am going to have twenty more, which will make up the church quota. I want to encourage all the youth in this good work. I am a German girl, and have to work out for my living. Please pray for us all here, that we may walk in the strait and narrow way."

"ONE sharp word is worse than all the faults you see in others."





### The Coming Man

I'll never chew tobacco,  
Nor smoke a cigarette;  
I'll never use a byword,  
Not even say, "You bet."

I'll never swear nor quarrel,  
I'll never steal nor shirk;  
I'll never go a-fishing  
To get away from work.

I'll never act a falsehood,  
I'll never tell a lie;  
I'll never eat between meals,  
Not even on the sly.

I'll never rob a bird's nest,  
Nor pull my kitten's tail;  
I'll never torment Rover  
To listen to him wail.

I'll never tease my mama  
For what she thinks is wrong;  
I'll never bring her sorrow  
When I can bring her song.

I'll try to be like Jesus,  
So gentle, meek, and mild;  
And when he comes, he'll own me,  
And take me as his child.

MRS. M. A. LOPER.

### The Missing Melons

SARAH and Maro Quigley were sister and brother. Their grandfather and grandmother lived in a double log-cabin not far from their parents' home. There were beautiful flower-beds in front, with roses and a wonderful garden back of the house.

And there were the two springs, and the little creek, and the great barn. It was a lovely place to go, the little ones thought. Grandfather always had some nice story to tell them, or a book of pictures to show, or a ride to give them behind Coly, the horse.

Grandmother was more quiet, but she liked them, they knew; for she gave them cookies, and praised them when they hunted the eggs or combed her hair.

One day grandma said, "You may go to the melon-patch, and eat all the melons you want. Go over the little creek beyond the spring, and you will find them."

But grandmother forgot about the neighbor's melons that were not far away. And Sarah and Maro, not knowing, ate the wrong melons. They ate a good many, too; for the vines had not been well tended, and the fruit was small.

"Some one has been stealing my melons," said Mr. Eddy, when he went out that evening to get some for supper.

The children overheard him, and felt sure that they had made a mistake, and had been in Mr. Eddy's melon-patch instead of grandfather's.

What do you suppose they did? Run home? —Not a bit of it! It was hard work, but they went right up to him and said, "We took the melons, Mr. Eddy. We did not know they were yours; we thought they were grandfather's, and grandmother told us we might have some. We are sorry."

"Never mind, never mind, children! I don't care for the melons. I was angry only because I thought some one had stolen them to plague me," he said, heartily.

How happy they were because they had owned their fault, and had not acted a lie. They would have felt mean all their lives if they had kept back the truth. Telling it helped them to be

braver always. It set their young feet in the right path. It gave them a reputation that was worth more to them than gold.

They told their mother about it, and she was glad. And when they knelt at her knee to pray, they thanked God that he had delivered them from evil, and asked him to help them always to overcome.

S. ROXANA WINCE.

### How Ethel Served

IN the middle of the kitchen floor stood Ethel gazing at sink dishes. How she did hate dish-washing!

Such a deal of work as was done each day in the large farmhouse! The mother's nimble feet kept up their ceaseless tread the livelong day. There was so much cooking to do for all the hungry farm-hands; so much pickling, preserving, butter-making, and cleaning.

Rebecca, the elder daughter, was her mother's faithful ally in all her labors. To Ethel fell the wearisome task of dishwashing.

For four months she had been a happy visitor in a cheerful Maine parsonage, where she had loved to read to Aunt Caroline, and to go on errands for Uncle Charles. They had taken delightful drives, and there had been many leisure hours for reading and fancy work. Janet, the kitchen maid, washed all the dishes. Ethel

your help again, Ethel." Uncle Charles, coming in from the garden, stopped to give her shoulder an approving pat. But Aunt Caro saw the firmly set lips, and knew that, bravely as she was doing it, she hated her task.

"I have some letters to write, and then we will drive to the office together," she said.

Tired of her work, it was a luxury to sit in the old chaise, with Aunt Caro holding the reins.

