

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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

Vol. LI

BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN, MARCH 19, 1903

No. 11



His Great Love

Like a cradle, rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful, to and fro,
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On the little face below,
Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,
Jarless, noiseless, safe, and slow;
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down, and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer,
Toss, and cry, and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best,
So when we are weak and wretched,
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best.

O great heart of God! whose loving
Can not hindered be, nor crossed,
Will not weary, will not even
In our death itself be lost,—
Love divine! of such great loving
Only mothers know the cost,—
Cost of love which, all love passing,
Gave a Son to save the lost.

— Selected.

The Divine Teacher

FOR thousands of years, men had been in thralldom to a degenerating power. Satan had perverted their conceptions of God, and of the plan and work of salvation. He had brought their minds so fully under his control that every heavenly attribute had been well-nigh destroyed. Of himself, man had not one thought nor impulse of a spiritual nature. He could do nothing to save himself. Only as Christ should draw him, could he take one step in repentance or reform.

God saw that the world was destitute of true knowledge, and he sent Christ into the world to live the law, and thus represent him. "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us . . . full of grace and truth." The Truth, the Life, and the Light of the world, was to find a place in the hearts of men. For this Christ clothed his divinity with humanity. This was the only means by which he could reach humanity. Christ became one with the human family. He spoke in the language of men. He ate with them at their tables. He bore with them their trials and poverty, and shared their toils. Thus he assured them of his complete identification with humanity.

It was necessary that he should do all this. Though he came in human form, his wonderful works and the mystery of his character inspired the people with awe, and tended to shut them away from him. But by himself coming in close contact and sympathy with man, Christ broke down the barriers.

In his teaching, Christ did not conform to the practises of the great men of the world, or of the rabbinical teachers. Their teaching made dark and intricate that which was plain. They made a show of possessing great knowledge, knowledge which the common people could not comprehend. But their wisdom was foolishness.

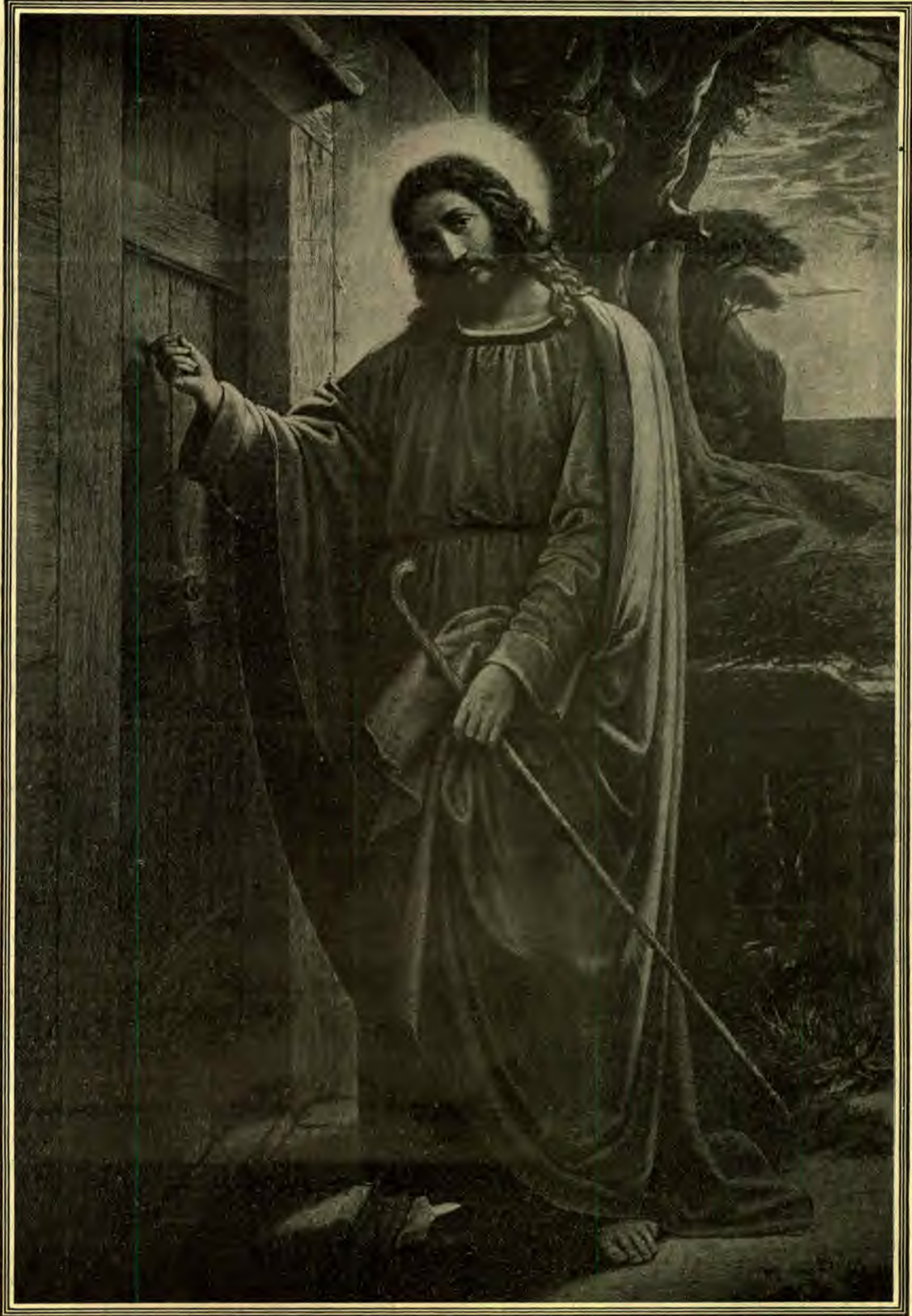
Christ's knowledge was great, his wisdom deep; but it was without pretense. It found expression in words beautiful with the grace of simplicity, yet clothed with dignity and power.

Christ, the author of truth, did not disdain to present truths that were old and familiar. The great purpose of his mission was ever kept in view. When this purpose could be served by the repetition of familiar truths, he employed them. By unsanctified minds, many of these truths had been disconnected from their true position, and had been employed to strengthen error. Christ recovered and replaced them as links in the great chain of redemption.

Many precious gems of light had lost their

luster; they were buried beneath a mass of tradition and superstition. As the author of truth, Christ was able to distinguish every precious gem. His hand removed the rubbish of false teaching, and recovered the lost treasures. He reset them in all their original freshness and beauty in the framework of the gospel, and commanded that they should stand fast forever.

In his teaching Christ reached the minds of men by the pathway of their familiar associations. He linked his lesson with their most hallowed recollections and their tenderest sympathies. His illustrations were drawn from the great book of nature and from the treasury of household ties and affections. The simple lily of



"BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR, AND KNOCK"

the field in its freshness and beauty was presented to the people by the great Master artist. With the common duties of life he bound up the most precious treasures of divine truth. The regenerating power of his grace was represented by figures that all could comprehend. Thus he made truth and light a part of the daily appointments. Everything connected with the common routine of life was invested with a solemn dignity, and shown to be related to eternal interests.

Christ taught the people that all true knowledge is divine, and that, acted upon, it will lead heavenward. In all his teachings he suggested to his hearers a new train of thought, in harmony with the transforming principles of truth. By meeting the people where they were, he carried them with him to a higher plane of thought and life. Their hearts were prepared to receive the rays of light shining from the Light of the world.

Though Christ had taken upon himself human nature, yet his divinity flashed through humanity. In all his education and discipline his superiority was revealed. In their simplicity the lessons which fell from his lips possessed a power and attractiveness which none of the teachings of the world's great men could equal. "The common people heard him gladly," and the testimony borne to his teaching was, "Never man spake like this man." MRS. E. G. WHITE.

