

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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

Vol. LI

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No. 9



Sweet Things Await

SWEET things await thee, slumbering earth,
Outlying in the rain;
Though skies above thee darkly lower,
And chilling winds complain.
The gentle winds of spring shall charm
Thy torpid trance away;
And o'er thy pulsing breast shall break
The miracle of May.

Sweet things await thee, lonely wood,
Long scourged by tempests strong;
Life shall invade thy solitude—
A stir of wings, and song.
Green leaves shall clothe thy boughs again,
A whispering throng alight,
And blossoms open at thy feet,
Like star-flowers in the night.

Sweet things await thee, pilgrim soul!
Thy journey o'er the sands,
While beats the fierce, untempered light,
Along the desert lands,
Shall one day end beneath the palms
Where crystal fountains spring,
Where bivouac in shining tents,
The children of the King!

— Emma Herrick Weed.

The Waking of the Year

DURING the long winter months, through cold and desolate weather, with biting frost and drifting snow, nature has only been napping. Everywhere, over field and through forest, the world seems dead; but later there is to be a waking, a wondrous resurrection.

If there is any time in the year when one should not remain over nerve-enfeebling books, amid the rush and worry of business contact, or in the poisoned atmosphere of overcrowded offices, it is at the time of waking flowers and budding leaves.

Nature is about to break the monotony of her routine. She puts on strength. She grows young again. Through March, all unseen, there has been a preparation for the coming days of spring—the waking of the year. And now, as our resident of the country places begins to see some indications of the coming change, he looks about him, and exclaims, "Spring is coming; I can feel it in my bones."

But it is not his feelings alone that have told him. Many omens he has read of the changes just at hand. This morning he was reminded of spring when he combed the shedding coat of the old farm horse. Furthermore he has seen a muskrat or two, that the breaking up of the ice along the shore has released from his winter home; and only yesterday, perhaps, he discovered a raccoon on the bank, fishing for mussels and crayfish.

He has heard the barking of the red squirrels, and has seen them tapping the maple trees to drink the quickening sap. He has seen chipmunks here and there that had wakened from a long winter sleep.

And then the birds. He has noticed that the

blackbirds and sparrows are growing more lively and more numerous. The robins are arriving and the wrens and the pewees are about. For the past day or two there has been a bluebird in the orchard; the redwings, for a week or more, have been calling their *conkerakee* from the swamp in the creek pasture; and the song-sparrow in the hedges has been glorifying the world with the wealth of his warbled melody.

And then this apostle of the seasons, having seen all this, and noted its full import, tells us with ever mysterious air that "spring is coming, he feels it in his bones."

Yes, spring is coming, and the heralds each day announce it. There are prophets by hill and dale, all telling us of the future. And every evidence of life now is but the advance agent of the season, billing the roadsides and pathways, telling of the grand spectacle that will soon be here.

But this is all a parable. Events always cast their shadows before. Surely the Lord will do nothing, but he revealeth his secret. There is

"Hats" in Summer—"Bareheaded" in Winter

WHEN shrubs and trees are bare, many interesting things may be learned from the position of the leaf-scars. Cut a hickory twig, and notice how the buds are situated at the *upper margin* of each leaf-scar. This is the arrangement of leaf and bud on branches and twigs of many other trees and shrubs with which we are most familiar.

But examine a branch of our smooth sumac and of the stag-horn sumac, which grow on rocky hill-sides, and you will find that the scars which mark the places where the bases of the leaf-stalks were attached *surround* the buds. This fact shows that the bases of the sumac leaf-stalks must have completely covered the buds during their growth.

Search the ground beneath the shrubs for dry leaf-stalks during the winter and early spring, and you will find that each one has a small cavity at its base just the shape of the pointed bud. If you had examined the branches late last sum-



SPRING IS COMING; THE HERALDS EACH DAY ANNOUNCE IT

nothing happens unless first he sends sufficient announcement before it. But some do not read the signs, and to them the event comes suddenly, unexpectedly.

Some see the trees putting forth their leaves, and know that summer is nigh at hand; even so may they know when the signs have been given that other and greater events are about to take place. But some who are adepts in reading nature's signs, seem unable or unwilling to read others that are just as plain, and far more important. Some who could read the face of the sky were rebuked by the Master for not being able to discern the signs of the times.

The power to observe and understand which the study of nature develops ought to increase one's power to discern the indications of God's advancing providences.

L. A. REED.

"THE life which the Creator has implanted, he alone can call forth. Every seed grows, every plant develops, by the power of God."

mer or in early autumn, you would have seen that there was not a single bud exposed on the new growth of sumac. The bushes appear to have made no provision then for next year's growth. But this was not the case. If you had broken a great leaf-stalk from the branch, and examined it carefully, even with the naked eye, you would have seen a tiny bud even in its enlarged base. The next year's stems develop laterally so as to form branches that remind us, in both species of the sumac, of the antlers of the stag, although only the rough sumac is commonly called "stag-horn."

It is interesting to note that the hollow base of each leaf-stalk is lined with soft down, like the nap on a fur hat, which protects the bud until it is full grown. This can easily be observed by snapping off some of the dry leaf-stalks which have clung to the branches. After the frosts of autumn, the red stalks fell away and exposed the soft, pointed buds. It is surprising how quickly this was effected. One day the smooth sumacs

on the sunny side of an old wall were a mass of color; the next the leaves had vanished, and the branches were covered with buds as if by magic. In bleak, exposed places the leaf-stalks often cling a whole month longer than in protected places.

Here is another case of Mother Nature's protecting the bud very carefully during the summer, until it is fully grown, and then taking off the fur-lined "hat." By reason of its warm covering of furry scales this bud can withstand the cold and storms of winter as well as other buds that never have had such special protection.

I never see these stems, with their hollow and fur-lined ends, on the ground in cold weather without thinking (and sometimes expressing it audibly), "Little buds, why don't you keep on your hats during this cold weather?"—*W. C. Knowles, in St. Nicholas.*



March

RECKLESS, dashing, boisterous March,
Whither art thou going?
See, along thine onward path
Ice-bound brooks are flowing.

True, thy voice is sad and wild,
And thy smile is fleeting,
Still thou art Spring's first-born child,
And we give thee greeting.

Children watch, with glowing cheek,
Winter's "white bees" sailing,
But above the mountain's peak
Softest clouds are trailing.

So when hearts are sad, and when
Doubts and fears confound us,
Still we see, with faith's bright eye,
Angels bright surround us.

MRS. L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE.

How Betty Went to School

By the pleasant path along the edge of the lake it is a mile from the old-fashioned house where Betty Jennings lives to the beautiful modern cottage where Hilda Reed spends her summers.

To Betty the year is divided into two parts, the part when Hilda is there, and the part when Hilda is gone.

As soon as she receives her calendar for the new year, June is detached from it and hung beside her mirror, with the Monday nearest the fifteenth emblazoned in red, to mark the time of Hilda's return; and September is always snubbed in Betty's calendar, no matter how charmingly adorned; for September is responsible for Hilda's departure.

But one year things were different, and September flaunted itself on Betty's wall before August's turn was over. That was because Mrs. Reed came one day, and in a secret session two hours long persuaded Mr. Jennings that she should be allowed to take Betty home with her for the winter.

"How did she ever do it?" demanded Bob, after he had taken the winner of the debate home in Betty's boat, the "Hilda."

Mr. Jennings shook his head, and smiled a puzzled smile.

"She is a woman, my son," he explained. "She made me feel like a selfish old tyrant in keeping Betty here all winter. She said that Betty should go to school, and have the companionship of other girls; she said that South Oaks was a perfect school, and that she wanted Betty to go there with Hilda; she said that

Betty was at the age when a girl needs a mother most, and —"

He had been grimly numbering these sayings on his fingers, but his voice broke on the last words, and he dropped his hands.