"Ethel, dear, you remember wishing that you could do some hard thing for Jesus?"

"Yes, auntie; I should so love to do it, to show him that I love him."

"Well, he has given you something hard to do for him every day."

"What is it, Aunt Caro?" asked Ethel, in surprise.

"Washing dishes," replied Aunt Caro, with a smile.

"Why, auntie!"

"Yes, dear. It is a task not always appreciated. It is 'only washing dishes,' while baking and ironing are counted hard work. But Jesus has given it to you to do for him. He will know it is often hard, and he will know, too, how thoroughly and cheerfully you do it for him. Will not this thought help you, my dear child?"

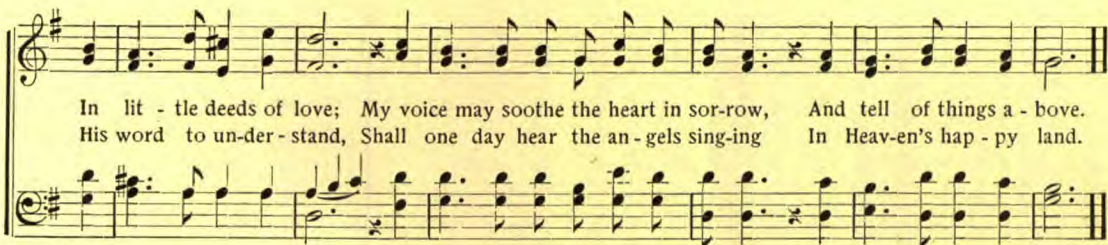
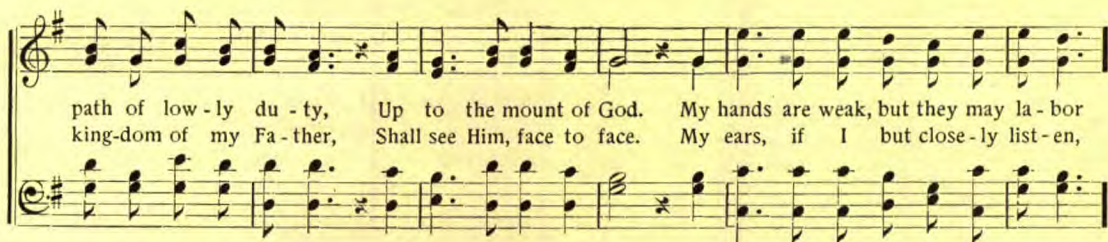
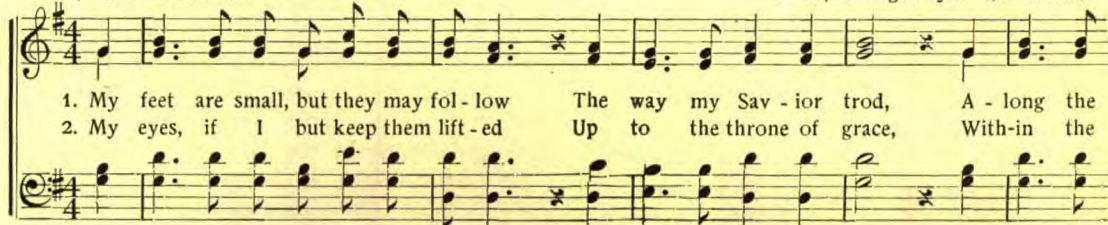
"Will he take it as service rendered to him?"

### EARLY CONSECRATION

"Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right."

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

A. R., Arranged by F. E. BELDEN.



had been wont to leave the table with an air of great satisfaction, knowing it had no claims upon her. How she had delighted to write to May Emerson, "I have no dishes to wash now."

Ethel had learned to love and trust her Saviour while away, and a new motive ruled her actions. Last night she had returned to her own home with Uncle Charles and Aunt Caro, who had come for a short visit.