Wayside Chimes

LIFE is a work; begin it.
Life is a battle; win it.

Life is a pure heart; shield it.
Life is a scepter; wield it.

Both are God's lesson; learn it.
Death is his good rest; earn it.

— Baltimore American.

Ashamed of Mother

IN a small town quite a number of years ago, occurred the incident which I am about to relate. It is a true story; and we think carries with it a moral which many of our boys and girls of to-day may well apply to themselves.

A singing-school had been in progress for some time, and a concert was to be held to close the exercises. The professor who had conducted the school was a fine musician, and had for an assistant a young woman who was an accomplished organist and also a good singer. The young people composing the school were to take part in the concert exercises, and their relatives and friends assembled to see what progress had been made.

Among those who had been learning to sing was a girl, about sixteen years of age, Jennie Rowe, who especially admired Miss Burton, the teacher's assistant. During the evenings they had been together, she became somewhat acquainted with her.

While Jennie was enjoying the singing-school and the social intercourse of young friends, her patient, careworn mother had stayed at home, and toiled far beyond her strength for the comfort of her family. She was an earnest, Christian woman, and cared less for the outward show of the body than for the inward adorning of the mind.

On this occasion, however, she came with others to listen to the music, having a feeling of pride in the musical talent of the dear daughter for whom she had toiled since earliest infancy. At this time, unlike more fashionable ladies, she wore a plain bonnet, while all others wore hats or other headdresses of a later style.

The singers had already arrived, and had taken positions on the rostrum near the organ. Meanwhile the audience was coming in; and as Miss Burton and our young friend were chatting together, she turned, and suddenly said, "Isn't that a funny-looking old woman sitting over there with such a queer bonnet on?"

Alas for Jennie! Instead of feeling proud of the dear mother, and owning their relationship at once as a rebuke to her newly formed acquaintance, she joined in the witticisms of her friend, and, like another Peter, acted, if she did not say, "I know not the man."

But the voice of conscience long reproved her for her sin; and in after-years, by kind and loving words and deeds, she strove to make amends for the shameful denial of that evening.

Dear young friends, are you ashamed of your quiet, godly, old-fashioned mother? Would you rather not be seen with your gray-haired, "homespun" father? If so, you are unworthy of such good parents. You should thank God every day for giving them to you, and on every occasion possible you should let them know that you feel proud of them. Both have toiled long and hard for you. They have cared for you in sickness and in health, when other friends would have forsaken you. They have prayed for you, and loved you—how much you may never know.

Their hands have grown hard and rough toiling for you. Their hearts have ached when you did wrong, and they feared their hopes for you would be disappointed. They have denied themselves many comforts that they might give you superior advantages. Now will you, can you, be ashamed of them because they are old-fashioned, or have not had the privileges granted you? Or, will you stand by them, love and honor them—yes, be proud of them, as you are of no other friends on earth?

It is a sign of the times in which we are living that persons will be proud, disobedient to parents, unthankful, and unholy. Perhaps all who read this may not be of that class that are disobedient; but an examination may show that we are not as thankful as we should be.

Let us, then, show that love for our parents that we will wish we had when the time shall come to us, as it has to many, that we shall look on the patient face with the tender eyes closed forever, and see the hands folded to toil for us no more. May we have no sad memories to make more bitter the loss of father or mother. Besides this, a record is kept in heaven, and we shall soon have to meet all these things. May God help us never to be ashamed of our parents, but to honor and respect them.

VESTA J. FARNSWORTH.

Out of the Mouth of Babes

MARGARET and Roger had just returned home from Bible kindergarten, conscious, as only children can be, of urgent calls for food from an undefinable somewhere. Mealtime was at hand, and their appetites were so soon met with wholesome bread, that the gratitude of four-year-old Margaret found spontaneous expression in the following beautiful lesson:—

"Papa, this bread gives me life, doesn't it." [Not interrogatively, but as a positive statement of her personal experience.] "God gave the life, didn't he, papa?" To which papa added:—

"Yes, through the wheat."

"Then it is God's life I get, isn't it?" she still persisted.

"Yes," I answered, and to carry the lesson further, continued:—

"The wheat is planted, or buried, in the ground, and dies, or changes its form, to be raised each year, by God, to its best life—that of giving life. So, children, if when we die, and are buried, we have good seeds in our hearts, we also are raised to our best life,—eternal life,—when Jesus comes again," all of which both children seemed to understand, as their closely following assents surely testified.

Papa and mama had additional reason that day to glorify God for a verification of Matt. 21:16: "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." F. M. KELLOGG.

A Study of Words

VI—Word-Criminals

I HAVE sometimes been thrown into the company of persons whose appearance, whose language, whose whole make-up, was degenerating, and who dragged me down to a lower plane of manhood. I am sure this has been true with you also. We finally all learn what these persons are, and avoid them. But there is danger from another source.

You may be surprised to know that there are, scattered among the virtuous, law-abiding word population, a host of the most pernicious word-criminals imaginable. Their very birth was disreputable; for they originated among groups of lying, lounging, gossiping loafers, who while away their tedious hours in the saloon, the gambling room, on the empty dry-goods boxes, or waiting for trains at the railway station.

The only object of their creation was to cause a burst of laughter, thereby winning for some one a little cheap notoriety, and making somebody else feel confused or embarrassed; for you know that the class of persons I am describing can not laugh except at the expense of others. Words born in such a way can not help being as vile and vicious as their progenitors, yet they are turned, reeking with the atmosphere of the idle, gossiping crowd, upon an unsuspecting world of young people.

Many a boy or girl, conscientious and well-meaning, is lured into patronizing these leering vagabonds, because of their boast of being all the fashion, the favorites of everybody; and they are quickly drawn into the circle of your acquaintanceship, while the respectable word whose place is thus usurped, is thrust out-of-doors.

So, my young friends, since you long to banish iniquity from your thoughts, since you love honor and truth more than vice and folly, avoid, as you would the plague, these vicious degenerates. Don't call anything but a young goat a "kid." Don't "run a thing into the ground," when you overdo it. Don't add anything to the sin of a vain display of your possessions by calling it a "splurge," or a "swell" affair.

These are enough to illustrate what I am talking about. You may not habitually use any one of them, and still regularly use a hundred others. Some are seen to be wicked at a glance, others disguise themselves with a sheep's coat; but you may test them by the dictionary. They are labeled as "vulgarism," "cant," "slang," or are ignored altogether, as not worthy a place among words.

Now as you thrust these evil associates from you, they will persistently compete for a place in your affections. They will unexpectedly step in front of the better word you have chosen, and completely hide it, and leave you confused and stammering. But that need not discourage you. That is exactly the way everything wicked behaves. You put the good in the place of the bad only by practise. Doing good does not become natural without practise, and a strong Christian character is not acquired except through practise. But persevere; strike one after another of those mischievous words from your list of acquaintances, supplying the vacancy with the respectable one, and by and by there will be nothing in your words—as I trust there is nothing now in your actions—suggestive of evil or ugliness.

L. T. CURTIS.

OBEEDIENCE is the true test of our love for God. "If ye love me," he has said, "keep my commandments." A love that does not obey, a service that does not serve, is of no value in the eyes of our Father.



"Life Is a Sheet of Paper White,"

PURE as the page whereon you write
Be all the words you send —
Stars of remembrance in the night
Of absence — to your friend.

And whether it be rhyme or prose,
So fashion what you say
That were it written on a rose,
More sweet would be the day.