"She said a good deal!" Bob remarked, indignantly. "Betty is perfectly happy here with you, and I'll venture to state that she has gone beyond the course of South Oaks already, under your instruction. I want her to have a year or two at college some time, but I hate to have you spare her quite yet."

But the father hardly heard him. "I can't tell," he was saying, half to himself. "A father can't always tell what is best for a girl; it takes a mother."

His troubled eyes had wandered out over the lake to the hills on the other side, where the late afternoon sun was picking out the golden stubble-fields from the shading greens of vineyard and woodland.

"Oh!" Betty cried, when he told her. "O father, how beautiful! May I really go?"

"You really may," said her father, smiling and thinking that it was worth a winter's loneliness to make that glad note sound in anybody's voice.

Hilda came to the gray cottage every day, and all the livelong afternoon the girls' ecstatic voices could be heard discussing pleasures to come.

Then came the last Sunday, which was also the last before Bob must start off, to find out, as a common workman in some big railroad shops, what his degree of mechanical engineer was good for. That last Sunday seemed somehow to blot the joy out of Betty's face.

Tuesday evening they were all in Betty's "camp," the small room at the foot of the stairs. Bob had been playing on his guitar and singing. She tried to help him, but soon her voice trailed off into silence, and she put her head against her father's shoulder, and became thoughtful.

"Father," she said, when the music had degenerated into mere strumming, "do you really want me to go away?"

"Don't I always want you to be happy?" he parried.

"It's a Yankee trick to answer one question with another," said Betty, severely. "Do you want me to go?"

"What's a man to do, Bob?" groaned Mr. Jennings. "If I say yes, she'll cry and go; if I say no, she'll cry and stay. My daughter, from your observations at sunset, what do you think the weather will be to-morrow?"

Betty pulled his ear. "Who is going to make toast for you when I'm gone?" she demanded.

"Why, perhaps Hannah *could* make toast," he suggested, doubtfully.

"Not in here," Betty objected.

"Well—no," he hesitated.

"And who will darn your stockings?" pursued Betty.

"Hannah," was the relieved answer.

"Who will keep your desk and bureau in order?"

"Hannah."

"And who will have your chair and your slippers and your paper ready by the fire?" the catechism went on, relentlessly.

"Hannah might," doubtfully.

"She might. And I suppose she might read to you when you are tired, and sing to you, and—but you *will* miss me, father," persisted Betty.

"Oh, of course!" he mocked. "There will be no one to feed me toast when I don't want toast; no one to hide my papers and my collars away so that it takes a search-warrant to produce them; no one to go singing all over the house when I am trying to write. Oh, I shall *miss* you! That's the worst of nuisances, Bob; they generally get the notion that they are necessities, somehow."

Betty shook him. "I can get no truth out of

you!" she complained. "You're a dear old fraud; but I know you!"

"Now look here Betty!" her father exclaimed. "I see it in your eye; you are planning to come down in the morning and coax me not to *make* you go. You'll wheedle me into believing that you would rather stay home; I know you!"

"I think—I would," Betty faltered.

"Who's a fraud now?" he demanded. "You are fretting about me, that's all. I'll be all right; not so gay as usual, perhaps, but perfectly comfortable. I shall be extraordinarily busy this year, for one thing, and I'll come to see you at Christmas,—and then June will be here before we know it."

Betty went to bed half-convinced; but in the morning, she awoke with that undefined sense of trouble which is often the legacy of yesterday's worries. She hunted around in her consciousness for the cause of the weight on her heart, and all her doubts came back at the summons.

Her father was going to be very lonely and sad without her. He needed her.

If she was going for the sake of an education, it would be different; but she was going just for the pleasure of it.

"And you're a selfish thing; you shall not go one step!" She finished her thoughts aloud as she looped her braids and gave the ribbon an emphatic jerk. "You'll go straight over and tell Mrs. Reed that you are going to stay at home, and you shall not be maneuvered out of it by that dear, unselfish man."

But the dear, unselfish man was suspicious, and during breakfast he discoursed upon the value of a year of city life to his little country girl; he was so grateful to Mrs. Reed; he hoped that she would be willing to keep Betty *two* years, at least. Betty must not get homesick and spoil it all.

So Betty told her conscience that her father really was anxious to have her go, and Thursday found her on the wharf, with Mrs. Reed and Hilda, waiting for the two o'clock boat. It seemed to her as she clung to her father's arm, that all the people in the neighborhood had come to see her off. She wished that they would not keep saying such kind things to her. She did not feel happy, and she did not want to talk; and she did not want anybody but her father to talk to her, not even Bob or Hilda.

"My stars, Miss Betty!" said old Captain Hackett, when her father had turned to say goodbye to Mrs. Reed. "Your pa'll miss you when you are gone. Looks kind o' white and peaked, too; looked like that when your ma died, I recollect. Well, if he gets sick I'll drop you a line, so don't you worry none."

Betty clutched Bob's arm. "O Bobby," she sobbed, "I'm not going! I can't! I —"

But the boat was swinging in now, and when it swung out again, Betty stood in the stern with Hilda, bewildered by the confusion which had drowned her protests and swept her aboard. The sight of her father's face on the wharf, looking old and drawn, shocked her to complete consciousness.

"Look at father, Hilda!" she moaned. "Oh, just look! What *have* I done?"

"He is all right, dear," Hilda tried to soothe her. "See! he is waving his hat at us."

While the "Mary Bell" pounded her way across the lake, Betty stayed in the stern, her eyes fixed on that spot where, behind the trees, she could see in fancy the dear old house of gray stucco, with its high veranda in front and its sentinel birch at the corner.

Her father would be home in a few minutes now, and she tried to picture how it would seem without her. Tears came then, and lake and shore were blended in a blue-green blur.

Hilda's hands closed tightly over hers on the rail, and she felt herself drawn gently away to walk up and down the long deck.

Hilda Reed was the best-loved girl at South

Oaks. She was not quick at her books, the teachers said; but she was quick at understanding just exactly how people felt, and she understood now that Betty did not want to talk or be talked to.

When at last physical weariness had calmed the tumult in Betty's mind, and she was sure that she saw her duty plainly, she told Hilda all about the doubts and the fears and the weak indecision of the last few days.

"And now I have decided to go back on this boat, Hilda," she finished. "Don't try to change me; you would do the same thing in my place."

Tears of disappointment were in Hilda's eyes. "I know, dear," she said, bravely; "but, O Betty, I *wanted* you so! Come, we must tell mother."

"Oh, nonsense, my dear!" said that lady, cheerfully, when Betty had explained her purpose. "Your father will be all right. You are homesick, Betty, that's all; you will feel happier tomorrow," and she patted Betty's hand lovingly.

"Dear Mrs. Reed," said Betty, firmly, "it isn't homesickness. I don't think I *could* be homesick with you and Hilda. My father needs me. I ought never to have thought of leaving him. I am all he has to keep, you know. Bob has to go. Please don't think I don't want to go with you. I never wanted anything so much in my life before; but—oh, don't you see how it is?"

"I see that my little girl is homesick and doesn't know it," answered Mrs. Reed, slipping her arm round Betty. "I can't give you up now that I have you, dear. It takes two girls to keep me happy. I have been only half-happy since Elinor was married last May."

Betty turned to Hilda in desperation. "Please make her see, Hilda!" she pleaded. "You always understand."

"Mother, dear," said Hilda, leaning forward in her chair, "suppose that you were—were gone," her voice seemed to catch on something, "and suppose father was all alone, and very, very sad. I couldn't go and leave him, could I? Don't you see?"