No one asked her to resume her old task, but conscience spoke plainly, and with a look of determination she took her old place. Mama, coming in from the pantry, gave her a grateful smile. Becky said, with a kiss, "It is good to have

Then I will do it with my might, auntie," said Ethel.

And Ethel kept her word.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

### Grandma's Butter-Stamp

THEY were out in the cool little dairy. Grandma was making butter, and Barty was looking on.

"I must certainly have a new butter-stamp," grandma said, between spats of the big wooden "paddle." She was working the buttermilk out of the soft, golden mass, and working the salt in.

"I'll div you one, g'amma, on your birthday day," Barty said, promptly. And of course he plunged



his hands into his small trousers' pockets, and jingled the pennies.

"But to-day is my 'birfday day,'" laughed grandma. "I'm sixty to-day, Little Pockets!"

"Then I'll div you one this to-day," Little Pockets answered, gravely. He meant to get right down from the high bench at once, and go and buy it; but he wanted to see grandma spat, spat, spatter first. It was such fun, and little salt drops kept spattering across into his face, and making him wink!

Pretty soon the golden butter was all "worked," and grandma smoothed it out into a beautiful yellow sheet. Then she hurried away to get the worn-out butter-stamp. Barty thought he would go, too, but it was a high bench, and he was a short little boy. So it needed a good deal of time to get ready to jump down. And dear me, somehow something caught somewhere! For Barty tumbled forward on to the golden sheet of butter! Out flew his two small fat hands, and then, all in a minute, grandma's butter was stamped!

When grandma came back, there was the print, clear and deep, of two little hands, with fat, wide-spread fingers, right in the middle of her golden butter. And grandma hugged Barty, and kissed his crestfallen little face.

"Why, bless the Little Pockets, it's a beautiful butter-stamp he's given grandma on her 'birfday day!'" she cried. But although she didn't mention a word of it to Barty,—dear, no!—still, she couldn't help being glad that the fat little hands had been scrubbed and rubbed just before they stamped her butter.—*Companion*.



#### A Story of the Tyrol

OUR country has been called a land where there are no old castles. This may be one reason why, when we go to Europe, we are interested in the castles that crown so many hilltops. As we go through their grand halls, we often wish that we knew the stories of the lords and ladies who once lived there. Sometimes we can learn them from history; but, alas! too often it is a sad and bloody record.

There is one old castle in the Tyrol that remains to-day much as it was centuries ago, when occupied by the son of an emperor of Austria. Down in the town, at the foot of the hill, you will see in almost every house or shop the picture of his lovely wife. The story of their lives is as beautiful as any fanciful romance, and it all goes to show the truth of those words of the poet Tennyson: "Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood."

Centuries ago there lived in Augsburg a rich merchant named Welser. His great house, painted all over the outside with quaint pictures, exists to-day as a modern hotel, and inside you can see the grand old fireplaces and magnificent mantelpieces. Close by is a beautiful old square, and a cathedral full of soft, golden light,—one where God is worshiped according to the Protestant faith; for Augsburg was a city famed in the days of Luther and the Reformation. The merchant had a beautiful daughter, as sweet and true-hearted as she was lovely in form and face. Some fête day in the city, or perhaps some quiet hour in the church, Ferdinand, son of the emperor, saw her and loved her.

Now Philippine was no giddy girl, to be flattered out of all sense because a prince admired her; but, like a good maiden, she assured Ferdinand that his courtship must be open and honorable. She was educated and accomplished, according to the standards of those days; and

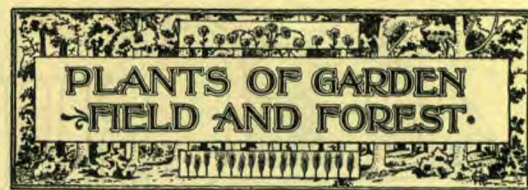
because her father knew that she was the equal of any lady at court, and that he could give her large wealth, he insisted that the prince should marry her with as much honor as if she were a lady of rank. The old emperor, however, was beside himself with rage at the very thought that his son should marry a woman not of royal blood. The Count of the Tyrol, for that was Ferdinand's title, did all that a dutiful son could do to persuade his father that Philippine was like the "gracious woman" told of in the Bible, and that her "price was above rubies," but all in vain; then he said that he would marry her anyway, for he was a man old enough to judge for himself.