— *The Youth's Companion.*

Paraguay and Uruguay

PARAGUAY is one of the most fertile and beautiful portions of South America. The northern part is mountainous; there are also numerous savannas and wooded plains. Asuncion, the capital, was founded in 1536, and stands on the side of a hill. The houses are mostly low, and built of brick and adobe. Some were built nearly three hundred years ago.

The lower classes in Paraguay have no word for home, and the houses are usually called "ranchos." The rancho is a thatch-roofed mud house, and every nook and corner is generally made use of. Though the Paraguayans are very superstitious, being great believers in witchcraft, they are an orderly and law-abiding people. They are fond of tobacco, and the women use it as much as the men. They are also great drinkers of mate, sometimes called Paraguay or Jesuit tea. The latter name is given it because it was the Jesuits who first taught the people to cultivate it. When they came to Paraguay, they found the shrub growing wild. Now the people are so fond of it that they frequently rise in the middle of the night, kindle a fire, and drink from half a dozen to a dozen cups of the steaming beverage.

The population of Paraguay numbers about four hundred thousand, and the principal language is the Guarani, an Indian tongue. This very fact is an impediment to educational progress in Paraguay, because the use of Guarani is prohibited in the schoolroom. Therefore little progress can be made until the children acquire sufficient Spanish to enable them to understand the teacher.

Uruguay is southeast of Paraguay, and east of Argentina. Though the country is fertile, it is little cultivated. It has an area of about seventy-two thousand one hundred and seventy-two square miles. The country's wealth is obtained from its pasturage, which supports large numbers of cattle and sheep. Barley, wheat, and maize are cultivated. Pears, quinces, apricots, grapes, and peaches are some of the fruits.

There are few railroads in Uruguay, and bridges are rare. Montevideo, the capital, is a very attractive city. It is pleasantly situated, and the streets are always swept by cool sea-breezes. The mountain which gives to Montevideo its name is over five hundred feet high, and can be seen twelve miles out at sea. A lighthouse stands on the summit.

Uruguay has less territory than Paraguay, but more people. The population is about seven hundred and eighty-seven thousand.— *Bible Echo.*

Truganini

THE first settlement in the island of Van Dieman's Land, or as afterward named, Tasmania, was made in 1802; and from the very outset the native population was doomed. The whites, many of them convicts, shot down the natives on sight, with no more compunction than in shooting deer.

About the year 1830, Truganini, a dusky girl of about twenty years, was kidnapped by a band of government sawyers. She was the daughter of Chief Mangana. Her mother, at the time our story begins, had been killed by the whites, her sister had been carried off by a band of sealers who used to make the black girls go with them to do their rough work, flogging them severely for the merest trifles. Her uncle was shot by a representative of the government.

When these sawyers took her captive, they went in a boat to Bruni Island. They allowed two of her countrymen to accompany them at the start. One of them, Parawema, was her lover, and he was set upon keeping with her. When in mid-channel, these two young men were cruelly thrown overboard, but, being vigorous swimmers, they soon caught the boat, and put their hands on the side to climb in. Here comes the part that is almost too horrible to tell. We have often read of the terrible things inflicted upon whites by savage natives to whom, was being brought the gospel of Jesus, and it is but right that we should face the actual facts of



A STREET IN ASUNCION, PARAGUAY

Anglo-Saxon cruelty against inoffensive heathen.

As the two young men grasped the boat, the inhuman woodcutters took their axes and chopped off the hands of the swimmers. The victims fell back into the water helpless, leaving only crimson stains to mark the places where they sank. Truganini thus saw her affianced husband heartlessly murdered before her eyes, while she was helpless to assist him in any way. Under such circumstances many would have developed eternal hatred for the people who had thus dealt with her. But not so with the poor, ignorant, heathen woman. She seemed to have a slip of the golden rule tree firmly rooted in her heart.

Some time after this, for the protection of both whites and natives, the government decided to gather together all the Tasmanians, and transport them to an adjacent island to live by themselves. But there were various tribes, many of them in a state of great fear and savagery as a result of what they had experienced. They trusted no one, especially of the whites, and it was almost impossible to get into communication with them. A Mr. Robinson went forth among them as a missionary, unarmed, to disarm suspicion, and to get them together. Truganini went with and ahead of him as an assistant in this. She learned the different dialects of the tribes, and became

an invaluable help in the work. She saved Robinson's life on one occasion, and took her life in her hands many times as she went from tribe to tribe on her mission of mercy.

But the poor natives rapidly died off. Strange as it may seem, she was the last surviving member of the race. Her death took place in America's centennial year, 1876. Her remains were followed to the grave by the governor and representative men of the city of Hobart, where she died. We can not help thinking that when some of every nation, kindred, tribe, and people shall appear before the Judge of all the earth in the first great resurrection day, Truganini may be there as a representative of the lost Tasmanian race.

H. E. SIMKIN.

The Water-Buffalo of Sumatra

THE most useful animal in this island world is the water-buffalo. He bears all the heavy burdens, plows the rice fields, and gives his flesh as food, requiring only the cheapest food himself,— grass and cornstalks. He is very fond of the water.

While taking our walks across the fields, we often see a huge head and horns apparently floating on a pool of mud; but we know it is only the water-buffalo taking his frequent bath. When we meet such a big fellow in the paths, we feel a little bit timid when he levels his nose at us, snorting and snuffing, trying by that means to ascertain whether we are friends or foes. Generally the animals are quiet and patient, but recently a young buffalo was made quite mad by being compelled to stand long in the sun without water.

Not long ago a lady wearing a red garment was walking in the street with her husband, and met a buffalo. He attacked them, throwing the man into a thorn bush, and stepping on the lady's head. The man arose and grasped the animal by the horns, while his wife ran into the house. The enraged buffalo escaped, followed her into the house, knocking down an aged man upon the porch, and pushed his way into the bedroom, where the woman had run for safety. After doing considerable damage to the furniture,

he was finally shot by a soldier from the window.

We have often wondered to see these big animals, with their heavy bodies and short legs, climbing steep and slippery mountain paths. They usually move very slowly; but it is said that tigers fear them, and are killed by them. The name Kerbau ("buffalo") is given to a great gorge, or washout, here — Kerbau Ghat. The dialect of this mountain country is called after this animal, and the native houses are built with roofs peaked to resemble the horns of the kerbau. So you see he has his honors as well as his labors and sacrifices.

The carabau of the Philippines is the same animal, and is called by practically the same name.

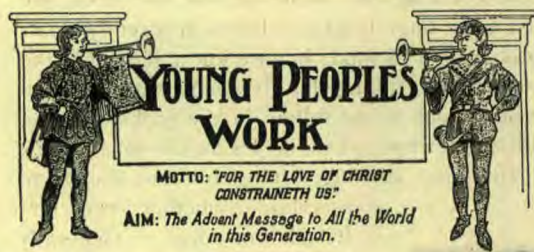
CARRIE L. MUNSON.

Fort do Kock, Sumatra.