"Hilda," protested Mrs. Reed, fumbling in her chatelaine for a handkerchief, "you are the *worst* child! Where did you get your trick of pulling heart-strings? Betty, you dear child, I see now; you shall go back to your father."

In the big dining-room of the gray cottage two men were at supper, apparently only because it was their custom to be at the table at that hour, for neither was making much of a success of eating. Through the deeply embrasured windows came the fading September light, mingling with the cheerful rays of the red-shaded lamp.

The lamp was the only cheerful thing in the room. The older man seemed absent-minded and sad. At times he rallied, made a brave effort to talk and failed. The younger man talked incessantly and with a forced gaiety, as if talking against the progress of a great anxiety. His father's face alarmed him. Hannah was frankly tearful.

A boat whistled, and Mr. Jennings started.

"It seems as if one of us ought to be going to meet that boat," he said, trying to smile. "The child has been on it so often this summer. Six o'clock," he added, glancing at the clock; "it's late again."

Bob's heart ached with pity, and for the first time in his life he felt resentful toward Betty.

"I'm going to row across the lake after supper, to see that man you want to hire," he said, abruptly. "Better come along; it will be fine on the water."

"No, I think—yes, I'll go," said his father; and then the two fell into a silence measured by the complaining chirp of a cricket under the window.

Suddenly there was a familiar rush of feet across the veranda, followed by the familiar bang of a screen door, and a second later a familiar face was laughing in the doorway.

"Well, of all the greediness!" cried a familiar voice. "Why didn't you wait for me?"

She ran behind her father's chair and gave him so many hugs and kisses that he was quite breathless and blinded. Then she leaned over the back of Bob's chair and pressed her cheek to his, after which she sat down and demanded supper—much supper.

"You—ah—you seem to be really you," Bob observed, when he found his voice.

"I'm quite me," Betty assured him. "O Hannah!" and springing up, she greeted that happy person as if they had been parted for a year at least.

"Might I venture to ask," said Bob, meekly, "what you have done with Mrs. Reed and Hilda?"

"I kissed them good-by at the train, and prom-

ised to spend the Christmas vacation with them," said Betty.

"Might I ask what you came back for, Bettiekin?" inquired her father. The gladness in his voice could not be hidden.

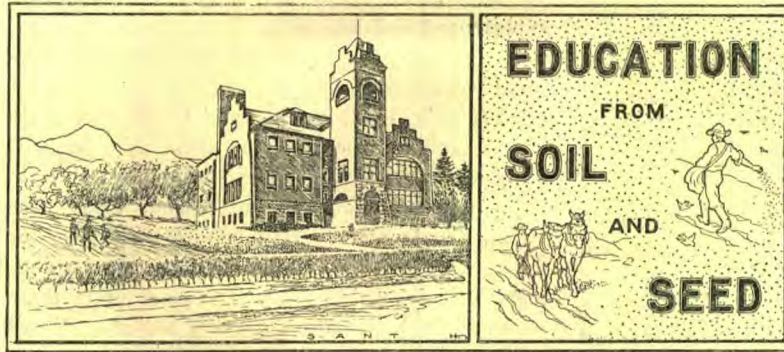
"Why-ee," said Betty, slowly, as she gingerly broke a hot biscuit, "I thought"—and her eyes danced—"I thought you might worry yourself sick for fear I should be homesick."

"Were you homesick, Betty?" demanded Bob.

"Are you asking from a thirst for information, Robert, or from low-down curiosity?" she questioned, sweetly.

"But people soon get over being homesick," teased Bob.

"They do," agreed Betty. "I've quite got over it already. Bobbie, if you don't want *all* that honey—yes, thank you."—*Selected.*



The Cultivation of the Soil Will Prove an Education to the Soul

III—Saving the Soil's Wealth

WHILE it is essential to know the value of things with which we are to deal in life, it is of greater importance to know how to save the valuable things in our possession. We learned from our last study the elements constituting the soil's wealth. Also that sufficient resources were provided by the Creator to last for all time. When a bank cashier puts into his own pocket the funds under his care, we call it robbery; for the money in his care was placed there for carrying on banking as long as the owners should continue in business.

So with the fund of plant food. God placed it in the soil, "that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater" always. If, then, the man now in possession of a farm treats it in such a manner as to waste or take for himself all the supply of plant food, so that the man who comes next into possession of that farm can grow no bread, is not that robbery, too? If you have a foot of God's land to care for, you do not wish to practise any robbery in managing it. In case you have none, it will be well if you are able to instruct somebody else, and save them from such bad practise. Let us study how to save the wealth of the land.

I must tell you at the start that this question we now have in hand is a big one. It will take more time than we have for one study. So we shall make more than one of it. How would you like to keep these lessons? You will wish to refer to them occasionally during our study, and you might find them of some use afterward. The book from which I have learned some of these things is called "The Soil." The author, Prof. F. H. King, says: "Notwithstanding the apparently inexhaustible stores of potash, magnesia, lime, phosphoric acid, etc., in the soil, we are confronted on every hand with the fact that soils do run out, and some varieties much more quickly than others; so that when all has been said, the most important fact to bear in mind is that here is a problem lying at the very foundations of agriculture upon which a vast work has yet to be done."

The problem that Professor King mentions is how to save and make useful the plant food which we know is in the soil. We will first consider nitrogen, and see what we can learn of taking care of it, and making it useful to our plants.

Thirty bushels of wheat grown on an acre require forty-eight pounds of nitrogen. As already found, there are from three thousand five hundred pounds to seven thousand pounds of it in the surface foot of each acre of soil. We find that fifteen thousandths of the total weight in average soils is nitrogen. Soil-weight is counted

at eighty pounds for each cubic foot. As there are 43,560 surface feet in an acre, this gives 5,227 pounds of nitrogen. At the rate of forty-eight pounds for a crop of wheat, you can easily find that the nitrogen supply should produce one hundred and nine crops of wheat. This means that if all the nitrogen of the soil could be used for wheat production, and none lost or given back to the soil, it would last for one hundred and nine years with wheat growing on the same ground every year.

I have worked this out with you, so that you might better appreciate the meaning of Professor King's statement about land getting "run down." While it is true that the Creator has placed in the soil a great resource of this element, so we can say of it, "The earth is full of thy riches," he has not given any man permission to use it all at once. Nitrogen in the soil is like steam in an engine. Steam showing a pressure of ten pounds will fill the steam-chest, but it will not run the engine. There must be a reserve force. It will not do to use up all the steam for the first few strokes of the piston. Before starting the engine, the steam-gauge must show a reserve of at least fifty pounds' pressure. And the reserve must be kept at that point by the constant renewing of the steam.

So the soil nitrogen must be renewed. I shall give five ways of saving and renewing soil nitrogen:—

1. *By drainage.* In water-logged soil a process called "denitrification" takes place, meaning that no nitrogen is produced. Also, nitrogen already in the soil escapes, when the ground remains water-soaked. The farmer who has in his field of wheat a low place, where the water stands, says the wheat there was "drowned out." He might also say that it was starved out; for the water did not allow the living principle of the soil to serve up the plant food needed by his wheat. To save the nitrogen of the soil, is one important reason for the necessity of draining our land.

This study must close with a word upon the nature of nitrogen as plant food, leaving for our next the other four ways of saving it. Nitrogen is obtained from the air, from decaying animal or vegetable matter (as manure), and from nitrate of soda, called a "commercial fertilizer." It gives to growing plants their dark-green, thrifty

appearance, its absence being noticeable by a sickly, yellowish look. You have seen corn growing where a house or barn once stood, and noticed its rich-green, vigorous growth. That is because of an abundant supply of nitrogen.