"Do so," said the emperor, in anger, "and I will disown you, and will never recognize her."

One day, not long after, there was a wedding in lovely old Augsburg, and then the young couple journeyed toward the Tyrol. In Castle Ambras they started housekeeping, and there they spent together a long, happy lifetime, full of good deeds and charity. To-day you can stroll up the hill from Innsbruck through fragrant pine woods, and can go all over the castle, seeing in the great halls the arms and weapons of Ferdinand, and, in other rooms, a great deal of the furniture, carefully kept by their descendants, who still own the castle. There are rare cabinets and organs, spinets, and writing-tables, beautifully carved, high-post bedsteads, and many enormous green-and-white terra-cotta stoves, on one of which is worked out the Lord's prayer, with a number of proverbs.

Most interesting of all, is the countess's own room, furnished as in her day. A high-backed chair stands near a window, overlooking an exquisite landscape; but we fancy the beautiful Philippine looked in and not out when she sat there; for close by the chair is a funny, hooded, old, carved cradle. One golden-haired baby after another snuggled into that cradle, and their mother's heart would have been as happy as the days were long, but for one sore trouble; the stern old emperor would not forgive his son, and Philippine the girl, and Philippine the bride, could not think of any way to touch that father's heart. But when two little children had laughed up at her from the cradle, they taught her a bit of heavenly wisdom. One day, unknown to the count, her husband, the countess dressed her little ones in dainty attire, and started away for the old emperor's court. Getting leave to enter the royal presence, she came in leading a child at each side, and stood, or it may be knelt, before the old monarch. Now grandfathers' hearts are very much alike, whether they beat under gold and ermine robes or rusty old coats, and somehow children always seem to know the very shortest road right into these hearts. The emperor saw his son in the boy, perhaps his own mother had blue eyes like the tiny girl's,—anyway he looked and forgot to frown.

Who could scold two such babies for being born? Philippine, too, was looking at him through her tears; she was very beautiful, and her only fault was love for his son. He suddenly decided that he could not live a day longer without those grandchildren; yes, and his son and his daughter-in-law. He would have kept them all at court ever after, but Philippine took her babies back, and went on with life at Castle Ambras. Soon, everybody in trouble climbed up the hill to the countess; the poor blessed her, the sick were comforted by her, and, although she had not a drop of royal blood in her veins, she was a true daughter of a King; and because she lived for others' good, her name is still as sweet in the Tyrol as the blue forget-me-nots that never fail to come with the spring.—*Annette L. Noble*.



#### *Aconitum Uncinatum*

Wild Aconite, or Monk's-Hood

CLOSELY related to the larkspurs, but more poisonous, are the aconites, of which the Wild Aconite is perhaps the most common in the Eastern United States, and may be taken as the type.

The stem is rather weak and slender, erect, but inclined to climb, and from three to five feet high. The leaves are much like those of the larkspurs, being palmately cleft (incisions extending half way, or a little more than half way, to the apex of the petiole) or palmately parted (incisions extending nearly to the apex of the petiole) into from three to five deeply toothed divisions.

The flowers are arranged in an open, branched cluster, or panicle, the form of inflorescence common to oats and many of the grasses. The sepals, as in the larkspurs, constitute the most showy part of the flowers, which are blue in color, and of a peculiar shape. In fact, the petals are quite inconspicuous, consisting of but two small bodies with long stalks, hidden away under the large upper sepal, which from its shape is known as the hood, or helmet.

The root is thick and fleshy, and exceedingly poisonous.