A Curious Old Clock

ONE of the most remarkable clocks in the world is in the beautiful cathedral at Wells. It is believed to have been removed from Glastonbury at the time of the dissolution of all religious houses in 1529, having been made in 1325 by Peter Lightfoot, who was then one of the monks at the abbey, and whose name is inscribed upon it. This is claimed to be the oldest self-striking

clock now in existence. The external dial is on the western buttress, facing the north porch, the time being denoted by the usual hour and minute hands. Immediately above is the motto, "*Ne quid pereat*" (let nothing be lost), which separates two quaint little knights or "quarter Jacks" clad in fifteenth-century armor, with large helmets on their heads, who stand on small battlemented brackets on either side, and strike the quarters simultaneously with their halberds on the two bells suspended between them. The interior face of the clock, in the north transept, is still more elaborate and complicated. This is more than six feet in circumference, and comprises four distinct parts; old English figures mark the twenty-four hours of the day on the outer circle, the minutes are clearly depicted on the second circle, while the age of the moon is shown on a third, and within the center smaller circle is the form of a woman surrounded by the inscription "*Sic peragrat Phoebe*" (thus the night goes round). Clouds and stars are represented on this unique astronomical dial, which is guarded by four angels.—*Selected.*



Thoughts That Help

THERE are no experiences recorded in the Bible but what might be ours; no promises made but what we can claim; no power given to any but what is freely offered to us.

In 1898 this sentence was published as a part of a message to the people of God: "Our great peril is in regarding the Lord's plans with cool indifference." The Lord has given a very definite call to our young people to organize themselves into bands of *workers*. We greatly fear that this is one of the plans that some are regarding with "cool indifference."

How few people are habitually kind. Yet there is wonderful power in kindness. Kind words in the morning, to lighten the burdens of the day; kind words at night, for we know not that we shall have another morning; kind acts to the suffering, for kindness lightens affliction; kind tears for the erring, for it is better to grieve than to blame; kindness toward all, for kindness is needed by all.

We must have a place in the building fitly framed together and growing "unto an holy temple in the Lord." Much scaffolding and waste timber are used by the workmen in erecting a house, but this is all thrown aside when the house is completed, and is not a part of the building. We may now have some part to act in the work, but unless we become a part of the building itself, we shall be cast aside as useless when the building is finished.

The masses of the people are ready to extend honor almost to the point of worship, to a man who has achieved victory in the nation's battles. Because of this, many boys are ambitious to become soldiers. There is a warfare in which brave soldier boys are badly needed. But the fight is not against "flesh and blood," but against "the rulers of the darkness of this world." The Captain furnishes the armor. A breastplate, a shield, a helmet, and a sword are all ready for you. You must be prepared to "endure hardness as a good soldier," and "war a good warfare." Just as surely as you continue in the service until the end, the

crown of the victorious will be yours. The Young People's Societies are recruiting stations where you may enlist, and enter at once into active service. MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.

A Timely Exhortation

BROTHER R. C. PORTER, writing in the *Workers' Record* of a recent date, sends a stirring appeal to the Young People's Societies in Kansas. It is so good for all that we quote a few paragraphs from his article:—

"We have as our motto, 'The Advent message to all the world in this generation.' We believe we have reached the last generation; that we, and our friends among whom we associate, will see the outpouring of the Spirit in the latter rain, and witness the seven last plagues, when a thousand shall fall at our side, and ten thousand at our right hand. If faithful, they shall not come nigh us; but if unfaithful, we shall share in the plagues, and if not swept away by them, fall by the brightness of the coming of the Son of man. But we do not want to fall under these judgments. We have fallen in love with Christ, and we want to share his company here, and associate with him in eternity. Christ is interested solely in one thing in this earth, and that is the redemption of his people. If we would keep his company, we must go into the world carrying the gospel. Then he says, 'I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.'

"Have you read carefully the *Signs of the Times* of January 7? Will the leaders of our Young People's Societies each procure a copy, and read before the Society the account of earthquakes, storms, wrecks, and terrible tidal waves reported in 1902? Is it not time we were bringing more zeal into our work? These calamities are among the signs that were immediately to precede the coming of Christ. What more do we want to see in their fulfilment?

"I wish we could circulate copies of the *Signs, Sentinel, Life Boat*, tracts, and books in such quantities as our times demand. The fact that our literature stirs the enemy is evidence that it is effectual in winning souls. Let us be an earnest missionary society; not in name, but in fact. Not at last weighed in the balances and found wanting, but welcomed with 'Well done, good and faithful servant.'

St. John, New Brunswick

THE Society has fifteen members, two of whom joined during the last quarter. This little company has been very active in missionary work. They report the sale of eleven copies of "Best Stories;" two hundred and ninety copies of the *Life Boat*, five copies of "Christ's Object Lessons," five copies of *Good Health*, one copy of "Steps to Christ," and twenty yearly subscriptions were taken. The report also says: "The general interest has been good. The children have worked faithfully in helping distribute the *Life Boat*, and take an interest in doing it."

Missouri

THERE is a good Society of twenty-five members at Kansas City. They are using "Patriarchs and Prophets" as a text-book for study. The members are arranging for a large supply of the new tracts, and will engage in the work of circulating them. They have also undertaken to establish a Home Department of the Kansas City Sabbath-school, and are visiting those who can not attend the school regularly, and supplying them with the Home Department report blanks and envelopes. They expect to have a good report in this line at the close of the quarter.

The membership of the Society at Joplin is thirty-two, a half dozen or more joining during the last quarter. Meetings are held each Sabbath afternoon. The INSTRUCTOR lessons are used

in the meetings. The children of the Society have sold many papers, the proceeds of the sales being used in support of the church school work. The attendance at the meetings is excellent. The Society is planning a tract campaign.

At St. Louis the membership is twenty. Meetings are held on Sabbath afternoons for study, and on Wednesday afternoons to sew. A few books and tracts have been sold, and some Christian Help work has been started. The secretary says: "All seem to be interested in the work of the Master. We hope we can do more the coming quarter than we have yet done."

Texas

THERE are two Societies in Texas, both having organized recently. The one at Keene has a membership of forty-eight. Thus far Christian Help work and the distribution of literature have occupied the members principally.

At Dallas there are ten members. Plans have been laid for the distribution of literature, and four dollars was appropriated for that purpose. A good opening for a missionary Sabbath-school is presented, and such a school will probably be organized soon.

THE WEEKLY STUDY

The Tarrying Time

(March 22-28)

THE period of waiting after the disappointment of advent believers in the spring of 1844 is known in the history of the movement as the "tarrying time." Take it and the lessons it has for us as the study for this week.

Basis of Study.—"Rise and Progress," chapter V; "Great Controversy," chapter XXII, first portion, down to the story of the "Midnight Cry."

Scripture Portions.—Matthew 25, parable of the ten virgins; Hab. 2:1-4; Heb. 10:36-39; Eze. 12:21-25, 27, 28.

The lessons of this tarrying time are full of meaning for us. Because we had not done the work of carrying the third angel's message to the world, there came in a long delay, and many are inclined still to say, "My Lord delayeth his coming." Look up scriptures emphasizing patience as a characteristic to be developed under the message of the Lord's coming.

The practical lesson as to the oil in the lamps is a good foundation for a testimony meeting. The foolish virgins set out to meet the bridegroom. But "they had moved from impulse. Their fears had been excited by the solemn message, but they had depended upon the faith of their brethren. . . . When trials came, their faith failed, and their lights burned dim." Note how this was fulfilled in the "tarrying time" of 1844 and remember that those experiences are to be passed over again in the final work now upon us. This is why the Lord tells us to "call to remembrance the former days." We must not be ignorant of these early advent experiences. Next week we will consider the "Midnight Cry."
W. A. S.