J. C. ROGERS.



Thoughts That Help

THE overcoming of little evils, little sins, little indulgences of the flesh, constitutes our greatest victories.

To look at our past, always brings discouragement. Look to the future, and believe the promises of God.

In this age, reputation and character, profession and practise, pretension and reality, theory and fact, present continual contradictions.

In the hereafter, we shall find that the smallest deed done for Christ, the feeblest and most broken words spoken in his name, have not been in vain.

Every one who has heard the message may repeat it to others. "Let him that heareth say, Come." Have you "heard"? Are you saying, "Come"?

Just where I am, there is my work. When I work out in every direction as far as my hands can reach, I shall feel the tips of other fingers in the same blessed ministry; and on and on these outstretched hands will work, in love and unity, until the hands encircle the earth, and the everlasting gospel has been given "to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people."

A lesson that is very apparent, and one by which we may all profit, is taught by an incident in the life of Oliver Cromwell. When he visited for the first time the Yorkminster Cathedral in England, he noticed twelve silver statues placed high above the altar. He looked at them, then asked, "Who are those fellows up there?"

"Silver statues of the twelve apostles," he was told.

"Take them down, melt them into coin, and send it out to do good," said he, brusquely.

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.

Roden, Manitoba

A good report has been written by John Ramsey, Jr., of the work at Roden, in the Manitoba Mission Field. He says:—

"We organized a Young People's Society a year ago, and are holding meetings regularly each week, using the outlines in the INSTRUCTOR. Each member takes part, and feels glad to have the opportunity of becoming better acquainted with God's word. While we are studying the word, we feel it our duty to make it known to others, so we are carrying the printed page. Members of the Society canvassed during the summer, and took subscriptions for our papers. We are glad that we have the privilege of working together with God, and pray that the seed sown may take root, and bear fruit to his glory. Our meetings are attended by the people, and some have expressed the wish that we had a church that they might attend. Pray for us, that we may be faithful in letting our light shine. We all feel of good courage in the truth.

Elgin, Illinois

AN interesting report of the Young People's work at Elgin, Illinois, from a personal letter to a brother in Chicago, has been passed on to us, and we are pleased to give the substance of the report, as follows:—

It was thought at first that a Young People's Society could not be organized, as there were not enough persons of sufficient age to form a Society. However, children's meetings were being held. It was soon found that there were at least four persons (besides the leader) who were old enough, and for whom something must be done. So these four met, and banded themselves together, holding their meetings for several weeks with just the four present. Later, a mother and her two children became interested in the truth, the latter joining the Society. Two more boys of thirteen and fourteen were found among the Sabbath-school pupils, and induced to join. Inexperienced and young as they were, the leader found it necessary to confine her efforts to personal work. She says:—

"We have Bible studies, and I talk very plain and straight to them. I tell them that Jesus is soon coming, and the object of the Society is to fit us to meet him, and our friends also. The young people seem very much interested in our Bible studies. We intend to learn new songs, and the Sabbath-school will depend upon these youth for at least one song every Sabbath. When they have learned enough of the truth to understand what they are doing, I shall ask them to distribute tracts, papers, etc.

"Last Tuesday evening was dark and rainy, but there were eight here, six members and two visitors. The meeting was the best we have had. The visitors seemed to enjoy the meeting, and said they wanted to come again. I think one of them, and perhaps both, will join us soon."

This is indeed an encouraging report. It shows us that an earnest, persistent effort is being made to obtain a nucleus for a Society. We believe that God will yet reward this faithful sister's efforts with a strong and enthusiastic Society. His promise is, "Let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

THE WEEKLY STUDY

William Miller's Work

(March 15-21)

WE may profitably consider one very practical lesson in connection with the sounding of the message of the first angel of Rev. 14:6, 7, by William Miller and his associates in America; namely, the Lord's way of choosing obscure and humble instruments, whose confidence is not at all in themselves, but whom God can teach to be bold in him.

God's Workmen.—1 Cor. 1:25-29; Jer. 1:6-10; Judges 6:4, 5, 15; James 2:5.

Illustrations of this truth you may find in all Scripture. See also "Rise and Progress," chapter I.

Wm. Miller's Work.—Take his life and teaching down to the passing of the first time set, in the spring of 1844. See "Rise and Progress," chapter IV; "Great Controversy," the latter portion of chapter XX, "A Great Religious Awakening;" and "Early Writings," page 93.

I suggest that the brief sketch of Wm. Miller in "Early Writings" be read in the meeting. Surely all our youth will become familiar with this little book. It presents the whole field of the controversy between Christ and Satan so concisely and simply that it must be to the end one of the choicest gifts God has given us.

In the study note the basis on which Miller fixed upon the spring of 1844 for the ending of

the twenty-three hundred days. Especially consider the effect the expectation of the coming of the Lord had upon believers spiritually, as illustrating 1 John 3:2, 3. This is a very practical lesson for us in whose days Jesus is truly coming. This is the hope that is to prepare a people for translation. Is it doing its work in our hearts now?

Many a youth feels as Jeremiah felt when called to service, "Behold, I can not speak: for I am a child." We must remember that in the finishing of this work God is to use the simple and the weak, made bold by the constraining love of Christ and the fearful solemnity of the message that we bear. In describing the finishing of the loud cry of the message the spirit of prophecy has said: "Servants of God, with their faces lighted up and shining with holy consecration, will hasten from place to place. . . . The message will be carried not so much by argument as by the deep conviction of the Spirit of God. The arguments have been presented. The seed has been sown." Now let us sow the seed, and seek a preparation of heart and a clear faith in the message that will give us a part with the simple souls whose testimony will stir the world again as in the days of 1844, only to a greater degree.

W. A. S.

Indiana

FOUR reports have been received from Societies in Indiana. At Wolf Lake the membership is thirty-three, eight members having been added during the last quarter. Meetings are held every two weeks. A little missionary work with our papers has been undertaken. The report says: "We have had very interesting meetings, and the young people seem very much in earnest in the work."

The South Bend Society has a membership of ten. Weekly meetings are held. One dollar and nine cents has been collected and used in missionary work. "All things are encouraging. The interest is good."

Another active Society is reported at Anderson. There are twelve members. These gave \$1.41 as an offering to missions. The Society is actively engaged in distributing our papers, and is also taking part in the "Christ's Object Lessons" campaign. The secretary says: "Our interest continues to be good. We are looking forward to becoming useful workers in the field."

Boggs town is the location of the new industrial school in this State. The students have just organized a Society of twenty-five members, which will meet each Sabbath afternoon. As the organization has just been effected, no work is reported as yet. It will certainly be a very valuable part of the education of these young people, if they can plan to spend a short time each week in active missionary work.

We also understand that a Society has been organized at Indianapolis, but the regular report from the Society has not yet been received.

L. F. P.

Question Hints

(To be given to different members, and answered in the meeting)

SHOW from the Bible how 1 Cor. 1:27, 28, is true in God's choosing his servants to carry on his work in all ages. Give illustrations.

How many different movements has God inaugurated at different periods of the world's history for the deliverance of his people from physical or spiritual bondage? What is the last movement, which has already begun?

How did Wm. Miller obtain the tenth day of the seventh month as a point from which to date the beginning of the 2300 days? Compare Dan. 9:25 with Ezra 7 and Lev. 16:29, 30.

Demonstrate the period of the 2300 days by a diagram.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

A Mighty Hunter

THERE is a boy named Tommy Green,
And he goes forth to kill;
And let the wind blow wild and high,
Or let the air be still,
Or sunny be the day, or dull,
To him 'tis all the same;—
Whenever Tommy Green sets out,
He always gets his game.