*Aconitum Napel-lus*, the True Monk's-hood, or Official Aconite, is a cultivated species, the root of which is largely used in medicine. Cases of poisoning sometimes arise from its ignorant or excessive use for this purpose. In some instances the root has been mistaken for horse-radish and the leaves for parsley, a plant which is frequently cultivated for its pleasant-flavored foliage used in cookery.

Horses and cattle are sometimes poisoned by eating small portions of the plant.

Let us take warning from the aconites and larkspurs, and rid our soul-temples of every deadly principle, so that we may convey to all within the sphere of our influence the elements of buoyant life and health, not those of poison and death.

#### Questions

1. Describe the Wild Aconite.
2. In what particulars are the aconites similar to the larkspurs?
3. What is a panicle?
4. Describe the petals of the Wild Aconite.
5. What is the shape of the upper sepal? What is it called?
6. What is the nature of the plant, especially the root?
7. Which species of aconite is commonly used for medicinal purposes?
8. In what way do cases of poisoning frequently arise?
9. What lesson may we learn from these poisonous plants?

B. E. CRAWFORD.

ALL the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action.—*J. R. Lowell*.







## THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

## I—Jacob and Esau; the Birthright

(October 4)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Gen. 26:27-34.

MEMORY VERSE: "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Matt. 4:4.

It was twenty years after Isaac was married to Rebecca before God gave them any children. So their faith in the promise of God was tried, as Abraham's had been. God had promised that through Isaac, Abraham's seed should be multiplied, and the number of his children be as the stars of heaven and the dust of the earth for multitude.

Isaac knew the story of his own birth, and how his father and mother had prayed and waited for the gift of God. So he also prayed that God would give him a child, and in answer to his prayer, God gave twin sons to Rebecca, his wife. The firstborn was called Esau, and the younger, Jacob. Before their birth, God told Rebecca that the elder should serve the younger.

The birthright was the right of the eldest son to inherit the father's property; besides this, it made him a prince or ruler in the family. But it was not the worldly good it brought that made Jacob set so much value upon it. The choicest possessions of Isaac were the promises of God to him and to his father Abraham. He who received the birthright was heir of the promise that in his line the Saviour of the world should come.

But Esau cared nothing for these things. His mind was set on the things of this world; he did not think of the world to come, that Abraham and Isaac loved and looked for. So when he was faint with hunger, he said, "Behold, I am at the point to die; and what good shall this birthright do to me?" He was like those of whom Paul speaks in 1 Cor. 15:32, who, because they did not believe in the resurrection of the dead and the future life, said, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," as if the things of this world were all that were worth living for.

Jacob valued the blessings that Esau despised. Because God had foreseen the character of the two boys, he had told beforehand that the birthright should be given to Jacob. But Jacob did not know God well enough to trust him to bring his own word to pass. He made the same mistake that his grandfather once made, and tried to get the birthright for himself, instead of waiting for God to give it to him.

Esau despised his birthright, and sold it for a morsel of meat. Because of this he is called a "profane person," and his act was very displeasing to God. He is the type of all those who through their love for this world lose the eternal riches.

Esau was not the first one who sold his birthright for a morsel of meat. Our first father Adam did the very same thing.

Jesus, the second Adam, was tempted in the same way by the same serpent that tempted Adam in Eden. When he was hungry, the devil said, "If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread." But if he had obeyed the voice of the tempter to satisfy his hunger, he would have lost his birthright as the Son of God. So he conquered Satan by the word of God, "Man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

There are many to-day who are selling their birthright as sons of God for the sake of a morsel of meat. As his children, it is our right to be filled with his Holy Spirit, to give us clean minds, good judgment, and strong bodies in this world, and an inheritance in the world to come. If we eat or drink what God has told us is not good for us, or even too much of what is good, we are in danger of clouding our minds, and driving away the Spirit of God, and shutting ourselves out from the new earth that God has promised for the home of all his children.

## Questions

1. What did God say about Isaac before he was born? Gen. 21:12.
2. How old was Isaac when he was married?

Gen. 25:20. How long was it before God gave him any children?