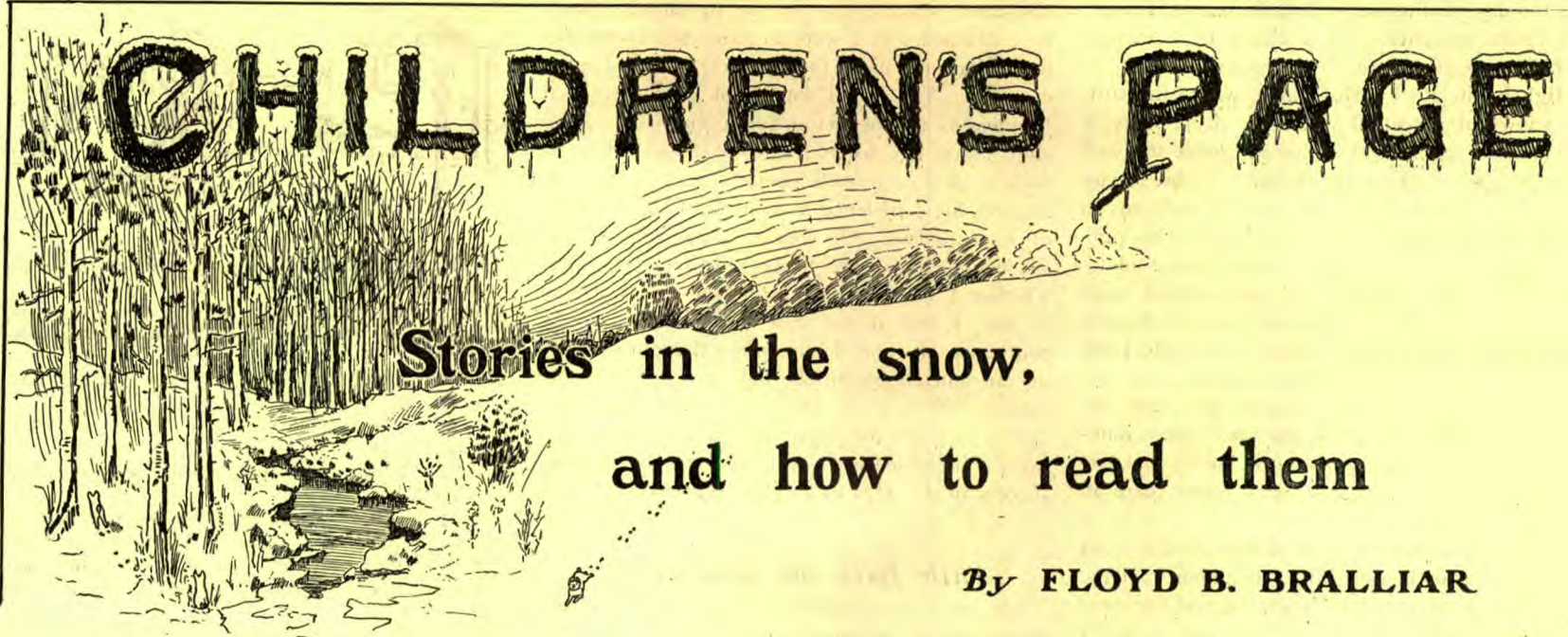
Question Hints

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

WHAT were the characteristic features of the tarrying time? See Matthew 25. Do the same characteristics apply to our time? How are we to guard against them?

Give texts showing that the disappointment of 1844 was a direct fulfilment of prophecy.

What characteristics, that mark the work of God in every age, were seen in the lives of the believers of 1844? See "Great Controversy." What should we now be doing?



Our Rabbit Neighbors

(Concluded)

It seemed like a hard day for poor Bunny when men settled up the country, brought in fences of all kinds, cut down the trees, mowed off the hazel brush, and plowed the fields; but she has learned just how to make the best of circumstances as she finds them. If her blackberry briars have all been mown down, she will sleep in the brush pile; and when that is gone, she very wisely sleeps in the hedge fence that man has so carefully set out and tended. Here she is usually safe, and that is the reason almost all the rabbits in the neighborhood are to be found along the hedge fences. When a dog comes near, all Bunny has to do is to dodge through the fence, and run along on the other side; and if, after wasting a great deal of time, he happens to get

under a hay-stack or under a barn, within a mile of her home, that Bunny does not know all about, and just how to reach it in the shortest possible time. No one knows any better than she that a dog can follow her track by the scent; so she never goes anywhere without running around in circles every little while, and so crossing her track that the dogs will have trouble in following it.

When you go into the woods, and see a rabbit track running right along in a straight line, without any break, you may know that the rabbit that made it was in danger, perhaps was being pursued by some enemy, and was escaping as fast as her little legs could carry her. If you do not see the tracks of a dog or some other animal after you have followed this track for a little distance, you are quite safe in concluding that she was fleeing from some bird. The accompanying illustration will tell you, better than I can describe it, a story that I found written in the snow about a year ago.

I was walking through a large cemetery when I noticed tracks that showed that a rabbit had been running for dear life; and I followed them, to see what it could mean; for there were no other tracks in sight. After I had gone about two hundred yards, the tracks sud-

denly changed direction, as if poor Bunny had made a wild leap to one side, and just where she had made this side leap, were marks in the snow, like the ones you see in the picture. Then I knew that some bird had been after her, but for the life of me I could not tell what; so I followed the tracks back and forth, in and out, for a few more rods. Every little while there were tail- and wing-marks in the snow, and at last I saw that the trail was beginning

to be marked by drops of blood. Two rods farther on there was a place where the snow was all mashed down, and scattered over with tufts of fur and drops of blood; but Bunny had got away; for the track led on, showing more desperate leaps than ever. As I was turning to follow the track, I picked up the feather of a crow, and saw that what I had surmised was true; for a hawk would have borne the rabbit away at once.

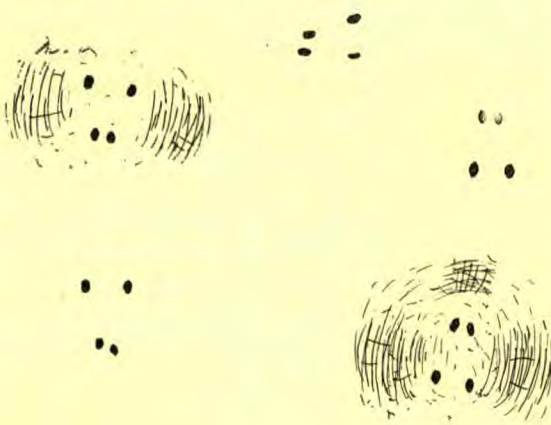


Bunny escaped, and ran down a bank. I followed a little farther, and saw where the tracks ended, to go on again no more. Plainly, her pursuers had devoured most of the unfortunate rabbit where they had killed her, and then some other bird had come along, and borne the carcass away. Crows seldom do this.

I returned to my room to get my note-book and pen, so I could make a sketch of what I had seen. As I drew near the place, an hour later, I glanced up to the top of a tree that stood just over the spot where poor Bunny had been eaten, and there sat three black crows. To me they looked like three murderers, and they seemed to feel guilty; for as soon as they caught sight of me, they flitted away like evil shadows.

On the Western plains, where there are no good places to hide, the rabbits have grown larger, and have much longer legs. We call them jack-rabbits there, and they can run like the wind. It is very seldom that either a dog or a horse can catch a jack-rabbit as he bounds away across the prairies. This kind of rabbits could not run well among the brush of our Eastern States; for they would be constantly knocking themselves down. So, as civilization has gone westward, and the country has been planted with timber and brush, the jack-rabbits have gone before it. Now they are scarce in Iowa, and are not found at all east of the Mississippi River.

But the jack-rabbit is not left entirely without protection. On the Western prairies grows the soap-weed, or "Spanish bayonet." Its spear-like leaves project in every direction, and form a bulwark which no wandering coyote is anxious to investigate. Under these the rabbits of the prairies sleep as confidently as their cousins under the gooseberry bush farther east. Where



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it is too dry for the soap-weed, the cactus thrives; and under the shelter of a clump of "prickly-pears," he rests secure from danger.