No gun he carries in his hand,
No sword of temper fine,
No bow with arrows at his back,
No fishing-rod or line.
But though he carries for his aid,
No weapon you could name,
Whenever Tommy Green sets out,
He always gets his game.

And yet, when Tommy Green comes home,
I never see him bring
A single bird, a single beast,
Or fish, or creeping thing.
And though this sounds impossible,
The truth is in this rhyme,
The only thing that Tommy Green
Sets out to kill, is—Time.

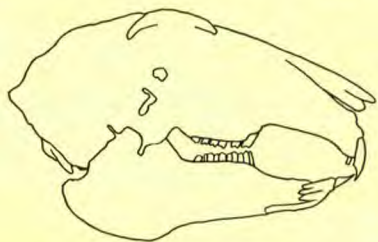
But O, I think when Tommy Green
Has somewhat older grown,
And thinks of all he might have done,
And all he might have known,
He'll find that Time's not to be killed,
But only wisely spent.
Let's hope, before it is too late,
His folly he'll repent.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

Our Rabbit Neighbors

No doubt all the girls and boys who will read this story have been acquainted with rabbits most of their lives, but all of them may not have known what wonderful little animals they are; for they are wise little creatures, and well fitted for the life they live.

Bunny eats grass and clover; and if there is a picket off the garden fence, she likes very much to creep in and eat the young peas and cabbage stalks. Let me tell you how she knows whether this hole is just the right size,—for she is a wise Bunny, and will not crawl into a hole where she might stick fast. On the side of her face grow a number of long hairs. We call them "whiskers." These stick out just as wide as her



A RABBIT'S SKULL

fat little body; and if, when she pokes her head into an opening, these whiskers brush on the sides, she knows she can not get through that entrance, and very wisely looks for another. I wonder how many little boys and girls who have noticed these whiskers on Bunny's face knew what they were for?

Puss has whiskers, too, but hers are for an entirely different purpose. If you will notice, the whiskers on her face stick out in front of her nose. When she is creeping softly up to a mouse or a bird, she must go very quietly, so that she will not disturb it. She keeps her eyes fixed on it all the time, and could not see if something were in the way that would make a noise if she touched it. This is where her whiskers help her.

If there is anything in the way, her whiskers touch it, and she stops instantly, without making the least noise.

While Bunny is fond of grass, and thinks peanuts or beans a rare titbit in the winter, her chief diet is the inner bark of berry bushes and crab-apple-trees. She is equally fond of the bark of small apple-trees, and this is just the reason our fathers sometimes tie rags around the little trees in the orchard before winter begins.

I want to tell you about Bunny's teeth, and how it is that she can get into the bark so easily. Her front teeth are long and sharp, and the outside edge is covered with a hard coat of enamel, but the inside edge of the tooth is made up of soft dentine. This means that when she bites anything hard, the inside of the tooth wears away, and leaves it just like the edge of a chisel; and the more she gnaws the bark of trees, the sharper her teeth get. If she breaks a tooth, it soon grows out again. She can cut large sticks in two, if she wishes; and where she works, she leaves little chips almost like the chips that are left by a beaver. While it is still winter, if some of you will go out into the hazel brush, and use your eyes for a little while, you will find where she has been eating the bark of crab-apple bushes or little thorn sprouts.

I have known rabbits that were shut up in boxes to gnaw, in a very short time, a hole large enough to let them out.

Bunny is a harmless little creature, and as she seldom bites, and never eats other animals, there is not a wolf, nor dog, not a cat, nor mink, nor weasel, nor, in fact, any bird or beast of prey, that does not think that she was made especially for him to eat; so her poor, hunted little life is spent in constantly watching for an enemy. She usually has half a dozen or more homes, and does not stay in any of them very long at a time, lest some of her foes learn her whereabouts.

When she is found, she has only one method of escape, and that is by running; but God has especially prepared her for this. Her hind-legs are very powerful, and are made almost twice as long as her front ones; so that when she stands still, she stands on her front toes, while her hind-feet touch the ground clear up the heel,—the place that we usually call the knee. When she sleeps, she sleeps with her legs just ready to jump and run at a moment's warning, and very often her eyes are open. Her ears are very long, so that she can hear the least noise; and her coat is colored like the dead grass in which she sits, so she is very hard to see. When she runs, her hind-legs are so long that they jump away past her front feet; and so it happens that her hind tracks are always in front of her front ones. She does not like to run down-hill; for she is liable to turn somersaults. For this reason she makes her

home on the low ground, so she can always run up-hill if anything disturbs her.

Before the country was settled, Bunny generally had her home among the blackberry briars or under some large gooseberry bush. I once knew an old rabbit that slept for a whole year under a very large gooseberry bush that stood by a fence. The gooseberry bush would keep a dog from pouncing on her without giving warning, and she could go through the fence at the first bound, and then she was safe; for no dog

could catch her after he had taken the time to get over the fence. I passed her almost every day, and learned to know her very well. When she had a family of babies in the spring, it was interesting to see how she could talk to them, and not even make a sound. They might be playing about, having all the fun that little bunnies could wish; but if Mrs. Rabbit heard anything unusual, up would go her ears, and every little bunny of them would stop instantly, and put up its pretty ears to listen. If she thought she saw danger, she would lay her ears



BUNNY AND HER FAMILY

flat on her back, and every little baby would squat down to the ground, and do the same thing.

Rabbits also talk to each other by thumping on the ground with their hind-feet. They always know just what the signal means; but I must confess that I never could tell whether it was the mother calling for her children, a husband calling for his wife, or two enemies daring each other to come out and fight. I do know that they do all three, however, and that they can understand each other perfectly.

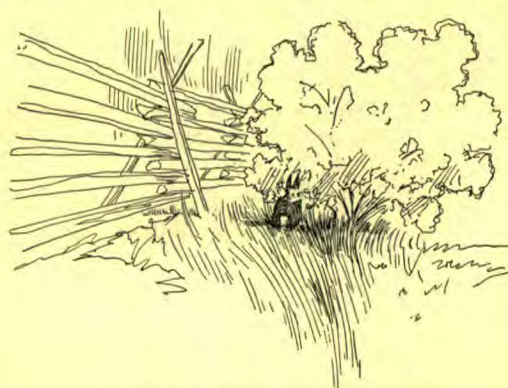
FLOYD BRALLIAR.

(Concluded next week)

What Am I?

EVERY country child knows me, and has met me in moist, shady places, dozens of times. I love the cool, damp woods; and the garden, after a shower, is a good place in which to live. Indeed, I do not know of a pleasanter place to spend my time than the lettuce bed or the strawberry patch.

There is one strange thing I do,—I carry my



UNDER THE GOOSEBERRY BUSH

house on my back. A handsome house it is, too, with walls hard as stone, and beautifully marked. If a small piece should be broken out, I can mend it with a fluid from my body, which hardens until it is just like the rest.

Always having my house with me, it is very convenient for me to run into, not out of the rain, for I do not mind moisture, but out of the heat. I find a shady place, and draw back into my house; then I glue the edges of my doorway to the log or stump on which I am standing, so that the heat may not draw the moisture from my body. In very hot weather I stay in my house all day, and every day.

My eyes are curious. They are not set close to my head, as yours are, but are placed at the ends of long horns, that I can move in every way and see all that is going on about me. This is very convenient; for I can move my head and body but slowly. I can fold the long horns quite into my head when I am frightened.

I belong to a large family. Some of my cousins do not wear houses, and some of us live in the water; but we are all cold, slimy, though harmless creatures.

How do you think you would get along if you had but one foot? Rather slowly? Well, I have only one foot, and I *do* go slowly,—at least people say, in speaking of a very slow person, "He is as slow as a —." AUNT BETTY.