3. Who were born when Isaac was sixty years old? Were these twins alike? What was the difference in their appearance?

4. What was the occupation of Esau? of Jacob? Tell the difference in the character of the two boys. What had God said about them before they were born?

5. Who was the father's favorite, and why? But whom did Rebecca love?

6. Who was really the elder son? What therefore belonged to him?

7. Tell what the benefits of the birthright were.

8. Did Esau value his birthright? How did he show that he despised it?

9. What was Esau willing to sell the birthright for? Is he the only one who has ever done this? Who was the first to sell his birthright? Is there any danger that we may do the same thing?

10. Who has won back for man the birthright that Adam lost? Was he ever tempted in the same way that Adam was? Tell how he overcame.

11. Who valued the birthright that Esau despised? Tell how he tried to get it for himself.

12. Why was it wrong for Jacob to do this? What should he have done?

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON

## I—The Vision of the Four Beasts

(October 4)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Dan. 7:1-8.

MEMORY VERSE: "Who is wise, and he shall understand these things? prudent, and he shall know them?" Hosea 14:9; see also Dan. 12:10.

## Questions

1. When was the vision of the four beasts given to Daniel?
2. Where was the scene of this vision?
3. What commotion arose upon the great sea?
4. What came up from the sea?
5. How did these beasts compare with one another?
6. What was the first beast like?
7. As the prophet beheld it, what became of its wings?
8. What then happened to the beast? What was given to it?
9. What was the appearance of the second beast?
10. What was there peculiar about one side of this beast?
11. What did it have in its mouth?
12. What command was given unto it?
13. What were three special characteristics of the third beast?
14. What was given to this beast?
15. After this what kind of beast did Daniel see in his night visions?
16. What enabled it to devour and break in pieces?
17. How did this beast treat the residue of the earth?
18. How did it compare with the other beasts?
19. What evidence of power did it have?
20. As Daniel considered these horns, what came up among them? What did this little horn do?
21. What were its eyes like? What did its mouth speak?

## Questions for Further Study

1. These four beasts represent what? Compare verses 17 and 23.
2. Who will take their kingdom away from them and possess it forever?
3. What other chapter in Daniel records a vision of four kingdoms succeeded by a fifth, which shall stand forever?
4. What, therefore, shows that the kingdoms described in Daniel 2 are the same as those of Daniel 7?
5. Name the four universal monarchies from Nebuchadnezzar's time until now.
6. From the two visions given concerning these monarchies, sum up the special characteristics of each. The following is an example:—  
Glorious as gold.  
Strong as a lion.  
Swift as an eagle.  
Deceitful and desperately wicked as the heart of man.

## Notes

Notice that the descriptions of these various kingdoms make no distinction between the king-

dom and the king. Although the head of gold stood for Babylon, yet to Nebuchadnezzar, Daniel said, "Thou art this head of gold." Nebuchadnezzar was himself a very part of his kingdom, and the vision revealed to him the pride and ambition of his heart. In the same way the four beasts represented four kings, but each king stood for a kingdom; and that the same as regards its purpose and power, but differing only in the character of its kings.

As to the history of these four kingdoms, let us see what the Bible says. The rise and fall of Babylon was foretold by both Isaiah and Jeremiah, and Daniel saw the thing enacted, and the kingdom pass into the hands of the Medes and Persians. The books of Esther, Nehemiah, and Ezra give us a complete account of the kingdom of Medo-Persia and her dealings with the people of God. When those kings fulfilled their mission, their kingdom passed over to Greece. The only Bible record concerning Grecia is a prophetic one, and is found in Daniel 11. This kingdom spans the period from the close of Old Testament history until the rise of Roman supremacy immediately preceding the birth of Christ. The history of Rome is written in prophecy; and her dealings with the church of God, as shown in the life of Christ and the apostles, are fully recorded in New Testament history. Her work is not yet done, her mission is not yet completed. From the prophecies we know what the end is to be. We are in the time of their fulfillment. Shall we not watch and be ready, that we may be of that number who shall "take the kingdom, and possess the kingdom forever"?