High in the Rocky Mountains, where the soft, dry snows of perpetual winter lie deep, there is still another rabbit, which God has made to dwell there in safety. Were the ordinary rabbit to run over these loose snows, he would sink in so deeply that he would be an easy prey to his pursuer; but here we have the "snow-shoe rabbit," whose feet are widened out, and padded with long, stiff hair, until he races over the fleecy snow without fear of sinking. Men have made them snow-shoes to travel in these regions; but the great Father of all, who knows the needs of every one of his creatures, has made these innocent creatures to live among the rocks, and has so equipped them that they may dwell there in safety.

I have given only a little sketch of this most common and interesting little "neighbor." If the children will get out in the open air, and use their eyes, they will learn much more of interest that I have not even mentioned; and it will bring health to their bodies, joy to their hearts, and wisdom to their minds.

Two Strange Dreams

WHILE Polly May was fast asleep,
Curled up in grandma's chair,
And dreaming of a lovely doll,
With curly golden hair,
All dressed in white, just like a bride,
With slippers and a fan
And handkerchief, her little foot
Went sound asleep, began
To dream of knives, and needles, too,
And prickly thorns, and strings
Too tight, and pins, and little wasps,
And nettles full of stings.
And so, though Polly May's own dream
Was pleasant as could be,
Her poor, unhappy little foot
Soon woke her up, you see.

— Selected.

The New Umbrella

OH, Ella!
With her first umbrella!
She walked abroad like any queen,
She held it proudly for display,
Admired its handle, stroked its sheen.
Was ever a little girl more gay?

Dear Ella!
Such a small umbrella!
Once in the rain-swept market-place
I met her. Dripping were her curls.
She looked, despite her sunny face,
The most forlorn of little girls.

"Why, Ella!
Where's your new umbrella?"
Said I; "the storm has drenched your hair.
Just see your frock! Just see your hat!
And what is this you hug with care,
A broom, a fiddle, or a cat?"

Oh, Ella!
With her first umbrella!
She looked at me and shyly spoke,
The raindrops pelting on her yet:
"I have it here beneath my cloak,
Because, you see, it might get wet."

— Agnes Lee.

Tom's Discoveries

TOM was on the porch one summer evening with his father and Mr. Adams. That is, he was there bodily, but his thoughts were traveling up and down the world. Suddenly he was brought back by a question which his father asked Mr. Adams, who was one of the most successful men of their little city, and a prince of gentlemen besides.

"Adams," said Tom's father, "tell me, if you will, what you believe to be the secret of your success."

Mr. Adams hesitated. "Well," said he, "that's a hard question. No doubt a great many things contribute to a man's success, and at best a man

can hardly credit his prosperity to himself. But," he continued, "if I were to name one thing that has helped me more than others, I should name courtesy. You see, I found out very early that business is all the better for a touch of friendship. Men like to be treated well, and there is nothing that so quickly opens a man's heart and inspires his confidence as the habit and the heart of a gentleman. Of course, when I have won his confidence, I try to be worthy of it. But whether I succeed in doing business with a man or not, I find that I can always afford to be courteous. In fact, I have often thought of moving an amendment to the old saying, 'Not only honesty, but courtesy also, is the best policy.'"

It was good for Tom to hear that conversation; it increased his own equipment for winning success in the days to come.— *Selected.*

Little Boys and Little Sheep

JOE came home with his clothes, and even his little curls, all wringing wet.

"Just knew the ice wasn't strong 'nough!" he grumbled.

"Then why did you slide?" asked aunty.

"'Cause all the other boys did," said Joe; "so I had to, or they'd laugh."

His aunt gave him dry clothes, sat him down behind the stove, and made him drink hot ginger tea. Then she told him a story.

"When I was a little girl, Joe, my father had a great flock of sheep. They were queer things; where one went, all the rest followed. One day the big ram found a gap in the fence, and he thought it would be fun to see what was in the other field. So in he jumped, without looking where he was going, and down he tumbled to the bottom of an old dry well, where father used to throw stones and rubbish. The next sheep never stopped to see what had become of him, but jumped right after, and the next, and the next, although father tried to drive them back, and Watch, the old sheep-dog, barked his very loudest. But they just kept on jumping and jumping, till the well was full. Then father had to pull them out as best he could; and the sheep at the bottom of the well were almost smothered to death."

"My! what silly fellows!" exclaimed Joe.

Then he looked up at his aunt and laughed.— *Youth's Companion.*

Loving Disagreeable Tasks

QUITE a young girl one day exclaimed, "I love to make myself do what I don't want to do." In that seeming paradox there is a world of wisdom. There are a great many duties that we have to perform that are distasteful. We can sulk when we do them, and groan because they are so unpleasant; or we can do as that young girl did, loving to make ourselves go through with them, and so get some real good and enjoyment out of them. It would be vastly better if we all loved to make ourselves take up the tasks that we are inclined to shirk. Of that girl, now a young woman, people frequently say, "Isn't she a splendid young lady!" Her fine character is due largely to resolutely going at the things needing to be done from which she naturally shrank, and doing them with a song instead of a sigh.— *Well Spring.*

Little Words

"Yes, you did, too!"

"I did not!"

Thus the little quarrel started,
Thus, by unkind little words,
Two fond friends were parted.

"I am sorry."

"So am I."

Thus the little quarrel ended,
Thus, by loving little words,
Two fond hearts were mended.

— *Selected.*



Which Are You?

THERE are two kinds of people on earth to-day; Just two kinds of people; no more, I say. Not the sinner and saint; for 'tis well understood, The good are half bad, and the bad are half good.

Not the rich and the poor; for to count a man's wealth,
You must first know the state of his conscience and health;
Not the humble and proud; for in life's little span,
Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man.

Not the happy and sad; for the swift-flying years
Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears.

No; the two kinds of people on earth that I mean
Are the people who lift, and the people who lean.

Wherever you go, you will find the world's masses
Are always divided into just these two classes.

And oddly enough, you will find, too, I ween,
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.

In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?
Or are you a leaner, who lets others bear
His portion of labor, and worry, and care?

— *Selected.*

First Lessons in Geography

Lesson XL

SOUTH of the great Sahara Desert stretches a vast country, which is as large as the Sahara Desert, or perhaps even larger, known as the Sudan. It is a well-watered region, lying wholly in the torrid zone; hence it is very fertile. There is no boundary between the Sudan and the Sahara Desert, but as one approaches the region where the rainfall begins, the desert sands diminish, and he passes gradually into the country of the blacks. Sudan means "black," and it is in this country that the most civilized and powerful tribes of the black race live. In this region are found many large animals, especially lions, elephants, and giraffes. The giraffes are the tallest living animals, sometimes standing twenty-two or twenty-three feet high. They feed mostly on the leaves of trees.

The inhabitants of this region live in large tribes, and they own great herds of cattle. They plant grain, and also raise a great deal of cotton, from which they manufacture cotton cloth. They also take very fine leather. Each of the great tribes is ruled over by a king. There are a few large towns, which have markets in their streets. These are the centers in which the Arab merchants gather together the products of the country, and prepare them for exporting to other countries. They send out a great deal of wax, oil, ivory, etc.

The Kongo River rises in the Sudan country, and flows southwest into the Atlantic Ocean. The country drained by this river is known as the Kongo country. Just east of the Kongo country are the great lakes of Central Africa. Name three of them. The Kongo Free State occupies most of the basin of this river. It is covered with dense forests, and its rivers are filled with crocodiles, alligators, and hippopotamuses, while lions, elephants, leopards, and other large beasts range through its jungles. Thousands of pounds of ivory, taken from the elephants' tusks, are exported from this region every year. Many of the trees of this region yield rubber, which is also one of the great sources of wealth.