Two Kinds of Sport

"'Tis a beautiful morning," a sportsman said,
The world looks so happy let's each take a gun,
Go out and kill something for pastime and fun,
And proudest be he who counts the most dead."
They blotted out lives that were happy and good,
Blinded eyes and broke wings that delighted to soar.
They killed for mere pleasure, and crippled and tore,
Regardless of aught but the hunger of blood.

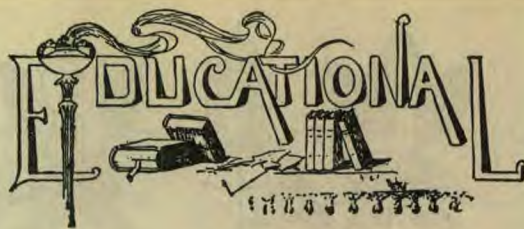
Did they dream that night as they sank to their rest,
How poor little Broken-Leg out in the field,
All nurseless and doctorless fever possessed,
Felt all of the torture that battle-grounds yield?
"Only a bird," yet his slayer would groan
If only one half of that pain were his own.

"'Tis a beautiful morning," a sportsman cried,
Who carried a kodak instead of a gun,
The world looks so happy, so golden the sun,
I'll slip to the woods where the wild things hide."
The deer that he "shot" never dreamed of his aim,
The bird that he "caught" went on with her song,
Peace followed his footsteps, not slaughter and wrong,
Yet rich were his "trophies" and varied his "game."

They met on the Sabbath, these lives so apart,
When the minister prayed for Christ's coming again.
In mercy and kindness both answered "Amen,"
The one with the lips, and the other the heart.
Which prayer won the blessing, which sank to the dust,
The one that went up with the song of a bird,
Or the one that was drowned by the voices that poured
From the wounds of the weak to the ear of the Just?

Whoever restores a young bird to the limb,
Or gladdens the lives of dumb creatures in need,
Is one of Christ's helpers whatever his creed,
Clasps hands with "the angel that comforted him."
Whoever finds pleasure in adding one hurt
To an innocent life, be it insect or dove,
Is somehow in league with those who found sport
In nailing the hands of the world's greatest Love.
Oh, how dare we ask a just God to bestow
The mercy we grant not to creatures below!

—Selected.



Just This Minute

If we're thoughtful, just this minute,
In whate'er we say and do:
If we put a purpose in it
That is honest, through and through,
We shall gladden life, and give it
Grace to make it all sublime;
For, though life is long, we live it
Just this minute at a time.

Just this minute we are going
Toward the right or toward the wrong;
Just this minute we are sowing
Seeds of sorrow or of song,
Just this minute we are thinking
On the ways that lead to God,
Or in idle dreams are sinking
To the level of the clod.

Yesterday is gone: to-morrow
Never comes within our grasp;
Just this minute's joy or sorrow,
That is all our hands may clasp.
Just this minute! Let us take it
As a pearl of precious price,
And with high endeavor make it
Fit to shine in paradise.

—Selected.

First Lessons in Geography

Lesson XXXVIII

As the people scattered out after the flood, many of them went to different parts of Asia; and as we have learned in the previous lesson, another large branch of the race went to Africa. Africa is one of the largest divisions of land. It is second in size only to Asia. Lying as it does almost wholly in the torrid zone, Africa is the hottest continent. Most of its surface is high, and in some places the country is very dry. Where there is plenty of rainfall, the vegetation is luxuriant. Great palms and fern-trees grow here, and oranges, bananas, and other tropical fruits are found in abundance. There are more large wild animals in this continent than in any other part of the world.

The northern part of Africa is known as the Desert of Sahara. It is the largest desert in the world. For thousands of miles it is nothing but a barren waste, with here and there a small oasis, consisting of a few palm-trees clustered about a well or a spring. The country is not inhabited, save by a few wandering tribes of half-civilized Mohammedans. It is probably the hottest country in the world, although the nights are cool,—sometimes cold enough to freeze water. In some places the surface is covered with loose rocks, while in others there is nothing but sand, which drifts about with every wind. Lions and other wild animals are frequently seen in this desert. The country has never become civilized or well settled. The people belong to the white race, but they are ruled mostly by the Arabians, who carry on commerce for them.

Those who enter this country to teach the truth of the gospel will experience many hardships, and many of them may even lose their lives; but the people must be warned nevertheless. As the people live in tents, and move from place to place frequently, a missionary to this country can have no permanent home. In the days of the apostles, and for a few years after their death, missionaries entered this field, and a great work was done.

Farther north on the coast of the Mediterranean Sea are a number of small countries, whose inhabitants are more highly civilized. They live in villages, and cultivate the soil to some extent. They also make fine rugs and carpets, and it is from one of these states, Morocco,

that Europeans learned how to make the beautiful leather we now know as morocco. You have seen it many times in the bindings of books. Most of the inhabitants of these states are Mohammedans, and do not show much interest in anything that comes from a civilized country. A missionary to that country would be comparatively safe, however, and no doubt many of this people will yet be saved in the kingdom. Find out all you can about these countries.

REVIEW.—What sea is north of Africa? What strait connects this sea with the Atlantic Ocean? What sea between Africa and Asia? What ocean east of Africa? What ocean west? What large island lies east of Africa? What gulf on the west coast? What part of Africa is crossed by the equator? In what zone is the most of Africa? What mountains in Africa? Are there many bays or capes and peninsulas on the coast of Africa? What large lake in Africa? Tell about the size of Africa. What kind of climate has it? What fruits grow there? What kind of trees? Tell about the animals. What desert in the northern part of Africa? What races of people live there? What is their religion? By what people are they mostly ruled? Describe an oasis. Tell about the people living farther north along the coast of the Mediterranean. What articles do we get from there? What kind of leather? Have your teacher tell you about the missionaries to these countries.

Lesson XXXIX

Egypt is, perhaps, the oldest country in the world. We find it mentioned in the twelfth chapter of Genesis. It was settled within two hundred years after the flood. Although many different nations have ruled there, and the country has passed through various experiences, it is still known as Egypt, and most of the people are descendants of those who lived there so long ago.

The Nile, one of the longest rivers in the world, drains a part of the interior of Africa; but for fifteen hundred miles of its course through Egypt no rivers flow into it. It has been noted since the beginning of history. It was this river that Moses turned to blood as a plague to the Egyptians. The people worshiped the Nile, so God brought the plague to show his disgust for idolatry. Here also Moses was placed, when a babe, in the ark of bulrushes; and on the banks of the Nile was situated the land of Goshen, where the children of Israel lived when they were in bondage.

The country is peculiar in that rain seldom falls. The source of the Nile is nearly four thousand miles in the interior of Africa, where it receives the drainage from inland lakes and from the mountains. Every spring the river rises, and within a few weeks it overflows all the plain, making it one vast lake. Little by little the water subsides, leaving a coating of mud over the land. Some time before the water is all gone, the people do their sowing and planting. Rice and wheat, sugar-cane and cotton, produce enormous crops. Perhaps no country in the world produces such fine figs, dates, and melons. You will remember that one time when the children of Israel murmured against the Lord in the wilderness, they said that they remembered the melons in Egypt. Find the text. This valley of the Nile is densely populated. On its banks are the most magnificent ruins in the world, among them the pyramids, which were built for tombs by the ancient kings of Egypt.

South of Egypt lies the country of Abyssinia. It is a plateau, and receives plenty of rainfall. Near it is the Nubian desert. In this part of the Nile we find the crocodile and the hippopotamus. It is thought that coffee originally came from here.

Many of the people of Abyssinia are Christians, having received the gospel hundreds of years ago.