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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:

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PEOPLE often say that it is hard to do right. Never was there a greater mistake. The wrong way is the hard way. "The way of transgressors is hard,"—human experience from Adam's day to ours clearly demonstrates this,—but the way of wisdom, the way of the Lord, is pleasantness and peace.

WHEN Israel was encamped before the Red Sea, shut in by mountains on either hand, and pursued by their enemies, the Lord sent them the command, "Go forward." But where? Did not the waters of the sea lie before them?—Yes; but when they obeyed, when they went as far as they could, the Lord made for them a path through the sea, over which they passed safely. It is easy to understand that if they had settled down in discouragement where they were, and refused to go forward, they would have forfeited the protection of God, and fallen an easy prey to their enemies.

This is one of the experiences that happened to the Israelites for "an ensample" unto us. Very often the Christian is hedged about with difficulties; he can see no way of escape. If, instead of murmuring and complaining at such times, and so doubting his heavenly Leader, he commits his way unto the Lord, and goes forward, he will find himself led safely onward "in a plain path."

### The Wise Fly

HE was a very wise fly. The yellow, sticky sheet on the window-sill was strewn with victims; but he had no mind to add one more to their number. Indeed, no! He sauntered deliberately around the whole sheet on the safe, smooth, dry edge; he made an elaborate detour around a tempting drop; he perfected his toilet; he walked up and down on one favorite strip again and again, with a stop now and then to taste the infinitesimal threads of that too-alluring stickiness,—as one who would say, "Ah! what is this, I wonder?—Oh, that trap stuff. Wonder what it's really like, anyway. H'm—not so bad, in moderation. It's too much that does the damage."

Once or twice the strand was large enough to make a momentary inconvenience. Then what a standing on front legs and head—apparently—to rub the stuff off; what a determined scraping together of ridiculous front legs to remove its last clinging trace!

One could almost hear him saying, triumphantly, "There! you see it hasn't hurt me a bit," as he looked with vast superiority at his fellows on the field of defeat.

But since a little was so good, really, and so easily removed, leaving one quite as well off as before, how would it seem to thrust one's mandibles deep into the feast itself, instead of nibbling at its edges? It would be very easy to draw them out again, of course. If one might judge by his actions, Mr. Wisefly reasoned in

that strain. He drew a little nearer, wheeled, and walked off with tremendous unconcern, slipped back again: there are so many ways back that he seemed to be there quite naturally. Just a dainty touch,—ah! this is really delightful! Another,—cautiously,—but this time one leg sticks fast, and in the effort to remove it, another is entangled. Only at the edge, only half-way into the pit dug for his destruction—but held fast. It is a pitiful struggle—and longer than that of those who have preceded him. But it is hopeless; and presently his lifeless body, imprisoned only by the forelegs and head, remains. Remains to—

But is it necessary to write the moral of Mr. Wisefly's fate? What do you think?

### The Vacant Niche

AN exchange tells of a monument that stands in an Eastern State on one of the spots made historic by its association with the thrilling scenes of the War of the Revolution. The monument is a marble shaft, and near its base are niches for four of the generals who were prominent in the battles of that region. But one niche is vacant! The place that Benedict Arnold, by reason of his courage and bravery, should have occupied, is empty—a perpetual reminder that he proved traitor to his country.

It is painful to think of that vacant niche; but what of those who miss the place that they might occupy in heaven? A place is prepared for all. The wedding garment, the crown of life, a mansion in the heavenly city,—these are offered to each one who lives on the earth. But some will not accept them! Some one will betray his Lord, and prove traitor to the heavenly Canaan,—the land in which he might have an inheritance. Some one will not confess Christ before men, and will be denied before his Father and the holy angels. Who will it be? That question each will decide for himself. What shall our decision be?