The climate of this country is damp and hot, and white men find it hard to live here on account

of the African fevers. The region is thickly populated, containing many millions of people, few of whom have ever seen a white man. Traders from the various countries have gone there in search of wealth, and now the steamers make regular trips on many of the rivers. A great deal of the merchandise, however, is carried on the backs of the natives for hundreds of miles.

The people of the Sudan are mostly Mohammedans, while those of the Kongo country are heathen. Missionaries have been entering this country for the past few years, and they find the people quite ready to receive the gospel of Christ. The children and young people seem especially desirous to learn the new religion as well as to learn how to read and write. If men can go there for the love of gold, how much more readily we should go to carry the glad tidings of salvation to these millions of people for whom Christ has died! They make stanch Christians, and we shall yet hear of many preaching the gospel to their own people. The cost of living here is very slight.

The people live in villages, and speak many different languages. The missionaries who go there must first learn the languages, then translate the Bible into these languages, and teach the natives to read it. They often find two or three different languages spoken within a distance of ten miles.

REVIEW.—Where is the Sudan? What does the word "Sudan" mean? What kind of climate has the country? What animals are found there? To what race do the people belong? How does the Sudan compare with the Sahara Desert in size? How do the people live? What do they raise? What are their exports? Where is the Kongo Free State? By what river is this country drained? What is the religion of the people of the Sudan? Of the Kongo Free State? How is the gospel received here? Tell about the language of the Kongo country.

FLOYD BRALLIAR.



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

XIII — Review

(March 28)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Psalms 105:26-43 and 106:9-11.

MEMORY VERSE: "Thou leddest thy people like a flock by the hand of Moses and Aaron." Psalm 77:20.

When God sent Moses with a message to his people in Egypt, he told them his name: I AM THAT I AM. In all their experiences when he led them through the wilderness, they were learning the meaning of this name, for they were finding out what he is.

In the pillar of fire he shone forth as the one who is the Light of the world, and in the refreshing cloud they saw him as the One who gives the dew and rain to freshen and sustain the earth.

At the Red Sea when there was no way of escape that they could see, he revealed himself as the way—the right way, the only way of escape and salvation, safe to tread even though unseen.

Then when they hungered, he spread a table for them in the wilderness, that they might learn to know him as the Bread of Life—the Word by which all things are fed.

They thirsted not when he led them through the desert, because he was with them as the smitten Rock, from which came "the fountain of living waters."

And when Amalek came against them, through the rod of God in Moses' hand, they learned of him as their defense and victory, who, if they were faithful, would cause them always to triumph over all their enemies.

Questions

1. By what name did God make himself known to Israel? Ex. 3:13, 14. How did he teach them the meaning of this name?
2. What did the pillar of fire show him to be? What did the pillar of cloud teach them of him? Tell what the pillar of cloud and fire did for them.
3. Describe the deliverance of the Israelites at the Red Sea.
4. Who were their pursuers, and what became of them? What did they learn of God through this experience?
5. Why did God suffer the people to hunger?
6. When he spread a table for them in the wilderness, where nothing grew, what was he teaching them to know?
7. How did he quench their thirst?
8. What did the smitten Rock represent? What comes to us from the Rock Christ Jesus?
9. Who came and fought against them at Rephidim?
10. How were they delivered? What did this show Christ to be?
11. What did God give to the people at Mount Sinai? Where did he afterward write this law?
12. Where has God promised to write it, if we will let him? How does God give his law into our hearts and minds?



XIII — The Wisdom of Righteousness

(March 28)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Psalm 107:33-43.

MEMORY VERSES: Verses 35, 36.

He turneth rivers into a wilderness,
 And water-springs into a thirsty ground;
 A fruitful land into a salt desert,
 For the wickedness of them that dwell therein.
 He turneth a wilderness into a pool of water,
 And a dry land into water-springs.
 And there he maketh the hungry to dwell,
 That they may prepare a city of habitation,
 And sow fields, and plant vineyards,
 And get them fruits of increase.
 He blesseth them also, so that they are multiplied greatly;
 And he suffereth not their cattle to decrease.
 Again, they are diminished and bowed down
 Through oppression, trouble, and sorrow.
 He poureth contempt upon princes,
 And causeth them to wander in the waste,
 where there is no way.
 Yet setteth he the needy on high from affliction,
 And maketh him families like a flock.
 The upright shall see it, and be glad;
 And all iniquity shall stop her mouth.
 Whoso is wise will give heed to these things;
 And they will consider the loving-kindnesses
 of Jehovah.

Questions

1. What change can God make in the rivers? In the water springs?
2. Into what is he able to turn productive land?
3. What will lead to such a change from the natural order of these things?
4. On the other hand, what changes can he make in the wilderness and in the dry land?
5. For whom are these changes made? For what purpose?
6. In what work will those engage who have been so bounteously provided for? With what result?
7. What temporal blessing is bestowed upon them?
8. Into what experience are they next brought? Through what means?

9. What classes are included in this experience?

10. What lesson does he then teach those who would trust to their own way?

11. What blessing is bestowed upon the needy? How far does this blessing reach?

12. Who will recognize these blessings? How will they regard them?

13. What effect will this have upon those who do iniquitously?

14. How will the wise receive these lessons?

15. To what will their attention be directed?

Notes

While verses 33 to 37 show God's marvelous power to provide for his people, even in solitary places, an experience which awaits every faithful child of God before the final triumph of his work, there is no doubt that they also refer to the wondrous provision he has made for his people in the new earth, when the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. Isaiah 35; also 65:17-25.

Verses 38 to 42 are a wonderful commentary on that familiar verse, Rom. 8:28. Everything is in the hands of God. If there is prosperity, it comes from him; if there are reverses, he permits them. God deals with man in the best way that will cause him to recognize his Creator. The righteous see these things, and rejoice now, and the time is coming when even the mouth of the wicked will be led to acknowledge the wisdom of God. Then it will be too late to accept his mercy, which is still offered. "To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." "Behold, now is the day of salvation." This Sabbath should be the time when we submit our all to God, if we have not done so before, accepting everything that he sends as from the hand of a loving heavenly Father. The result, verse 43. See also 1 Cor. 13:12.

Just Loved Me

Two little four-year-olds were at play on the lawn when the tiny girl slipped and fell. In a moment her small companion had helped her to her feet again, and stood with an arm about her until her sobs ceased.

"What did little cousin do for you when you were hurt?" asked the mother a few minutes later.

"Nuffin'; he just loved me," answered baby, the tears still standing in her blue eyes, but the comfort of the tenderness she had received shining through them. "He just loved me over it."

Oh, the divine wisdom of the treatment! There are so many falls and hurts where older people feel called upon to bring reproof, advice, warning, wise-sounding platitudes instead of the blessed love that would heal and strengthen. Many a weakness, many a slip, many a wound, grows into permanent scar and deformity for lack of the balm of sympathy and tenderness. Many a warped life and embittered heart might be saved if only there were some one to "love it over" the hour of hurt and danger.—Selected.

A WISE man in the East had two pupils, to each of whom he gave one night a sum of money and said: "What I have given you is very little, yet with it you must buy at once something that will fill this dark room."

One of them purchased a great quantity of hay, and cramming it into the room, said: "Sir, I have filled the room."

"Yes," said the wise man, "and with greater gloom."

The other, with scarcely a third of the money, bought a candle, and lighting it, said: "Sir, I have filled the hall."

"Yes," said the wise man, "and with light. Such are the ways of wisdom, for she seeks good means to good ends."