They are hard-working farmers and herdsmen.

While the Abyssinians are almost independent, the people of Egypt are ruled partly by the English, and partly by a native ruler called the Khedive, who pays tribute to Turkey. Many tourists visit Egypt every year, and in these last days of this world's history the country seems waiting to receive the gospel. May it not be that God will yet call many sons out of Egypt? Surely he will remember the country that gave protection to his Son when he was here on earth. Learn what you can about the pyramids, and about the overflowing of the Nile.

REVIEW.—Where is the Nile River? Into what water does it flow? Where does it rise? For what has the Nile been noted since early history? Why were the waters of this river turned into blood during the plagues of Egypt? Through what country does it flow? What do the Egyptians worship? Tell about the rainfall of this country. How do the people raise crops? What do they raise? Where do most of the people live? Why? What do we find on the plains? Describe the pyramids. For what were they used? What country is south of Egypt? What desert near it? What animals do we find here? Tell about the government of these two countries. Why was Christ taken into Egypt when a child?

FLOYD BRALLIAR.



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

XII—Giving of the Law—Last Six Commandments

(March 21)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: EX. 20: 12-19.

MEMORY VERSE: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself."

The two tables of the law are so inseparable that we can scarcely study one without the other. On these two all the word of God is based. You can not study any lesson from the Bible which is not included in our love to God or to those about us.

Thus we see that God's law was not spoken alone for the benefit of the Hebrews, but they held it in trust for the whole world. No one is exempt from this law. When Jesus came to earth the first time, he mentioned this very law, saying that he had not come to destroy it, but to fulfil it. Then to help us to walk in the way of his commandments, he told us how much some of them mean.

The commandment says, "Thou shalt not kill;" but Jesus said that being angry with another is breaking this commandment. In 1 John 3: 15 we read, "Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer." So we see these commandments reach even to our thoughts. When you study the ninth, remember that you can bear false witness by a wave of your hand, or a nod of your head, just as surely as you can by speaking.

After all this we can see what God wanted the children of Israel to be, and wants us to be, when he urges us to keep his commandments.

Jesus kept these commandments; and through him alone we can keep them. Even the children can open their hearts to him, and allow him to come in to abide with them, and do for them the things which they can not do for themselves.

Questions

1. Repeat the first commandment. The second. The third. The fourth.

2. To whom do these commandments refer?
3. To whom do the last six refer?
4. What did Jesus say of these two commandments? Matt. 22: 37-40.
5. What is the fifth commandment? What promise is connected with it? To how many commandments are such promises attached?
6. Repeat the sixth commandment. How did Jesus explain this one?
7. What is the seventh commandment?
8. Tell as many ways as you can by which children break the eighth commandment, without actually taking something that does not belong to them in the way we understand stealing. Shall we do these things longer?
9. Repeat the ninth commandment. Tell some of the things that this means.
10. What is the tenth commandment?
11. How did the people feel when the Lord spoke to them?
12. What request did they make of Moses?
13. How can we keep the commandments?



XII—A Saviour from Sin and Distress (March 21)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Psalm 107: 17-32.

MEMORY VERSES: Verses 21, 22.

Fools because of their transgression,
And because of their iniquities, are afflicted.
Their soul abhorreth all manner of food;
And they draw near unto the gates of death.
Then they cry unto Jehovah in their trouble,
And he saveth them out of their distresses.
He sendeth his word, and healeth them,
And delivereth them from their destructions.
O that men would praise Jehovah for his loving-kindness,
And for his wonderful works to the children of men!
And let them offer the sacrifices of thanksgiving,
And declare his works with singing.
They that go down to the sea in ships,
That do business in great waters;
These see the works of Jehovah,
And his wonders in the deep.
For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind,
Which lifteth up the waves thereof.
They mount up to the heavens,
They go down again to the depths:
Their soul melteth away because of trouble.
They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man,
And are at their wits' end.
Then they cry unto Jehovah in their trouble,
And he bringeth them out of their distresses.
He maketh the storm a calm,
So that the waves thereof are still.
Then are they glad because they are quiet;
So he bringeth them unto their desired haven.
Oh that men would praise Jehovah for his loving-kindness,
And for his wonderful works to the children of men!
Let them exalt him also in the assembly of the people,
And praise him in the seat of the elders.

Questions

1. Why are foolish people afflicted?
2. How are they affected by this affliction?
3. To what depths are they brought?
4. What does this experience lead them to do?
5. How does the Lord answer their cry?
6. By what means are they healed from their afflictions?
7. Mention instances when God has marvelously delivered his people when they sought him.
8. Recall instances in your own experience when the Lord has thus wrought for you.
9. What are all men exhorted to do? For what reasons?
10. What sacrifice are they urged to offer? How are they to declare his works?
11. What class of people is now brought to view? How are they described?

12. What do they have an opportunity to see?
13. Who causes the storm at sea? What is the effect of the storm?
14. What is the experience of the sailors?
15. What does this experience lead them to do?
16. How does Jehovah respond to their cry?
17. What change does he bring about on the sea?
18. Where do we have the record of such an occurrence? What encouraging practical truth can you draw from this?
19. What is the feeling of these who are thus delivered?
20. How does their voyage end?
21. What wish is again expressed in verse 31?
22. Why are men exhorted to praise the Lord?
23. What are they urged to do? How public should this acknowledgment of God's goodness be?

Notes

Do not fail to commit the Lesson Scripture.

With verse 19 many illustrations may be drawn from Old and New Testament history, showing God's speedy deliverance when his people sought him. Jacob, the children of Israel before the Red Sea, Daniel, the three Hebrews in Babylon, Hezekiah, Peter, Paul, and many other instances, will suggest themselves.

The power of his word (Ps. 33: 6-9) heals the sick. With verse 30, read Matt. 8: 8; Luke 7: 7; Ps. 103: 2-4; Isa. 53: 4, R. V., margin.

The experience recorded in Mark 4: 36-40 is an excellent comment on verses 23-30. He who created the sea can speak peace to its troubled waters. But still more precious is the promise of peace to the troubled soul that calls upon him. John 14: 27; 16: 33; Rom. 5: 1; Phil. 4: 6, 7. There is power in his word to perform that which he speaks. "All his biddings are enablings."

The last verse of the lesson makes clear the obligation to speak God's praise in the public congregation. Mal. 3: 16-18. This is especially enjoined upon those who see the end approaching. Heb. 10: 25.

The Gentle Man

NEVER imagine that the swaggering braggart can move the world—he is as feeble as he is loud. Jesus Christ was the strongest man that ever lived—and the gentlest. He would not have hurt the feelings of a child, and yet he could conquer hell. "He opened his mouth and taught them, saying, Blessed—" That was the keynote of his life. He was always blessing somebody,—healing the sick, comforting the sad, cheering the weary, raising the dead; his life was one long series of kindly, brotherly actions. And yet how he could burn with moral indignation! The same Christ who was tender and gentle and forgiving to the sinners who were tired of the dreary heartache of their useless lives, and longed to be better and do better, could denounce the hypocrites of his day as a "generation of vipers." We must rid ourselves of the popular delusion that tenderness denotes weakness. It doesn't. Bullies are weak—gentlemen are strong. The braggart is impotent; the empty noise of his braying is quickly exhausted, and then he is used up, and has nothing to go on with. The man who endures and overcomes is the man who follows Christ in his sweet reasonableness of temper and thought and action.—Atkins.

"ONE of the bravest things in the world is to give to others out of one's deepest poverty whatever that may be—cheer out of sorrow, hope out of disappointment, help out of weariness, courage out of defeat, the precious mite out of the slender store. It is a brave thing to do this, and yet not often an unrewarded thing. We do not know that the recording angel keeps any special account of such heroic benevolences, but surely they do not escape the loving cognizance of God."