### A Life Lesson

It was a wide, deep road,—a long road, too, as events proved, with glaring yellow sand from fence to fence, but always with an inviting prospect, in the distance, for the afternoon's quiet reading which the two friends sought. Their books were heavy; the sun was hot; the sand filtered into their shoes, clung to their skirts, and filled the air. "What a pity we came this way!" they said to each other, with a dismal sense of a spoiled holiday, as they pressed on. "We may as well keep ahead till we strike a cross-road; it's no use going back now. But the whole trip is a failure."

But that cross-road, when it was finally reached!—a friendly, shaded lane, so protected that the heat of August had left its roadway free from dust, and its grassy stretches a rest to weary feet. A thick oak hedge stretched along one side; on the other were dimpled fields, cool woods, a little singing brook,—nothing to suggest the discomfort that had preceded.

"Oh, but this is worth it all!" they exclaimed, again and again, as some new picture met their view. The reading was mostly from the wide book of nature; but the leisurely walk to the next main-traveled road was a delight that will not soon be forgotten.

Life is a long journey—and often the road is hard to travel. But no matter what Hills of Difficulty one may meet, or what dreary lengths stretch before him, he may know that somewhere the way will lead through green pastures and by still waters.

### Note

THE article "Rain and Its Lesson" in the last number of the INSTRUCTOR should have been credited to Minnie A. Peterson.



NICKEL-STEEL IN MANUFACTURES.—On account of the natural law that "heat expands and cold contracts," it is necessary in the manufacture of clocks, as well as in other fine arts, to employ metals which will respond the least to changes in temperature. For this purpose an alloy of steel with thirty-six per cent of nickel has been used with remarkable success. It is largely used in the manufacture of pendulum rods for expensive clocks. The brass bob is contrived so as to make up for the slight variation in the rod caused by changes in temperature. Nickel-steel is also useful for the reason that it will not easily rust. Its scarcity prevents its use in large quantities.

NEW SUGAR PLANTS.—At the present time the Department of Agriculture is much interested in a search in foreign nooks and corners of the world for plants that may be used in the manufacture of sugar. Two have recently been discovered. One is found in Central America, and the technical name given it is *Lippia Mexicana*. It is a creeping plant, and the leaves, when chewed, give out a sweetness stronger even than sugar. Aside from its medicinal use in the tropics, it has not been cultivated. The other is a tiny plant, perhaps six inches high, and produces delicate leaves and blossoms. It is found in the plateaus of Paraguay. Its saccharine properties are so great that only a few of the leaves are necessary to sweeten a large cupful of any beverage, the flavor remaining in the mouth many minutes. This latter plant is called by the Paraguayans "sugar herb," or "honey herb." The peculiar property that gives it its sweetness is not due to sugar, but to some unknown chemical substance, which will not ferment by the addition of yeast.

PERFECTED DENTISTRY.—The achievements of modern dentistry in preserving and beautifying the teeth are becoming a matter of much comment. Instead of having the cavity of a decayed tooth filled with gold, so as to be conspicuous, a new method has recently been introduced in this country of using a substance so entirely like the natural tooth in appearance as to be quite imperceptible. To do this successfully is a very delicate undertaking. First the dentist obtains a mold of the cavity with very thin platinum foil. The mold is removed from the mouth, and several porcelain teeth of different shades are placed beside the tooth to be filled, until one is found exactly matching the color of the natural teeth. The porcelain teeth are numbered to correspond with a series of mixtures. The dentist then selects a mixture corresponding with the shade of the tooth he wishes to fill. This is mixed with water, and placed in the platinum mold. It is next heated to a white heat in an electric furnace, an important part of the process being to know just how long to continue the heating. When the proper point has been reached, it is withdrawn from the mold. A little cement is placed upon the cavity, and the porcelain inserted. If the work is properly done, this will exactly fit the cavity. The porcelain is allowed about five minutes to set. Twenty-four hours later the patient returns to have the tooth smoothed and polished. It is said that a filling of this kind becomes a part of the tooth itself. The process is quite new in this country, and has never been introduced into the countries of the Old World.

CAROLYN HATHAWAY.