The Songs of a Year

"SPRING is here!" the bluebird sings,
With the sky-tint in his wings;
Hark! his heart is in that flood,—
"Spring is here, and God is good."

"Summer's here!" the thistle-bird
Makes his merry music heard,
Caroling in joyous mood,
"Summer's here, and God is good."

"Autumn's here!" the black rooks cry,
As across the fields they fly
To their home within the wood,—
"Autumn's here, and God is good."

"Winter's here!" the chickadees
Chirrup from the snowy trees,
As they seek their scanty food,—
"Winter's here, and God is good."

So in happy days of spring,
Mid gifts that fall and summer bring,
While snow-drifts lie on field and wood,—
Let me sing ever, "God is good."

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

Cosmic Mist in Sumatra

WE have not seen the sun clearly for two weeks, owing to the ashes and mist from the volcanic eruptions in the Island of Martinique. Our own volcano and hills, which are so near to us, are not visible. The ships sailing about these waters are compelled to stop often because of the mist and fog. If we put out a plate in the rain, we get a sediment of fine ashes. It is hard to believe that an eruption so far away could so strongly affect this country.

CARRIE L. MUNSON.

Fort de Kock, Sumatra,
October 19, 1902.

"What Is the Talmud?"

THIS is one of a series of general information questions proposed in a university examination intended to test the fitness of a class of students to take up a special line of work. All the candidates were college graduates, and most of them in the literary course.

The answers are diversified, but suggest a heroic purpose to make a venture of a "hit or miss" character. One wrote: "The Talmud is a hot wind from the desert." This suggests a crossing of the mental wires in such a way as to confuse Talmud with simoon or kamsin. Another defined it to be the title of an uncompleted novel by Charles Dickens. Here the writer was led astray, probably, by an unconscious rhyming of Drood and the last syllable of Talmud. Another had it that the Talmud was a poem written by Sandalphon, a poet of the Middle Ages. This candidate had evidently read Longfellow's "Sandalphon," and had a confused idea that in some way it referred to the Talmud. It was a wild hit after the truth, and meant well, but missed the mark. A fourth, coming a little nearer home, and recognizing a Jewish association, declared that the Talmud was the name of the rod with which Moses smote the waters; and a fifth said it was the chest in which the sacred vessels of the Israelites were kept in the temple.

Not one in the class gave the correct answer, or came anywhere near the fact that the Talmud is the body of Jewish law, civil and canonical, not comprised in the Pentateuch. In the light of the outcome, one is led to wonder what would have been the fantastic and grotesque result if to Talmud there had been added Targum, Septuagint, and Vulgate, or if the class had been asked to explain why the Bible is associated with the name of King James.—*Classmate.*

How Time Is Made

For hundreds of years, people had very strange and uncertain ways of telling time; for they did not have any clocks or watches to mark the hours. In fact, they did not even know anything about hours or minutes, but reckoned time merely by days and months and years.

After the world had gone on for a long while with its days, months, and years, the day and night were finally each divided into twelve parts, or hours. It mattered not how long or how short the daylight part was, it was divided into twelve hours just the same; for the hours were lengthened or shortened to suit the length of the day in the various seasons of the year. In some of the long summer days each hour had seventy-five minutes, while in the short winter days, when the hours had to be crowded so as to get them all in between sunrise and sunset, each hour had only forty-four minutes.

These hours were measured by sun-dials and hour-glasses and candles and other curious timepieces, which were about as changeable and uncertain as the hours themselves. Of course when clocks were invented, such things went out of use; for clocks were so much more accurate and reliable, and would keep on recording the time without having to be watched continually to see that they did not stop or run out.

At first clocks were crude affairs, and were not much to be relied upon. They could not well be made for house use, and were chiefly placed in the towers of churches and town halls. Each morning and evening the clock bell would ring at a certain hour, so that all within sound of its deep note could keep track of the time, and, if they were fortunate enough to have a clock at home, could set it to agree with the town clock, which was more likely to be correct than their own. But now Uncle Sam does a similar service for the people all over this great country by sending at noon each day an electric signal which enables them to set and regulate their clocks and watches. The work is done by officers and clerks in the United States Naval Observatory at Washington, where they make careful calculations, and look after the great clocks that regulate the time of the country. Some of the college observatories also furnish several portions of the country with standard time, much in the same way as does the Naval Observatory.

Until a few years ago each town and city had its own time; for, as you know, time is reckoned by what are known as meridians of longitude—imaginary lines running north and south on the earth's surface. You all remember these lines running up and down across the maps in your geographies. Now when the sun is directly over one of these lines, it is noon at all places that happen to be on that meridian, but of course places lying east and west of this would each have a different meridian, and therefore a different time. This was good enough before the days of the railroad and the telegraph, but now it would be a tremendous bother if each place were to use its own local time, and so we make use of a system called standard or railway time.

According to this plan, the country is divided in such a way that there are only four different times in the entire United States, each exactly an hour different from that of the adjoining divisions. Thus when it is twelve o'clock at New York, it is eleven o'clock at Chicago, ten o'clock at Denver, and nine o'clock at San Francisco. These different standards are called Eastern Time, Central Time, Mountain Time, and Pacific Time, and the time of all places in any one of these divisions is precisely the same, no matter what their local time may be.

In Europe some of the countries calculate their time from the meridian that passes through Greenwich in England, but the United States

calculates from the meridian that is seventy-five degrees west of Greenwich. When the sun is directly over this meridian, it is said to be noon at Washington, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and all other towns and cities in the Eastern division.

Strange as it may seem, Uncle Sam does not make use of the sun for reckoning time, but turns his attention to some of the regular steady-going stars, or "fixed stars," as they are called. Every clear night an astronomer with a big telescope looks at certain of these stars, and makes his calculations, from which he can tell just when the sun would cross the seventy-fifth meridian. One of the great clocks in the observatory is called the transmitter, because it transmits, or sends out, the signal that keeps standard time. This clock is set and regulated by the star-time, and then every day at three minutes and fifteen seconds before twelve, a switch is turned on, and the beats of the pendulum of this clock are sent by electricity over the wires to the telegraph offices in Washington and New York. When the telegraph operators hear this sound on their instruments, they know that the noon signal is about to be sent out, and they at once begin to connect the telegraph wires with other towns and cities, until in a minute or two the "tick, tick" of the clock at Washington is heard in hundreds of telegraph offices. The beats stop at ten seconds before twelve, as a notice that the next "tick" will be the noon signal, and so as to give the operators time to connect their wires with the standard time-balls and clocks.

There are time-balls in a great many cities—usually on top of some prominent building, where they can easily be seen. The one at Washington is on the roof of the State, War, and Navy Department Building, at the top of a high pole, ready to drop the instant the signal comes over the wire. In the government offices at Washington and in many places in other cities there are large clocks connected with the observatory by electricity. These are so arranged that when the twelve-o'clock signal is flashed over the wires, the hands of each one of these clocks spring to twelve, no matter what time the clock may show; in this way hundreds of clocks are set to the correct time each day.

Well, the moment the sun is supposed to cross the seventy-fifth meridian, the telegraph instruments give a single tick, the time-balls drop, the clocks begin to strike, and everybody in the district knows it is twelve o'clock.—*Clifford Howard, in St. Nicholas.*

The Breakfast Face

OH, what a bright face, my darling!
Tell me the secret, pray,
Of such a sweet face, come rain, come shine,
At breakfast every day?

Why, dearest, just look at the bright side;
But, if you can see no bright,
Go to work with a will on the dark side,
And polish with all your might!

—*Flora C. Fagnani.*

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