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"TEN books sold in four hours and forty-five minutes, and five more in two hours and fifteen minutes," is the report of one of the members of the Battle Creek Young People's Society who has been in the field with "Christ's Object Lessons" the past week.

We are told one very significant thing about the company of the hundred and forty-four thousand who are "redeemed from among men,"—"in their mouth was found no guile." Anything like trickery, meanness, deceit, duplicity, can have no place in the hearts and lives of those who hope to be among that company who shall stand on the sea of glass, and sing the "new song" before the throne of God.

TEMPORIZING with a question never settles it. Some day it will come back to be answered,—and to its first perplexity will be added all our twistings and turnings and evasions, every one of which must be met and straightened out before the matter can be settled. The only safe way is to meet the thing squarely, and seeking wisdom from Him who knows the end from the beginning, settle it once for all.

GOD does not wish us to look forward anxiously into the future, and wonder whether we shall be able to stand in the time of trouble, or worry about what we shall do when we are brought before courts to answer for our faith. He has broken our lives up into days and hours and moments, because he knows that the only way to be ready for the future is to improve the present. And the present must not be neglected. We need not expect that at some future time God will work a miracle to save us. But if we become acquainted with him now, and familiar with his Word now; if we learn to trust him as our nearest and dearest friend now, and study now to know the truth he has committed to us, he will take care of us in the future; and no matter what comes, we shall "count it all joy" because of his presence.

Papers Wanted

THE little "Sabbath-school in the woods," from which we have heard several times before, sends us a touching request for papers, and we are sure there are some of our boys and girls who will like to respond. Second-hand copies of the INSTRUCTOR and the *Little Friend* are desired. This little school is conducted by Sister Hattie A. Sumerix, in a lumbering camp at Trowbridge, Cheboygan Co., Michigan. She says: "We send our penny Sabbath-school collections to the Haskell Home, so we do not have money to pay for new papers, and I am sorry to turn the children off without them. I have a membership of twenty-two. Notwithstanding there is a Sunday-school in camp, the people say the children learn more at the Sabbath-school."

"Go Easy"

A HEAVY piece of machinery was being drawn up a long stairway. The cables were short, and in making the knots that secured the weight, there was no extra length to spare, and the frayed end was used. As the machine began to move upward, and the great rope straightened and tightened under the strain, anxious eyes centered on that weak spot. A careless jerk, a loosening of the strain and a sudden pull again,—what might happen then to the men who were working on the stair below?

"Easy, boys! go easy!" cried the foreman, again and again, as he ran here and there, keeping an experienced eye on the details of the work; and "easy" it was. Slowly, steadily, but surely and safely, the weight was drawn upward, and finally settled firmly on the landing at the top.

"Go easy!" That is a good word to remember when other things than cables threaten to snap under some undue strain. There are times when tempers get worn thin, when patience is so frayed and ragged that it is likely to snap at any moment, or when backs and lives are liable to break under their burdens. Love will see when the strain is so great, the burden so heavy, that disaster is likely to result, and will help make things "go easy" till the weight is safely lifted.

ABIDE in Me! There have been moments blest,
When I have heard thy voice, and felt thy power;
Then evil lost its grasp; and passion, hushed,
Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.

These were but seasons, beautiful and rare:
Abide in me, and they shall ever be!
Fulfill at once thy precept and my prayer:
Come, and abide in me, and I in thee!

—Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

Waste Products

A FEW years ago the seed of the cotton plant was burned or dumped into the river; now a great industry, employing capital to the value of nearly fifty million dollars, has been founded to obtain the oil from the cottonseed. This oil is used in almost innumerable ways, and is in itself a valuable article of commerce. The refuse left from refining the crude oil is used in soap-making; the residue remaining after the oil is extracted is used for feeding stock and as a fertilizer; the hulls are burned as fuel; and the ashes form a rich fertilizer. From the hulls also comes a fiber from which a high-grade paper is made, the roots furnish a drug, and the leaves and stems are used for fodder.

Coal-tar is a "by-product" in gas-making, and the way to get rid of it was for a long time a troublesome question. Now the products made from coal-tar form a valuable industry, and far exceed the cost of the coal burned in gas-making. Among them are light oil, heavy oil, pitch, creosote oil, benzine, ammonia, aniline dyes, etc.

The problem of disposing of the refuse of cities is one that has been hard to solve; but some cities which formerly paid a high price to get rid of this waste now actually receive a considerable income from it. The garbage is heated with water and chemicals, the grease extracted and sold, and the water then evaporated. The remaining powder is used in making fertilizers.

Skim milk is utilized in making "coatings and sizings for paper, waterproof glues for wood veneers and other purposes, hard rubber, horn, and other useful commodities."

Perhaps one of the most surprising examples of utilizing a waste product is that of turning soap-suds to account. In some of the large textile factories, soap-suds is used in great quantities. In one place it is "precipitated with lime, and the coagulum is collected, pressed into bricks, dried

and heated in gas retorts. A gas, of three times the illuminating power of coal-gas, is produced in double the quantity needed to light the mills. Soap-suds is also used in the production of lubricating oils, fat acids, and soaps."

Though men have found a way to turn to account many things that were formerly supposed to be of no value or less than no value, there are still others that are engaging their attention. A business man connected with an enterprise which is placing a "hulled" bean on the market recently made the statement that they had exhausted every resource trying to find some way to dispose profitably of the hulls, which form a considerable item in the business. Though no use has yet been devised for them, the promoters of the company are confident that a way will yet be found to use them to advantage.

The House That McGovern Built

RECENTLY I attended an auction sale of real estate, and while viewing a piece of property that was under the auctioneer's hammer, was impressed by the effect of a simple statement that the auctioneer made when he was about to let his hammer fall for the third time. He had succeeded in raising the bids until the five-thousand-dollar mark was reached, but that seemed to be the limit.

"Gentlemen," said the auctioneer, raising his hammer for the third time, "I am offered but five thousand dollars for this house,—a house built by Henry McGovern; who will give me fifty-five hundred?"

A gentleman nodded in the affirmative.

"Fifty-five hundred I have; give me six thousand."

Another gentleman motioned his assent to the auctioneer.

"Six thousand I have; give me sixty-five hundred."

The former bidder nodded again.

"Sixty-five hundred I have; give me seven thousand."

Five minutes later the house was sold for sixty-seven hundred dollars.

"It was strange what a jump the bidding took when the auctioneer mentioned the builder," I remarked to a bystander, as the crowd were dispersing.

"You must be a stranger about here," said the gentleman. "McGovern has a great reputation as a builder, and justly so. If he builds a house, you can be sure that honest work has been put into it from the cellar to the ridge-pole."

Seventeen hundred dollars for conscientious work! McGovern, were he to learn of it, might well feel proud of his reputation.

A few days later I learned more of McGovern, the contractor. A carpenter had come to him well recommended as an efficient workman. The first day that he worked for McGovern, the latter stepped up behind him, and arrested his arm as he was about to drive home a nail.

"What are you using that split piece of joist for?" he asked.

"The boarding will cover it up," said the carpenter.

McGovern took out his notebook, and wrote a few words. "Take this to the office, and get a week's pay," he said; "I can't afford to keep you any longer."—*Frederick E. Burnham, in Forward.*

A Premium Bible Testimonial

WE are still sending our INSTRUCTOR Premium Bible, postpaid, for six new subscriptions. A young reader in Oregon who has lately sent in six names and received her Bible, says: "I received my Bible in good condition, and think it is well worth the price I paid for it—the six new subscriptions."